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HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'LADY FLAVIA.'

CHAPTER I.—THREATENED.

'No, my lord ; I do not know him ; nor, I think, does any one in the village. But during the few weeks that I have been at High Tor Churchtown, I have seen him very often indeed.'

The speaker was a young girl, of some twenty years at most. Her bearing was grave and modest, and her attire scrupulously plain ; but there are cases in which sovereign beauty will assert herself, and Ethel Gray, the newly appointed school-mistress, was more than pretty. That slender form and faultless face, the dazzling purity of the complexion, and the lustre of the violet eyes, that contrasted so well with the wealth of dark hair simply braided back from the temples and twisted into a massive coil—these conferred beauty, if ever woman, since Eve's time, deserved to be called beautiful.

It was a bright balmy day in June, and through the large window of the school-room, now open, floated the scent of flowers and the hum of bees. Within the room, standing beside the teacher, were two gentlemen ; while on each side of the table stood the children, their wondering eyes fixed upon the visitors. They well knew the kindly face of the gray-haired Earl of Wolverhampton, the elder of the two, whose park-gates were almost within sight of the school of which he was patron. But they had never before seen the shrewd rugged features of the middle-aged member of parliament, the Right Hon. Stephen Hammond, Under-secretary of State, by whom he was accompanied.

Ethel Gray's words had been uttered in reply to an inquiry from the Earl as to a swarthy man of sinister aspect and powerful build who was lounging near the low gate of the school-house garden.

'That is not a face,' said the Earl, thinking of quarter-sessions, tramps, gipsies, and poachers—

'which I am pleased to see here among my good people.—What is your opinion, Hammond, of the owner of it ?'

'I think that I had rather not meet him on a dark night,' answered the Under-secretary with a smile. 'But perhaps, after all, the man is only some sailor newly paid off; though he has a reckless unpleasant look in any case.'

Perceiving himself to be an object of attention to the occupants of the school-room window, the rough fellow who had been lingering at the gate now turned on his heel, and with an air half-defiant, half-abashed, slunk away.

Nor was it long before the old Earl and his guest, with an urbane word or two of leave-taking to the pretty teacher, quitted the school, and re-entered the carriage, which had been awaiting them in the leafy lane beyond. Lord Wolverhampton, as the horses' heads were turned towards High Tor, looked and felt pleased. He took an interest in the schools, as he did in every detail of his property ; and he had been anxious for the Under-secretary's approbation concerning them. The Right Hon. Stephen Hammond had, in the course of the tour which he was hurriedly making through the country, visited many such places of education, probably with a view to Hansard and Blue-books ; but he was frankly willing to give its meed of praise to that of which his noble host was the patron. And praise from Mr Hammond was worth the having.

The carriage rolled on between high banks crested with hazels and gay with wild-flowers, until at last it passed between the sturdy gateposts of blue Cornish granite, topped by the grim heraldic monsters which the De Veres had borne on their shields in battle for many a year before they had become possessed of the ancient barony of Harrogate or the modern earldom of Wolver-

hampton. It was a pretty park enough that of High Tor, with its huge sycamores and avenue of wych-elm, the fallow-deer feeding peacefully among the ancient hawthorn trees, the tinkling trout-stream, and the lofty crag that stood forth like a giant sentinel, as though to protect the mansion itself, surrounded by its gardens and shrubberies.

'Those are fine beeches!' observed Mr Hammond, pointing to a clump of silvan Titans that reared their canopy of leaves on a hill far away.

'Ah!' said the Earl, as a momentary shade passed across his face; 'those are not on my land. They are on the other side of the ring-fence, and belong to Sir Sykes, at Carbery Chase.'

'It was all one property once, I think?' said Mr Hammond.

'Yes; but that was a long time ago,' rejoined the Earl; but he did not enlarge upon the subject, and the carriage rolled in silence along the well-kept road towards the house.

Meanwhile the man whose loitering near the school of High Tor had attracted some notice, had cleared the village, and was traversing one of those deep lanes, with high banks densely wooded, for which that southern county is famous. The nut boughs almost interlaced their slender branches over his head as he passed beneath their shadow, and the ferns grew so thickly that it was but here and there, in golden patches, that the broken sunbeams could filter through them. The wayfarer was, however, to judge from appearances, by no means one of those for whom the coy beauty of wild-flowers, or the soft greenery of the woodlands, or the carol of the birds, could have any peculiar attraction. He pushed on, not hurrying his pace, but moodily indifferent to the hundred pretty sights and sounds that vainly invited his attention.

In person the stranger was, as has been mentioned, powerfully built, and still active and vigorous, although his crisp dark hair was grizzled by age or hardship. His keen restless eyes, sullen mouth, and lowering looks, were scarcely calculated to inspire confidence. His sunburnt face had evidently known the heat of a fiercer sun than that of Britain; and near the corner of the mouth there was a dull white scar, half-hidden by the clustering beard. Mr Hammond's conjecture as to the seafaring character of the man was perhaps warranted by his attire, which was of a coarse blue pilot-cloth, such as is worn not by sailors only, but by many dwellers on the coast, whose calling leads them to associate with mariners; and as regarded his bearing, he might as easily have been taken for an Australian digger or Cornish miner as for a seaman.

Such as he was, Ethel Gray was right in saying that this man's darkling face had been very frequently to be seen in the village of High Tor during the few weeks of her residence there. Who he was or whence he came, no one knew. But he did nothing illegal in loitering about the trim straggling street; and as our modern system does not encourage rural Dogberries to meddle with suspected 'vagrants,' he was left practically unmolested as he lounged to and fro, talking a little, but listening much in the tap-room of the village ale-house, where the rustics recognised in him the merit of one who carried spare silver in his pocket, and would invest a little of it in

elemosynary pots of beer. Himself not over-communicative, he seemed to have an aptitude for making others talk; and if to learn the politics of the parish was his desire, he certainly ought to have become tolerably well versed in them.

The swarthy slouching fellow trudged on, indifferent to the pale blush of the wild-roses, to the scent of the violets, or to the fresh clear song of the blackbird. He was thinking, thinking deeply, perceptibly indeed, had any one been there to watch him, for the veins and muscles of his beetling brows swelled and rose frowningly, as they do with some men while racking their brains. Presently he emerged into a broader and drier road than the moist shady lane which he had traversed, and saw before him the lodge-gates of a park, the stone piers of which were surmounted by a pair of couchant greyhounds in marble. One of the side-gates stood always open, since there exists an ancient right of way through Carbery Chase; and unchallenged, the stranger passed through the gateway and entered the demesne. It was a fair scene on which he looked. The golden sunshine fell, as if lovingly, on the rustling beech-trees and spreading oaks, the ferny dells and grassy uplands, the ancient trees of the grand avenue, and the bold blue swell of Dartmoor rising bleakly to the northward.

Full in front, seen through a vista of lofty elms, was the great house, rising stately in its fair proportions; mullion and ogive, and gable and turret, and every detail, to the very vanes that flashed and glittered on roof and tower, looking very much as they must have looked when Queen Elizabeth deigned to shew her skill as an archeress, to the detriment of the dappled deer in the wide park beyond. The silver-plumaged swans yet rode the tranquil waters of the mere, the burnished pheasants exhibited their gaudy feathers on the sunny bank beneath the fir-spinny, and the peacocks swept their gorgeous trains along the stone terrace that skirted the house, as when Tudor royalty had been feasted there.

It is seldom in England that two mansions of pretensions equal to High Tor and Carbery Court lie so near together. But in point of splendour there could be no comparison between the two. The grand Elizabethan house, justly described in the red-bound county guide-book as 'a magnificent place, now the seat of Sir Sykes Denzil, Bart.,' far surpassed in size and in symmetry the smaller and older dwelling of Sir Sykes's noble neighbour. No one would have credited the sunburnt stranger with any great share of artistic taste or architectural interest, yet he stood still at an angle of the road whence he could command an uninterrupted view of Carbery Court, and shading his eyes with his broad hand, gazed at it with an intentness that was not a little remarkable. 'A tidy crib!' he muttered at last. 'No wonder if a chap would run a bit of risk, and pitch overboard any ballast in the way of scruples, to be owner of such a place as that. And yet!'

He snapped his fingers contemptuously as he spoke, but nevertheless broke off abruptly in his soliloquy, and drawing out from the breast-pocket of his rough coat a leathern tobacco-pouch and a short clay pipe, filled and lighted the latter, and leaning against the huge bole of an elm-tree, smoked for some time in silence. But if his outspoken self-communings had come to an end, it would

seem that the train of thought which had suggested them had sustained no interruption, to judge by the stealthy glances which he cast now and again towards the grand mansion, flanked as it was by all the appliances of wealth—park and lake and gardens, home-farm and stabling, pheasantry, and paddocks where thoroughbred colts disported themselves during the brief period of liberty that precedes the education of such equine aristocrats.

A stray policeman passing by would probably have set down the swarthy stranger as an intending burglar taking a distant survey of the scene of his projected operations; but the mixture of emotions which the man's callous face expressed was of by far too complex a character to be summed up in so commonplace a fashion. There was covetousness to be sure, and perhaps a spice of malignity; but what appeared to predominate was a species of cynical enjoyment of the thinker's own cunning, not unusual with crafty but uneducated persons, who see themselves on the brink of success. Whatever might be the nature of the man's meditations, they were presently cut short by the sound of hoofs on the smooth road near him, as a gentleman riding slowly from the lodge-gates towards the house came in sight.

As the rider approached him, the man, who had been leaning against the tree, started, and with an impatient gesture, knocked the ashes out of his exhausted pipe; then jerking down his hat over his brows with the air of one whose instinct or purpose it is to shun observation, he strode off, striking into a side-road which led towards another gate of the park, by which entrance could be made from the northward. Some minutes of brisk walking brought him to the verge of the park, whence he emerged into a wild and broken district of imperfectly cultivated country lying at the foot of the Dartmoor uplands, that rolled away in front of him to the edge of the horizon.

For some half a mile beyond the park-wall, the well-tilled fields, the fences in good repair, and the trim aspect of the few dwellings that studded the country, differed in no respect from such fields and fences, such farms and cottages as lay between High Tor and Carbery. But when the pedestrian reached a guide-post the pointing finger of which was inscribed with the words, 'To Nomansland, Dedman's Hollow, and Dartmoor,' he began to see before him evidences that he had left behind him the carefully managed Carbery property, and had entered on a barren region skirting the Royal Forest, and inhabited by a race of squatters who wrested with difficulty a bare subsistence from the sterile soil.

Passing on amid the ragged hedges, the lean cattle, squalid children, and tumble-down hovels of this unattractive population, but acknowledging twice or thrice a half-sullen nod or growl of recognition on the part of some male member of the community who stood whistling or chewing a straw at gate or gap, the wayfarer at last reached a spot where, at the junction of four narrow lanes, stood a dilapidated house of entertainment, its thatched roof stained and broken, and with not a few of the panes in its unwashed windows rudely replaced by boards or sackcloth. An inscription in faded letters over the low-browed doorway had reference to a license to retail beer and spirits for consumption on the premises, and tobacco; while a board nailed to a

dead tree hard by bore, in thin black characters, the name of *The Traveller's Rest*. And into *The Traveller's Rest* the stranger dived, with all the air of one who feels himself at home.

CURLING.

WHEN a black frost seals up the ground, and ice covers our ponds and lochs, among the amusements then open to those north of the Tweed there is none more healthful and exhilarating than the game of curling, the mode of playing at which we shall presently explain for the benefit of our non-initiated readers. This 'manly Scottish exercise,' as the old poet Pennycuik calls it, is, as we once before hinted, the worthiest rival of golf in Scotland. Alas, however, it fights this battle under immense disadvantages; the good old times seem to have passed away, when for weeks on end,

O'er burn and loch the warlock Frost
A crystal brig would lay,

and good ice might be confidently counted on for a long time. But being a pastime solely depending upon ice, and good ice, for its existence, this only makes the ardent votaries of the game the more eager to take every advantage of such fleeting chances as the variable winters of our day send them. Night has often been added to day, when the interest in a great match has been more intense than the frost, and the ice has shewn any signs of passing away.

It is *always* a trial for a curler to see a sheet of ice unoccupied; and when, on a Sunday, the 'crystal brig' on some fine loch lies smooth and keen, who has not seen hopeful enthusiasts taking a glance at the virgin expanse, with expression of countenance impossible to misunderstand! The marvel is that the strong temptation is so universally resisted, and that no effect has followed the example set by that Bishop of Orkney two centuries ago, whose 'process,' says Baillie in his Letters, 'came before us; he was a curler on the Sabbath-day.'

No game promotes sociality more than curling; none unites on one common platform the different classes of society better than it does.

The tenant and his jolly laird,
The pastor and his flock,

join in the game without patronage on one side or any loss of respect on the other. 'Harmony and friendly feeling prevail; and if, on the ice as elsewhere, all men are not equal, it is because a quick eye, a sound head, and a steady hand make now the shepherd, now the laird, 'king o' a' the core.'

Though so eminently a Scottish game, evidence goes to prove that the pastime was brought to us from the continent not very long ago—three hundred years or so. Some ultra-patriotic curlers claim for it indeed a native origin, at least one lost in the mists of antiquity, citing a passage in *Ossian* to prove that the Fingalian heroes beguiled their winters with the game, because in one passage it is said 'Swaran bends at the stone of might;' but this notwithstanding, it is quite clear that, as in the case of golf, we are indebted to outsiders for the first rough sketches of the 'roaring game.' The technical language of the game is all of Low Country origin, and it is supposed to have been introduced into this country by the Flemish emigrants who

settled in Scotland about the end of the fifteenth century. No mention of it is made by any writer for long after this; but it must have been well known in 1607, for Camden, in his *Britannia*, published in that year, says that in the little island of Copinsha, near the Orkneys, 'are to be found in great plenty excellent stones for the game called curling.'

At this time and for long after, the game appears to have been merely a rough kind of quoiting on ice; indeed for a great part of the last century its common name in this country was *Kuting*. The stones of that day, rough undressed blocks—so different from the polished missiles now used—had no handle, but merely a kind of hollow or niche for the finger and thumb, and were evidently intended to be *thrown* for at least part of the course. Since these days, great strides have been taken in the improvement of the game; now it is highly scientific, and with its many delicate strokes, its 'wicks,' calculations of angles, of force, and of bias, it may without presumption be called the billiards of ice. In some places, however, the old game with its primitive implements, usually flattish stones from the bed of the nearest stream, still holds its place under the name of 'channelling.'

In the bead-roll of curling are no such mighty names as those that golf boasts of; our winter game has not got mixed up with historic events and personages, as the older pastime has; but what her devotees lack in greatness is made up by the intense affection shewn by them in all ages for their favourite sport. It appears to have been a great game with poets. Allan Ramsay and Burns allude to it, and a host of minor bards have sung its praises at varying lengths, but with uniform appreciation of its excellences. One of the most eloquent passages in Christopher North's *Winter Rhapsody* deplores the failing popularity of the game in his later days; for like many other good things, curling has had its ups and downs in this world. In some few districts where it once flourished for a time, the interest in the game has died out; but of later years the establishment of so many clubs has given a new impetus to the game, which now prospers in its season beyond all former experience. The south-western districts of Scotland were long the chosen home of curling, and the players of Lanark and Dumfriesshire were specially renowned for their great skill in the art; but now it has spread over the whole country, and the grand matches of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club witness the friendly rivalry of worthy foemen from Maidenkirke to John o' Groat's, and excite the enthusiasm of branch clubs south of the Tweed, and even across the Atlantic.

At Edinburgh, perhaps as much as at any other place, has the game prospered within the last century, though in one point the game has lost a recognition it once had, if we believe the old tradition that, about a hundred and fifty years ago, the Town-Council used to go to the ice in all the pomp and circumstance that it now reserves for the Commissioner's procession, with a band playing 'appropriate airs' before it, which discoursed sweet music while the fathers of the city gave an hour or two to the game. The citizens then played on the Nor' Loch, a sheet of water which in those days divided the Old Town from the New; when it was drained they went to the ponds at Canonmills, and subsequently to Dud-

dingston Loch, where arose the Duddingston Curling Club, instituted in 1795, which has done great things in infusing a new spirit into the game. Among its members have been many fine curlers and good fellows, famed in other fields than this; and even if the Club had done nothing beyond giving us the capital songs of Sir Alexander Boswell, Miller, and many others, it would have still deserved well of its country.

Of late years, however, there has arisen a mightier than it—the Royal Caledonian Curling Club—now forty years old, which numbers among its members most curlers of note, both at home and abroad; and to which are affiliated all the local societies, who once a year, when the weather permits, send their chosen champions to contend at the grand match held under the auspices of the Royal Club.

Let us now see how the game is played; and first we shall give what is perhaps the earliest description of the game on record, that given by Pennant in his *Tour* in 1792. 'Of all the sports of these parts,' he says, 'that of curling is the favourite, and one unknown in England. It is an amusement of the winter, and played on the ice by sliding from one mark to another great stones of from forty to seventy pounds weight, of a hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at the top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, which had been well laid before, or to strike his antagonist's.'

The game is played on a carefully chosen piece of ice called the 'rink,' which should be forty-two yards long, unless special circumstances—such as thaw and consequently 'dull' ice—require it to be shortened. This piece of ice should be as level, smooth, and free from cracks as possible; there is usually a trifling bias, which however to the skilled curler rather adds interest to the game, as it calls forth additional science in the play.

When the rink is chosen, a little mark is made at each end; this is called the 'tee'; and near that point stands, in his turn, each player, whose object is to hurl or slide his stones to the opposite end, by a swinging motion of the arm. Each player also endeavours to place his stones nearer the tee than those of his opponents. In this respect curling is precisely similar in principle to the well-known game of bowls. Round the tees are scratched several concentric circles or 'brougs,' a foot or so apart from each other, by which means the distance at which stones are lying from the goal is seen at a glance at any time during the continuance of the 'end.' In the normally long rink, a scratch called the hog-score—usually made wavy, to distinguish it from any accidental crack—is drawn across the line of play near each end, eight yards from the tee; and any stones that have not had impetus enough imparted to them to carry them over this line are 'hogs,' and are put off the ice as useless for that end. A common number of players in one rink is eight—four against four; but in some places more play on one side, and in others less, according to circumstances. As a general rule each man plays two stones. The game is counted by points; and each stone of a side closer than their antagonists' nearest, is a point which scores towards the game. It will be observed that 'tees,' 'brougs,' and 'hog-scores'

are in duplicate, for as in quoits and bowls, ends are changed after each round.

As in bowls so in curling, the office of 'skip' of each side is usually given to the best player; and on his tact and judgment, besides knowledge of the exact amount of confidence he can place on the skill of each of his followers depends much of the success of his side. His chief duty is to stand at the tee for the purpose of directing and advising the play of each of his fellows, always playing last himself, that the critical shot on which perhaps victory or defeat hangs, may be in the best possible hands. Thus, in a rink of four players a side, the skips stand directors until their third men have played both their stones; upon which they proceed to the other end and play theirs.

The course of a game is generally something like this, though in no sport are there greater variations, or more circumstances calling forth all that judgment, skill, and experience only can teach. The 'lead' or first player's object is simple: he tries to 'draw' his shot—that is, to play his stone up the ice towards the end where stands his skip directing, so that the stone may lie if possible within the rings; and if he is a skilful player, his stone rests say a few feet short of the tee. The lead of the opposite side probably does as nearly the same, or with a little more force applied he perhaps knocks out his opponent's stone and lies in its place. Each of the leads having played two stones, the turn of the second player now comes. If an opposing stone lies near the tee, this player tries to change places with it by driving it away; but if a stone of his own side is next the tee, his play will be to 'guard' it—that is, to lay his own stone in a direct line before it, so that the enemy may be less likely to dislodge it. As the game proceeds it gets more intricate—the stones round the tee may have been so placed that the 'winner' is perfectly guarded from direct attack. Then is the time for the display of science: an experienced player by a cunning twist of the wrist may make his stone curl so as to carry it past the one that is supposed to guard the winning stone; or he may hit a stone near the winner in an oblique direction, and so cannon off it on to the winning stone and knock it away. This last is called 'wicking,' and is exactly a stroke of the same kind so necessary in billiards.

And so the game goes on—a game of give and take; but as Græme says, who can

Follow the experienced player
Through all the mysteries of his art, or teach
The undisciplined how to wick, to guard,
Or ride full out the stone that blocks the pass!

Stories innumerable are told of the delicate feats of aiming performed by enthusiasts of the game; and it is wonderful what skill is often shewn in the shots taken by good curlers with their unwieldy looking weapons; the narrow 'ports' or openings between two stones that they can make their missiles pass through, and the dexterity they shew in calculating the bias of the ice and the exact amount of angle necessary to make their cannons. This too, with stones thirty or forty pounds in weight!

Each player provides himself with a broom to sweep up the ice before a too lazy stone; and upon

judicious sweeping much of the game depends. The shouts of 'Soop! soop!' that follow the signal of the skip; the excited gestures of the 'capering combatants'; the constant cries of victory or defeat after the frequent changes of fortune; the general exhilaration of spirits attending a healthy and exciting exercise in the bracing air of winter—all tend to make the scene an extraordinary one. Of course if, instead of the ordinary match or game among the members of a club, we are witnessing a 'bonspiel' or match between two rival clubs or parishes, the excitement is much intensified. Wraps put on by the careful goodwives' hands before the curlers left home are recklessly cast aside; brawny arms vigorously ply the besoms; strong lungs shout out encouragement; and the engrossed combatants await the issue of a shot in all the attitudes so cunningly portrayed in Sir George Harvey's well-known picture. Of course the point of most breathless interest is when perhaps one shot must decide the game. Hear how that inimitable curling song-writer, the Rev. Dr Duncan, describes that moment:

A moment's silence, still as death,
Pervades the anxious thrang, man,
Then sudden bursts the victors' shout,
Wi' hollos loud and lang, man;
Triumphant besoms wave in air,
And friendly banter fly, man;
Whilst, cold and hungry, to the inn
Wi' eager steps they hie, man;

where awaits them the true curlers' dinner of 'beef and greens;' to which simple viands the appetites, sharpened by the keen frost, do ample justice. And if a temperate tumbler of toddy is emptied, what then? A merry evening is spent; and however keen the contest has been, or strong the rivalry between closely matched parishes, we can always say with the old song:

They met baith merry in the morn,
At night they parted friends.

During these jovial evenings, 'in words the fight renewed is fought again,' and many stories of past curling are told—one of which we shall take an early opportunity of offering to our readers.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

ART in its different developments may be said to express one idea—beauty. As in different parts of the world different languages are spoken, which all express the same thoughts and feelings, though in different ways, so all the arts are but the various ways of expressing the one moving spirit, the one idea, which is beauty. Painting exhibits or expresses beauty of colour; Sculpture, beauty of form; Architecture, beauty of proportion; Music, beauty of harmony; Poetry, beauty of thought. Each is in some measure transferable to, or capable of part expression by, the others. Thus painting may exhibit the beauty of form as in sculpture, and architecture may combine the beauties both of painting and sculpture, while poetry can in some measure unite the properties of each art.

The various thoughts and feelings of humanity are capable of being expressed in art, in every branch of it. Joy and sorrow, triumph and despair, can be expressed alike faithfully by music,

painting, or poetry. The pain that is never entirely absent from this painful earth, aches in sculpture, in verse, and in melody; the love that beats in the great heart of the universe, breathes from the canvas, the marble, and the minstrel. Two arts especially are so blended as to be almost synonymous—Music and Poetry. Poetry is inarticulate music, harmony is song without words. Poetry is perhaps the highest of all arts, because all the others appeal to the soul through the external senses; while poetry, without sound, without beauty either of form or colour, unites the power of all. Something of the earth is necessary to the production of the other arts; pigments, marbles, strings, instruments of various sorts are indispensable to all except poetry; therefore poetry is the divine art, for it comes direct from the soul. Exquisite word-painting describes a scene as vividly as any painting; perfect rhythm is the purest harmony, and all art is combined in a poem which depicts with the fidelity of painting, which is symmetrical with the perfect proportions of architecture, and which breathes the melody of music.

From the earliest ages, songs have been the heart-notes of nations; the simplest form of poetry, yet the most popular, because written directly from the heart to the heart. Heroic deeds were celebrated in song, love-stories were immortalised in song, ere there was a note of written music or a word of written verse. Thus the twin-sister arts music and poetry, in their infancy scarce distinguishable, passed on hand in hand; but with the lapse of years they grew more divided, their different features becoming more developed, until now, their triumphs have apparently raised a barrier between them, and people forget that they are twin; but the chord of sympathy is still there. The union is not *less*; it is only *less* visible, because more intricate. It is impossible briefly to state all the points where the sister-muses are at one; let us simply, by pointing out a few examples from the great masters of each, attempt to shew that music and poetry are still closely allied.

The three great moving powers of humanity are Faith, Reason, Passion—the Soul, the Head, the Heart. Faith, reverence, worship, or by whatever name may be called that feeling in man which causes him to adore a being greater than himself, has been expressed in poetry by Milton; in music by Handel. Reason, the thoughts of the human mind, the gropings after a true philosophy, has been expressed in the poetry of Shelley, in the music of Mendelssohn. Passion—each varied emotion that throbs in the heart of man, is expressed in the poetry of Byron, in the music of Beethoven. Others might be cited, and resemblances carried to any extent between poets and musicians; but the above may suffice, being not merely fanciful definitions, but thorough truths, fully borne out in fact; not ideal but real.

There is first the poetry and music in which the feeling of worship, the element of religion, is prime agent. Milton can be fairly taken as the poet of reverence. Owing to the peculiar circumstances of his life and times, the great power of his verse is a cry against the follies and sins of a debased people, an earnest cry for more strength of purpose, more firmness of will. It all strives to exalt a Deity who was like to be forgotten by a nation steeped in the vices and frivolities of Cavalier

times. Grand and impressive his verse flows on, a mighty flood, with the hidden strength which shews itself in calm still progress.

Like the full rich notes of the organ sound the words of Milton, as also the noble chords of Handel, whose music, like Milton's verse, is full of adoration. Strange that both in their later years were blind. Could it be that the closing of the eyes of the flesh opened the eyes of the soul to a clearer vision and a more real conception of the Deity? The majesty of God, the insignificance of man, the eternal triumph of good over evil, are their themes, and in the same tones are they uttered. Handel and Milton sound like one voice, now in tones of beseeching tenderness—*Miserere Domine* wailing forth the plaint of sorrow in accents piteous with the burden of woe; again with righteous indignation they witheringly scathe the enemies of the truth and the spirit of evil; and, in *Gloria in Excelsis* they unite in praising the power of the Deity above all names, the one spirit, the 'I am' of the universe.

From the earliest times until now, man has been trying to solve the riddle of existence, eagerly striving after a true philosophy which shall satisfactorily explain to his reason all the complex mechanism of his nature. The highest intellect has vainly striven to pierce the mysteries of time and eternity, until the torch of reason becomes only an *ignis fatuus*, leading to dangerous wilds, where there is no path. In poetry the pure reason of man has had few such brilliant exponents as Shelley. Gifted with daring imagination, his genius darted in its wild flight like the lightning from out the storm-cloud; far above the earth his spirit seemed to float, while he breathed forth his marvellous song and toyed with the clouds and the spirits of the spheres. Intellect was his god; he revelled in the beauty of Nature and in the mystic shadows of psychological dreams. His eager soul was ever yearning for a something undefined to satisfy the vague longings of a mind that will take nothing for granted, that cannot believe what it does not understand. Therefore the works of Shelley are admirable examples of the poetry of the intellect.

Mendelssohn is his counterpart in music; there is the same vivid imagination, the same perfection of harmony, the same wealth of melody in the works of both. His music displays a rich intellect and a brilliant fancy; in it there is mechanical perfection; there is all that knowledge and education can do; heart only is wanting. His cultured mind conjures up sweet sounds, delicate airy visions, grand solemn strains; but there is never a touch of passion in it all. Carefully polished into perfection, the intricacies of his music convey the idea that a vast amount of effort and labour has been bestowed on their production. But in this he differs from Shelley, for Shelley's song is free, spontaneous as a bird's, and in it there is the fire, the passion which Mendelssohn lacks.

Thus, though there are slight differences in the way in which the intellect is developed in the works of those two masters, yet they both exhibit, above all, the reason, the intellect of man in its highest state of culture. Rich, melodious, dreamy are they both; and each leaves on the listener the same impression as of wandering through a land of perfect loveliness, peopled by beautiful spirits, chanting music now full of exquisite fancies, and

again uttering wild cries for that rest and peace which the intellect alone cannot give. A fairy world is that dream-land of Shelley and of Mendelssohn.

Ever nearer to human nature is the music of the heart, the one thing in the universe that changes not. Intellect with the advancing ages advances and changes; religions vary in different lands; but although languages, manners, everything be different, the heart of man remains the same: 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' Difference of language or of creed is no barrier to the appreciation of Shakspeare, of Mozart, of Raphael. True genius speaks to human nature from the depths of an intensest sympathy, a melody, a thought, which no boundary-line can limit, no distinction of race retard.

How is it that the sublimest music and the most entrancing verse are the results of sorrow? How is it that 'sweetness is wrung out of pain, as the juice is crushed away from the cane?' Out of the fire comes the purified gold, and out of the furnace of trial and pain and sorrow, comes that perfect sympathy which lies at the root of genius. Pain develops faculties which would otherwise lie dormant, and thus out of much suffering grew the deathless song of Byron and the immortal music of Beethoven. Nursed by neglect, fostered by contempt, grew their soul-children into a life which triumphed over the scorn which had slighted their infancy—beautiful soul-children, that shall live for ever in the eternal youth of genius. So long as the heart of humanity shall continue to throb, so long shall continue Byron's verse and Beethoven's harmonies. The heart, with its passionate longings, its hope and despair, its delight and its utter weariness, is embodied in the works of both. Strains of infinite tenderness and burning notes of passionate intensity, go to the heart of the listener with that strange undefinable power—that thrill, which is the charm of Beethoven's music. That composer once remarked that 'music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman.' His music has accomplished both. The works of other musicians may delight or astonish; Weber's sweet notes have a home in many hearts, and Mozart's versatile genius has given to dramatic music its highest expression; but we venture to say that none exercises that marvellous fascination, none weaves the spell of enchantment which dwells in the burning notes of the master musician.

And in Byron's poetry there is the same indescribable attraction, because there is the same power. At present it is the fashion to sneer at his magnificent genius, to humble it ever the lower, the higher is raised the present school, who write of vague shadowy beings, and are strangely destitute of genuine life or passion. The conventional society of the present time is most fittingly mirrored in the conventional poetry of the day. Anything like tender emotion is carefully concealed. In the poetry of Byron there is no straining after effect, no halting for a word or a metaphor; on, ever on flows the song in a resistless tide. His poetry, like that of Burns, his equally gifted brother, is not *made*; it breathes, it burns; and is a genuine creation. In Byron's poetry love and hate are no mere affectations; they are genuinely depicted, and meant; while sorrow is touched with the tender cadence of a

real grief. There beats in all his verse a true throbbing heart, with all the inconsistencies of temperament which belong to human nature. There is the secret of his power, the magic of his verse, which must live so long as hearts shall beat to the tune of love, and there are sorrows in this world of unrest.

The universality of this heart-music is easily understood, even though the intellect of man be ever changing; and each new science in its turn alter the aspect of affairs; each new philosophy seem to overthrow the previous schools. As knowledge becomes more extended, materialism wages a sterner battle against idealism, and a 'reason' that must comprehend all the mysteries of existence, that must apply the crucible to everything, bids fair to abolish 'heart' altogether, as an antiquated emotion; and yet throughout all ages to come, the one touch of nature will still make 'the whole world kin.'

Unaffected in the main by religion or education, we see the same feelings, with all their varying moods, in the inhabitants of the sunniest climes or of the lands of winter snows. Thus is the heart of man ever the same. True genius speaks to that heart; hence it is universal, and can never die. The language of Homer is now esteemed dead, but is the *Iliad* dead? The land of Dante has been steeped in a long sleep, but has the *Inferno* been forgotten? The birthplace of Michael Angelo is disputed, but none disputes the power of his imperishable marbles.

Bright in the beauty of eternal youth, live the song-notes of genius whether in verse or music; age cannot mar the freshness of their charm; time cannot lessen the power of their fascination. Empires are overthrown, victories lost and won, kingdoms once in the first rank are fallen behind, and young nations are spurring on to the front; the world, ever in a turmoil, is a perpetual kaleidoscope of change; but through the clang of battle these voices sound triumphant, and still to the weary and the suffering they whisper peace and comfort.

THE BELL-RINGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE DUMB PEAL.

OVER hill and dale, over woodland and moor, over fields and hedgerows, the snow has thrown her mantle of purity, concealing all defects with a skilful hand; and making a landscape of fairy-like beauty, enhanced by the rays of the sun. On the church belonging to the village of Linden, its beauty was strikingly revealed, as it lay upon every moulding, and clothed the ivy clustering the tower, contrasted by patches of dark-green leaves where the wind had relieved them of their snowy burden, and tracing the outline of each narrow pointed window and jutting buttress. The graves were thickly covered with Nature's winding-sheet, and even the mossy tombstones in this village 'God's-acre' were whitened by the same pure covering, for the wind had ceased for some hours, and a ghostly silence pervaded the resting-place of the dead, until the striking of the village clock in a dull muffled tone warned the occupants of some adjacent cottages that it was four o'clock. Clouds of a light gray colour hung low over the earth,

and Nature reposed in a silence that is often the precursor of a storm.

The village of Linden was situated in a valley, picturesquely green in summer, but subject to heavy snow-drifts in winter, which at times rendered the road nearly impassable; a fact which was painfully apparent to a solitary traveller who was toiling wearily on his way at the time my story opens. As he drew near the churchyard, which was situated at the entrance to the village, he paused to rest on the low wall surrounding the inclosure, and drew his plaid around him, as a protection from the cold, for he shook in every limb, and his breath went and came in short uneven gasps. A labourer returning from his work gave him a countryman's 'good-e'en,' but he made no reply; an urchin clambered over the stile to take a short cut through the sacred precincts, and stared hard as he brushed past the muffled form; still he moved not, although the fast-deepening gloom of the short December day was sufficient to urge him to hasten to a shelter for the night. At last, as the church clock struck the quarter past four, the stranger rose, and mounting the stile, stepped down into the churchyard. Removing his plaid from his face, he looked earnestly around, without fear that he should challenge recognition; he was alone with the dead. Stumbling with some uncertainty among the graves, he made for a distant corner, where a door in the ivy-covered wall and a neatly kept path (from which the snow had been lately swept) leading to the chancel door, shewed it to be a private entrance to the churchyard. In this corner stood a cross of Scotch granite, decked with wreaths of *immortelles*, and still discernible in the twilight was the inscription:

In Beloved Remembrance of
ALICE, Wife of CHARLES PEREGRINE,
who died August 12, 18—, Aged 52.
Her End was Peace.

With eyes which seemed to strain themselves in his eagerness to read this inscription, the traveller gathered in the meaning of what he read, and with cold benumbed fingers painfully traced each carved letter, to make the dread assurance doubly sure. Claspings the cross, he sank upon his knees, and indulged in an agony of grief; at last his emotion overcame him; the fatigue he had previously endured augmented his suffering; his arms released their hold, and he slid from his kneeling position on to the ground, lying in an unconscious state on the verge of a newly dug grave, side by side with the one over which he had been weeping; and in this dangerous position for a time we leave him.

At a quarter to eight Nathan Boltz, who was master of the belfry, the bells, and the ringers, who rung the curfew at eight o'clock, and the morning bell at five in summer and six in winter, who was sexton and parish clerk, and one of the principal members of the choir, came to perform his usual duty. The tolling of the curfew over, Nathan turned aside to inspect the grave he had lately dug; his astonishment was intense at stumbling over a prostrate form, and but for his activity he would have been precipitated into the narrow house so lately prepared by him. Putting down his lantern, he raised the insensible figure, and bore it in his arms to his cottage, close at hand;

once there he managed to unlock the door, and placed the stranger gently on the floor. Running back swiftly for his lantern, Nathan returned with it, closed and locked his door upon intruders, and brought its light upon the face of his guest. No sooner had he done this than he started back in dismay. He knew the man, although he had not seen him for fifteen years, and time had worked startling changes in that cold impassive face.

'Tis he at last!' whispered Nathan, as if fearful of being overheard, although he was alone. For a moment he felt as David might have felt with Saul sleeping before him; then the passion in his face died out, and he used every means to restore the sufferer. For some time his efforts were in vain, but at last he was successful; and the first glance bestowed upon him by the stranger shewed that he too was recognised, although neither of them spoke.

Nathan was at his post next morning when the funeral cortège came quietly through the grounds surrounding the Hall, and was met by the vicar near the chancel door; but Nathan's mind was preoccupied, and he scarcely heard or saw anything which took place. He went through his duties mechanically, even to filling up the grave in silence, although many lingered near him to speak of her who lay beneath. They thought him strange, but held him in too much respect to venture a remark.

Squire Peregrine of Linden Hall had been a widower only a few months, having been left with seven daughters, who might have been termed the widower's garland. Alas! for that fragile beauty which fading rapidly droops into an early grave. The funeral of one fair girl had just taken place; and for Hilda Peregrine, the bell-ringers would on that evening ring a dumb peal, which should speak to every heart in its sorrow, and prove their sympathy with the bereaved. Six months before, they had rung for the mother, little anticipating the early removal of one of her children; she had passed away from them, beloved to the last. Was it any wonder that the men took their way to the belfry in silence, guided by the light of the lantern flashing on the snow-covered paths? The bell-ringers of Linden could boast of no slight skill in their manipulation of the splendid chime of eight bells which were wont to speak their stirring language to the villages for miles around. The sweet and musical bells of Linden had been a recent gift from the ladies of the Hall, and each bell bore upon it the name of the giver. Nathan Boltz preceded the ringers into the belfry. See him as he stands there divested of his wraps, and revealed by the light of candles burning in sconces fixed in the wall. He is a tall and stalwart man of thirty-five, with a muscular development rarely excelled, inherited from his father, a Dutch sailor. His face, of a true Saxon type, is remarkable for its repose and force of expression; firmness without obstinacy in the mouth and chin; benevolence written on the expansive forehead; forgiveness and charity in the clear dark gray eye.

Nathan Boltz was truly one of Nature's gentlemen; a self-educated man, a great reader, a deep thinker, a humble imitator of the Divine Master. This was the man who, unaware of his true greatness, lived a life of real enjoyment in zealously performing his duties and working for his daily bread. He had no desire to extend his sphere

beyond his native village; the simple drama of his life had been played out amidst its rural scenes, and it had not been destitute of pathos and variation. Nathan had had a deep sorrow, which had washed his soul in its tumultuous waters and left it stranded upon the Rock of Ages; and when the memory of this sorrow came upon him, his voice took a deeper tone in the chants and hymns, and a shadow would obscure the brightness of his face. He had, like all his fellow-creatures, many faults; but the good in him outbalanced the evil.

'Now!' cried Nathan. Instantly the men were at their posts. Every hand grasped its respective rope; and there echoed forth on the night-air the solemn far-sounding peal, carrying the melody down to earth, catching it and bearing it to heaven above.

Hark to their dull unchanging roll!

As heavily on it floats,

And speaks of the dead to the mourner's soul

With its wildly solemn notes.

The cottagers opened their doors, and every heart answered its response of regret and hope as the bells rang on. At last it was over; the solemn sound died gradually away, and the silence which followed seemed the more expressive from the contrast.

Old Father Time rings many changes; hour by hour and day by day they steal upon us, imperceptibly but surely; and we mark their advent but slightly, until at our yearly gatherings, when friend meets friend and long-severed ties are reunited, the missing links shew many a vacant chair, and faces filled with joy in meeting their beloved once more, ever and anon cloud over, as memory recalls departed joys which never can return.

We return with the mourners to the Hall, where the sisters can scarcely realise the loss of her who has so lately been taken from them. Patricia, the eldest, possesses her father's hauteur of disposition and commanding manner. Gertrude, the second, resembles her mother in person and disposition. Of the four younger sisters, two of them were twins, and were a counterpart of their elder sister. The remaining two had been trained by her whom they lamented, and were, like her, beloved by all who knew them. The sisters sat together in the drawing-room, awaiting the entrance of their father and another member of the family regarded in the light of a son—their cousin, Oliver Peregrine, whose marriage with Patricia was necessarily delayed by her sister Hilda's death. These constituted the family dinner-party.

Oliver Peregrine grew impatient at the decorous silence preserved by his uncle, who in spite of his calm demeanour, was feeling the death of this daughter more than he cared to shew. The servants who waited had felt real affection for her, and their sorrow was not an outward form. But the delay of the marriage chafed Oliver's temper, and with difficulty he responded to his uncle's desire that all mention of it might be for the present suppressed. Let us describe him. He was about forty years of age; tall, thin, and stooping; his hair and moustache of a faint sandy hue, his light-blue eyes uncertain and cruel-looking, the mouth thin and compressed; haughty towards his dependents, possessing an unblemished reputation, heir to the

greater part of his uncle's wealth, demanding respect, of love gaining none. He was a man who looked suspiciously on every action of those around him, at the same time given to concealment himself. He was an accomplished scholar, and had been educated for a learned profession, being the orphan son of a younger brother; but as the heir of Squire Peregrine, he followed his studies as a recreation, and spent most of his time at the Hall.

Dinner was proceeding in the manner just described, when up the snow-covered avenue a carriage rolled silently and swiftly; and presently the butler handed a card to his master. Squire Peregrine rose immediately; and all felt the interruption a welcome one. 'My old friend Colonel Lindsay,' he said in explanation, 'whom I have not seen for many years.—Come with me, Patricia, and bid him welcome.'

They left the room; and after a short interval returned, bringing Colonel Lindsay with them. Introductions followed, and he took his seat at the table. No one present made mention of the time which had elapsed since last he had visited them. Many changes of a painful character had taken place during the interval, and the Colonel avoided all mention of them until he found himself alone with his old friend. But when Patricia and her sisters had left the dining-room, and Oliver with a slight apology had followed them, the Colonel, in a few feeling words, referred to the death of Squire Peregrine's wife and daughter; then suddenly changing his tone, he added: 'And where is the boy? Where is Bertram?'

Squire Peregrine's face grew of an ashen paleness, as in a low voice he answered: 'Lindsay, I have no son.'

'Dead?' said the Colonel in a penetrating tone, as if he would read the heart of his old friend.

'To me and my family for ever. Name him no more!'

The Colonel took no notice of his tone. 'His faults?' he pressed—'his faults?'

No one else would have so dared to interrogate Squire Peregrine; yet again he answered: 'Abduction and forgery;' and his old friend noticed that he placed the word forgery last.

'I do not believe it, Charles,' he said calmly. 'Against whom were these crimes committed?'

'Against a pure and innocent village girl, and against myself. He fled, and all I could do was to try not to discover him. The girl is dead. To the last she shielded him. He is the first Peregrine who has so fallen, and his name is cut off from amongst us. God grant he may be dead!'

'He is innocent!' returned the Colonel in a firm tone.

Squire Peregrine stared at him as if he thought him mad. 'How can you prove that?' he said hurriedly.

'I have no proof but my remembrance of him as a lad, and an inward conviction that you have been deceived. Did his mother believe him guilty?'

'I cannot say. I did not allow her to mention him. My two youngest daughters are not aware they have a brother.'

The Colonel did not press the matter further, but changed the subject, relating incidents of his life abroad, and making the time pass pleasantly to his old friend. But that night the Colonel sat in deep thought over the decaying embers of his fire, and

had come to a resolution before he sought his couch. The result was that Dobson the butler furnished him with full particulars of the sad event; and unknown to Oliver Peregrine the prosperity of that worthy was on the wane.

EXPERIENCES IN CAMP AND COURT.

AN interesting and gossiping volume of personal reminiscences, entitled *Camp, Court, and Siege: a Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during two Wars, 1861-63, 1870-71* (Sampson Low & Co.), has been given to the world by Colonel Hoffman, an officer whose position during two great wars enabled him to record much that escaped the notice of other observers. Colonel Hoffman held an important post in the Federal army during the American civil war, and at its close received an appointment in the diplomatic service of his country. As Secretary to the American Legation in Paris, and *chargé d'affaires* during the temporary absence of the United States minister, Mr Washburne, he witnessed the events which preceded the Franco-German war, and afterwards remained in Paris, in common with other members of his Embassy, during the siege. The recollections he has strung together relate rather to the byways than to the beaten track of history during these periods; and it is this fact which gives his unpretending volume its chief interest and novelty. Our readers will probably be amused in spending with us a short time over its pages.

Colonel Hoffman was in 1862 captain on the staff of Brigadier-general Williams at Hatteras, an island which lies in the direct route of vessels bound from the West Indies to Baltimore, New York, &c. The 'guileless natives' of this place are, we are informed, well known as wreckers, and in pursuit of this calling they adopt a plan which is simple but effective. A half-wild kind of horse called a 'marsh pony,' is bred upon the island, and one of these animals is caught, one of its legs is tied up, a lantern slung to its neck, and the pony is thus driven along the beach on a stormy night. The effect is just that of a vessel riding at anchor; but other ships approaching are soon made unpleasantly aware of the difference between a merchantman riding out the gale, and this Hatteras decoy.

From Hatteras, Captain Hoffman was ordered to join General Butler's expedition to New Orleans, and proceeded in a vessel which took three regiments, numbering three thousand souls. A fact which transpired on the voyage he commends to the attention of those parish authorities in England who refuse to enforce the Vaccination Act. A man who had been ill with small-pox, but was supposed to be cured, was on board this vessel, and two days after they had sailed his disease broke out again. The men among whom he lay were packed as close as herrings in a barrel, yet only one took it. They had all been vaccinated within sixty days.

Ship Island, off Mobile in the Gulf of Mexico, was their first destination to await supplies for the expedition. An odd thing here was the abundance of fresh water obtainable everywhere by digging a hole two feet deep in the sand; in two hours it became full, but after using it for a week the water would be found brackish, when all that was necessary to procure another supply was to

dig a hole as before. And yet the island scarcely rises five feet above the sea. While staying at this place the writer witnessed a curious freak of lightning. Eight prisoners were sleeping side by side in a circular tent, when a terrible thunderstorm broke out. The sentry stood leaning against the tent-pole, with the butt of his musket on the ground and the bayonet touching his shoulder. The lightning struck the tent-pole, leaped to the bayonet and tore the stock to splinters, but only slightly stunned the sentry; thence it passed along the ground and struck the first prisoner, killing him; glided by the six inside men without injury to them, but struck and killed the eighth man as it disappeared.

We now come to the writer's reminiscences of warfare.

A characteristic anecdote is told of General Sherman's coolness. 'He had a pleasant way of riding up in full sight of the enemy's batteries accompanied by his staff. Here he held us while he criticised the manner in which the enemy got his guns ready to open on us. Presently a shell would whiz over our heads, followed by another somewhat nearer. Sherman would then quietly remark: "They are getting the range now; you had better scatter." As a rule we did not wait for a second order.' On one occasion Sherman sent out a strong party to reconnoitre, and Captain Hoffman asked permission to accompany them. It was given; and the general added: 'By the way, captain, when you are over there, just ride up and draw their fire, and see where their guns are. They won't hit you.' The order was obeyed, and Hoffman was not hit; but he does not recommend the experiment to his friends.

There are occasionally amenities in warfare, and imbibed as was the conflict between North and South, still some curious instances occurred. At the siege of Port Hudson the soldiers on both sides established a sort of *entente cordiale*. Growing weary of trying to pick each other off through loopholes, one would tie a white handkerchief to his bayonet and wave it above the parapet; and presently a similar signal would be made on the other side. This meant a truce; and in a moment the men would swarm out on both sides, and commence chaffing each other. After a while some one would cry out: 'Get under cover now, Johnnie,' or 'Look out now, Yank; we are going to fire,' when handkerchiefs would be lowered and hostilities recommence. No one dared to violate this tacit truce without notice; had any one done so, his comrades would have roughly handled him.

A striking instance is noted of the effect produced by the imagination when exalted by the excitement of battle. A staff-officer by Captain Hoffman's side dropped his bridle, threw up his arms, and said: 'I am hit; my boot is full of blood.' He was helped from his horse, and sent to the ambulance, the captain mentally wishing him farewell. Next day he appeared at headquarters as well as ever; he had been struck by a spent ball, which had broken the skin, but inflicted no serious injury. Captain Hoffman saw the same effect produced on another occasion. A man limped from the field supported by two others, and said his leg was broken. He was pale as death, and had the chaplain to read to him; but the surgeon was surprised to find no hole in his stocking, and cutting it off, nothing was discernible but

a black-and-blue mark on the leg. Men notoriously brave may thus occasionally be imposed upon by their imagination.

Woman's wit, in the opinion of Colonel Hoffman, played an important part at times in the conflict, the 'rebels' gaining many an advantage over the Northern men by its influence. 'In such matters,' he remarks, 'one woman is worth a wilderness of men. I recollect one day we sent a steam-boat full of rebel officers (exchanged prisoners) into the Confederacy. They were generally accompanied by their wives and children. Our officers noticed the most extraordinary number of dolls on board—every child had a doll—but they had no suspicions. A lady told me afterwards that every doll was filled with quinine; the sawdust was taken out, and quinine substituted. Depend upon it that female wit devised that trick.'

Woman's ingenuity also displayed itself in other ways. A bag of intercepted letters from the Confederate side gave an instance. A Southern young lady, writing to her brother-in-law in Mobile, narrated how she had successfully played a trick upon a Boston newspaper, compelling it to unwittingly belaud its foes. She sent them a poem called *The Gypsy's Wassail*, the original in Sanscrit, with a translation in English, expressing every patriotic and loyal sentiment. The 'Sanskrit' was simply English written backward, and properly adjusted, read as follows:

God bless our brave Confederates, Lord!
Lee, Johnson, Smith, and Beauregard!
Help Jackson, Smith, and Johnson Joe
To give them fits in Dixie, oh!

The *Wassail* was published with a compliment to the 'talented contributor;' but in a few days the trick was discovered and exposed.

We pass on to the writer's European recollections. He received his appointment to the Legation at Paris in 1866, when the imperial court was at the height of its splendour. The Emperor, when he designed to be, was always happy in his reception of diplomats, and the formal introductory speeches were followed by informal conversations. He liked to ventilate his English, but could not speak the language perfectly. To an American officer (Colonel Hay) he observed, for instance: 'You have made *ze* war in *ze* United States?' (*Vous avez fait la guerre?*)—meaning, 'Did you serve?' The colonel was strongly tempted to tell his Majesty it was not he made the war, but Jeff. Davis. The Empress spoke English not so fluently as the Emperor, but with less accent. American ladies were always well received by her, and her balls were sometimes called by the envious *bals américains*. If the Embassy desired one or two presentations beyond the usual number, the inquiry was generally made: 'Is it a young and pretty woman?' and if it were, there was no difficulty, for the Empress was pleased to have her balls set off by beautiful and well-dressed women.

Comparison is favourable we are told, in American eyes, to British over the French imperial display on a very important occasion—the opening of parliament by the sovereign, as contrasted with that of the *Côrps Législatif*. The spectacle in this country bears the palm, says Colonel Hoffman, both in splendour and interest. Her Majesty's demeanour is much admired. 'Short and stout as is the Queen, she has the most graceful and stately

walk perhaps in Europe. It is a treat to see her move.' The Empress of the French, however, created great enthusiasm on these occasions. 'Her beauty, her grace, and her stately bearing carried the enthusiasm to its height. You would have sworn that every man there was ready to die for his sovereign. Within less than four years she sought in vain for one of them to stand by her in her hour of danger.'

In the year of the last Paris Exhibition (1867), Napoleon III. entertained in his capital the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, the latter accompanied by Bismarck and Moltke. Sixty thousand men passed before the sovereigns in review, and it was on the return from the spectacle that the Emperor Alexander was shot at by a Pole. The ball struck the horse of one of the equestrians, and blood spurted from the animal upon the Emperor's second son, who was with him in the carriage. It was reported that the Emperor of the French turned to his imperial guest and said: 'Sire, we have been under fire together for the first time to-day.' To which the Emperor replied with much solemnity of manner: 'Sire, we are in the hands of Providence.' That evening the writer saw the Russian Emperor at a ball at his own Embassy, not more than two hundred persons being present. He looked pale and *distracted*, and Madame Haussmann, wife of the celebrated baron, was trying, but without much tact, to make conversation with him. 'He looked over her head, as if he did not see her, and finally turned upon his heel and left her. It was not perhaps polite, but it was very natural. The Emperor and Empress of the French made extraordinary exertions to enliven the ball; but there was a perceptible oppression in the air.' The would-be assassin was not condemned to death, the jury finding 'extenuating circumstances.'

On the outbreak of war in 1870, the American Legation was requested to undertake the protection of North German subjects in France, and procured the consent of the French government thereto. Thirteen distinct nationalities, European and South American, eventually came under the same protection, and caused plenty of employment. Partly on this account, when the representatives of the great European powers had left Paris for Tours, after the downfall of the Empire, the United States Legation remained, and its members endured the unpleasant experiences of the siege. To Colonel Hoffman, however, the anticipation of this was a matter of perfect indifference—or rather he looked forward to it with some degree of liking. 'I had quite a curiosity to be a besieged. I had been a besieger at Port Hudson, and thought that I would like to experience the other sensation. The sensation is not an unpleasant one, especially in a city like Paris. If you have been overworked or harassed, the relief is very great. There is a calm or sort of Sunday rest about it that is quite delightful. In my experience, the life of the besieged is altogether the most comfortable of the two.' And the writer professes to think that the suffering endured in famous sieges, and the heroism of the inhabitants, have been much exaggerated. There were, however, many points of considerable difference between the circumstances attendant upon the siege of Paris and that, say, of Saragossa or Plevna. The Germans never made a bom-

bardment in earnest. 'We were being bombarded, but after a very mild fashion. I have since talked with a German general who commanded at the quarter whence most of the shells entered the city. He assured me that there never was the slightest intention to bombard Paris. If there had been, it would have been done in a very different style.' But shells fell during nineteen days into the city, and nearly two hundred people were killed by the explosions. In both bombardments, that by the Germans and afterwards by the French government troops, much of the mischief done is reported to have been caused by the mere wantonness of the artillerymen, who under such circumstances are eager to hit something, it matters little what it may be. Indifference acts also on the side of the besieged, and during the worst of the bombardment, men and boys were to be seen lurking in the Champs Elysées near the Arch, and darting to secure the fragments of an exploded shell while they were still too hot to hold, or crying *Obus!* and suddenly squatting, to watch the effect upon elderly gentlemen passing by. A large business was done in these fragments as relics after the siege.

As regards provisions, the members of the Legation were of course as well off as it was possible to be under the circumstances. The staple diet, however, which Mr Washburne and the Secretary preferred to expensive luxuries, was 'our national pork and beans, and the poetic fish-ball.' Occasionally they indulged in small portions of elephant, yak, camel, reindeer, porcupine, &c., at an average rate of four dollars a pound. This meat came from the Jardin d'Acclimation, where it was found impossible to get food for the animals. Colonel Hoffman gives the preference among these varieties of flesh to that of the reindeer, which resembles venison, but he thinks all these meats but poor substitutes for beef and mutton. Horse-flesh was the main stay of the population in the way of fresh meat; it was rationed and sold by the government at reasonable prices, nine and a half ounces per day being allowed to each adult. It is 'poor stuff at best,' says the writer. 'It has a sweet, sickening flavour. The only way I found it eatable was as mince mixed with potato.'

The transmission and receipt of intelligence gave rise to some of the most memorable experiences of the siege, and what was done by balloons and pigeons is likely to form a precedent for similar episodes in all time. The French had always a fancy for ballooning, and were probably in advance of the rest of the world in this respect. They soon started a service of mail-balloons twice a week from Paris, despatching them at first in the afternoon; but it was found that they did not rise quickly enough to escape Prussian bullets, and the hour of departure was therefore changed to one in the morning. The speed of the balloons was sometimes marvellous. One descended in Norway on the very morning it left Paris. Another fell into the sea off the coast of Holland a few hours after its departure, and the passengers were rescued by a fishing-smack. Out of ninety-seven balloons despatched, ninety-four arrived safely—about the proportion, says Colonel Hoffman, of railway trains in these later times. Two fell into the hands of the enemy, and one was supposed to have been drifted out to sea and lost. A balloon was seen off Eddystone Lighthouse; and a few

days afterwards a gentleman spending the winter at Torquay received a letter from the rector at Land's End, stating that a number of letters had drifted ashore, supposed to have been lost from a balloon, and among them was one addressed to him. It proved to be a balloon-letter from Colonel Hoffman, and is still preserved as a souvenir of the siege—and the sea. The pigeon experiment Colonel Hoffman considers proved a failure, as so few birds succeeded in reaching their destination. Two or three times, however, a carrier arrived safely, bringing with it one of those marvels of scientific skill, which under the microscope revealed correspondence equal to the contents of a good-sized newspaper.

Not nearly sufficient, in the writer's opinion, was done in the way of sorties from Paris. He contends that the garrison should have made a sortie every night, with sometimes a thousand and sometimes a hundred thousand men. 'Had they done so,' he says, 'they would have soon worn out the Germans with constant *alertes*, and with comparatively little fatigue to themselves. But the entire French army was in want of organisation.' On the other hand, the members of the naval service have Colonel Hoffman's warmest admiration. 'The officers,' he says, 'are a very superior class of men, and the sailors under them fought gallantly during the war, for there was a large number of them detailed to the army. They felt strongly the deterioration of the sister-service.' The colonel was once dining at a Versailles restaurant near a French naval officer, when one of the army, accompanied by two non-commissioned officers, entered and made a great disturbance. '*Cette pauvre armée française! cette pauvre armée française!*' muttered the naval officer.

SHAMROCK LEAVES.

BEGGARS.

THE poorhouse and the policeman have considerably abated Irish mendicants, especially in the towns; but in the country and in remote places, 'the long-remembered beggar' is still an institution. The workhouse is held in abhorrence by this class of vagrant, and any amount of suffering is preferred to the confinement, the enforced cleanliness, and the discipline it involves. The Irish poor are, as a rule, indifferent to creature comforts. They love their liberty under hedge and open sky; and resemble the dog in the fable, who preferred his precarious bone and freedom to the good feeding and luxuries of his tied-up friend. A wretched old woman, decrepit and barefoot, appearing on the hall-door steps of a house she was in the habit of visiting, would be remonstrated with in vain by her patrons, however delicately the obnoxious subject, the poorhouse, was approached.

'Now, Biddy, it is all very well in summer to go about; but in this bitter wintry weather, would it not be better to go where you would have a good bed and shelter, and be warmed and fed and comfortably clothed, instead of shivering about, ragged and hungry? Why not try—only for a while, you know, till summer comes back—why not try the poorhouse?'

'The poorhouse!' (firing up); 'I'd rather die than go there! I'd rather lie down under the snow at the side of the road and *die*! But sure the neighbours will help me. There isn't one 'ill refuse me an air of the fire or a night's lodging, or maybe a bit and sup of an odd time. And you're going to give me something yourself, my lady, avourneen, you are! Don't I see it in yer face? You're going to bring out the dust of dry tay and the grain of sugar and the couple o' coppers to the poor old granny. Ah yes! And maybe the sarvant-maids will have an ould cast petticoat to throw to her, for to keep the life in her ould carcase this perishing day.'

Before the famine of 1846-7, which brought about a change in the food of the peasantry, systematic begging was the annual custom. Potatoes were then the sole food of the working-classes, and the farmers paid their labourers by allowances of potato-ground (half or quarter acres), with seed to till it. Money, therefore, was little in circulation among the lower orders. In the interval between the consumption of the old potatoes and the coming in of the new—expressively known as 'the bitter six weeks'—there were occasionally great privation and distress. Whole families turning out of their cabin and leaving it with locked door, might at this time be seen trooping along the roads—the father away 'harvesting' or getting work where he could. As they went along, stopping at every cabin on their route, a few potatoes would be handed to them—less or more, according as the stock of the donors was holding out—so that by nightfall the bag on the mother's back would have increased to sufficient proportions to furnish a good meal for the family. And thus they continued to live until the new potatoes were fit to dig, when the cabin-door was unlocked, and plenty once more the order of the day.

The charity of the poor to the poor is very touching, and nowhere do we see more of this than in Ireland. The people are naturally good-natured and full of kindly impulses; and they attach moreover, a superstitious, almost religious value to the blessing of the poor, with an equal dread of their curse.

A fatal instance of the latter feeling occurred near Limerick some years since.

A young man fell in love with a girl who did not return his affection; telling him plainly that it was useless to persevere, as she never could care for him. He took his disappointment so much to heart that he fled the country and went off to America.

Maddened with rage and despair at the loss of her only son—the darling of her heart and her sole support, for she was a widow—the bereaved mother went straight from the ship that took away her boy, to the young woman's house. Kneeling down on the threshold, and stretching her arms to heaven with frantic gesticulation, she called down its vengeance upon her trembling hearer, pouring forth a torrent of imprecations upon her head.

By the broken heart of her son—by the widow's hearth made desolate—by the days and nights of lonely misery before her, she cursed the girl! And the latter, appalled by her bitter eloquence, and superstitiously convinced that those awful, curses would 'cleave to her like a garment,' never rallied from the terror and the shock to her nerves of this vindictive outbreak. She went into a decline, haunted by the woman's dreadful words; and her death confirmed the popular belief.

To return to our subject. Although the use of Indian meal and griddle-bread as articles of food in place of the exclusive potato, together with increased wages and the payment of labour in cash instead of kind, have abolished the annual begging migrations, mendicants still abound. The tourist season brings them out, as numerous as the flies in summer, and equally troublesome. A party of English clergymen visiting Killarney were pestered, as most travellers are there, by beggars. These reverend gentlemen had, for greater convenience, adopted the usual tourist costume, with the exception of one who belonged to the ultra High Church party, and retained his clerical garb in all its strictness. His dress caused him to be mistaken by the peasantry wherever he went for a Roman Catholic priest; and he was not a little startled when, in Tralee, a girl flung herself down on her knees before him in the muddy street to ask his blessing. The abject obeisance of the people to their priests in those days, was an unaccustomed sight to an English clergyman.

The traveller in question soon became accustomed to the position, and used it for the benefit of his party. Tormented on one occasion by the importunities of a crowd of beggars who followed them, he suddenly stopped. Drawing a line across the road with his stick, he cried to the clamorous troop: 'Pass that mark, and the curse of the priest will be upon you!' All fled in a moment!

Another time the same individual utilised the mistake in the cause of humanity. The party were travelling on a jaunting-car, and going up a steep hill, the driver was flogging his horse unmercifully.

'My friend,' said the clergyman, addressing the man, 'do you know what will happen to you, if you do that—when you go to the next world?'

'O no, yer Riverence. And sure how could I?—What is it now?' pulling off his hat and looking greatly frightened.

'You will be turned into a horse, and devils will be employed to flog you, just as you're flogging now that poor beast of yours.'

'Ah, don't, yer Riverence—don't say that now! for the love of heaven, sir, don't! An' I'll promise on my two knees to give him the best of thratement from this out, and never to lay whip into him that way again.'

The beggars in towns are often very caustic in their remarks, and indulge in personalities more witty than polite, when unsuccessful in their demands.

A late well-known Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, remarkable for a peculiarly shaped and very ugly nose, resisting the importunities of a woman for 'a ha'penny for the honour of the blessed Vargin,' she turned upon him with: 'The Lord forgive you! And that He may preserve yer eyesight, I pray; for faix 'tis yerself has the bad nose for spectacles.'

Another spiteful old beldam of the same stamp attacked Sir A. B. for alms, following him down the whole length of Sackville Street. The baronet had tender feet, which with other uncomely infirmities, caused his gait to be none of the most graceful.

'Ye won't give it—won't ye?' broke out the woman in an angry whine. 'O thin, God help the poor! And look now; if yer heart was as soft as yer feet, it wouldn't be in vain we'd be axing yer charity this day.'

'That the "grace of God" may never enter into your house but on parchment!' was the terse and bitter anathema in which another gave vent to her wrathful disappointment. She knew that all writs are on parchment, and had probably learned from cruel experience the formula with which they commence: 'Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen, &c.'

The ingenious proceedings of Captain C—touching the mendicant fraternity, should not be omitted while on the subject.

When about to be quartered with his men in Mullingar, a friend told him before going there that the place was infested with beggars; and that his predecessor, the commanding officer of the last troop, had been greatly annoyed by them. The captain listened attentively, resolving to take his measures. On the night of his arrival at the hotel he called up the waiter.

'I am informed,' he said, 'that you have a great many beggars in this town.'

'Well, yes, sir; we certainly have,' replied the waiter.

'I wish to see them all—all collected together under the windows of this hotel. Do you think that could be managed?'

'If you wish it, sir. O yes; certainly, sir,' said the man, with the usual waiter-like readiness to promise everything under the sun; albeit a little taken aback at so unusual a request.

'Very well; let them be all here to-morrow at twelve o'clock precisely.'

Such a motley assemblage of rags and wretchedness as presented itself under the hotel windows next day was seldom seen. The tidings had spread like wild-fire; and from every lane and alley of the town came crowding in the blind, the lame, the maimed, the aged—beggary, deformity, idiocy, and idleness in all their varieties. Curiosity and greed were equally on the *qui vive*, and the excitement of the eager crowd may be imagined.

At length the captain appeared on the balcony. There was a breathless silence.

'Are you all here,' he said, 'every one?'

'Every mother's sowl of us, plaze your honour, barring Blind Bess with her crippled son, and the General.'

'Then call Blind Bess and the General,' said the captain. 'I want you all.'

'Sure enough, here's Bess,' cried a voice, as a double-barrelled mendicant in the shape of a blind

woman with a sturdy cripple strapped on her shoulders, came hurrying up.

'And here's the General driving like mad up the street. But sure yer honour won't give *him* anything—a gentleman that keeps his carriage!' shouted a wag in the crowd.

A dilapidated old hand-cart dragged by a girl now made its appearance. It was covered at top with a piece of tattered oil-cloth, and from a hole cut in the middle of this protruded the head of 'the General,' decorated with the remains of an old cocked-hat. The shrivelled face of the old cripple was half covered with a grizzly beard, and his rheumy eyes peered helplessly about in a feeble stare.

'Now,' said the captain, 'ladies and gentlemen'—A murmur in the crowd, especially among the feminine portion.

'Ah thin, bless his darlin' face; 'tis he that has the civil tongue in him, and knows how to spake to the poor!'

'Not a bit o' pride in him; no more than in the babby unborn!'

'Sure any one to look at him would know he was good! Isn't it wrote upon his features?'

'No nagur [niggard] like the one was here before him, that never gave a poor man as much as a dog would keep in his fist.'

'Ladies and gentlemen—you are, I am told, all here assembled. I have requested your attendance in order to state that I have given, for your benefit, one pound to the parson, and one pound to the priest of the parish; and further to inform you, that during my stay in Mullingar, not a single farthing beyond these sums will I bestow on any one of you!'

A howl of disappointment rose from the listeners. The captain did not wait to note the effect of his words. He disappeared into his room in time to be out of reach of the chorus of abuse with which—their first surprise over—his speech was received by his enraged audience.

WOODCOCK GOSSIP.

FROM a recent number of that entertaining journal of sports and pastimes, *Land and Water*, we take the following account of the curious habits of the woodcock.

'Probably no kind of game is more keenly sought after in this country than this, the head of the Snipe family; and we will undertake to say that many an ardent gunner, who has become aware that some of these birds of passage have already reached our shores, will keep a more than usual sharp look-out for "cock" when beating up his coverts for pheasants and such-like perennial game. It is astonishing what a filip to the day's sport a single woodcock added to the bag will give. Row after row of cock-pheasants, noble in proportions, and in their really beautifully variegated plumage, may be laid out with other game on the lawn at the evening count-up, and the host may proudly scan these evidences of the prowess of himself and his guests and the excellence of his preserves; but his eye will always seek its goal in that little russet-coloured bird, the only representative of his species, amongst the other spoils of the

chase. The man too who has been lucky enough to have shot him, no matter how indifferently he has behaved at those occasional "rocketers" that have presented themselves to him during the day, is regarded as the hero of the party. The reasons why this annual visitant has such distinguished attention paid him, and always such a warm welcome awaiting his arrival, are that, compared with other game, he is scarce; peculiar, inconstant in his habits, difficult to shoot, and last, but not least, unsurpassed by any, and equalled by few other birds that fly in these islands, as a gastronomic delicacy. There are very few places in England where even in the most favourable seasons woodcock are found in sufficient numbers to warrant shooting expeditions being organised purposely for their pursuit, but they are generally taken with the rest, extra vigilance being observed in beating out all likely localities. The first immigration of the woodcock from the continent generally takes place some time in October, when he will be generally found near the coast for some few days after landing. He is purely a winter visitant and nocturnal, and arrives in England with an easterly wind, and by the light of the moon or in the early dawn. If the elements are unfavourable to his flight, or he is too weak to accomplish the whole journey without a rest, he drops wherever he can find a rock or an island in his course. Lighthouse keepers sometimes find him dead on the lantern, and occasionally, on Lundy Island, woodcocks are found in considerable numbers, thin and weak, and but the shadow of what they will be a few days after their arrival at their favourite boring-grounds. During migration-time the inhabitants used to set nets from house to house in the street of Helioland to trap them, and probably do so now.

As soon as they have recovered strength enough after landing they disperse, and take up their quarters generally in the neighbourhood of springs and soft boggy grounds, but there is no dependence to be placed on their movements. A dozen may be seen in one covert to-day, while to-morrow not a single bird can be found in the whole district. To-day they are flushed amongst the heather on the hill-sides; to-morrow in the deepest and most thickly-wooded dells, or under the hollies and laurels in the home-covert drives. To describe the personal appearance of this confirmed rover is not necessary, as his long beak, bright eye, *tête carrée*, old-oak coloured body, and his black-and-white tipped tail, are well known, and although there are occasionally found specimens somewhat differing in colour and size, one may live in an ordinary cocking district for twenty years and never meet with one of these variations in the colour of his coat, although some very much varying in proportions from their fellows may be killed in the same district every season.

His peculiarities may perhaps be worth notice. His wings are each provided with a little symmetrical, pointed feather, found at the extremity of what is known as the bastard wing, which feather was many years ago sought after by miniature-painters for mounting, to use as a brush in the exercise of their art. The ear is a curious

structure, is as proportionately large as that of the owl, and is situated at the extremity of the gape of the beak. The eyeball is enormous, and together with the ear, occupies nearly all the external space on either side of the head. The sexes are almost undistinguishable by external marks, although some naturalists affirm that the outermost feather in the wing of the hen-bird presents a stripe of white on the exterior veil, which in that of the cock-bird is regularly spotted with black; this is a very fine distinction, and not always to be depended on. Another criterion is the size, which offers a peculiarity in that the hen is generally the larger bird. Woodcock are great gluttons, and to this fact we think it very probable their solitariness is partly attributable. Like a goose to a Cornishman—Cornishmen are reputed heavy feeders—one boring-ground may be enough for one woodcock, but is "starvation for two." Recognising this fact, apparently our long-billed friends do not usurp each other's feeding-ground, having probably an instinctive knowledge that the tenant in possession can find sufficient accommodation for the vermiform portions of life to be found therein. Hence a feeding-ground seldom yields more than one woodcock, although when that one is shot its place is very commonly found occupied by another the next day. Where the latter came from, or why it did not jointly occupy with the former tenant—except for the reason adduced above—is a mystery.

The manner of flight of a woodcock when flushed is very irregular. Sometimes he will flap lazily down a ride in front of you like an old red owl startled from his noonday sleep and stupefied by the glare of the sun. At other times he will rise and dart about and zigzag amongst the stems of the trees with a velocity scarcely credible after witnessing an example of one of the owl-like flights previously mentioned. When he indulges in his twisting and darting tricks, he is a wonderfully easy bird to miss. Sometimes he will fly off slowly for a short distance, turn sharply to the right or left behind a tree, bush, hedge, or other object, dart swiftly onwards for fifty yards or so, and suddenly drop, or perhaps, as if receiving a new impetus from his sudden change of direction, speed away to some far-distant shelter. In covert, however, a woodcock's ulterior point, whatever peculiarities of flight he may indulge in on being flushed, is generally the first opening between the tree-tops; when shooting, therefore, as a general rule fire at the first glimpse, no matter how near he is—for the chances are it is the only sight of him you will obtain—and hold the second barrel ready for the aforesaid opening, through which, if you keep a sharp look-out, you may see him dart.

A TRIUMPH OF ART.

On the Peacock island in Potsdam we find amongst the white marble statues an image of Rachel, the celebrated French tragedian, placed there in memory of her triumph over a monarch who had been by no means friendly disposed towards her. We mean Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, whose dislike to her had been caused by her republican sympathies and turbulent sentiments, which he abhorred, and on account of which he had prohibited her entrance into Russia; he is even

known to have said that he wished never to set eyes on her. This inclement verdict of the powerful monarch was no small stumbling-block in the great tragedian's way, for Russia is a mine of gold; foreign artists and many a Rachel and Patti of our days might relate wonderful, almost fabulous tales of costly gems raining down upon them on the stage amid the enthusiastic cheers of an enchanted audience.

Therefore Mademoiselle Rachel was highly pleased when in the summer of 1852 she received an invitation to act before the court at Potsdam, where the Emperor Nicholas was just then staying as the king of Prussia's guest. The famous actress had been desired to recite several scenes from French plays, but neither in costume nor in company of other actors. She therefore arrived attired in black, the most costly lace covering her beautiful arms and shoulders; but the gentleman who, by the king's orders, was at the station to receive her, expressed his doubts whether the royal and imperial party would not object to so melancholy and mournful an apparel; and on reaching the palace, the artist was kindly invited by the late Princess Charles (sister to the Empress Augusta, and wife of the Emperor's brother) to wear a few gayer-looking things of her own. Such an offer could not be refused, and Mademoiselle Rachel appeared in the gardens adorned with roses. On inquiring for the stage, she was told that there was none erected, and that she was expected to stand on a grass plot in front of the seats of her noble audience. This demand roused her quick temper, so that she was on the point of returning to Berlin, when her official attendant, the above-mentioned gentleman, pacified her by remarking that she would be on the same level with the audience, that her art would prove the greater for the want of any stage apparatus; and (last but not least) he reminded her of how much was at stake—an enormous honorarium and perhaps the repeal of that fatal interdiction. After a moment's hesitation and a struggle with herself, Mademoiselle Rachel took her cicerone's arm, and suffered him to lead her to the spot destined for her performance.

The evening was lovely; the moon, half-hidden behind a group of poplars, threw her silvery light on the pond and the gently murmuring fountain. A few torches and lights illuminated the face of the artist, while the court sat in the shadow. Deep silence ensued upon her appearance—one could hear the crickets chirp—and then she began her orations. The listeners seemed spell-bound: that was not human speech, it was music dropping from her lips. She was determined to be irresistible; and she succeeded so well, that even the hitherto unfriendly Emperor himself, won by her art, rose from his seat when she had ended, and meeting her half-way, kissed her hand in presence of the assembled court, assuring her that henceforth she would be welcome in Russia.

What were the praises, flatteries, and congratulations of the others who were crowding round the happy artist, compared to the homage rendered to her by the mighty ruler of Europe's vastest country, the monarch from whom a sign ordered thousands of his subjects to be or not to be!

Thus was one of the greatest autocrats in Europe won over by the acting and the elocution of—a woman!

EDITORIAL NOTE.

IN entering on the forty-seventh year of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, we are able to say with some pride that at no period in its long career has the work, to judge from its circulation, been more acceptable. In other words, the issue is greater than ever, notwithstanding the numerous rivals in cheap literature that have sprung up, and to which we have never had any particular objection; for in this as everything else there is room for all. This prolonged and even increased appreciation of the JOURNAL is, however, a little surprising. From the time we penned the opening address in 1832, a kind of new world has sprung up. We feel ourselves to be surrounded by masses of people who have no recollection of the backward state of affairs in the reign of William IV., because they were not then born. Our professed object, as originally set out, was to offer some elements of popular instruction, without trenching on matters of political or religious discussion, and that was done to the best of our ability. Originally the humbler classes were chiefly aimed at, but it soon became apparent that the work found its main supporters among families of a considerably higher station in society; aspiring youths in the middle classes, especially, adopting it as a weekly favourite. We are happy to think that among the sons and grandsons of those early patrons the work is received with undiminished interest. While one generation has succeeded another, we have in the varying fashions of the day never swerved from the principle on which we set out. Obloquy and vulgar persecution have been employed to gain us over to take a side. All in vain. At the outset we had resolved that nothing should induce us to become the sycophants of any sect or party whatever, and we can safely aver that that resolution has been kept. What others may do is nothing to us.

Does not the result bear the useful moral, that honest independence of principle is best after all? Dozens of rivals patronised by sects and parties have within recollection gone down; and here we are after six-and-forty years as lively as ever—rather better. It is well understood that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is a publication which does not intrude any peculiar views on religion or politics; that it tries to avoid controversial topics; and aims only at offering wholesome amusement and instruction—in short, always something which will, if possible, elevate and amuse, while in no respect offending. We feel that that has been the rôle assigned to us by Providence, and we intend to keep it. Encouraged by ever-increasing success, we shall continue to spare no pains in making the work an entertaining MAGAZINE for the family fireside. In offering these few explanations, the EDITORS—which in the present case is almost equivalent to PUBLISHERS—again have pleasure in acknowledging their obligations to the long roll of writers who help to sustain them in their efforts.

W. & R. C.

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THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

ONE of the most interesting and vivid of our recollections is that of witnessing some scenes in negro slavery in the United States, now upwards of twenty years ago—very nearly the close of the iniquity; but of that nobody was aware. There was a novelty in seeing fairly dressed men and women brought out for sale by public auction, and in observing how the persons who came to buy carefully examined the men's hands and the flexibility of their fingers, looked into their mouths to make sure of their teeth, and having effected a removal of the coats and shirts, scanned the bare backs to discover whether they had suffered by the lash. Just as in buying horses in a market, it was quite a business affair; and what was a little surprising, the unfortunate objects of this degrading exhibition took all in good part. But what else could they do? In the grasp of power, they knew that resistance was worse than useless. Close by were cowhide whips handled by heartless ruffians voraciously chewing tobacco, as if to keep up the proper inspiration of brutality. Across the way was seen an ugly brick building inscribed with the word JAIL, in tall black letters on a white ground, to which establishment, in case of remonstrance, the poor wretches would have been instantly marched for punishment. Doom hopeless!

The equanimity, and indeed the good-humour, with which these blacks seemed to endure their fate, indicated, we thought, good points of character. Nowhere in travelling about did we observe anything positively disagreeable, to remind us that the labourers in the fields or the loiterers at doorways were slaves. Often, we heard singing and jollity, as if light-heartedness was on the whole predominant. Obviously, slave-owners were not all Legrees. On the contrary, in many instances they shewed a kind indulgence to their 'servants,' as they called them, and were pleased to see them singing, laughing, and making merry in the intervals of rest from labour. Perhaps this is not saying much, for the singing of slaves may be compared to the notes of a bird in captivity, to

be admired, but pitied. Anyway, there was a disposition to seek solacement in the outpouring of song. If not intellectually brilliant, the negro is naturally vivacious. Even when he grows old, he is still something of a boy, with an inherent love of frolic. He is clever in picking up tunes, and one of the complaints which we heard against him in a free state was that if not looked after by his master, he would continually go out to entertainments and dance all night. A curious result of the taste for music has been the creation of what are known as negro melodies; partly suggested by old English airs, and by the psalm and hymn tunes that had been heard at church or in the devotional exercises of missionaries. With a blended simplicity and oddity, the negro airs which have gained currency are wonderfully harmonious and touching. The time is well marked, shewing correctness of ear, and accordingly the pieces, however eccentric in language, are well adapted for singing in harmony by a number of voices. From the performances of the 'Christy Minstrels,' as they are usually designated—white men with blackened faces imitative of negroes—people will have a pretty good idea of the melodies we speak of; but we should say that the real thing is to be obtained only from a band of genuine negroes, who for some years have been travelling about, and who style themselves the Jubilee Singers. Of these we want to say something.

As is well known, the abolition of slavery in the United States was no deliberate act of national justice and humanity, but took place in consequence of a proclamation issued by President Lincoln in the exigency of the civil war in 1862. Without preparation for freedom, over four millions of slaves were thrown on their own resources. They could work, but comparatively few of them could read; for it had been hitherto penal to teach them. Considering their state of ignorance, and the good grounds they generally had for resenting past treatment, they behaved with a singular degree of moderation. What, however, was to be done with such a mass of illiterates,

unaccustomed to self-reliance, and who, even if desirous of being taught, had no means of being so? Here comes in a bright feature of the Anglo-Saxon and Christian-minded North. Within six months of the close of the war, societies of benevolent individuals sprang up to extend the blessings of elementary education to hordes of negroes; and in which movement ladies appropriately took part. In the confusion and rankling animosities that prevailed in the South, the efforts to uplift the negro by means of schools were heroic, often dangerous, and always attended with difficulty. There was likewise much good done by the American Missionary Association. Schools, academies, and preaching stations were at length established in quarters where they were most needed. To complete the organisation of humanising influences, some thoughtful individuals struck out the idea of establishing a University for the higher education of the freed people, and training them to go forth as ministers and teachers, as well as leaders in various departments of civil life.

It was easier to conceive this brilliant idea than to bring it to a practical issue. Where was the money to come from to build a University, to equip it properly, and to pay for professors? There would even be a difficulty in finding a site, for few land-owners in a central situation would be willing to promote the elevation of the coloured races. The history of the way in which these preliminary difficulties were overcome is about as interesting a narrative as we ever read. Immense spirit and ingenuity were developed in bringing the scheme into shape. Without saying what it was for, a suitable site was procured at the price of sixteen thousand dollars, near Nashville, the capital of Tennessee. There were already a few frame-buildings on the spot, which were employed to accommodate a school, as a beginning of the proposed educational operations. The institution was called the Fisk University, in honour of General Clinton B. Fisk, who had taken a warm interest in the undertaking. The establishment was opened in January 1866.

By-and-by the school, or we might say schools, thrived. Thousands of negroes were taught by a band of eager teachers, some of whom only a short time before did not know one letter from another. There was an honest enthusiasm in the whole affair that brought with it the blessing of success. Again we are called on to note what good is often done by the quiet unprompted and unselfish energy of a single individual. About the time when the Fisk University was organised, there cast up a young man named White, who, looking about for a means of livelihood, took up the profession of teacher. He was the son of a village blacksmith in the state of New York, had fought in several battles during the war, and made himself useful in connection with the Freedman's Bureau at Nashville. He had a special taste for vocal music, with which he amused his leisure hours, and this accomplishment along with good business habits, made him very acceptable as a coadjutor in the University. White started a singing class among the negroes, male and female, who came to get lessons in reading; and, pleased with their aptitude, he fell upon

the bold plan of drilling them as a choir of singers, who should travel through the Northern cities in the hope of gathering money to help the University funds. Getting his band into trim, he set out with them on a musical excursion in October 1871, carrying with them the good wishes of all, from the Principal of the institution downwards.

In our own country, the getting up of a university, or even the enlargement of one, is ordinarily a serious affair. Unless some wealthy person has bequeathed money for the purpose, government is worried for grants, and the public are worried for subscriptions. Keeping proceedings of this kind in view, one can hardly fail to be amused with the novel and heroic notion entertained by a dozen simple-minded negroes in trying to collect fifty to a hundred thousand pounds for a University by mere dint of singing a few simple hymns, which illustrious dons of the musical profession would only laugh at. Yet, this is what was attempted. Led by White as general manager, and by Miss Wells, who took the oversight of the girls of the party, the negroes went on their way, poorly clothed, and with barely means to pay for a night's lodging. We observe by the history given of them, that they trusted a good deal to kind treatment from Congregational and other churches. They got the gratuitous use of chapels for their concerts, or what were termed 'praise services,' and when they became known, engagements freely poured in upon them. The sweetness of the voices, the accuracy of the execution, the precision of the time, and the wild simplicity of the words, astonished the audiences who listened to them; the wonder being of course augmented by the fact of their colour and the knowledge that only a few years ago these singers had been slaves. Although generally well received, they had at first numerous difficulties to encounter. The expense of travelling from town to town was considerable. To give a distinctive character to their enterprise, they assumed the name of Jubilee Singers, significant of their emancipation in 1862, as the year of negro jubilee!

Their first eminent successes were at New York, Boston, and in Connecticut. The good-will of the people took the shape not only of money contributions, but of articles to furnish their proposed University. A firm at Boston made them a present of a thousand dollar organ. The singing campaign of three months over the principal parts of the Northern states yielded, after paying all expenses, the sum of twenty thousand dollars. The company were received at the University with joy and thanksgiving—a prodigious triumph for White, the planner and conductor of the expedition.

Encouraged by this success, a second campaign followed, and the result was another sum of twenty thousand dollars, making forty thousand that had now been secured. In this expedition, the party encountered various caste prejudices. Halls were refused to them; at some railway stations they were treated with indignity, and hotel-keepers declined to give them accommodation. At one hotel where the keeper received them, all the waiters deserted their posts, and the Jubilee Singers waited on themselves and blackened their own boots. These misadventures were taken with good-humour. Having so far done well within American territory, the party resolved to try their

fortune in Great Britain, for which purpose they were favoured with letters of introduction likely to advance their enterprise. Curiously enough, cabin accommodation was refused to the party by one after another of the leading ocean steamship lines. At last they were received on board one of the Cunard steamers, and safely and agreeably landed in England.

The letters of introduction worked marvels. We are to contemplate the Jubilee Singers one May afternoon in 1873, at Willis's Rooms, giving a private concert to a select body of individuals, by invitation of the Earl of Shaftesbury and a Committee of the Freedman's Aid Society. There was a distinguished assemblage; the singers did their best, and all were delighted. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll were foremost in expressing a desire to promote the object of the party, and arranged for a visit of the singers to Argyll Lodge the next day. This visit to Argyll Lodge was a notable event. The Queen, who is always foremost in works of intelligent benevolence, graciously attended for a short time, and listened with manifest pleasure to the hymns which the singers had learned in bondage. Her Majesty in departing, communicated through the Duke her thanks for the gratification she had received. These preliminary efforts insured to the Jubilee Singers a wide round of popularity. Hospitable invitations poured in upon them from persons of literary and political distinction. Among the most pleasurable of these invitations was one to breakfast from Mr Gladstone, then prime-minister, by whom they were cordially received. After breakfast, the singers entertained the company with their wonderful music. The intense feeling with which they sang *John Brown*, with the refrain—

John Brown died that the slave might be free,

electrified the audience; and 'never,' said a spectator, 'shall I forget Mr Gladstone's rapt enthusiastic attention. His form was bent forward, his eyes were riveted; all the intellect and soul of his great nature seemed expressed in his countenance; and when they had finished, he kept saying: "Isn't it wonderful? I never heard anything like it!"'

After spending three months in London, the Jubilee Singers proceeded to give a round of concerts in the principal towns of England and Scotland; being everywhere well received by large and appreciative audiences. Financially, the excursion was eminently successful. Nearly ten thousand pounds had been raised for the Fisk University, besides special gifts for the purchase of philosophical apparatus, and donations of books for the library. The money collected first and last by the singers now amounted to about twenty thousand pounds, which went a considerable way towards the building of the University, which assumed shape and was opened in 1875. To reinforce the funds, another visit to Great Britain was determined on. We cannot go into an account of this second visit; it is enough to say that the singers again made their appearance in all the principal towns of England and Scotland, and were able to take back the sum of ten thousand pounds; making in all as a result of their labours the sum of thirty thousand. Since this time, the party have made various excursions, always in-

creasing the funds for the erection of college buildings; but of the exact particulars we have no account. One of the objects in view is to erect a building called the Livingstone Missionary Hall, designed, as we understand, for the special preparation of missionaries for Africa. The latest statement we see on the subject is that the Jubilee Singers have gone on a visit to Germany, to secure funds to complete this building and further equip the University for missionary work.

The vicissitudes of travelling at home and abroad during several years led to changes in the company of singers. When members were obliged to retire, others equally qualified took their place. At different times twenty-four persons in all have belonged to the company. All of them have been slaves or of slave parentage. Excepting a few mulattoes, all have been of a pure negro type; and their respective histories offer some interesting facts concerning the condition of people of colour in the slave states up till the period of general emancipation. It is gratifying to know that the extraordinary change of life from privation and contumely to comfort and public respect has not uplifted the feelings, or materially altered the habits of the members of the corps. In their moral and religious obligations they have ever been irreproachable. We are told that none of them uses tobacco; and their English friends, whose hospitalities have been so abundant, are equally surprised, if not gratified, to find that they are inveterate abstainers from alcoholic liquors. Considering the temptations and buffetings of their early life, there is not a little to admire in the conduct as well as in the accomplishments of the several individuals composing the party. The energetic yet modest way they have acquitted themselves in the routine of the very peculiar duties imposed on them, is probably not often met with in parties of higher pretensions.

We have now in brief told the story of the Jubilee Singers, and it is more than ordinarily remarkable. A handful of freed negro slaves undertaking by voluntary efforts to collect funds wherewith to establish and support a University, having for its object the higher education of the coloured population in the United States. The enterprise has had no parallel. These negroes do not beg, nor do they trouble people for subscriptions. They only try to raise funds by the exercise of their talents in an honest line of industry, by communicating pleasure to countless audiences. Amidst the frauds and commercial rascalities of pompous pretenders that are becoming a scandal to the age, the unselfish and noble endeavours of these humble melodists stand out in marked contrast, as something to applaud and to redeem human nature. The marvel of the enterprise has been its universal success. High and low are equally pleased. Professing no particular knowledge in music, but yielding to none in an ardent admiration of the simpler class of national ballads and songs, we have listened to the melodies of the Jubilee Singers with heartfelt delight. Whether with or without instrumental accompaniment, the melodies might be described as supplying a new relish. It has been remarked that the greater number of the pieces are in the same scale as that in which Scottish music is written, with the fourth and seventh tones omitted. This would only indicate the untutored nature of their origin, and the

wonder is greater at the effects produced. Nothing is left for us to add but an advice to our readers. It is, to take the earliest opportunity to go and hear the JUBILEE SINGERS. W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER II.—AT CARBERY CHASE.

THE horseman, at whose approach the interesting inmate of *The Traveller's Rest* had so abruptly withdrawn from the place of observation whence he was contemplating the Elizabethan front of Carbery Court, had scarcely recognised in the lounge smoking his pipe beneath the elm, the bronzed seafaring fellow whom he had frequently of late encountered. But as the man moved off with hasty step and an evident dislike to observation, the rider's eyes for a moment followed him.

'A queer customer that,' he said carelessly to himself. 'What is he, I wonder? If I saw that ugly face of his near Ashdown Park or Newmarket Heath, I'd lay a trifle that he was a racing tout; in London I would class him as a dog-dealer or dog-stealer, or possibly a sham smuggler, one of those gruff longshore-men who waylay you with their contraband cabbage-leaf *Trabucos*; but being here, I think he has more the look of a real one.'

Having said which, he rode on, in the quiet enjoyment of a cigar, towards the material of which it is unlikely that the leaf of any British vegetable had contributed; while no sound but the jingling of the bridle-rein and the tramp of the horse's feet broke the silence. Overhead there soared aloft a living canopy of verdure, formed by the mighty trees, that seemed to throw, as it were, a succession of triumphal arches over the smooth carriage-road, flecked with broad bars of light and shadow. There were vistas here and there, opening out from between the massive trees, on which an artist's eye might have feasted, dells clothed with beech and birch trees, fairy glens through which trickled some brooklet fresh from its cradle among the ridges of Dartmoor, pools on which the water-lily floated, and around which the deer bent down their antlered heads to drink. But Jasper Denzil had little or no appreciation of the charms of a landscape, and as he rode on, the only comment which escaped him was evoked by the sight of the superb old house, its many windows glistening golden in the sloping sun, as though to challenge admiration.

'Tiresome old jail!' he said, tossing away the stump of his cigar. 'A nice place to be mewed up in, with the London season at high-pressure, is this! If it were mine to do as I liked with!—But the only son and heir of Sir Sykes Denzil did not definitely state the course that he should pursue were he undisputed proprietor of Carbery Chase.'

Jasper, whose actual age may have been six or at the most seven and twenty, was one of those men of whom it is puzzling to say whether they look, for their years, very youthful or surprisingly old. He was below the middle height, and his smooth pale face seemed at first sight almost boyish; but the cold glance of the small blue eyes, the firmness of the compressed lips, and the tell-tale lines that were faintly visible at the angles of both eyes and mouth, were not such as we associate with ingenuous youth.

Captain Denzil (Jasper had at an early age attained, thanks to the golden ladder by which the offspring of wealthy men were wont to climb, his captaincy in the light cavalry regiment to which he had till recently belonged) had proved himself an expensive son to Sir Sykes. His fair moustache, pallid face, and drawling accent were well known on race-courses, and quite familiar in those darkened rooms at fashionable clubs where the fickle goddess Chance is worshipped by card-players around their lamp-lit green tables, while it is honest daylight in the workaday world beyond.

He rode into the yard and dismounted; but instead of immediately entering the house, lingered to exchange a thoughtful word or two as to the signs of an incipient spavin in the off fore-leg of the fiery chestnut which he had been riding.

'Knew he wasn't sound of course, when I bought him,' remarked the captain, with calm philosophy. 'A friend's horse never is, especially when the friend is such an impulsive open-hearted fellow as Charley Granger. But he was cheap, and he has a turn of speed, and I've entered him for the Pebworth Steeplechase, and don't want to pay forfeit. So see to the bandages, Phillips, will you; and don't have him out, except for gentle exercise on the soft, this fortnight. We mustn't neglect that leg.'

Jasper was not one of those who care for a horse, as some of us do, for the horse's own sake, and out of genuine love for the noblest of the dumb servants that do the bidding of mankind. But he did regard the genus *equus* as a very valuable instrument for gambling purposes, and as such to be tended with jealous care and helped, when convenient, to victory on the turf.

With a slow step and a careless indolent manner, Jasper Denzil crossed the paved yard, and entered by a side-door the mansion that must one day in the course of nature be his, but of which as a place of residence we have already heard him express an opinion the reverse of flattering. There was very little at Carbery Chase to amuse the captain, cut off from his usual sources of excitement and a temporary exile from London and its pleasures. It was sorry work this pottering business of picking up a few ten-pound bets on country courses, or winning paltry stakes by the aid of wretched platers. It was better than nothing no doubt; precisely as at Monaco we see the ruined millionaire, Spanish or Russian, eagerly playing for silver when his last rouleaux of louis-d'or have taken wing; but he felt that it was a sore degradation for one whose dash and coolness had won dubious compliments from very great personages.

Traversing a passage, Jasper presently crossed the great hall—full of costly marbles brought from Italy, in days when there were no manufacturers of the spurious antique—and opened the door of what was known as the morning-room, cheerful and bright as a morning-room should be, and overlooking the rose-garden, then glorious in its glow and blush of tender colour.

Two ladies were the occupants of the room, both young and both pretty, though each of them had that likeness to Jasper (her only brother) which we so constantly trace in members of the same family. Lucy it is true was dark-haired and dark-eyed; while Blanche, the younger and taller of the two, was delicately—perhaps too delicately—fair of

complexion, and had hair of the palest gold. Sir Sykes had been for several years a widower; and all the Denzil family, with the exception of the baronet himself, were now present in that room, through the French windows of which came stealing in the fresh scent of roses.

'I saw you, Jasper, from the pheasantry, as you came up the park; but you did not see me,' said Miss Denzil, smiling. 'You did not stay, then, to see the finish of the Pebworth cricket-match?'

'I—no!' answered Jasper with a yawn. 'Cricket is amusing, I daresay, to those who knock the ball about, or to those who run to pick it up again, as the French countess said of our noble national game; but it is slow—fearfully slow.' And the captain yawned again.

'Most things are, I am afraid, at Carbery,' said Blanche gently.—'We have tried to amuse him—have we not, Lucy?—by dragging him with us to such primitive merry-makings as lay within driving distance, archery-meetings, flower-shows'—

'Yes, and all manner of Arcadian entertainments of the same species,' interrupted Jasper, drumming with his ringed fingers on the glass of the open window near which he was standing. 'I believe I had a narrow escape from what they called a sillabub party at that old woman's (Lady Di Horner's) house at Ottery St Luke's, with a cow on the lawn and the rest of it. The natives, I suppose, like that kind of thing; I don't.' There was a half-peevish lassitude in his tone, in his attitude, as he spoke, which added emphasis to words that were, if ungracious, perhaps not unkindly meant. But his sisters were not in the least offended that their brother should shew so unaffectedly how little pleasure he took in their society, and how complete was his distaste for their simple pleasures and homely occupations. A grown-up brother is, in the eyes of good girls, a hero by right of birth, and with Lucy and Blanche the captain was a privileged person, not to be judged by the standards of ordinary ethics.

'If the governor,' said Jasper, after a pause, 'would ask people down here—I mean of course after town is empty—a houseful of people of the right sort, why then, one might get through the autumn and winter without being moped to death.'

Lucy shook her head. 'There is no chance, brother,' she said, 'that papa should fill his house with what you would consider people of the right sort. The Vanes will come of course, and the Henshaws, and'—

'Never mind the rest of the names,' broke in the captain with a lazy brusqueness; 'heavy county members, who know more of the points of a bullock than they do of those of a horse; and their fat wives and starched daughters. What have I done, to be buried alive in this way!'

Women have this merit, that they seldom retort, as they might sometimes do with crushing effect, upon a man who bewails his hard lot, be his self-pity ever so unreasonable. Lucy and Blanche Denzil knew, or guessed, with tolerable accuracy that it was due to Jasper's own extravagance that he no longer wore the gay trappings of a captain of Lancers, and that the soles of his varnished boots were no longer familiar with the Pall-Mall pavement.

'I'll go in and see my father; he's in the

library, I suppose?' said Jasper, and without waiting for an answer, he sauntered off.

Sir Sykes Denzil was a man of methodical habits, and his son's conjecture that he would be found at that hour in the library was quite warranted, not only by fact, but by his daily practice. On his way thither the young man passed by the suite of drawing-rooms, only the smallest of which was ever used, save on the occasions, not too frequent, when some great dinner-party or possibly a dance at Carbery Chase set all the neighbouring lanes and roads aglow with carriage-lamps. With all its splendour, the Court was what might be described as a dull house; the master of which had never made the most, even for selfish purposes, of his large share in the good things of this world.

The library, Sir Sykes's favourite room, was a stately apartment, with gilt cornices and a richly painted ceiling. It overlooked the stone terrace whereon, amidst statues and marble vases overbrimming with scarlet geraniums, the peacocks strutted. The great central window was of ancient stained glass, and from its quaint panes in their leaden setting flashed forth the lost colours of the blue and crimson, deemed inimitable for centuries past, but which probably owed their peculiar beauty to the corroding touch of time. This window, of which honourable mention was made in the county guide-book aforesaid, glimmered with heraldic blazonry, wherein the couchant greyhounds of the present owners of Carbery found no place.

The baronet, who was seated at his writing-table, strewn with papers, looked up as he heard the opening of the door, and greeted his son with rather a conventional smile of recognition. 'So you are back with us earlier than usual, Jasper,' he said, in a tone that was polite, but scarcely cordial. The young man's voice, as usual with him when he addressed his father, had lost much of the languid insolence which habit had rendered natural to him.

'Yes, sir; I don't care much for cricket, so I did not stay to see the end of it. So far as I could hear, the Zingari were beating the County hollow. But as I said before, that style of thing is not much in my line.'

'Better for you, my boy, if it had been,' returned the baronet dryly. 'A young fellow cannot break his health or ruin his fortunes at cricket, as more fashionable pastimes may help him to do.'

The captain winced and reddened. 'I didn't expect a lecture, father,' he said peevishly. 'Indeed I'm not likely to forget the crasher I came down with, that my misfortunes should be thrown in my teeth every day I live.'

'We will let the subject drop,' said the baronet after a momentary pause. 'Who were at Pebworth to-day? No lack of company, I suppose? Our friends hereabouts are not all as complete cosmopolitans as you are, Jasper; and some of the ladies at anyrate may have gone there in hopes of seeing Devon win the game.'

Jasper half sullenly made answer that he could scarcely say who were there. 'Fulfords and Courtenays and the Carews, and the people from Prideaux Park, yes; and the De Vere girls, and Harrogate their brother. The old Earl wasn't there, and the ladies went on horseback.'

'Lady Gladys looks well on horseback,' observed Sir Sykes with a sidelong glance at his son.

'Yes; and rides nicely,' answered Jasper with an air of the most utter indifference; and then the eyes of the father and the son met, not frankly, but as the eyes of two wary fencing-masters might do at the instant of crossing swords. Sir Sykes and Jasper were not, so far as outward seeming went, in the least alike. The common attribute of worldliness they did indeed share, but neither in looks nor in manner did they resemble each other. The baronet was a tall and handsome man, whose dark hair was now dashed with gray, and his high forehead deeply lined, but who still presented to the eyes of the world a showy exterior and a bearing that was at once dignified and urbane. That he was not in perfect health could only be conjectured from the slowness of his step, and those faintly marked furrows near the corners of the shapely mouth, in which a shrewd physician might have read of mischief silently at work; but to unprofessional scrutiny he appeared simply as a gentleman of a goodly presence.

A melancholy man, albeit a proud and a courteous one, Sir Sykes was known to be. And singularly enough, the baronet's sadness was supposed to date from the day when he had lost, long years ago, the eldest of his three daughters, a little girl to whom he was rumoured to have been unusually attached. This was the odder, because Sir Sykes was not the sort of man who is generally credited with very deep feelings or a peculiar strength of family affection. He had borne his wife's decease with polished equanimity; but those who had known him in his early poverty and in his subsequent prosperity averred that the lord of Carbery had never been the same man since the death of this child.

'I wish,' said Sir Sykes, speaking slowly, and poising a gold-hafted paper-knife between his soft white fingers—'I wish I could see you married and settled.'

'The settling, if, as I suppose, it means the making of a suitable settlement, makes the main impediment to marrying, with some of us at least,' rejoined Jasper with mock gravity; but before his father could reply, a servant entered bringing a letter. Sir Sykes mechanically took up the letter from the silver tray and as mechanically opened it. But his eyes had hardly glanced at the first half-page before a great and sudden change came over his calm face; he grew white, almost livid, to his very lips, and let his hand which held the open letter drop heavily upon the table.

'Are you ill, sir?' said Jasper quickly and with a sort of anxiety unusual with him. It was impossible to avoid taking notice of the baronet's very evident emotion; impossible too not to connect the cause of it with the letter which Sir Sykes held in his hand. But the master of Carbery Chase rallied himself, and though his face was even ghastly in its pallor and his breath came painfully, he managed to smile as he rejoined: 'Not ill. It is a mere pain, a spasm at most, which comes at times, but goes as quickly, or nearly so, as it comes. It is a trifle, not worth the talking about. It is getting late, and I have a note or two to write and some papers to look over before the dressing-bell rings. We shall meet at dinner presently.'

Jasper rose to go. 'I hardly like'—he began.

'I am better; I am well; it is nothing,' interrupted Sir Sykes irritably; and then blandly added: 'I thank you, my dear boy, for your solicitude, but I am best alone.'

Jasper had not proceeded two paces along the carpeted corridor before he heard the key of the library door turned from within.

'I'd give a cool hundred,' said this exemplary youth, 'to look over my father's shoulder as he reads that letter. To have a hold on the governor would'—He left the rest of the sentence unspoken, and passed on, leaving Sir Sykes in the locked-up library to the company of his own solitary thoughts.

TIGER-SHOOTING.

TIGER-SHOOTING in India differs a trifle from the tame pursuit of game in England—a very different thing indeed from the miserable amusement of the *battue*, in which hundreds of defenceless creatures are shot down without any chance of danger to the shooter. To go out tiger-shooting is to run the risk of encountering a deadly enemy, which on grounds of public policy it is of importance to destroy. So much as a preliminary observation.

The danger connected with tiger-shooting varies very much in proportion to the conditions under which it is prosecuted. Thus a man on foot following the fresh tracks of a tiger up to his lair, and shooting him as he lies, or following him up on foot when wounded, incurs the maximum risk. In all cases, after being wounded, ungovernable fury and a fierce longing for revenge take the place of that instinctive fear or shyness of man which tigers share with all other wild animals. This instinctive dread of man is so well known to the tribes who inhabit the forests of India, that even solitary individuals will hail the prospect of suddenly encountering a tiger, provided, of course, that he is not a man-eater. They know their safety at such a moment lies in preserving a composed attitude and demeanour. The tiger will often yield the right of way; but if the human subject finds it necessary to set that example in the way of politeness, he knows it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of his life that he should do so with every appearance of self-possession, and without any signs of fear or precipitancy. A passage in *King Richard III.* accurately reflects the line of conduct which should be observed, holding good as it does equally with reference to the tiger:

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

In proportion to the successful days, the number of blank days in tiger-shooting is extraordinarily large, as the experience of most shikarees will confirm. This is owing to 'hanks' or beats being so often badly planned or mismanaged; through which tigers escape which might otherwise have easily been brought to book. The dry and denuded state of an Indian jungle during the hot weather makes that the most fitting season for tiger-shooting. Indeed it is the only season in which the sport can be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success. The available covers for a tiger are then much reduced in number and extent; and in the inverse ratio are the chances increased of the animal's not betaking himself to

some distant locality before the plan of action which is intended to effect his destruction has had time to develop itself. In other words, any faint and accidental signs of a disturbance in a tiger's vicinity will rouse him from his lair, and drive him to green patch or snug retreat miles away, if the weather be cool and cover abundant; whereas with very hot weather and extensive denudation of shade, he will prefer remaining where he is until the sounds assume too decided a character to be mistaken; when the probabilities are that the sportsman will be perfectly ready on his making a move.

The great point to remember in arranging to hunt a tiger is that one of his most prominent characteristics is cunning—and that this *must be met by cunning*. This is not sufficiently studied, especially by beginners. Eager and enthusiastic for the fray, and for the thrill of satisfaction which the all-important moment of the actual kill inspires, the inexperienced sportsman is too apt to overlook those precautions and preparations which are essential aids to success; or he relies upon others for doing in the above respects what he should attend to himself. The first thing to be done on arriving at the ground where a tiger has safely been marked down by the early despatched scouts is to acquaint one's self thoroughly with its topography. The nature of the ground varies very much; consisting sometimes of a pile of rocks rising from a plain, of a confused mass of hills, or of a large single hill, a river or small water-course stocked with green bushes, and with level jungle or perhaps open ground bordering on both sides; and so on. On being roused from his lair in say a water-course by the beaters, a tiger is very likely to cross over into the jungle, especially if another ravine is not far off to which he can retire. He does so with the express object of getting rid of his disturbers as soon as possible; or let us say that instinct tells him that an entire change of locality is most conducive to his safety. On the other hand, if there be no adjoining cover, a tiger will keep to the same channel and steal along its course. The difference between the two cases represents the comparative prospect of a tiger being bagged. When a tiger is compelled to steal along the channel from which he has been roused, the prospect becomes nearly a certainty, assuming the 'hank' to be conducted in a correct manner.

A very slight noise, such as slight coughing, will sometimes start a tiger; while he will at other times refuse to move, although even shots should be fired into the bush or among the rocks where he may be lying concealed. As Colonel Rice, late of the Bombay army, very justly remarks in his book entitled *Tiger-shooting in India*—and the writer's own experience is entirely corroborative of that statement—no two tigers can be depended on for behaving exactly alike under the same circumstances. An old tiger, and especially one which has been hunted before, is extremely wary, and very difficult to circumvent with even good management; while a young one readily falls a victim, like any other greenhorn. A tigress with young cubs is always very savage, and will sometimes charge anybody approaching her den or other resting-place before her own presence is at all suspected. Three men in the service of the writer were once obliged to take refuge on a rock

only some six or seven feet high, where an angry tigress bayed them, and repeatedly threatened to charge home for at least two hours. One of the men was armed with a sword, and the other two had nothing but sticks in their hands. The tigress crouched at the very foot of the rock, which was small but flat-topped, over and over again. She there alternately blinked and glared at the unfortunate men, who only succeeded in keeping her off from actually springing on them by dint of vigorous and incessant shouting, and constantly changing front, according as the tigress herself kept moving from one side of the rock to another, and occasionally retiring a few paces, and then stealing forward and crouching again. The state of their throats and the terribly husky whisper to which their voices were in the end reduced, may easily be imagined. However, down to their humblest followers, hunters as a rule are a merry set, and directly actual danger has passed away the danger is forgotten.

In large covers there are often outlets and lines of exit, in addition to those guarded by a party of say four or five sportsmen, who post themselves at the most important points. These all require to be blocked up, so that a tiger, should he attempt to escape by any of them, may be readily turned on to a path which will draw him under fire. One of the covers in which the writer was fortunate enough to bag several tigers in different years, consisted of a river of about a hundred and fifty yards width, with ravines branching out at different points, and low hills bordering the banks. It was impracticable with fewer than a hundred men, and was best driven by elephants, in consequence of the thick and tangled state of the bushes. It was a piece of ground of the kind described above, offering numerous outlets, as the cover extended right under one of the banks, and ran for some distance along the length of the river; while the bank itself was of no great height, and might be ascended in a moment at any point. The method of blocking up the outlets which the sportsmen themselves cannot watch, is to place over them, on trees, the sharpest and most intelligent of the men that can be selected from among the beaters. They should be instructed to strike the tree with a stone taken up in the hand for that purpose, or to employ any other simple process of producing a noise, so that the tiger may be headed back the moment he is seen to be advancing, and his intention is unmistakable. A blank shot will be necessary to turn a *rapidly* advancing tiger; and a matchlock or spare gun in the hands of a competent person should in such cases be kept in reserve. Many of the rivers in India during the hunting season are perfectly dry beds, except as to a mere rill or narrow stream. The actual water's edge is, however, almost sure to be the tiger's position, if fringed by bushes sufficiently large to afford him shelter; for he delights in lapping the water frequently, and in laving his limbs during the hottest hours of the day.

With respect to the height a tiger will clear at a bound or series of bounds, some uncertainty seems to prevail. In Captain Shakespeare's *Wild Sports of India*, the author, when twelve feet up a tree, scarcely thought himself beyond the reach of the man-eater he was expecting, as he believed a tiger capable of springing over

that height. In the book of Colonel Gordon Cumming (a brother of the African hunter), a sad case is recorded of his gun-bearer being pulled out of a tree and killed by a wounded tiger through incautiously standing only some eight feet above the ground. But points of this nature are altogether of a secondary character, the slightest vantage-ground being sufficient if the requisites are preserved of a cool head and steady hand to guide the management of an efficient weapon.

To the generality of tastes, the most satisfactory method of hunting tigers is with and upon a well-trained elephant. But when the arrangements are on a very extensive scale, they fail of anything like due effect. On special occasions, elephants have been employed in the hunting-field by the score, and also by the hundred, as in the case of the Prince of Wales's excursions in Nepal. A cordon of eight hundred elephants was then employed to inclose a jungle and to drive the game on to a central point; but the bag, though good, was disproportionately small, looking to the means and labour employed. Better results might have been obtained if the ground had been traversed in sections with only a few elephants, though this would have required more time, which probably could not be spared. The great object to be kept in view in approaching a tiger for the purpose of obtaining a fair shot, is to do as little as possible towards startling the beast until within a few yards, even though obstructions such as bushes or rocks intervene; for when once a 'scare' is excited, a tiger will break through an inclosing line of elephants and probably escape altogether; whereas by being quietly followed up with scouts previously sent forward to note and telegraph his progress, the chances are all in favour of the sportsman.

In hilly tracts where the hills run in long ridges and are flanked or intersected by ravines, as in Rajpootana, tiger-shooting may at all times be conducted on foot with comparative safety. This was successfully done by Colonel (then Lieutenant) Rice from twenty to twenty-five years back. He never once employed an elephant, and treats the notion of doing so with a certain amount of disdain. Confessing to a desire to employ his rifle on the tigers in the island of Singapore, which is (or certainly was) very much infested by them, he remarks: 'There the old notion prevails that without elephants tigers are best let alone.' Evidently the Colonel does not consider the elephant a necessary adjunct to the sport, nor did he really find it so. There can, however, be no question that in large swamps and grass tracts, and in fact under all circumstances, an elephant is a most powerful auxiliary, whose importance cannot be over-rated. If trees and such positions are taken to meet the tiger when he first breaks, the advantage of afterwards following him up on an elephant if only wounded, is too obvious to need any comment. But it is of course absolutely necessary that the elephant should be one which can be depended on for making a firm stand before a tiger. The more steady the elephant, the better the aim that can be taken; but the uninitiated should know that there is always some slight oscillatory movement in an elephant, so that a small though perhaps an infinitesimal measure of calculation has to be applied in shooting from its back. From a neglect of this necessity,

tigers are sometimes missed at absurdly close quarters, though there may be no actual change in the elephant's position to account for the circumstance, and to justify the miss. On the other hand, as sometimes happens, an elephant may very seriously incommode or perhaps precipitate his rider to the ground, by actually charging a tiger and dropping down on his knees, in order the better to crush the foe. At the same time, an elephant that bolts jeopardises his rider's life in a worse degree, by the reckless manner in which he pursues his flight. Should the jungle consist of trees, there is almost a certainty of the howdah being dashed up against them, or of its being swept off by some projecting bough, which affords a clear passage to the body of the elephant, but not to the howdah and those seated in it. The latter, therefore, run a serious risk of being badly injured or of losing their lives.

One important essential for the obtaining of sport is a liberal expenditure of money. It both sweetens labour and smooths the path to danger. To keep an elephant in prime hearty condition costs about fifteen pounds a month, and good elephants may occasionally be borrowed from native chiefs through the instrumentality of political officers; but unless one has influence enough to insure his being thus favoured, he should make up his mind to hunt on foot. Many men have done, and still do so with the most satisfactory results; while with respect to elephants, some special elements of risk exist, which prove fatal entirely from a want of common forethought. Thus, an unfortunate officer of one of Her Majesty's regiments serving in India ventured into a jungle after a tiger, seated merely on the pad on which a howdah is made to rest; he was thrown off, and fell into the jaws of the enraged beast. A person seated in this manner is at any moment liable to be thrown by a sudden swerve, and such an occurrence is extremely likely when a tiger charges, or suddenly appears before an elephant. The writer remembers an instance within his own experience of being mounted on an elephant off whose back at least a hundred tigers had at various times been killed, and which was therefore generally very staunch, and of there being a second and third elephant on each side of the first; yet on a panther very little bigger than a large cat charging from a bush, the three elephants together turned in an instant and ignominiously retreated for about a dozen yards. The shock of the movement was so great that he was forced back on the seat from which he had just risen the moment before, and must have infallibly been hurled to the ground had he been seated on a pad only. It should therefore be adopted as a rule never to be deviated from, that a tiger should not be approached on an elephant otherwise than in a properly constructed howdah.

But as a contrast to the behaviour of the panther above referred to, a large tiger will sometimes altogether refuse to face an elephant, and will retreat from point to point of a cover until he at last becomes an easy victim; which shews in what extremely opposite lights the subject requires to be looked at.

The duty of arranging a proper plan of attack upon a tiger in any known position is sometimes delegated by the English sportsman to his head native shikaree, who is qualified for that task both

by a certain aptitude and a considerable amount of experience; but the best of such men are apt sometimes to fail, and close supervision of them is consequently always necessary. Besides, they are generally trained by those who have them in their service; and a long course of association and reciprocal action between master and servant is needed to produce an efficient henchman. It is therefore advisable for men who are about to begin tiger-shooting to take their initiatory lessons in jungle-craft under the guidance of some brother-sportsman, who can be looked on as a sort of distinguished professor who has already graduated with honours in his studies.

THE BELL-RINGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE STORY OF RUTH.

'I CAN'T think whatever's come over Nathan; he's that queer there's no such thing as making of him out.' This remark was addressed by Mark Day, the tenor bell-ringer, to Obadiah Lang, who rang the third bell, a few days after the events narrated in the previous chapter.

'Ay,' responded Obadiah. 'There's the practisin' for Christmas-eve, the practisin' for the carols and for the hymns a' Christmas-day; he don't seem to care about them at all, and when I says to him: "How about the evergreens for the church?" he stared hard, and said: "I'll see;" and walked off.'

'That ain't all neither,' said Mark Day. 'He's wonderful curious about his house. He don't ask nobody in, but stands agen the door, with it in his hand, and seems afraid all the time you are talking to him. My opinion is, trouble's turned his brain. If he don't alter, I shall speak to the parson.'

'Don't do nothing you're sorry for afterwards,' replied Obadiah. 'Y' see Nathan ain't like one of us; he mostly have his reasons for everythink, which ain't the case with everybody nowadays: it's all talk and no do with the many.'

At this moment some one made his way to the churchyard, and to that some one, the men touched their hats respectfully. It was Oliver Peregrine. He brushed past quickly; but had the men been keen observers, they might have noticed that his face was pale and his air abstracted. He was going for a long and solitary walk, his custom when any matter disturbed him, or as Gertrude Peregrine said, 'when he had a fit of the blues.' He was not favoured by that young lady, who secretly wondered how Patricia could fancy him. To her sister, Gertrude said nothing of her choice, for Patricia was reserved and distant even to her nearest of kin. Few could imagine how deeply she loved this silent studious man. He himself was far from guessing the depth of her affection, his own being centred not on Patricia but on her inheritance, which would be his by marriage. All his life he had coveted a position with wealth to support it; had determined to make it his; had planned and worked for it; when, just as he was on the point of attaining his ends,

Death stepped in, and for the time frustrated his hopes. Again the time drew near, and again Death intervened; while impatient of the delay, the arrival of Colonel Lindsay, whom he well remembered, proved a further source of annoyance.

Oliver and the Colonel had been secret antagonists in days gone by; for the latter, a brave, honest, God-fearing soldier, disliked the character of the younger man, whom he mistrusted; and from his long and close intimacy with Squire Peregrine, felt at liberty to search into matters of which he had heard, but seen nothing. After some years spent in India, he had returned, to find changes at Linden Hall which grieved and even displeased him. He felt more than ever disposed to mistrust Oliver, but like a skilful tactician, knew that his plans must be laid with the utmost secrecy; his enemies being the obstinate and unforgiving disposition of his old friend, the craftiness of Oliver, and his ignorance of the whereabouts of the outlawed son, to whom he had acted as god-father, and for whom he entertained a true affection. He had heard the story as related by Dobson, whose fidelity was unimpeachable; but found that even that faithful dependent was obliged to acknowledge that the case was as clear as the day, and that Mr Bertram would never be forgiven by his father.

'Never, sir,' concluded Dobson; 'not if he was dying.'

'And how about the girl's brother, Dobson? You mentioned her brother. Is he still alive? And does he manifest a vindictive spirit towards —towards my god-son?'

'Not he, sir. Nathan Boltz has forgiven him years ago. Poor Ruth forgave him long before she died; but my master will never forgive him. My mistress died with his name upon her lips; I believe waiting for his return had killed her. It is a sad history, sir.'

Colonel Lindsay had made up his mind he would hear the story from the lips of Nathan himself, and at once. Therefore, on the evening of the day when Mark Day and Obadiah Lang had conversed respecting Nathan, there came a gentle tap on the cottage door, which the owner cautiously opened. In a few words the Colonel made it known that he desired to speak to him; and with some hesitation Nathan bid him enter. The Colonel had excused himself after dinner from returning to the drawing-room, and had wrapped a large cloak over him by way of disguise; this and his fur cap and muffler prevented Nathan from discovering the rank of his visitor until they were seated in the neat and pleasant room in which he usually lived. The cottage staircase led from the kitchen to the floor above; but the door which opened upon the kitchen was shut.

Nathan waited for Colonel Lindsay to speak; he knew that he was a visitor at the Hall, and yet he shewed little anxiety concerning what he might have to say to him. But when the Colonel, with soldierly authority, made known who he was, and that he came for the purpose of hearing the sad story of his sister's life, in order to forward the ends of justice; then Nathan's hands trembled, his lip quivered, and in a low voice he begged to be excused.

'No,' replied Colonel Lindsay with decision and yet kindness in his tone; 'you must tell me the whole of the particulars, either here or in a court of justice; for I am determined to search them out, for reasons which I shall hereafter explain.'

Nathan gazed at his visitor inquiringly, then gathering his resolution together, he said: 'If your object, Colonel Lindsay, be to bring the offender to justice, I must utterly decline either in this place or any other to open my lips upon the subject. I will never betray him. I mean that I will give no evidence, not even if I am punished for withholding it.' He spoke under considerable excitement, but still with caution in his manner.

This was not lost upon the Colonel, who answered: 'Would you shield your sister's betrayer, the man who beguiled her, and then left her to sustain herself as best she might?'

'He did not do that,' replied Nathan; 'she received an allowance as long as she lived. But I promised her on her dying bed never to reveal anything concerning her; and can I, ought I to break that promise?'

'Yes!' answered the Colonel decidedly. 'Nathan Boltz, you may trust me not to make use of my knowledge against the author of all this sorrow, for the sake of my old friend, for the sake of his son. Can you not trust me?'

'Yes, sir, I will trust you; but you will not'—He paused.

'I will do nothing without your consent,' said Colonel Lindsay. 'And now, let me hear it, for time passes. Please, begin at the beginning.'

'My father,' began Nathan, 'was a Dutch sailor. My mother died when Ruth was thirteen, and I two years older. After her death—which happened at a time when my father had returned from a voyage—he did not go to sea any more, but became a labourer under Squire Peregrine, and kept a house for me and Ruth. The Squire was very kind to my father and his orphans; and after a time Ruth learned the dressmaking, and I was apprenticed to the head gardener at the Hall. My sister was a beautiful girl, the belle of the village, and as modest as she was pretty. We were very happy, until the Squire's son came home from college, and began to notice Ruth in a manner which led my father to warn her to beware. She smiled in her innocence, and told him he was mistaken; and as we saw little or nothing of Mr Bertram, the feeling died out. Thus matters remained for more than a year. But when I was twenty and Ruth eighteen, the blow fell with crushing effect upon us all. We rose one morning to find her gone, and to hear that Mr Bertram had also disappeared, after forging his father's name for five hundred pounds. It was useless to pursue the fugitives, even if we had had any clue to their flight; and our desire was frustrated by orders from Squire Peregrine to abandon all search. Day after day we waited and hoped. But it was some months before poor Ruth made her way to us, footsore and weary, and begging forgiveness for her sin. Then we knew that he had not married her; and my father went nigh mad with anger. We had been poor, but free from shame. He thanked God that my mother was dead; and followed her soon after the death of Ruth's baby, which lived only a few weeks. From time to time Mr Bertram sent her money, and when I mentioned him,

she always answered: "Have patience, Nathan. He will marry me soon. Do not question me; only trust me." I was very bitter against him then, and would have killed him if we had met. I told Ruth so; and she shuddered and prayed we might never meet until he had done her justice. So the weary time went on; poor Ruth hopeful and patient; so patient, that I used to wonder how she could live alone year after year and not try to find him, not go mad with grief and disappointment. But so it was. I could never understand her. We cannot all bear trouble alike, sir'—

Nathan stopped suddenly, and turned his face away.

'Go on,' said Colonel Lindsay, rather anxiously, consulting his watch; and Nathan obeyed.

'My sister and I lived together in this manner for more than ten years. She supported herself by dressmaking, and was fully employed, for her history was known, and she was deeply pitied. As she received a regular allowance from Mr Bertram, she must have known at such times where he was; but never allowed me to see or hear anything of her proceedings. Sometimes my violence frightened her. I know now how blind and wrong I was. The Squire, who is a true gentleman, gave me the office of bell-ringer and sexton, and made us many valuable presents; and it was understood that no mention should ever be made by either of us of the blight and sorrow of our life. But one day when my sister heard from Mr Dobson that his young master's name was struck out of the will, and that the young ladies were to be brought up in ignorance that they had a brother, she came home in great distress; and one evening soon after, when she had been with some work to a distant farm, she fainted on this spot where I now sit, causing me great alarm. She would not reveal the cause of her illness; and from that time, which was two years from the date of Mr Bertram's flight, I said nothing to her of her sorrow and its cause. Ten years after that her health gave way, and I saw that her sickness was unto death. Inwardly, I vowed vengeance on the man who had wrought this foul wrong; outwardly, I remained calmly waiting for the end. Every luxury was sent her from the Hall; but Mrs Peregrine did not visit her; no doubt she was forbidden, as her nature was both gentle and forgiving. However, when the end was near at hand, Ruth implored me to fetch her, and I did so. The urgency of my manner prevailed, and she came immediately, alone and on foot. It was too late; Death had arrived before her; and after a few kind words to me, she left. I found all the money Ruth had received from Mr Bertram put by, and used a portion of it for funeral expenses. From the day of her death I was a changed man. She had besought me, charged me, as I would meet her hereafter, to conquer even a desire for vengeance, and had commended Mr Bertram to my care and protection, should he ever return; and so vehement was her manner and so solemn her tone, that I made a vow to obey her dying injunction; and have kept it. I have forgiven, as I hope to be forgiven.'

Again Nathan paused, while a strange peacefulness gathered over his face.

'Have you finished?' inquired his visitor, much moved.

'Not quite. Soon after the date of Ruth's death, all remittances ceased; and I concluded that he who had sent them was dead. This was one circumstance worth notice. The other, that shortly before her death Mrs Peregrine sent for me, and charged me that should her son return, I would neither do nor say anything to widen the breach between him and his father. For "Nathan," she said, "I feel convinced that some day he *will* return. Therefore, for the sake of poor Ruth, who is gone, and for my sake, who will soon follow her, promise me that you will do what you can to bring them together; promise me, Nathan! I have always been so grieved that I was too late to hear what your sister had to say. Poor girl, she had a claim on us, although the world would have smiled at the idea. It is just possible that she might have been married to my son. What do you think?"

'I told her I thought not; but added that my sister had been very secret in all that she had said and done.

"'Tis a great relief to speak of my poor boy," said Mrs Peregrine, who seemed to forget all difference in rank; "and this will be the last time, Nathan, that we may meet on earth. Bear my words in mind. My end is peace, but one cannot have peace without forgiveness."

'I left her almost awe-stricken; it was so wonderful to have had this lesson twice repeated. Neither had said a word of the wrong done to them; it seemed to have faded out before the joy and peace which filled their hearts, and which now fills mine.'

Nathan paused, and again the bright look stole into his face.

'Well?' said Colonel Lindsay.

'That is all, sir,' answered Nathan, evidently relieved that his visitor rose to go.

'Nothing more?' pursued the Colonel, as he buttoned his cloak. He looked straight at Nathan, whose eyes fell before the soldier's searching glance.

'No,' he hesitated—'nothing.'

There was silence. Suddenly a voice from a room above called 'Nathan!' twice.

'Whose voice is that?' exclaimed Colonel Lindsay. 'I thought you lived alone?'

'I do; but this is a friend who is ill, and is staying with me for a time. Excuse me, sir, but I am wanted.'

Again the call for Nathan.

'Go to your friend,' said the Colonel; 'I will not detain you. After you have attended to his wants, come back to me.'

Very unwillingly Nathan opened the staircase door; but no sooner had he turned to go upstairs than he found his visitor behind him.

'Go on,' he said, as he paused. 'I can read you like a book.' Another moment, and Colonel Lindsay had clasped the hands of Bertram Peregrine, and Nathan had left the two alone.

Alone with Bertram, the Colonel heard his story, sympathised in his trials, related all that had been told him by the Squire, and promised to act as mediator between father and son; for he entertained no doubts as to the truth of the statement, having always believed his god-son sinned against rather than sinning. At the same time he congratulated himself on his true perception of character.

When Colonel Lindsay returned to the Hall he

was in a fever of anxiety, distress, and hope; what steps to take he could not tell, but determined to have but one confidant, Nathan Boltz.

CHAPTER III.—TOLLING THE CURFEW.

Oliver Peregrine hated Nathan Boltz; but nobody suspected it, least of all Nathan himself. Oliver longed for the time to come when as Squire of Linden he could shew his hatred, for which he considered he had satisfactory reasons: one being, that Nathan was a favourite in the village and Oliver was disliked; another, that he was a protégé of the Squire's; a third, that he had been a great hinderance to Oliver's schemes. And now this Colonel Lindsay seemed to be smitten with the bell-ringer, for he frequently engaged him in conversation and met him in the belfry to inspect the bells. Evidently the Colonel was mad on the subject of bell-ringing.

But at the end of a fortnight it occurred to Oliver, who was always prying and suspecting, that their visitor must have some deeper motive than this love of bells and their ringers. He set himself to watch. Just now the Hall was very quiet. Christmas would be kept entirely by themselves, therefore Oliver had plenty of leisure. He said nothing to Patricia of his suspicions; he was not communicative, and she forbore to question him.

To Gertrude, Oliver had never appeared more distasteful than at this time; and she missed the presence of the sweet sister in whom she had confided; for Gertrude had her romance. A very degrading affair Patricia would have called it. However, no one knew of it. Indeed Gertrude had dared scarcely confess it to herself. She loved with the depth and purity of a Christian maiden. Whom? None other than Nathan the bell-ringer! Fearful was Gertrude of whispering his name even in the solitude of her chamber. Yet it afforded her a melancholy pleasure that he should have prepared the last resting-places of her mother and sister, and that in some manner, she did not quite know how, his life should be connected with her family.

'But what recompense can we make him,' she would argue, 'in return for Bertram's wrong? Even my father acknowledges that he did this wrong, and has made him pay in full the penalty of his sin.' And then she would sigh, as she felt how hopeless, how almost criminal was her love. In vain, however, she struggled against it. In her eyes Nathan was the true type of a gentleman; and 'Oh!' she would cry, 'if Bertram felt thus for Ruth, how could he—how could he forsake her in her time of need?'

Sometimes Gertrude had feared that Oliver Peregrine would discover her secret, or suspect her, from her having already refused certain eligible connections approved by her father; but she had no cause to fear: her family had not the most remote suspicion of the truth.

Christmas drew near, while Colonel Lindsay continued his visits to the belfry, where, as we know, certain weighty considerations detained him in converse with Nathan; and several times Oliver had watched the Colonel emerge from the cottage of the man he so detested. At last, with some difficulty, Oliver managed to play the eaves-dropper, and gathered from their conversation that

the subject of it was closely connected with his uncle.

'What—if?' he muttered to himself, but dared not complete his question; and as he walked home, after the Colonel had left Nathan, he grew more and more uneasy, and determined to find out for himself the secret of Nathan's attic window, where for the last fortnight a light had been observed. Conceive his annoyance when, on commencing a cross-examination of the Colonel in a friendly tone, he found the old soldier on his guard, and ready to parry every attack. Foiled on every side by the experienced veteran, Oliver altered his tactics, and made up his mind to use force, as stratagem availed nothing, and to wring the secret from Nathan Boltz.

It was on a dark starless evening that Nathan set out to toll the curfew, accompanied by Bertram Peregrine, who having recovered in a great measure from the effects of his fatigue and exposure, desired to revisit the well-remembered church, in which many of his ancestors were buried. Colonel Lindsay had arranged to meet him there to decide upon an immediate course of action; and the belfry was to be the scene of their consultation. Nathan and his patient soon reached the belfry, whence the tolling of the curfew was to be the signal for the Colonel to join them. But Oliver had invented a mysterious communication which should detain the Colonel in waiting for an imaginary visitor, and give him the opportunity of going instead; therefore while the soldier waited impatiently at the Hall for his unknown correspondent, Oliver borrowed his cloak, and opening the door in the wall before mentioned, entered the churchyard and repaired to the church.

'I hear the Colonel; he has just come in,' said Nathan. 'Will you shew a light, Mr Bertram?' As he spoke he continued the tolling of the curfew; and his companion descended the stairs with the lantern in his hand; but he saw no one, for Oliver was concealed in the deep shadow of the porch.

Just as Bertram stepped forward saying: 'This way, Colonel Lindsay,' the lantern was dashed from his hand, and a violent blow felled him to the ground. He rose and grappled with his antagonist, who maintained a dead silence, until slipping over the steps into the interior of the church, they fell with violence on the stone floor; at the same moment Bertram felt a sharp wound in his side, and uttered a loud cry as Nathan rushed from the belfry bearing a candle in his hand. He saw before him Oliver Peregrine about to escape from the scene, while his cousin lay on the floor of the church bleeding and unconscious.

In a moment Nathan had grasped Oliver in a powerful grip, the signal for a terrible struggle, during which, however, the latter overpowered his antagonist; and the would-be murderer escaped in the darkness, just as Colonel Lindsay, who had begun to suspect treachery, came hastily upon the scene followed by Dobson and two or three of the villagers. The reason of the sudden stoppage of the bell was apparent to all. With faces of horror and affright they gazed upon Nathan, who, breathless and trembling, supported the wounded man upon his arm.

'What is it? Who is it?' demanded Colonel

Lindsay, as he picked up his cloak, which lay in the porch; but Nathan made no reply; and his interrogator saw that for some unknown reason he purposely kept silence; also that he took no notice of the cloak or the broken lantern, but signed to Dobson to help him to bear Bertram from the church.

Colonel Lindsay at once comprehended the manoeuvre; and spreading out the cloak, they laid Bertram gently down upon it; then Nathan, assisted by two labourers and the Colonel, raised him, and preceded by Dobson, whose legs trembled beneath him, bore their senseless burden through the churchyard. 'To the Hall!' was the word of command, given and obeyed, as they marched slowly but steadily through the grounds, until they reached the principal entrance. There a crowd of bewildered faces including those of Squire Peregrine, his daughters and servants, met their gaze.

'Charles,' said Colonel Lindsay, 'I bring you your son. You dare not refuse him a home if he is living, or a grave if he be dead.'

The Squire made no reply, but sank upon the nearest chair and covered his face with his hands.

'Shew me to a room,' continued Colonel Lindsay.

Now Nathan and the gloomy procession moved up the broad staircase, leaving those below watching their progress in dumb amazement. Patricia was the first to recover, and sign to her father to follow her to the room they had just left. Her movement dispersed the crowd of servants to wonder and talk among themselves; while Gertrude found herself surrounded by her younger sisters, who began eagerly plying her with questions. To all their importunities, Gertrude only answered: 'Do not ask me—do not ask me;' and with the tears streaming down her face, which she in vain attempted to control, she mounted the staircase, and with a trembling hand knocked at the door of the room into which her brother had been carried. Colonel Lindsay answered her.

'May I come in?' she whispered; and receiving permission, she stepped up to the bed, around which the men were still busy. One glance at her apparently dying brother determined her.

'Colonel Lindsay,' she said with forced composure, 'pray telegraph at once for a physician. Papa cannot collect himself sufficiently; but I am sure he would wish it.' Then turning to two young men who stood waiting near the door, she despatched them in all speed for the local practitioner, Dr Downes.

Then she addressed herself to Nathan: 'You will watch my brother, will you not, until I come back? If he should return to consciousness, he will be glad to find you near him.' Without waiting for a reply, she left the room quietly, but soon returned, prepared to act nurse to the wounded man.

As Nathan raised his eyes, he thought he had never seen anything so charming before; nothing of which he had read could exceed the womanly gentleness and loveliness of that fair face; and his own flushed with shame as he allowed his eyes to dwell upon it longer than in his opinion was consistent with good breeding. 'And at such a time,' said Nathan to himself, as he again bent over the prostrate form.

Gertrude had brought with her an aged servant who had nursed them, and still remained an inmate of the Hall. In spite of the changes produced by time and the circumstances under which she now saw him, Nurse Goodall recognised Bertram at once, and her agitation was extreme; for being fully acquainted with every circumstance connected with his flight, she argued that there could be but one termination to this rash proceeding on the part of Colonel Lindsay—the expulsion of the son now lying at the point of death from his father's roof; for she knew full well the obstinate character of the Squire of Linden, and blamed the Colonel for thus precipitating the end.

As yet, no one in the Hall knew anything further than that the son of the house had returned desperately wounded, and that Colonel Lindsay and Nathan had brought him home: all the rest was mystery unfathomable. At this juncture, the surgeon, Dr Downes, entered the room in a little trepidation, his visits to the Hall being rare, and this message having been sudden and brief. The surgeon perceived a complicated case, and made an examination of his patient. This done, he inquired if any person was present to whom the injured man was thoroughly accustomed. Colonel Lindsay mentioned Nathan and himself. The surgeon then requested Gertrude and the servants to retire, and proposed to wait with Nathan the advent of the physician, who had been telegraphed for. Colonel Lindsay, promising to introduce Dr Ferris directly he arrived, left the room also, and taking Gertrude on his arm, sought the Squire, who was still in conversation with his eldest daughter. Patricia and her father received him coldly, and positively declined to see Bertram.

'Charles,' said the Colonel, 'I have much to tell you, which had better be said privately. Will you give me a few minutes in your library?' The tone was so full of meaning, that the Squire rose and led the way. The result of their conference will be shewn in the conclusion of our narrative.

THE SALT MARSHES OF BRITTANY.

Nor the least interesting part of France is the wide range of country watered by the Loire. It is here that feudal and historic remains may best be studied; fine old castles, palaces, and abbeys rise before the traveller on all sides. The gloomy Blois, where those arch enemies of French liberty the Guises, were assassinated; the castellated den of Plessis-les-Tours, where Louis XI. carried out his deep-laid schemes, so well described in *Quentin Durward*; and the high towers and deep vaults of Amboise, which tell of many a tragic conspiracy and massacre. Here too is the picturesque Chénouéaux, with its rich ceilings and tapestry, where Mary Queen of Scots passed some happy days in her sad life, and Francis I. drew around him his joyous court. Joan of Arc unfurled her banner in this interesting province; and the heroic Vendéans lie buried by thousands, martyrs to their religion and their king. It is a bright sunny land; the acacia hedges divide the fields with their elegant white blossoms; the vineyards are loaded with purple grapes, the apple orchards give abundance of cider; a lazy kind of land

where the idler may kill time to his heart's content. Yet the Loire cannot boast of equal beauty with the Seine; its raging waters inundate the country in winter, leaving dry shoals in summer; and near its mouth, the district called the Marais is an uninteresting tract of sand, salt marshes, and ponds. It is of this unpromising scene that we would write, where ten thousand persons find occupation in the making of salt.

The interest attaching to the people arises from their extreme simplicity. Thanks to the salubrity of the country, they are a fine hardy race, the men tall and well-proportioned, the women celebrated for their fresh complexions. Watch them as they work in the salt-fields carrying heavy loads on their heads, barefoot, in short, petticoats, and running rather than walking on the edge of the ponds. But all this is changed on grand fête days, when the costume of their forefathers in past centuries is worn. It is called the marriage dress, as it is first donned by the women on that day. Since it must last for a lifetime, it is carefully laid aside for special occasions. There is the embroidered cap and white handkerchief for the shoulders, edged with lace; the belt and bodice stitched with gold thread. A gay violet petticoat is partially covered by a white dress, the sleeves of which are either red or white; and an apron of yellow or red silk adds to the smart attire. The red stockings are embroidered, and the violet sandals cover well-shaped feet. As for the bridegroom to this pretty bride, he adorns himself with a brown cloth shirt, a muslin collar, full knickerbockers, and no less than two waistcoats, one white, the other blue, with a large black cloth mantle over all. To complete his toilet there is a three-cornered hat with velvet cords, white embroidered stockings, and white buckskin shoes. Such is the costume of Bourg-de-Batz; but each village has its own distinctive coiffure. The burning summer sun, whose rays are reflected from the salt marshes as if from a lens, forces all to wear wide-brimmed hats for daily work; the high winds and great changes of temperature necessitating double or triple woollen waistcoats; yet even this time-honoured style of dress has something picturesque about it.

Let us cross to the left bank of the Loire, and ascend the hill into the little town of Pellerin, justly proud of its position and commanding views. From this vantage-ground the eye passes over the indented coast-line where the points of Mesquer, Croisic, and many others advance into the sea. The green pastures and pretty villas of Saint Etienne form the foreground to the barren reaches of the salt district, which extends towards Morbihan, occupying about six thousand acres. The commercial centre of the country is the town of Guérande, perched on a hill, and belonging to a long past age. Its high ramparts, built for defence in troublous times, can only be entered by four gates, which bear the marks of portcullises. Enormous trees entirely conceal it from the traveller, who would fancy he was approaching a green forest, instead of an old fortified place belonging to feudal times. Vines and cereals grow admirably on the higher ground surrounding it, to the very verge of the salt marshes, which are utterly bare. Looking towards the sea, the marks of its fury are apparent, as if Nature wished to collect all her weapons of defence for the inhabitants. Gigantic rocks of capricious forms, some-

times rising like a bundle of lances; sometimes lying on the shore, as if they were Egyptian sphinxes, or lions turned into stone, and polished by the waves; or even resembling these very waves petrified in a moment on some tempestuous day.

Nothing is more easy to describe than a salt marsh. Imagine a market-garden divided into squares; but instead of the green vegetables, each square filled with water, and the walks not level with; but raised above the spaces about ten inches in height. The parallelograms are termed in the vernacular *œillets*. These are filled with sea-water, which pours in through conduits at high-tide, the water having been stored during a period of from fifteen to thirty days, in reservoirs attached to each marsh. The system of canals through which it passes is of a complicated nature; and the production of the salt constitutes, so to speak, a special branch of agriculture, where the visible help of man assists the hidden work of Nature. The ground must be dug and arranged in a particular manner, that the saline particles may crystallise, just as a field where wheat grows and ripens. Thus, it is not surprising that the salt-workers adopt the professional terms of the farmers. At certain times they say 'The marsh is in flower;' they speak of the 'harvest' and of 'reaping the salt.'

It is in the *œillet*, where the water is only about an inch in depth, that the salt forms, thanks to the evaporation of the sun, and to the current which, slowly circulating through the different compartments, assists the evaporation. The salt which then falls to the bottom of the basin is raked out by the *paludier* into round hollows made at the edge at certain distances. This is done every one or two days. The art consists in raking up all the salt without drawing the mud with it. In the salt marsh of Guérande they collect separately a white salt, which forms on the surface under the appearance of foam, and is used for the salting of sardines.

It will easily be understood that everything depends on the sky; above all things, the heat of the solar rays is necessary. In cloudy weather there is no crystallisation. Rainy seasons are most disastrous for the *paludiers*. The harvest varies from year to year; but calculating the produce for ten years, it amounts to three or four thousand pounds of salt in each *œillet*. Work begins in the month of June, and is carried on till October. The number of *œillets* varies with the size of the marsh; that of Guérande contains about twenty-four thousand; others are much less. The gathered salt is carried daily to some slope near and packed in a conical form, very much resembling the tents of a camp when seen from a distance. At Guérande the women are seen running in this direction, carrying the salt on their heads in large wooden bowls, holding about fifty pounds; whilst at Bourgneuf the men are employed, who make use of willow-baskets borne on the shoulder. If the salt is sold immediately, the cone is only covered with a little earth. But it more frequently happens that when the harvest is good, speculators buy large quantities to keep until the price rises, and then large masses a thousand pounds in weight are formed, and protected by a thick layer of earth.

Like all kinds of property in France, the salt

marshes are much divided. More than three thousand proprietors share that of Guérande; and there is a kind of co-operative partnership between the owner and the worker, the latter generally receiving a quarter of the profits, out of which he pays the porters. The gain is, however, miserably small; and the wonder is how the various families manage to exist upon it. Even if the wife and daughter help, the whole family only earn about two hundred and fifty-five francs a year—ten pounds of our money; and in consequence of the season when the salt is collected, the *paludier* has no chance of increasing his income by assisting the farmers, and can only employ himself in the trifling labours of winter. So low, indeed, have the profits sunk, that in some marshes the expenses have exceeded them; in short there is no kind of property in France that has for the last century undergone more terrible reverses than this. These changes are partly due to the railways, which have provided a much more efficient and rapid means of transport for the east of France than for the west.

There are three large zones in the country where salt is found. In the eastern district it is derived from springs and mines; but in the present day the salt mines are treated like the springs. Instead of dividing the lumps with the pickaxe, galleries are cut through and flooded with water; when this is sufficiently saturated, it is brought to the surface and evaporated in heated caldrons. The aid of the sun is not required: fine or rainy days do not count, and the making of salt becomes a trade for all the year round. In the south the plan is varied, because there is no tide in the Mediterranean Sea. Here, by the help of a mechanical apparatus, the sea-water is pumped into enormous squares, where it crystallises, and the evaporation is accelerated by a continual circulation. With a warm temperature and a cloudless sky, the water requires to be renewed only at intervals, whilst the salt itself is not collected until the end of summer. Thus the poor workmen of Brittany have a more laborious and less remunerative task, though the salt is acknowledged to be of a finer quality.

The family life is necessarily of a very hard and parsimonious character. It is impossible to buy animal food; a thin soup supplies the morning and evening repast, with poorly cooked potatoes at mid-day. Those who are near the sea can add the sardine and common shell-fish, which are not worth the trouble of taking into the towns to sell. The cruel proverb, 'Who sleeps, dines,' finds here its literal application; during the winter the people lie in bed all the day to save a meal. There is a strong family affection apparent among them, the father exercising a patriarchal authority in the much-loved home. If they go away, it is never for more than twenty leagues, to sell the salt from door to door. Driving before them their indefatigable mules, borne down at starting with too heavy a load, they penetrate through the devious narrow lanes, knowing the path to every hamlet or farmhouse where they hope to meet with a customer.

The population of Bourg-de-Batz is said to be a branch of the Saxon race, and has hitherto been so jealous of preserving an unbroken genealogy that marriages are always made among themselves. A union with a stranger is felt to be a misalli-

ance. There are some local customs still remaining which point to an ancient origin, a visible legacy of paganism perpetuated to the present day. Such is the festival which is celebrated at Croisic in the month of August in honour of Hirmen, a pagan divinity in the form of a stone with a wide base lying near the sea. Here, with grotesque movements, the women execute round the stone a sort of sacred dance, and every young girl who is unfortunate enough to touch it is certain not to be married during the year. There is an old chapel of St Goustan which shews the tenacity with which the people hold to their traditions. Once a place for pilgrimages, it has not been used for sacred purposes during seventy years, and serves as a magazine for arms. Yet the inhabitants of Batz visit it yearly, and especially pray beneath the sacred walls at Whitsuntide.

Sunday is strictly kept as a day of rest from their toils; then the poorest dress in clean clothes, men, women, and children going in family groups to church. After that, relations and neighbours pay visits. Man is no longer a beast of burden, but shews that he has a heart and a conscience; a happy spirit of good temper and frankness reigns everywhere. Indeed the high moral qualities of the natives, their love of education, and strong attachment to their native soil, make them a vigorous branch of the French nation, and one calculated to gain the traveller's respect.

CRITICAL ODDITIES.

THAT short pithy criticisms are occasionally as pointed as those that are more elaborated, may be gleaned from the following, which we cull at random for the amusement of our readers.

A little calculation would have saved a well-known novelist being taken to task by a fair graduate of Elmira College, who thus relieved her mind by writing as follows to the College magazine: 'In a novel of Miss Braddon's, a book of wonderful plot and incident, the hero, after coming to grief in a civilised country, went to Australia to make his fortune; and while yet an apprentice at the pick and shovel, found an immense nugget of gold, which he hid, now in one place, now in another, and finally, was obliged to carry in his under-shirt pocket for weeks. When he reached home its sale made him immensely rich. I had a little curiosity in the matter, and obtaining the current price of gold, found, by a simple computation, that the nugget must have weighed a hundred and ninety-four pounds. A sizeable pocket that must have been!'

Albert Smith had his pronouns criticised in the following neat way by Thackeray. Turning over the leaves of a young lady's album, Thackeray came upon the following lines:

Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains—
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on,
Nobody seems to know.—ALBERT SMITH.

And wrote underneath:

I know that Albert wrote in a hurry:
To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray,
Instead of 'who,' had written 'whom.'
W. M. THACKERAY.

Not quite so good-naturedly did Chorley treat

Patmore's *Angel in the House*, in his critical verses: 'The gentle reader we apprise, That this new Angel in the House, Contains a tale, not very wise, About a parson and a spouse. The author, gentle as a lamb, Has managed his rhymes to fit; He haply fancies he has writ Another *In Memoriam*. How his intended gathered flowers, And took her tea, and after sung, Is told in style somewhat like ours, For delectation of the young.' Then after giving 'some little pictures' in the poet's own language, the cruel critic went on—'From ball to bed, from field to farm, The tale flows nicely purling on; With much conceit there is no harm, In the love-legend here begun. The rest will come some other day, If public sympathy allows; And this is all we have to say About the Angel in the House.'

This hardly amounted to faint praise, a kind of encouragement Mr Buckstone owned had a very depressing effect upon him when he ranked among youthful aspirants to theatrical honours. 'I was,' said the comedian, 'given by my manager a very good part to act, which being received by the public with roars of laughter, I considered that my future was made. A worthy vendor of newspapers, a great critic and patron of the drama, asked me for an order. On giving him one, I called the next day expecting to hear a flattering account of my performance, but was disappointed. Determined to learn what effect my acting had produced on him, I nervously put the question: "Did you see me last night?" to which he replied: "O yes." "Well," said I, "were you pleased?" And he again replied with his "O yes." I then came to the point with: "Did you like my acting?" And he rejoined: "O yes; you made me smile."'

A more appreciative critic was the lady who after seeing Garrick and Barry severally play *Romeo*, observed that in the garden scene, Garrick's looks were so animated and his gestures so spirited, that had she been Juliet she should have thought *Romeo* was going to jump up to her; but that Barry was so tender, melting, and persuasive, that had she been Juliet she should have jumped down to him.

An old seaman after looking long at the picture of 'Rochester from the River,' cried: 'Yes, that's it—just opposite old Staunton's, where I served my time—just as it used to look when I was a youngster no higher than my stick. It's forty years since I saw the old place; but if the haze would only clear off, I could point out every house!'

When M. Gondinet's *Free* was produced at the Porte St Martin Theatre, a Parisian critic commended the playwright for rendering a good deal of the dialogue inaudible by a liberal employment of muskets and cannon; and then conjugated *Free* thus: 'I am free to go to the play; thou art free to be bored by the first act; he or she is free to be bored by act second; we are free to be bored by the third; you are free to be bored still more by the fourth and fifth acts; and they are free to stay away for the future.'

M. Gondinet's drama was seemingly as fitting a subject for the pruning-knife as the play of which Mark Twain, speaking for himself and partner, deposed: 'The more we cut out of it, the better it got along. We cut out, and cut out, and cut out; and I do believe this would be one of the best

plays in the world to-day, if our strength had held out, and we could have gone on and cut out the rest of it.'

An Ohio politician 'on the stump,' stayed the torrent of his eloquence for a moment, and looking round with a self-satisfied air, put the question: 'Now, gentlemen, what do you think?' A voice from the crowd replied: 'Well, Mr Speaker, if you ask me, I think, sir, I do indeed, that if you and me were to stump the state together, we could tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir; and I'd not say a word myself, sir, all the time.' The orator must have felt as grateful as the actor whose impersonation of the hero of *Escaped from Sing-Sing* impelled a weary pittance to proclaim aloud that the play would have been better 'if that chap hadn't escaped from Sing-Sing;' or the Opera tenor whose first solo elicited from Pat in the upper regions the despairing ejaculation: 'Och, my eighteen-pence!'

A young negro, carefully conducting an old blind woman through the Philadelphia Exhibition, stopped in front of a statue of Cupid and Psyche, and thus enlightened his sightless companion: 'Dis is a white mammy and her babby, and dey has just got no clo' onto 'em at all, and he is a-kissin' of her like mischief, to be shuah. I's kind o' glad you can't see 'em, 'cause you'd be flustered like, 'cause dey don't stay in de house till dey dresses deyselves. All dese figures seem to be scarce o' clo', but dey is mighty pooty, only dey be too white to be any 'lation to you and me, mammy.' Then turning to a statue in bronze: 'Dere be one nigger among 'em which is crying over a handkerchief. Dey call him Othello. Mebbe his mother is dead, and he can't fetch her to de show, poor fellow!'

An American officer riding by the bronze statue of Henry Clay in Canal Street, New Orleans, was asked by his Irish orderly if the New Orleans 'fellers' were so fond of niggers that they put a statue of one in their 'fashionablest' street. 'That's not a nigger, Tom; that's the great Clay statue,' said the amused officer. Tom rode round the statue, dismounted, climbed upon the pedestal, examined the figure closely, and then said: 'Did they tell yez it was clay? It looks to me like iron!'

Tom's ignorance was more excusable than that of the Yankee who, learning on inquiry that the colossal equestrian figure in Union Square, New York, was 'General Washington, the father of his country,' observed: 'It is? I never heard of him before; but there is one thing about him I do like—he does set a horse plaguy well.' A compliment to the artist, at all events.

Perhaps Salvini took it as a compliment when his Othello was compared to the awakening fury of the Hyrcanian tiger disturbed at his feast of blood, and his Hamlet described as 'a magnificent hoodlum on his muscles, with a big mad on, smashing things generally;' and the Boston actress was delighted to know her 'subtle grace, flexible as the sinuosities of a morning mist, yet thoroughly proportioned to the curves of the character, was most especially noticeable.' But the Hungarian prima donna must have felt a little dubious as to the intentions of the critic who wrote of her: 'Her voice is wonderful. She runs up and down the scale with the agility of an experienced cat running up and down a house-top, and two or

three fences thrown in. She turns figurative flip-flaps on every bar, tearing up the thermometer to away above two hundred and twelve, and sliding down again so far below zero that one feels chilled to the bone.' The fair singer would probably have preferred something in this style: 'Miss — wore a rich purple suit with a handsome shade of lavender, a white over-garment, tight-fitting, with flowing sleeves, and a white bonnet trimmed with the same shades of purple and lavender, and she sang finely.'

That has the merit of being intelligible. The writer was not in such a desperate condition as the Memphis theatrical reporter who lauded an actress as 'intense yet expansive, comprehensive yet particular, fervid without faultiness; glowing and still controlled, natural but refined, daring anything, fearing nothing but to violate grace; pure as dew, soft as the gush of distant music, gentle as a star beaming through the riven clouds. With mystery of charms she comes near to us, and melts down our admiration into love; but when we take her to us as something familiar and delicious, she floats away to the far heights of fame, and looks down on our despair with countenance of peaceful lustre and smiles as sweet as spring.' If the lady did not reciprocate, her heart must have been of adamant.

THE WELL-KNOWN SPOT.

AGAIN with joy I view the waking shore,
Where memories live for ever in their green,
And from the solemn graveyard's checkered floor
Gaze fondly o'er the all-enchanting scene.

The same sad rooks awake their mocking cries,
And drooping willows weep the early grave,
As o'er the dead the restless spirit flies,
Tries vainly yet yon broken heart to save.

But, hush! sad soul, nor leave this hallowed spot,
Where peaceful slumber seals the closed eye.
The lonely sleeper now awoken not
By the rude raving, or the deep-drawn sigh.

Oh, let me mourn (the fainting heart replies),
These new-made graves, which take my wond'ring sight;
Say, who beneath this little tombstone lies,
Or who this Angel guards through the long night.

When last I saw, no mounds lay heaving there,
No sexton rude had turned the resting sod.
Alas, how changed! The holy and the fair
Have sunk in death, and triumphed in their God.

Then let me pause, if here my Maker stays,
And guards his saints from the inhuman foe.
His word is true; my trembling heart obeys;
Bless'd are the dead who to the Saviour go.

Now new refulgence breathes o'er all the scene;
Yon lark's sweet warble now is sweeter still;
Yon bladey grass stands out in purer green;
And softer music tinkles from the rill.

For why? O mark! The cause is written here;
The pale-faced marble tells the softened tale,
That sweeteneth the sigh, arrests the starting tear,
And lulls to silence the untimely wail.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

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THE STORY OF THIERS.

IN a densely populated street of the quaint sea-port of Marseilles there dwelt a poor locksmith and his family, who were so hard pressed by the dearth of provisions and the general hardness of the times, that the rent and taxes for the wretched tenement which they called a home had been allowed to fall many weeks into arrear. But the good people struggled on against their poverty; and the locksmith (who was the son of a ruined cloth-merchant), though fallen to the humble position of a dock-porter, still managed to wade through life as if he had been born to opulence. This poor labourer's name was Thiers, and his wife was a descendant of the poet Chenier; the two being destined to become the parents of Louis Adolphe Thiers, one of the most remarkable men that ever lived.

The hero of our story was at his birth mentally consigned to oblivion by his parents, while the neighbours laughed at the ungainly child, and prognosticated for him all kinds of evil in the future. And it is more than probable that these evil auguries would have been fulfilled had it not been for the extraordinary care bestowed upon him by his grandmother. But for her, perhaps our story had never been written.

Under her fostering care the child survived all those diseases which were, according to the gossips, to prove fatal to him; but while his limbs remained almost stationary, his head and chest grew larger, until he became a veritable dwarf. By his mother's influence with the family of André Chenier, the lad was enabled to enter the Marseilles Lyceum at the age of nine; and here the remarkable head and chest kept the promise they made in his infancy, and soon fulfilled Madame Thiers' predictions.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was a brilliant though somewhat erratic pupil. He was noted for his practical jokes, his restlessness, and the ready and ingenious manner in which he always extricated himself from any scrapes into which his bold and restless disposition had led him. Thus the child

in this case would appear to have been 'father to the man,' by the manner in which he afterwards released his beloved country from one of the greatest 'scrapes' she ever experienced.

On leaving school Thiers studied for the law, and was eventually called to the bar, though he never practised as a lawyer. He became instead a local politician; and so well did the rôle suit him, that he soon evinced a strong desire to try his fortune in Paris itself. He swayed his auditory, when speaking, in spite of his diminutive stature, Punch-like physiognomy, and shrill piping speech; and shout and yell as his adversaries might, they could not drown his voice, for it arose clear and distinct above all the hubbub around him. While the studious youth was thus making himself a name in his native town, he was ever on the watch for an opportunity to transfer his fortunes to the capital. His almost penniless condition, however, precluded him from carrying out his design without extraneous assistance of some kind or other; but when such a stupendous ambition as that of governing one of the greatest nations of the earth filled the breast of the Marseilles student, it was not likely that the opportunity he was seeking would be long in coming.

The Academy of Aix offered a prize of a few hundred francs for a eulogium on *Vauvenargues*, and here was the opportunity which Louis Adolphe Thiers required. He determined to compete for the prize, and wrote out two copies of his essay, one of which he sent to the Academy's Secretary, and the other he submitted to the judgment of his friends. This latter indiscretion, however, would appear to have been the cause of his name being mentioned to the Academicians as a competitor; and as they had a spite against him, and disapproved of his opinions, they decided to reject any essay which he might submit to them.

On the day of the competition they were as good as their word, and Thiers received back his essay with only an 'honourable mention' attached to it. The votes, however, had been equally divided, and the principal prize could not be adjudged until the next session. The future

statesman and brilliant journalist was not, however, to be cast aside in this contemptuous manner, and he accordingly adopted a *ruse de guerre*, which was perfectly justifiable under the circumstances. He sent back his first essay for the second competition with his own name attached thereto, and at the same time transmitted another essay, by means of a friend, through the Paris post-office. This paper was signed 'Louis Duval;' and as M. Thiers knew that they had resolved to reject his essay and accept the next best on the list, he made it as near as possible equal to the other in point of merit.

The Academicians were thoroughly out-generalled by this clever artifice, and the prize was awarded to the essay signed 'Louis Duval;' but the chagrin of the dons when the envelope was opened and the name of Louis Adolphe Thiers was read out, can be better imagined than described. The prize, which amounted to about twenty pounds, was added to another sum of forty pounds gained by his friend Mignet for essay-writing; and with this modest amount, the two friends set out on their journey to Paris. On their arrival there, both of them were at once engaged as writers on the *Globe* newspaper, and M. Thiers' articles soon attracted such attention that the highest political destinies were predicted for their author.

Alluding to the small stature of our hero, Prince Talleyrand once said: '*Il est petit, mais il grandira!*' (He is little, but he will be great!) Meanwhile, the young adventurer, as we may call him, was engaged on general literary work for the press, writing political leaders one day, art-criticisms the next, and so on, until a publisher asked him to write the *History of the French Revolution*. He accepted; and when published, the work met with so great a success that it placed him in the front rank of literature, and gained for him the proud title of 'National Historian.' After this the two friends published the *National* newspaper, an undertaking which we are told was conceived in Talleyrand's house, and was largely subscribed to by the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis-Philippe. M. Thiers disliked the Bourbons; and when, in 1829, Charles X. dissolved a liberal parliament, he took the lead in agitating for the reinstating of the people's rights. The king having determined to reply to the re-election of the '221' by a *coup d'état*, the nature of which was secretly communicated to M. Thiers, the latter hastened to the office of the *National* and drew up the celebrated Protest of the Journalists, which before noon was signed by every writer on the liberal side. As M. Thiers was leaving the office, a servant of Prince Talleyrand placed in his hand a note, which simply bore the words, 'Go and gather cherries.' This was a hint that danger was near the young patriot, and that he should repair to the house of one of the Prince's friends at Montmorency—a place famous for its cherries—and there lie hidden until the storm had blown over.

M. Thiers did not immediately accept the hint, but remained in the capital during the day, to watch the course of events and endeavour to prevent his friends from doing anything rash. He energetically sought to dissuade those who were for resisting the king's decree by force of arms; but did not succeed. When the barricades were raised, he left Paris, because he thought that the people were

doing an unwise thing, which would lead to a fearful slaughter, and perhaps result in himself and friends being shot.

When, however, the battle between the army and the people had really begun, the indomitable little man returned to Paris, and heedless of the bullets that were flying about, he ran here and there trying to collect adherents for the Duke of Orleans. He also had a proclamation of the Duke, as king, printed, rushed out with it, damp as it was from the press, and distributed copies to the victorious insurgents; but this operation nearly cost him his life, for the crowds on the Place de la Bourse were shouting for a republic, and a cry was immediately raised to lynch M. Thiers. He only escaped by dashing into a pastry-cook's shop, and taking a header down the open cellar which led to the kitchen.

Nothing daunted by this *contretemps*, however, he sought out M. Scheffer, an intimate friend of the Duke of Orleans, and started off for Neuilly with him (without consulting anybody else), to offer the crown of France to the Duke. When they found the Duke, he despatched M. Thiers to Prince Talleyrand to ask his advice on the subject; and the latter, who was in bed at the time, said: 'Let him accept;' but positively refused to put this advice in writing. Thus the Duke of Orleans became King of the French under the name of Louis-Philippe, and the Marseilles student found himself a step nearer the accomplishment of his aim. The poor locksmith's son had overthrown one king and established another!

It was M. Thiers who caused the remains of Napoleon to be removed from the gloomy resting-place in St Helena to the church of the Invalides in Paris, where they were re-interred amid great pomp and circumstance. He it was who also invented or gave currency to the now well-known constitutional maxim, 'The king reigns, but does not govern.'

In this reign M. Thiers commenced his great work on the *Consulate and the Empire*, in which he so eulogised the First Napoleon and flattered the military fame of France, that he unwittingly paved the way for the advent of the second Empire.

The revolution of 1848, which led to the abdication of Louis-Philippe, found Thiers but a simple soldier in the National Guard, and parading the streets with a musket on his shoulder, despite his diminutive stature. A man of his transcendent ability, however, could not be left long in so humble a position, and we therefore find the newly elected sovereign Louis Napoleon trying hard to win over to his side this unique citizen. But Thiers declined the honour, and remained a thorn in Napoleon's side during the whole period of his reign. When the *coup d'état* of 1851 was struck he was one of the leading statesmen whose arrest was ordered and carried out. The patriot was seized and forcibly taken out of his bed at an early hour in the morning, and imprisoned at Mazas for several days. He was then escorted out of the country, and became an exile from the land he loved so well.

While the excitement in Paris, which culminated in the outbreak of the war with Germany, was at its height, and the whole nation was singing the *Marseillaise* and shouting 'à Berlin,' M. Thiers' voice was the only one raised to protest against France precipitating herself into an unjust and

unnecessary war. He was unheeded at the moment; but a few weeks sufficed to prove the soundness of his reasoning; and when the Germans were marching on Paris, it was to the locksmith's son that the whole nation turned in its distress.

The Napoleonic dynasty was deposed, and at the elections for the National Assembly which afterwards took place, M. Thiers was elected for twenty-six Departments—a splendid national testimony to his patriotism and ability. As soon as the Assembly met he was at once appointed 'Chief of the Executive Power' of the French Republic. Thus the poor student of the Marseilles Academy had become, almost without any effort of his own, the governor of his country; and how he acquitted himself of the onerous and self-sacrificing task, let the living grief of Frenchmen for his loss at this moment proudly attest.

Previous to this appointment, however, and while the German army was thundering at the gates of Paris, the brave old statesman had, in his seventy-fourth year, shewn his unalterable devotion to France by the famous journey he made to all the European courts to endeavour to obtain assistance. Failing in this, he came back, and being made President, as above mentioned, he made peace with the Germans on the best terms he could get, turned round and beat the Communists in the streets of Paris; and within three short years he had not only paid the heaviest war indemnity ever known, but had cleared his country of the Germans, consolidated her resources, and reorganised her army.

On the morning of the 4th September last, France was suddenly plunged into the deepest grief and dismay by the announcement that her greatest citizen had been taken from her by death on the previous evening, at a time when the whole nation was looking to him as the one man who could save it from the dangerous crisis through which it was at that moment passing.

The funeral was a magnificent one, and though a wet day, there was not a citizen in Paris that did not join the throng, which lined the whole of the way to the cemetery. As the body of the great patriot was borne along every hat was raised, and many among the crowd shed tears. A riot was expected on the occasion, but the people behaved admirably and with great forbearance; the greatest tribute of respect which they could have shewn to the memory of one who had done so much for his country.

The modesty of this great citizen was in perfect accordance with his republican principles; for while President of the French Republic, his card never bore anything more on it than the simple 'Monsieur Thiers'; nor did he wear any uniform or decoration other than that one which is so dear to the heart and eye of every true Frenchman, 'the Legion of Honour.' Surely never did a worthier breast bear that famous Cross than that of the man who, despite every obstacle both physical and moral, and despite evil prognostications, bitter taunts, and the crushing hand of poverty, rose by the grand yet simple force of his own indomitable will from the position of a labourer's son to that of the ruler of a mighty nation. But even greater than all this was the fact, that having attained to this grand position, he was ready, at what he believed to be the call of duty, to lay aside his dignity, to step from

his proud position, and once more to assume the humbler rôle of a private citizen. Such a sublime act of self-abnegation was sufficient to assure to him the enthusiastic love and respect of an intelligent people, and the esteem of the whole world; which may be said to have joined with France in weaving a chaplet of immortelles to place upon the tomb of one whose memory will be revered by all who respect indomitable perseverance and true nobility of character.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER III.—THE LETTER.

WHEN Sir Sykes, left alone, addressed himself to the perusal of the crumpled letter which he had hitherto crushed in his clenched hand, it was with no light repugnance that he applied himself to the task. Slowly, and with shaking fingers, he unfolded and smoothed the ruffled paper, spread it on the table before him, and not hastily, but with a deliberate care that was evidently painful to him, read as follows: 'Although a stranger to you, Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, I am no stranger to what took place on March 24, 18—. Should you wish this matter to remain, as it has hitherto done, untalked of by the world, I must request that you will meet me this evening at *The Traveller's Rest*, by the cross-roads. I shall wait there for you until ten o'clock to-night, and will then name the terms on which alone you can reckon on my future silence.—Inquire for yours respectfully, DROK HOLD, staying at *The Traveller's Rest*.'

The baronet read and re-read this letter with the patient endurance of a sufferer under the surgeon's knife. Nothing but his labouring breath and the deepening of the lines around his mouth and the furrows on his high forehead, betrayed the pain that this precious document, indited in a large sprawling hand, occasioned him. When he had gone through it for the second time, he rose, and filling a glass with water from a bottle that stood on a side-table, he drank a deep draught, and then paced to and fro with hasty irregular steps, as some men do when suddenly called upon for earnest thought and prompt decision.

'I will not go!' he said authoritatively, but in a low voice—'I will not go.'

Such a peremptory summons as that which he had received implied more than it stated. It was couched in terms which were sufficiently civil; but the tone was still that of command, not of entreaty or persuasion. Most gentlemen of the degree of Sir Sykes would have treated such a demand either as a piece of insufferable insolence or as the freak of a madman. The baronet knew well enough what sort of reception his neighbours, Lord Wolverhampton, Carew of Carew, or Fulford of Carstennis, would have given to a request so impudent. He was, as they were, a justice of the peace and deputy-lieutenant, owner of a fine estate, one whose name was mentioned with respect wherever men did congregate.

The meekest of us all are apt to rebel against unwarranted dictation. And Sir Sykes was not meek. His friends and his servants—lynx-eyed

as we are apt to be to the foibles of others—knew that he was in his unobtrusive way a proud man. The stronger, therefore, must have been the influence that drew him, as the magnet draws iron to itself, towards that unsavoury house of entertainment whence his un-known correspondent had dated his missive. The first dressing-bell clanged out its call unheeded, and it was only when the second bell rang that Sir Sykes recalled his wandering thoughts sufficiently to remember that it was time for him to dress, and that whatever cares might be busy at his heart, he must yet wear his mask decorously before the world. Dinner on that day at Carbery Court was not a peculiarly genial meal. The baronet had taken, with his accustomed regularity, his place at the table; but he was pale, and looked older by some years than he had done a few hours since. Yet he resented Lucy's half-timid inquiry: 'You are not ill, papa, I hope?' and quietly declared that he was perfectly well. The domestic relations differ so much in varying conditions of life, that there are parents whose every thought and deed appear to be the common property of the home circle, and others who sanction no trespass on the inner self, the *to auton* of the Greeks, which each of us carries in the recesses of his own heart.

Sir Sykes Denzil was one of those men who, as husband and father, never carry their confidences beyond a certain convenient limit. He was no tyrant, and his daughters, who fondly loved him and who believed in his love for them, looked with regret on the cloud that so often rested on his yet handsome features. But he had known how to preserve his jealously guarded individuality from the encroachments of affectionate interference, so that it was but very rarely that his actions were the theme of open comment. Blanche and Lucy, therefore, though with feminine nicety of observation they noted that their father could not eat, but that he emptied his glass again and again, said nothing; while Jasper, as he watched Sir Sykes with a stealthy inquisitiveness, made the mental reflection that 'the governor must be hard hit, very hard indeed;' and secretly determined to turn the occasion to his own peculiar profit.

'Jasper!' said Lucy anxiously, some time after the dinner had come to an end; 'what is the matter with papa? Do you know if he is really unwell, or if anything has gone wrong? I waited here for you, in case you might know what is amiss.'

Jasper, who had been intercepted as he was leaving the house for his customary twilight stroll, with a cigar between his lips, turned lazily round. 'How can I tell, Lucy?' he returned indifferently. 'I'm not the keeper of my father's conscience, as the Lord Chancellor, by a polite fiction, is supposed to be of the king's.'

'I only meant, has anything occurred, to your knowledge,' pleaded Miss Denzil, 'calculated to annoy or distress him? Anything, for instance, about you?'

'How about me!' demanded Jasper with a slight start and a slight frown.

'Don't be angry, brother; I only meant, dear, about your—debts,' answered the girl, laying her hand on Jasper's arm.

'Has he been talking to you on that delightful subject?' retorted the brother, almost roughly. 'No; I see that he has not; at least not very lately.'

One would think, to hear that eternal refrain of debts, debts, debts for ever jangling in my ears, that I was the first fellow who ever overran the constable. Surely I'm punished enough, if I *did* owe a trifle, by being caged up in this wearisome old Bastille of a house, and— There, there; Lucy, don't cry. I'll not say a word more against Carbery, and you may set your mind at rest. If the governor has anything to vex him, be assured that it is not in the least connected with so insignificant a person as myself.' And, as though weary of the subject, he sauntered off.

It was Sir Sykes's habit on most evenings to spend a short time, half an hour or so, in the drawing-room. He liked music; and Blanche, his younger daughter, who had been gifted with the sweet voice and delicate sense of harmony which are often found in conjunction with frail health, knew the airs and the songs that best suited him. He never, under any circumstances, remained long in company with his daughters, being one of those men to whom the society of women is in itself uncongenial; but on this particular evening he went straight from the dining-room to the library, and sipped his coffee there, while the twilight deepened into the gloom of night.

The day had been fine enough, but the sun had sunk in a cloud-bank of black and orange, and there were not wanting signs that a change of weather was at hand. The wind had risen, and the clouds gathered as the sun went down, and it seemed as though the proverbial fickleness of our climate would soon be illustrated. But Sir Sykes, as he went forth shortly after the clock on the turret had struck nine, paid no heed to the weather, save that once or twice he glanced upwards with a sort of half-conscious satisfaction at the darkling sky. The night, with its friendly shadows and its threats of a coming storm, suited far better with his purpose than cloudless azure and bright moonlight would have done. The moon, not as yet long risen, was young and wan, and her feeble lustre fell but at rare intervals through the wrack of hurrying clouds. The larches in the plantations quivered and the aspens by the trout-stream trembled as the gusts of wailing wind went by; while the giant trees in the park, each one a citadel of refuge to squirrel and song-bird, sent down a rustling sound, as though every one out of their million leaves had found a tiny voice of its own to give warning of the approaching gale. Sir Sykes skirted the lawn, passed through the shrubbery, and struck into a path seldom trodden except by the feet of his keepers, which led northwards through the park.

There is something ignominious in the very fact that the master of any dwelling, howsoever humble, should steal away from it with as earnest a desire to elude observation as though he had been a robber of hen-roosts or a purloiner of spoons. And perhaps such a proceeding appeared still more so in the case of the owner of so stately a place as Carbery. Sir Sykes felt as he glided, unseen as he hoped, past paling and thicket, at once angry and ashamed. So repugnant to him was the errand on which his mind was bent, that on reaching a private door in the northern wall of the park he came to a halt, and held as it were parley with himself before proceeding on the quest of the writer of the letter.

'I do not know this fellow,' he muttered wrath-

fully: 'the man's very name is strange to me. But the twenty-fourth of March—that can be no mistake, no coincidence. That fatal date has burned itself too deeply into my brain for me to disregard or to forget it. Yes, I must go; I suppose that I must go.'

And with a heavy sigh, the master of that fair demesne and of many a broad acre beyond it felt in his pocket for the key that would open the postern before which he stood, unlocked the door, went out, and reclosed and fastened it behind him. Then, without further hesitation, he entered into a lane, the straggling branches of the hazels that grew on the high banks to left and right almost brushing against his person as he walked briskly on. So long as he had been within the limits of Carbery Chase, Sir Sykes had done his best to escape notice, keeping as often as he could tree and bush and rising ground between himself and the grand house of which he was absolute proprietor. But now he ceased to turn his head and look or listen for any sign that he was followed, and pushed on, assured that his clandestine exit from Carbery was unknown to any but himself. Sir Sykes, however, was very much mistaken. He was dogged by the very pursuer whom, perhaps, of all others he would have wished to keep in ignorance as to his conduct. Jasper, whose feline vigilance, once awakened, could not readily be lulled to sleep, had kept watch upon his father's actions with a quiet patient steadiness which nothing but vengeance or the greed of gain could possibly have inspired. There is a certain sympathy, especially with crooked motives, which enables us to anticipate the stratagems of those with whom we have intercourse, and of this Jasper had his full share.

He was scarcely surprised when from his place of espial he saw his father quit the house and thread his way through the grounds after such a fashion as made it manifest that the baronet desired his excursion to remain a secret to those beneath his roof. That something abnormal should happen as a consequence of the letter which Sir Sykes had received, and the reading of which had so powerfully affected its recipient, the captain had considered as so probable, that he thought it worth his while to lie in wait for the surprisal of the secret. Of two probable hypotheses, Jasper, whose imagination was of a chastened and practical order, had chosen rather to fancy that some stranger would arrive, than that the baronet should himself go forth to meet that stranger. But when he saw his father's tall figure vanish amidst the shadows of the dense evergreens and leafy lime-trees, he was not in the least astonished.

'When it was a question of nobbling the *Black Prince*,' he said meditatively, 'I wouldn't trust myself, nor would Gentleman Pratt, to talking it over anywhere but on Bletchley Downs with the vagabonds who hounded the horse, and who would for a fiver have sold their own fathers.'

Some recollection that he, Jasper Denzil, late a captain in Her Majesty's service, was at that moment engaged, so far as in him lay, in the questionable operation of 'selling' his own father, here caused a twinge to his callous heart. But we are seldom without some moral anodyne wherewith to lull to sleep that troublesome monitor, conscience; and Jasper had but need to remember his debts, his difficulties, and the fact that men at his

club spoke of him as 'Poor Denzil—played out, sir!' to assuage the momentary pang which some as yet smouldering sense of honour occasioned to him.

The skill with which he followed Sir Sykes, keeping the object of his pursuit fully in view, yet never for an instant compromising himself by coming into the range of vision, should the baronet, as he often did, turn his head, would have done credit to a Comanche Indian on the war-path. It was by a subtle instinct, not by practice, that he availed himself of the shelter of tree and brake and hollow, until at length, himself unobserved, he made sure that Sir Sykes was heading towards the private door in the northern wall of the park. There was a side-gate kept continually unlocked on account of the right of way, some six hundred yards to the eastward, and from this the captain could issue without difficulty. As for the private door, Sir Sykes had a key to fit its lock; Jasper had none. The latter's mind was instantly made up.

Idle sybarite though he was, the captain was fleet of foot, an accomplishment perhaps more common among languid men about town than healthy hardy dwellers in the country would readily imagine. He had made money once and again by the lightness of his heels, and they did him good service now, as, after a rapid rush across the elastic turf of the park and a quick traversing of the heathery surface of the rugged common-land beyond, he caught a glimpse of his father's stately figure as it passed in between the tall hedges of the lane.

'It's lucky I can run a bit!' gasped out Jasper as he paused for an instant to take breath, and then passing his cambric handkerchief across his brow, on which the heat-drops stood thickly, plunged into the dark lane between the steep banks of which the object of his pursuit had disappeared. And now his task was the easier, in that Sir Sykes, intent on what lay before him, and confident that his manner of leaving his home was unknown, never once turned his head to look back.

A ghastly sight it was—had human eye been there to note it—which the wan moon shewed, when at uncertain intervals her white light fell on the pale faces of these two men, father and son, so much and so little alike, who were wending their way thus along the deep Devonshire lane. In front was Sir Sykes, moody indeed and down-cast, but a gentleman of a goodly presence; while behind him came with feline footfall his only son, as craftily eager in the chase as even a garrotter, our British Thug, could have been. Once beyond the lane, the baronet and his kindred spy had to traverse a tract of ragged and desolate common, where the horse-road dwindled to a track of cart-wheels in the peaty soil, and where Jasper felt that concealment would have been difficult, had the baronet but looked behind him.

But the rain, long threatened, came on, urged by the strength of the sobbing wind, and Captain Denzil congratulated himself on the friendly darkness that ensued. Nor was it long before Sir Sykes caught sight of the dead tree, on a knotted bough of which was the signboard of *The Traveller's Rest*, the dilapidated roof and battered front of which could dimly be seen through the gloom of night.

'After all, why not?' ejaculated Jasper, as he

saw his father, after a moment's hesitation, disappear within the ruinous porch of the roadside public-house.

CHAPTER IV.—AT THE TRAVELLER'S REST.

'Person of the name of Hold? I should think so, rather. Want to see him, do you? Turn to your right, then; get up them stone steps, and just keep straight till you're past the water-butt, and you'll twig the tap-room door.'

It was a sharp-eyed sharp-tongued boy who spoke, a boy in a tattered jacket that had once been blue, and had once been garnished with brass anchor buttons; but who retained his Cockney accent and his air of brisk effrontery, like that of a London sparrow.

'Can't you make out Her Majesty's English, Mr Stiffback?' said this impudent servitor of *The Traveller's Rest*, seeing that Sir Sykes hesitated.

'You keep a civil tongue, Deputy,' broke in a deeper voice from within the darkling passage. 'This, I suppose, is the gentleman who received a letter from a party called Hold? Very good. This way, sir, please; and mind you don't hurt your head against the beam, for the ceiling's low and light's scarce. So. Here we are; and this is the tap-room, and my name is Hold. At this end of the room we'll be quietest.'

And the baronet passively permitted himself to be led up some stone steps and down some brick steps, and finally into a long low room, at one end of which, although the weather was warm and the season summer, there glowed and crackled a large fire of mingled peat and wood, around which were clustered seven or eight persons male and female, two of whom were smoking short discoloured pipes, while the others were conversing in hoarse tones, or sniffing, with somewhat of a wolfish expression of countenance, the savoury fumes that arose from a frying-pan which a gaunt man in frowsy black was carefully holding over the hottest part of the fire.

There was a low wooden screen or partition, about breast-high, which stretched across some three-fourths of this delectable apartment, which was rudely furnished with some wooden settles and rush-bottomed chairs, and a couple of greasy tables, vamped and clamped with sheet-iron to repair the injury which excitable customers had done to the woodwork.

'My name, Sir Sykes, is Hold,' said the owner of the name, when the baronet had taken his seat on one of the mean-looking chairs, and his singular correspondent had placed himself on one of the benches opposite.

'I never heard it before, nor, to the best of my recollection, have we ever met,' said Sir Sykes dryly.

'Ah, yes, but we have met, Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet,' returned Hold, with a twinkle of satisfaction in his bold black eyes; 'not that it's any wonder you do not remember so humble a chap as yours truly. I have the advantage of you.'

These last words were uttered with a malicious emphasis which caused Sir Sykes to look again and keenly in the man's face, while cudgelling his memory, though in vain, to find some guiding clue. He saw a hard, fierce, swarthy countenance, dark hair partly grizzled, and a powerfully built frame, such as matched well with the face. Had

Sir Sykes on the Bench been consulted by his brother magistrates as to the number of calendar months of imprisonment with hard labour to be allotted to such a one as Hold, he would have said at once: 'Give him the heaviest sentence warranted by law, for, unless Lavater's science be false, there could scarcely exist a more dangerous scoundrel.'

Sir Sykes, however, was not on the bench, nor Hold in the dock at quarter-sessions. So he merely replied with a steady look: 'No, Mr Hold, or whatever your name may be. To the best of my belief, I never in my life saw you.'

'Very good,' quietly returned the man, taking out a black pocket-book much frayed and battered, and rustling over the dog's-eared leaves. 'Let me see; yes, March the twenty-fourth is the first important date.'

'And may I ask,' interposed Sir Sykes, with somewhat of the cold haughtiness which had stood him in good stead in many a moral duel, 'what is the meaning of these perpetual references to a specified day in March?'

Hold's low inward laugh was one of sincere enjoyment. 'It's not only at cards, Sir Sykes,' he said with a chuckle, 'that the game of brag can be played. But come, it's of no use, Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet. My hand's too strong—chokeful of court-cards, kings, queens, knaves, and aces—to give you a chance. I have entries here'—slapping the black pocket-book—'for more days than one. Take one of 'em at random. You have cause to remember the ninth of April in the same year, Sir Sykes. So have I.' And with a nod and a wink, Hold slid back the book into an inner pocket of his rough coat.

The baronet's blanched face and anxious eye betrayed how deeply he was agitated by what he had heard.

'What do you want of me?' he asked abruptly, but in a tremulous voice.

'Hark ye, shipmate!' rejoined the other, leaning his head on his hand, while his elbow rested on the stained and chipped table beside him; 'all in good time. Business is business, and is not to be disposed of in that sort of hop, skip, and jump way. Take another look at me, if you like; and since you can't tell who I am, say *what* I am.'

'I should say,' answered Sir Sykes, gazing with undisguised repugnance at the outward man of his dubious acquaintance, 'that you have been a sailor.'

'No great wit wanted, I reckon,' retorted Hold roughly, 'to make out that much. The very mermaid on my arm here, and the crown and the anchor,' he continued, baring his brawny wrist so as to exhibit the blue tattoo marks which it bore, 'would tell you that. But I've followed more trades than one; tried them all in turn, sir. How does that idle string of words that schoolboys say, come off the tongue? Ay, I have it—Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor. Why, I've been everything on the urchin's roll-call except thief; I never was quite that—or gentleman, which is a cut above me.'

'You have seen the world evidently,' said Sir Sykes in a bland tone; 'but you must remember, Mr Hold, that you have not as yet explained to me with sufficient clearness the nature of your business with me.'

'Labour lost, if I did,' rejoined Hold with a cynical smile. 'A secret is best of course when it belongs to one only. Two may get some good out of it; but once it's common property, the goose that laid the golden eggs is picked bare to the last bone. Do you see,' he added, dropping his voice, 'our good friends yonder, and do you suppose that such as they are not all ears, as it were, to snap up any odds and ends of our talk? He with the frying-pan is as knowing a hand as any in England—a begging-letter writer, as the newspaper paragraphs call it. And the others, well! the others are all on the lay more or less, to scratch up a living by their wits. It's only the cream of the cadging profession that can afford to patronise the *Rest*. It's quite a genteel hotel of its class, I assure you. But now you know why I don't speak out. Better deal with me singly, than with all these blood-suckers, I should say. And so, as we understand each other, we need not enlighten others.'

'Is there no more private place?' the baronet began.

But Hold broke curtly in: 'None, Sir Sykes, in a crib like this. Up-stairs, we'd double the risk of being overheard. Walls have ears, you know. Now here, where we can see into the garden from this open window at my elbow, we're pretty safe.—Deputy!' (this was addressed to the sharp boy in the ragged jacket) 'two glasses of rum, d'ye hear?'

Sir Sykes had had time to think, and it was in a firm tone that he now spoke.

'Now, Mr Hold,' he said, 'I am a man of the world, and as such will not affect indignation or astonishment in the fact that you wish to bargain with me, for your own advantage, as to certain painful events of my earlier life. Name your terms, but be moderate. The law, as you are aware, is not very indulgent towards those who extort money by means of threats or calumnies.'

Hold's face, hitherto good-humoured, wore an ugly scowl. 'Drop that style of argument, if you're wise, baronet,' he said resolutely. 'Dick Hold is not often backward, when folks will fire shotted guns instead of harmless blank cartridge. Come, come, commodore; if you dared to indict me, you'd hardly be here. Try that game, if you choose. It only serves the turn of those who can come into court with clean hands. Yours mayhap would shew a stain or so.—Here is Deputy with the rum. Let us drink, sir, to our better acquaintance, and be friends.'

Sir Sykes, however, pushed back the glass which Hold proffered him. Sunk in his own estimation though he might be, he could not stoop to pledge a ruffian of the stamp of this one.

'Your very good health, Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet,' said Hold unconcernedly, as he tossed off his liquor. 'We wear well, both of us; though many a year has gone over our heads since that ninth of April that you know of.'

'Were you at Sandston, then, on that day?' asked the baronet, thrown off his guard, and a slight quivering of Hold's eyelid told that a point had been scored against his incautious opponent.

'Not so. At Tunbridge Wells rather,' returned Hold slowly. 'I remember seeing the funeral—that of the poor little girl of yours who died, Sir Sykes.'

Sir Sykes grew almost as white as he had done

when first he began the reading of the letter which had drawn him to such a rendezvous.

'You will oblige me, sir,' he said in a voice that he vainly tried to render firm and calm, 'by being silent in future as to—as to'—

'So that we understand one another, I agree to anything,' was Hold's half-sullen rejoinder.

'And now to come to terms. You want money, no doubt?' said Sir Sykes more composedly.

'All people, to the best of my belief, want money,' replied Hold with a grin. 'I am no cormorant, no shearer and skinner of such as come under my handling. Just now, Sir Sykes, I will only ask you for five hundred—a fleabite!'

The demand, considering the baronet's rank and means, was unexpectedly moderate. Sir Sykes in turn produced his pocket-book. 'Few men,' he said, 'keep such a sum in ready cash. But it so happens'—laying down a roll of bank-notes upon the squalid table—'that I have money, two hundred and thirty pounds, with me; and here'—pencil-ing a few words on a leaf which he tore out of the book—'is my written promise for two seventy. I will send you a cheque to-morrow.'

'Nothing,' observed Hold, 'could be more satisfactory. Don't send a groom; grooms chatter; the post is safer. You won't drink the rum, Sir Sykes? I will.' And he swallowed the alcohol at a gulp, and then swept notes and paper into his pocket. 'One thing more, Sir Sykes. I did not come here for hush-money and nothing else. I want you to take into your house and as a member of your family a person—of my recommending, Sir Sykes.'

'I fail to comprehend you, Mr Hold,' said the baronet stiffly.

The other laughed. 'Her name,' he said, 'is Ruth.'

'Ruth!' exclaimed Sir Sykes, starting from his seat, and speaking so unguardedly that the unwashed crew at the firelit end of the room turned to peer at him.

'Yes, Ruth. Don't you like the name?' asked the fellow coarsely. 'My sister, Ruth Hold.'

'Ruth—your sister—yours—at Carbery?' gasped out the bewildered baronet.

'You need not be afraid,' was the rough reply: 'she won't disgrace your fine house or your dainty ways. I doubt if your misses at home are more thoroughly the lady than Ruth Hold—my—sister.'

'You must see, your own good sense must shew you,' stammered out Sir Sykes, looking the picture of abject terror, as the smoky glare of the lamp fell on his pale face, 'that even were I willing to consent to so extraordinary—— In short it cannot be.'

'Sorry for you, then!' returned Hold with a shrug; 'for on your acceptance of these terms alone is my silence to be bought. Come, come, shipmate! hear reason. Ruth shall bear any surname you like, and it can't be hard to account for her coming to Carbery. You knew her father—an old friend—military—died in India—left you her guardian, Ruth's guardian; eh, Sir Sykes?'

'I—I will take time to think of it,' said the baronet confusedly. 'You shall hear from me to-morrow. And now, I had better go.'

And he rose. Hold re-conducted him, civilly enough, as far as the outer door, and watched him depart through the howling wind and driving rain towards Carbery. But what neither Hold nor Sir

Sykes could have conjectured was that Jasper Denzil, hidden in a crazy arbour among the sun-flowers and pot-herbs of the inn garden, hard by the open window, had during the greater portion of the interview played the part of an unsuspected eavesdropper, and was now on his way by another route to Carbery Chase.

ANALOGIES OF ANIMAL AND PLANT LIFE.

THE boundary-line between the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life is of a most indefinite character. Nature would seem to have been guilty of many inconsistencies in her arrangement of these organisms; for a being which at one period of its existence exhibits the common characteristics of a plant, may at another period possess the attributes of an animal. Such an organism is found in the form of a fungus which grows on the surface of tan-pits. Under slightly altered conditions it becomes a locomotive creature capable of feeding upon solid matter. Naturalists have therefore always felt a difficulty in deciding which of these doubtful organisms should be classed with the one kingdom and which with the other. Indeed it has been seriously proposed to form a separate class for their reception, a kind of 'no-man's land' to which they might by general consent be relegated.

It would at first appear that a sufficient distinction would be made if such organisms as possess the power of spontaneous movement were at once called animals. But this classification would prove to be most erroneous, for many plants possess the power of movement in a very high degree. The swarm-spores of such alga as seaweeds, for instance, swim actively about by means of minute filaments or *cilia*. They were on this account long supposed to be animalcules, and it was not until they were found to ultimately develop into the plants from which they sprung, that their real place in nature was determined. These swarm-spores, common enough in the sea and in pools and ditches all the world over, are particles of matter which detach themselves from their parent cells, and after a longer or shorter time of activity, come to rest and form new alga. They are provided with two or more vibratile cilia—minute processes which we more fully alluded to in a recent paper on 'Bell Animalcules.'

The suggestion that animals should be distinguished by their motor powers is also fallacious, for the reason that many animals do not possess this power. Sponges, for instance, are organised bodies which remain stationary attached to rocks. But their system of pores and vents, through which a constant circulation is maintained, and by means of which they are supplied with particles of solid matter as food, most certainly entitle them to be ranked as animals.

The similarity between the lowest organisms of the two kingdoms does not seem so extraordinary after all, when by the help of the microscope we examine their structural details. In both we find a similar semi-fluid matter called protoplasm, which has been defined as 'the physical basis of life.' In the cellular tissues of many plants this fluid may, with a sufficiently high magnifying power, be seen in a state of ceaseless activity. It is composed of four elements, namely carbon,

hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. An analogous substance is found in white of egg, and protoplasm itself is one of the constituents of blood. Many of our readers will know that the colour of blood is due to innumerable red bodies called corpuscles, so minute, that myriads will be contained in one drop of the vital fluid. But there are also other corpuscles quite devoid of colour. These are minute particles of protoplasm, and like the same matter in plants, they exhibit peculiar phenomena of motion, allied to those seen in the *Amoeba* or 'Protens-animalcule.' We may therefore conclude that the vital principle in both animals and plants is the same, and that the tissues of both are built up of this protoplasm; the point of difference being that, whereas animals obtain it ready-made from plants, the latter are the manufacturers of it from mineral or inorganic sources.

There are of course, besides the mere chemical constituents of protoplasm, other conditions necessary to vitality. A certain range of temperature would seem to be the most important, if we except perhaps the presence of water, without which life can hardly exist. But even here a curious exception is presented to us in the Rotifera or wheel-animalcules—formerly alluded to in this *Journal* in an article on 'Suspended Animation'—which may be kept in a state of dried dust for many years, and which, on the addition of a drop of water, will resume their original vigour and rapid movement. The so-called mummy-wheat which is said to germinate after a burial of some thousands of years, is an instance of this retention of the life-principle in plants. Light as well as heat also plays an important part in the mystery of vitality, although it is a curious but well-authenticated fact that the mere growth of plants is most rapid in darkness. We may see an instance of this in the stems of a growing plant which is placed near a window. They will all be bent towards the glass. Hence it is a common saying that they are attracted by the light. But the real reason for this bent form is, that their darker side grows more rapidly than the rest of the plant, forcing it to assume a curved form.

It is in the nature of their food that plants and animals shew the most marked points of difference. We may state as a broad rule that all living things have the power of taking in foreign matter, where-with to supply and replenish their various parts. This process, in which the many units which make up the structure are constantly dying away and being reproduced, constitutes what we call growth. In carrying out this function, animals convert organic into inorganic matter, whilst plants do precisely the reverse. They may both be described as digesting their food—if we accept as a definition of the term digestion, that process by which insoluble food is reduced to a soluble form fitted for absorption. In the animal this process is performed by means of glands or their analogues in lower animals, which open upon the internal surface of the stomach, and which secrete an acid fluid called the gastric juice. This fluid contains pepsine—a dried preparation of which, obtained from the stomach of the pig, forms a valuable remedy in the treatment of indigestion. Its power of dissolving organic matter is so subtle, that even after death it may act upon the stomach

itself, as well as upon any of the other organs with which it may come in contact. The problem as to why the stomach is during life preserved from destruction by its own secretion, was long a puzzle to physiologists; but it has been decided according to one opinion, that the alkalinity of the blood, which constantly circulates through the tissues, protects them from injury by its neutralising influence.

In plants the function of digestion is the same in principle, although the absence of a mouth and special digestive organs renders it different in detail. Plants require inorganic matters for support. Potatoes and turnips will, for instance, withdraw immense quantities of alkaline matter from the soil. Beans and peas will rob the ground in like manner of its lime, while the various kinds of grasses will choose silica for their nourishment. It is this selective property of plants which renders necessary the rotation of crops. A succession of alkaline plants would in time render the ground quite unproductive of vegetation of that kind; but if a proper rotation of crops be observed—the soil, whilst giving up one of its constituents, is gradually regaining those which it has previously lost. A consideration of these conditions of agriculture forms the very groundwork of scientific farming.

Exceptions to the rule that plants consume inorganic matter are furnished by certain fungi and also by the insectivorous plants. One of these latter, the *Dionaea muscipula*, or Venus's flytrap, we fully described some months ago; but the subject is so replete with interest that we shall not hesitate to recur to it and to refer to some of the other members of the same family.

Without reproducing our description of the *Dionaea*, we may assist our readers' memory by shortly stating that the leaf of the plant is formed of two lobes joined by a midrib, and that each half of the leaf is furnished with three sensitive hairs. On a fly or other insect settling on the leaf and so irritating these hairs, the two lobes gradually close and imprison the intruder. The most remarkable property of the plant is that it not only kills insects in this way, but that it actually digests them in a manner exceedingly similar to that by which animals are nourished; for after the prey is secured, a liquid secreted in the upper part of the leaf is exuded, and this liquid is analogous with that furnished in the case of animals by the glands of the digestive mucous membrane. The closeness of the analogy will be better understood by referring to an experiment which was made with a view to testing the solvent powers of this secretion. A slice chipped from a dog's tooth was placed between the lobes of a *Dionaea* leaf. After some days the lobes were separated, and the piece of tooth was found to be in such a soft fibrous condition that it was torn to shreds by the slight force employed in removing it. This energetic power of the secretion will remind the reader of what we have already said regarding the action of the gastric juice upon the animal tissues after death. Another curious point of similarity between the two fluids is observed in the fact that in both cases the secretion is stimulated by the presence of food.

It seems almost incredible to think how such a peculiarity in a plant should have, until very recent years, remained in obscurity. It is true

that more than a century ago an English naturalist described it, and submitted his observations to Linnaeus. But since that time the matter had aroused very little interest, until some few years ago when Darwin published his wonderful book on Insectivorous Plants. This want of attention is evidently due to the fact that Linnaeus himself merely looked upon the plant as one, like the sensitive plant, having an excitable structure. He regarded the imprisoned insects as merely an accidental occurrence, stating it as his opinion that they were 'probably released when the leaf reopened. The matter was thus quietly set at rest by a great authority, and no more was heard of the *Dionaea* until an able naturalist of North Carolina, where the plant is indigenous, again called attention to it.

Another plant belonging to this group has several peculiarities which are worthy of notice. We allude to the *Sarracenia*, which is found in the eastern states of North America. This plant grows in bogs and similar moist neighbourhoods. The leaf consists of a trumpet-shaped tube half covered with an arched lid. This tube exhibits a smooth and slippery surface for some distance down its interior; but lower still it is studded with bristles, its lowest depths being filled with a fluid of intoxicating properties. Round the mouth of the pitcher thus formed exude drops of a sweet viscid fluid. The *Nepenthes* form another branch of the family of Pitcher-plants, including many different species. Indigenous to the Asiatic Archipelago, their appearance is that of a half-shrubby climbing plant, the leaf of which terminates in a long stem, to which is attached a hanging pitcher. These pitchers vary in length from an inch to a foot, or even more; indeed some are large enough to entrap a bird or small quadruped. Their structure is not so complicated as those of the *Sarracenia*, although in other respects they greatly resemble them; while in both cases the digestive functions are closely allied with those of the *Dionaea*. But the most seductive of all these traps for unwary insects is certainly the *Darlingtonia*. Its victim is first of all attracted by the bright colour of its petals, and after it has settled upon the plant, and helped to fertilise it by the movement of its body against the pollen, it slips into a treacherous pitcher, to be first intoxicated, and then totally annihilated. Surely there will be no difficulty in finding an analogy here to certain social institutions belonging to the higher order of animals!

The electrical phenomena common to both plants and animals must next claim our attention. The celebrated Galvani was the first to direct attention to the existence of an electrical current in the muscle of a frog's leg. Volta disputed this, and insisted that the current produced by Galvani was due to certain metallic connections which he employed, and not to any inherent electricity in the muscle itself. Since Galvani's time, however, numerous investigators have followed up his researches; and it is now an accepted fact that every exertion of muscular force is accompanied by a current analogous to electricity, the strength of which is in exact proportion to the mechanical power called into play. It is a curious fact that this peculiar force remains in the muscle for a certain time after death, but it is totally lost so soon as rigidity sets in, and no earthly power can recall it. It

may therefore be considered as essentially a vital phenomenon. It is moreover greater in mammals than in birds, and is least noticeable in reptiles and fishes. But we must not omit to mention that among the latter are found several which have a powerful electric battery as their chief defensive power. The Mediterranean torpedo—one of the Ray or Skate family of fishes—after which our most modern engines of war are named, is the chief of these.

Although it has long been known that currents of electricity existed in plants, such currents were attributed to chemical reaction between the external moisture and the internal juices of the plants themselves, and also to atmospheric disturbance. They have therefore hitherto borne very little analogy to the muscular electricity of animals. But very recently the subject has received great attention; in fact the electrical disturbance consequent on the excitation of the leaf of our old acquaintance the *Dionæa*, formed part of the subject of a paper lately read before the Royal Society. The authors of this contribution to our knowledge of a very obscure subject, proved by numerous delicate experiments that the current which accompanied the closure of the leaf in question was in every respect similar to that obtained from the muscles of animals.

THE BELL-RINGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ANTHEM OF THE BELLS.

It was a solemn gathering when two hours later, the physician entered Bertram's room in company with Squire Peregrine, Colonel Lindsay, and Gertrude. The change in the Squire was marvellous; his sternness had left him; he followed his daughter and his old friend; he hung upon every word which fell from the lips of the man of science; and during the time when the doctors were alone with their patient and Nathan, he paced his room in a state nearly bordering on mental distraction. Meeting the doctors as they at length emerged from the sick-room, he grasped them by the arm. 'Will he live? will he live?' he reiterated wildly. 'Tell me the truth. My son, my son!'

In vain they urged him to be calm; his reasoning powers seemed to have deserted him.

'He must not die; he shall not die!' he repeated; until Colonel Lindsay, laying his hand upon his shoulder, whispered: 'There is hope. Do not despair. My old friend, remember how much yet remains to be done for him. The active cause of mischief is at last removed.' He produced a small piece of the blade of a knife, at the sight of which the Squire shuddered. 'Humanly speaking, you owe his life twice over to Nathan Boltz. As to the perpetrator of the outrage, he will be dealt with according to his deserts; at present, we have no clue to his whereabouts.'

This speech of the Colonel's was intended to answer two purposes—to give the Squire time to recover himself, and to arrest any remarks which might fall from the medical men, who were to remain all night at the Hall. It had the desired

effect; they saw that private family affairs were connected with this murderous attack and remained silent, only insisting that Nathan (whom Bertram had faintly recognised) should remain with him. The Squire sent for him, and in the presence of all his family, grasped him by the hand and begged him to stay. How he overcame all his scruples, how he placed himself in the position of a debtor, was made plain to all who heard him; and Gertrude felt her heart throb almost to pain as she sat by listening to the words of her father, the proudest of the Peregrine race.

Therefore it was that Nathan took his place in the sick-room, surrounded by every luxury which appertains to wealth. It was a strange position; but he entered upon it with his usual large-hearted earnestness, believing he was fulfilling his promise to the mother of the sick man.

In the meantime, Patricia was undergoing a torment of fear and suspense. A week had elapsed, Oliver had not returned, and no inquiry had as yet been made concerning him. She dared not question any one, and though many an eye was bent upon her in a half-pitying manner, she would not for worlds betray her wretchedness. She asked not to be confirmed in her miserable doubts and horrible fears, for she felt certain her lover was somehow concerned in her brother's illness. Yet why this change in her father? She could not understand; and pondering day by day, became pale and ill, restless and depressed.

Christmas-day came and went much in the same way as other days. There were no decorations in the church, and no sound of the sweet loud bells of Linden Tower, for Bertram lay hovering between life and death, and all bell-ringing was suspended on his account. Another week passed on; wearily dragged the hours; when at the close of a dark day of rain and wind, a messenger arrived with a note for Patricia, which caused her heart to throb and her pulse to rebound with agonising pain. The writer of the dirty ill-spelt letter begged her to go at once to a farm-house ten miles distant, where Oliver Peregrine lay dying. Now Patricia knew she must put away her mask for ever. With eager haste she ran with the summons to her father, and the utter wretchedness in her face made him full of pity for her.

'Jenkyns shall bring the carriage for you, my darling, immediately. I know the spot; close to the stone quarries—a dangerous place. Be brave, Patricia. But you must not go alone; Colonel Lindsay will accompany you.'

She made no reply; her white lips moved, but no sound came forth. After a vain attempt to speak, she left the room, and shortly after was handed by Colonel Lindsay into the carriage. Their drive was accomplished in silence. Patricia's agonising suspense was too great for speech; and her gallant companion felt too much to attempt commonplaces.

When they arrived at the farm, Patricia descended from the carriage, and entered the house alone. In an inner room a woman was busy making a clearance of such articles as she could stuff away in corners and behind chairs, while a faint moaning told that the unhappy man occupied the apartment.

'I found the gentleman lying at the bottom of a quarry,' said the man who lived on the farm. 'It's a fortnight back, sir, that going round the

place as late as ten o'clock, I heard as it were close to me some one groaning as if in dreadful pain. It was some time before I could find out where the noise came from. At last my wife and me together got down to the bottom of the quarry, and managed between us to drag him to the top. He was wonderful bad, but refused to tell his name or let a doctor be fetched, and only let my boy run with the note because he felt he was dying. We have done what we could, sir; but you see we don't know many folks about here, or we might have helped him more.'

Patricia listened intently as the man gave these particulars, and made her way alone to the side of her cousin. He lay upon a bed placed hastily on the floor, his face worn to a shadow with intense suffering of mind and body. As Patricia gazed upon the helpless sufferer, all her love for the man burst forth; she knelt down, covered her face with her hands, and wept piteously.

The woman who stood by, with true woman's instinct, guessed the nature of her sorrow, and said gently: 'You see, miss, the gentleman would not say who he were, or we should ha' sent before. I have done what I could; but I fear he's very, very bad.' She wanted to break the truth as gently as she could, for her experienced eye had noted every change.

'I am dying,' said Oliver in a low voice. 'Tis nearly over, Patricia; but the pain has almost left me; and if I have strength, I must tell you a very painful story, for I need your forgiveness, as you will find. Do not grieve for me, Patricia.' He paused. 'Are you alone?'

Patricia shook her head.

'Who is with you?'

'Colonel Lindsay.'

'Tell him to come here.'

At this crisis, wheels were heard outside, and Colonel Lindsay returned with Patricia, bringing with them Mr Downes, the surgeon.

'Mr Downes is here,' said the Colonel, 'through a message which I sent him previous to leaving home; he will probably think it advisable to remain with us for a time.'

Then Patricia knew that the surgeon was there not only in his medical capacity, but as a witness to whatever might fall from the lips of her lover; and yet her dread of any unpleasant revelation was intensified by her great love for the man whose humiliation and shame she would fain have spared. Mr Downes having carefully examined the patient, administered a restorative, and Oliver related with pain and difficulty the following story.

'You know that Bertram and I were in college at the same time, where my naturally extravagant habits led us both into debt. When we left college, my uncle, believing me all that I ought to be, begged me to remain at the Hall as companion to his son; at the same time he proposed that I should qualify myself for the Church, and behaved to me with the kindness of a father. I managed to fix the burden of our debts upon Bertram, whose easy disposition and generous nature led him to trust me thoroughly. During a London season we again became steeped in difficulties beyond our power to remove. Returning to the Hall, I fancied myself fascinated by the beauty of Ruth Boltz. How I overcame her scruples, and finally induced her to fly to London

with me, I have no strength to tell; nor how I beguiled her to remain there, leading her to hope for marriage. I had come to town for more purposes than one. While at the Hall, our creditors had become clamorous; and Bertram, in despair of obtaining any help from his father, and not daring to tell of his entanglements, took counsel with me as to what was to be done. By degrees I opened up my plan, filled in a cheque, and forced Bertram by threats of exposure to forge his father's name. This done, I took care that he himself should present it at the banker's. My uncle who was unusually precise and correct in all business matters, at once discovered the fraud. It was easy to cast the blame on Bertram, whom I had persuaded to remain in London; and the fact of his absence sealed his guilt. Ruth's flight was at once connected with his; and enraged beyond expression, his father forbade him the house, tore up his letters unopened, and refused ever to acknowledge him again. In vain Bertram appealed to me to speak for him; I only traduced him the more while appearing to shield him; and persuaded him to go abroad while he had the means of doing so. Seven months later, poor Ruth came home and applied to me in her distress. Again I promised her marriage, and from time to time made her an allowance. She promised to keep my secret; yet her presence in the village was a continual annoyance to me, for I feared that some time, in her despair, she might reveal the truth. But I could not prevail upon her to leave the neighbourhood, and I waited year after year before I could mature my plans to secure the position which I had always coveted. At last she died, worn out with trouble, and would no doubt have spoken out at last. But sending for my aunt, the latter arrived too late. Poor suffering Ruth was dead.' . . .

Here the sufferer paused in mental agony, and after partaking of stimulant, resumed his dread confession. 'Then I was clad with my false freedom. My uncle had long since erased Bertram's name from his will, and named me as his heir. I soon proposed to my cousin Patricia, and we were on the point of marrying, when my aunt's death postponed it. In the midst of all my prosperity, I had a vague terror of Nathan Boltz, believing that he knew my secret, and I hated him for his supposed knowledge of it. Once more my marriage was about to take place, and again Hilda's death interposed, and saved Patricia from a life of shame. Bertram returned; and deceived by his sister, Nathan believed that in him he saw her betrayer. Then the grand principle of his life was worked out—forgiveness. The return of Colonel Lindsay helped on my ruin. I made a desperate effort to retain the prize which I felt slipping from my grasp. After that dreadful scene in the church, I fled in frantic haste across the country, eager to escape from myself. But the hand of God was upon me; I could not elude that; and believing that I had been a murderer, I looked upon myself as paying the penalty of my sin, for I knew from the first that I must die. I have no more to add, only to express my grief and my repentance, and to pray that God may pardon any fearful sin.'

He stopped, greatly exhausted; and Mr Downes again did what he could for his relief. All through the night, Patricia sat holding his hand in hers, assuring him of their forgiveness, and ministering to his wants; and Oliver Peregrine

blessed her with the solemnity of a dying man. At daybreak it was all over. Patricia's watching had been a short one; but she knew that henceforth she would walk through life alone.

Oliver Peregrine was buried in Linden churchyard; and Nathan, at the Squire's urgent request, witnessed the last rites, and stood uncovered while the earth was filled into the grave of the man who had so wronged him. Never again, however, would he prepare the narrow resting-place in which dust mingles with its kindred dust, or stand in the belfry tower as master of the bells. Nathan had parted from the old life, which would know him no more. After Bertram's recovery, he travelled with him for two years, and learned to know him as a brother. On their return, the village people could scarcely recognise the quondam bell-ringer in the accomplished gentleman and travelled man of the world. The soil had been ready to receive the seed; but while the intellect was enlarged the heart of the man remained the same. Thus it came about that on a certain happy day, Nathan, who was the affianced husband of Gertrude, stood once more in the belfry tower; and with her by his side, and the ringers clustered round, while Bertram and Colonel Lindsay looked on from the doorway, he begged that he might try his hand again. A proud consent was given, and prouder than ever were the ringers, of him who had been their chief. After a slight pause, Nathan's hand, now white and shapely, grasped the rope once more. 'Now lads!' he cried—'now!' and the bells chimed out a right merry peal.

UNDER FIRE.

MOST men who have been under fire will frankly confess that the sensation is anything but a pleasant one. But inspired by a sense of duty and a lively enthusiasm, the anxious feeling soon passes off. The skirmishers load and fire, the gunners work their guns without much thought of their own danger. Indeed it is well if this indifference does not go too far, for then reckless excitement and careless haste take the place of soldierly deliberation and prudence.

At Waterlooc the fighting between two armies armed with old weapons of short range was all at what we now call close-quarters. The most effective range for artillery was about five hundred yards, and musketry-fire was exchanged at less than half that distance. Rifled weapons of long range have changed all this, and the introduction of breech-loading small-arms has worked a perfect revolution on the battle-field. In 1866 the Prussian needle-gun shewed in the fighting in Bohemia the terrible effects that can be produced by rapid rifle-fire. Every army in Europe was soon provided with breech-loading rifles; and in the war of 1870, for the first time two great armies thus formidably armed met in battle. In the first conflicts of the war the Prussians attacked in close order, as they had done in 1866; but in the great battle of Gravelotte, fought on August 18, 1870, they learned a lesson which made them completely change their tactics; and every European army (but

one) has followed their example. The lesson was dearly bought. On that day the French army, one hundred and twenty thousand strong, lay along the hills to the west of Metz, where it was attacked by two hundred thousand Germans. The village of St Privat, on holding which the security of the whole French position depended, was held by Marshal Canrobert's corps. The village is surrounded by long gentle slopes; and in fighting it is always found that it is more difficult to storm such a place than one that stands upon a steep hill. The very steepness of the ascent in some degree protects the attacking party as they ascend, by making the fire of the defenders more vertical; whereas on a gentle slope each bullet has a longer course and more chances of doing harm. As a preparation for the attack on St Privat, and in order in some degree to destroy the steadiness of the defenders, the place was bombarded for some time with one hundred and twenty guns; then when it was hoped that the artillery-fire had cleared the way, three brigades of the Guards, the picked men of the German army, were ordered to carry the village.

Massed in close order, with a front of two thousand paces, and covered by clouds of skirmishers, the Guards began their advance up the slopes. In ten minutes the attack was over, and had utterly failed. Brief as it was, it was a terrible time. The German official Report does not deal in exaggerated language, and it speaks of the 'storm of bullets that came beating down from St Privat' and forced the Guardsmen to crowd together in every hollow and behind every wave of the ground. The French used their chassepots to deadly purpose; in those ten minutes six thousand of the Prussian Guard had fallen. But the rapid fire of the French had all but emptied their cartridge-boxes, and the defective arrangements made by the staff had not provided properly for supplying the deficiency. This is always a danger to which men armed with the breech-loader are liable, and it is an awkward one, for in modern war the man who is without cartridges is virtually disarmed. The cartridges of the dead and wounded were collected and distributed; but this was a poor resource. The enemy had formed new columns of attack, composed of Saxon and Prussian troops, and these, though not without heavy loss, carried the village, and decided the battle which shut Marshal Bazaine and his great army up in Metz. The day after Gravelotte was fought and won, the German headquarters staff published an order that an attack in heavy masses like that which had won Sadowa but had failed at St Privat should never be attempted again.

The deadliness of breech-loading fire has produced another effect upon tactics in battle. The spade has taken a place second only to the rifle, and no General occupies a position in battle even for a couple of hours without rapidly strengthening it with light intrenchments. These consist generally of a shallow trench, the earth from

which is thrown up towards the enemy, so as to form a little parapet in front of it. This is the shelter-trench which we hear of so often in war correspondence. Effective shelter-trenches can be constructed in from eighteen minutes to half an hour, according to the nature of the ground and the skill of the men engaged in the work; and they have this advantage, that they can be continually improved, the trench being deepened, the parapet raised, and a ditch formed outside it, if the position is occupied long enough; so that what was at first a mere shelter-trench, gradually becomes a formidable line of earthworks. A trench is a very efficient protection against artillery-fire, for unless the shells drop actually into it, or upon the parapet, the fragments are not likely to hurt the men crouching or lying down in it; and such accurate hits are rare, most of the projectiles falling a little behind or a little short of the line aimed at.

It is a fact that the actual number of men put *hors de combat* by artillery-fire is very few in any case. It really is meant to produce an effect on the *morale* of the troops attacked; that is to say, to make them nervous, excited, liable to panic, and apt to give way before a sudden onset. Hundreds of shells exploding on the ground and in the air, and scattering showers of fragments on all sides, dropping neatly over walls and barricades, crashing through walls and roofs, and searching woods and thickets, are apt to gradually break down the nerve of all but the steadiest men.

As a matter of actually killing and maiming a large number of the enemy, it is coming to be believed that the old artillery of Napoleon's days used at close quarters, that is at about four hundred yards, against heavy masses, was more deadly than the modern rifled gun. Artillery is now effective up to two thousand five hundred yards, and sometimes even beyond that range. Rifle-fire generally begins at four hundred yards, though picked marksmen may be engaged at longer ranges. The ordinary fighting range of the rifle is thus now equal to that of the field-gun of thirty years ago, and the accuracy of the fire is increased in even a greater ratio. With the old musket the chances of a bullet finding a human billet were extremely uncertain. At one hundred yards there was a deviation of two feet to right or left, which at two hundred yards had increased to more than six feet. The average deviation of the Martini-Henry is about seven inches at three hundred yards, a little less than a foot at five hundred, and about twenty inches at eight hundred; or less than the error of the old musket at one hundred yards. Without aiming, a rapidity of fire equal to twenty-five shots per minute has been obtained with the Martini-Henry with which our army is now furnished. How different from the weapons used in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Yet it is singular that the proportion which the loss in battle bears to the number of men engaged is on the whole decreasing, notwithstanding (or perhaps in consequence of) improved armaments. At Marengo in 1800 the loss in killed and wounded amounted to one-sixth of the effective force engaged; at Austerlitz (1805) it was one-seventh; at Preuss-Eylau (1807), as much as one-third; at

Wagram (1809), rather more than one-ninth; at Borodino (1812), one-fourth; and at Waterloo (1815), rather more than one-sixth. Coming now to more recent battles, we find that at Solferino (1859) the loss was only one-fourteenth; at Sadowa (1866), one-eleventh; at Gravelotte (1870), one-ninth; at Sedan, only one-seventeenth. It would seem that the diminution of the loss is the result of the open order, the use of cover, and the briefness of the struggle at the decisive points, where, on account of the severity of the fighting, it cannot last very long. Men will stand longer under a fire that knocks over only one man in a minute, than they will under one that kills a score in the same time. The heavy fighting at Plevna before its fall, was an exception to this diminution of loss, for in one of their attacks the Russians lost as much as one-fifth, but this was the result of their fighting in heavy columns, in defiance of the experience of 1870. Statistics from both the Russian and the German armies shew that at all times the officers in proportion to their numbers lose more than the men. Naturally they are liable to attract attention and to be picked off by the enemy's marksmen.

With the immense armies of our day the total loss of men is enormous. At Sadowa the Prussians lost 10,000 men out of 215,000 engaged; the Austrians and Saxons 30,000 out of 220,000. At Gravelotte the French, 120,000 strong, lost 14,000; the Germans 20,000 out of 200,000. At Sedan the losses of the Germans were 10,000; of the French, 14,000. The heaviness of the German loss at the battle of Gravelotte was as we have already said, largely due to the failure of the Guards at St Privat.

From these statistics of loss in battle it may be imagined what a painful task and what severe labour are thrown upon the army which remains in possession of a battle-field at the end of the fight. The length of the lines in a general engagement like Sadowa is enormous, ranging from ten to fifteen miles; and the depth of the tract over which the fighting rolls perhaps from two or three to five or six miles; so that the 'battle-field' is a tract of country from thirty to eighty square miles in extent, and this immense tract is strewn with thirty or forty thousand killed and wounded. Here they lie scattered, so that it is a long walk from one fallen man to another; but over there on that hill-side, or in that village where the fight was close and hot, they are thrown together in little heaps, and there is no need of searching for them. Wherever there is water, wounded men are sure to be found, who have dragged themselves down to it. Perhaps they are dead at the brink. There is little blood to be seen; the rivers of blood shed on the battle-field exist only in poetry. Of the actual blood in a pool here and there on the field, most has come from cavalry or artillery horses killed by shell-fire.

The victors in the fight have thrown on their hands not only their own wounded, but those of the enemy. The hurried telegram which announces their success gives also in round numbers a rough estimate of the loss on both sides; generally it is an unintentional exaggeration, for it is hard to judge correctly. In two or three days the real numbers are known; for the dead have been collected, counted, and buried, with great mounds of earth that will mark the battle-field for centuries, and shew too where

the fight was hottest. The wounded, much more numerous than the dead, have been collected in the field-hospitals, and as many as possible are being sent off by train to the great hospitals of distant cities, in order to relieve the strain upon the resources of the medical staff and the volunteer aid societies working in the field. Hard work it is to deal with the immense mass of suffering men. Think what it is to have to arrange suddenly for even two cases of severe illness in an ordinary household, and then try to imagine what labour, care, and forethought are required to provide for many thousands of wounded men in the open country.

The care for the wounded begins while the fight is actually in progress. No help is so efficient as that which comes at once. A man is hit. If the wound is slight, he perhaps does not know anything about it till the fight is over, when he perceives that there is something wrong with his leg or his side; or if he does perceive it, he is able to bandage it at once with a handkerchief, or the bandage that now is carried by almost every soldier. The surgeon of the battalion gives him his assistance if he is at hand; but most men have to do without him if the work is hot, for he cannot multiply himself or be everywhere, though he does his best to accomplish something like it. In most armies, if the men are attacking, he can only attend to the slightly hurt, who are able to keep up with the rest. It is only when the battalion is halted or on the defensive that he can attend to the more seriously injured who fall, for they must not be left behind. The first help is always the most important; given at once to a slightly wounded man, it saves him from having to go into hospital and keeps him in the ranks; given to a fallen man, it probably saves his life. The great danger is exhaustion from loss of blood or from the nervous shock that follows a bullet-wound, which makes a man seem as if he were dying, though with a little help it soon passes off. To stop the bleeding with a tourniquet or a bandage, to give a drink of water or a little brandy, is the aid needed at the outset. This is done actually under fire.

The next help is provided by the field ambulances, or as they are very appropriately called in our service, 'dressing-stations'; these are established in shelter-places upon the actual battlefield in rear of the fighting line. Sometimes an inn, a farmhouse, or some barn is available for this purpose; if not, there are hospital tents or the shade of trees. Here is to be found a staff of surgeons and dressers, with appliances for the more necessary operations, and a store of stimulants and sustaining food. To bring the wounded men out of the firing, there are attached to each regiment a few trained bearers with stretchers. These bearers being provided, no man is allowed to leave the ranks to help the wounded; otherwise, every man that fell would be the means of withdrawing two others from the fight, and whole companies might melt rapidly away. The bearers remove as many as they can to the dressing-stations; they take those nearest to hand, and the wounded man who attracts their attention is lucky. Many more less fortunate than he have to wait till the battle is over, for comparatively few can be carried off during the actual fighting. Some, though too disabled to remain in the fight, can themselves

make their way to the stations. They ask their way of any bearers they meet; or if they meet none, they look out anxiously for the white flag with the red cross that flies over the little harbour of refuge of which they are in search. The wounded men who are thus brought or come into the stations have their wounds dressed by the surgeons, with the help of chloroform if necessary; a record of the nature of the wound and of the treatment so far, is rapidly written on a card; and if the man will bear removal, his stretcher is placed in an ambulance-wagon, and an easy journey of three or four miles places him in the field-hospital, established in tents or buildings well out of even long-range artillery-fire.

These field-hospitals, rapidly organised with *matériel* that is conveyed with every well-organised army, can accommodate several hundreds of men; and while the battle proceeds, fresh field-hospitals are being got ready wherever buildings or tents are available, for the night will bring in a host of patients. At first there are few men in them; most of the wounded that have been treated are still at the field ambulances. In the evening they arrive more rapidly; next day they come in crowds, and the hospitals are encumbered with them. And now the railway system of the country comes to the help of the overburdened medical staff. Hospital trains—that is to say trains fitted with hanging-beds or stretchers, and provided with nurses and surgeons—carry back to the hospitals of great cities in the rear, all those of the wounded who can safely bear the journey. Gradually death, recovery, or removal clears the field-hospitals; one by one they are closed, their *matériel* and appliances are packed in the wagons of the hospital service, and with their staff of surgeons, dressers, and nurses, they follow the armies in the field. Meanwhile the hospital trains have distributed the wounded into the permanent hospitals at home or into special ones provided for the war. If the army is an English one, ships comfortably fitted up as hospitals have received the wounded at the nearest coast to the battle-field, and they are lying in comfortable hammocks, between airy decks, perhaps at anchor in some roadstead, or better still, going rapidly under sail and steam towards home.

We can dwell with satisfaction on this work of mercy, in which so many willing hands engage to repair, as far as can be done, the wreck and ruin of war. It is a work of mercy which ought to bind nations together, for men of many lands meet to labour under the red cross of mercy wherever war devastates Europe. For many, alas! the help comes too late; the bullet has done its work swiftly and surely; life is gone; or the wound is mortal and the sufferer dies, and will lie under the long green battle-mound. An officer will look at the tablet under his uniform that gives the name and corps of the fallen man, and make an entry in his list of dead; and the news is sent to his friends far away at home. These are the messages that give more pain even than the bullet or bayonet, and terrible it is to think that when men meet in battle the rapid fire of the rifle is doing its work not only in the field, but far away in distant cities and villages, where the sound of the fighting cannot be heard; and where there are women and children and old men to whom that fight will bring sorrow and pain and

even death, as surely as if the rapid rifle-fire itself had swept them down. This is perhaps the darkest side of the picture, the portion of the loss caused by war, which our statistics cannot touch.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS' 'LE MAÎTRE D'ARMES.'

THE death of the famous dog Sutherland—thus named after the Englishman who had made a gift of it to the Empress Catharine II. of Russia—nearly caused a tragic mistake, in so far as it nearly cost the donor, a celebrated banker, his life. The occurrence took place at St Petersburg.

One morning, at daybreak, Mr Sutherland, the gentleman who had presented the dog to the Empress, and who was consequently a favourite with that august personage—was suddenly awoke by his man-servant.

'Sir,' said the footman, 'your house is surrounded with guards, and the master of the police demands to speak to you.'

'What does he wish with me?' exclaimed the banker, as he leaped from his bed, somewhat startled by this announcement.

'I know not, sir,' answered the footman; 'but it appears that it is a matter of the highest importance, and which, from what he says, can only be communicated to you personally.'

'Shew him in,' said Mr Sutherland, as he hastily donned his dressing-gown.

The footman departed, and returned some minutes afterwards with His Excellency Mr Reliew, upon whose face the banker read at the first glance some formidable intelligence. The worthy banker, however, maintained his calmness, and welcoming the master of the police with his usual urbanity, presented him with a seat. His Excellency, however, remained standing, and in a tone the most dolorous which it was possible to assume, said:

'Mr Sutherland, believe me when I assure you that I am truly grieved to have been chosen by Her Majesty, my very gracious sovereign, to accomplish an order, the severity of which afflicts me, but which has without doubt been provoked by some great crime.'

'By some great crime, Your Excellency!' exclaimed the banker. 'And who then has committed this crime?'

'You, doubtless, sir, since it is upon you that the punishment is to fall.'

'Sir, I swear to you that I know not of any reproach with which to charge myself as a subject of our sovereign; for I am a naturalised Russian, as you must know.'

'And it is precisely, sir, because you are a naturalised Russian that your position is terrible. If you had remained a subject of His Britannic Majesty, you would have been able to call in the aid of the English consul, and escape thus perhaps the rigour of the order which I am, to my very great regret, charged to execute.'

'Tell me then, Your Excellency, what is this order?'

'Oh, sir, never will I have the strength to make it known to you.'

'Have I lost the good graces of Her Majesty?'

'Oh, if it were only that!'

'Is it a question to make me depart for England?'

'Oh! no; even that must not be.'

'Mon Dieu! you terrify me. Is it an order to send me to Siberia?'

'Siberia, sir, is a fine country, and which people have calumniated. Besides, people return from it.'

'Am I condemned to prison?'

'The prison is nothing. Prisoners come out of prison.'

'Sir, sir!' cried the banker, more and more affrighted, 'am I destined to the knout?'

'The knout is a punishment very grievous; but the knout does not kill.'

'Miserable fate!' said Sutherland, terrified. 'I see indeed that it is a matter of death.'

'And what a death!' exclaimed the master of the police, whilst he solemnly raised his eyes with an expression of the most profound pity.

'How! what a death! Is it not enough to kill me without trial, to assassinate me without cause? Catharine orders, yet'—

'Alas! yes, she orders'—

'Well, speak, sir! What does she order? I am a man; I have courage. Speak!'

'Alas! my dear sir, she orders— If it had not been by herself that the command had been given, I declare to you, my dear Mr Sutherland, that I would not have believed it.'

'But you make me die a thousand times. Let me see, sir, what has she ordered you to do?'

'She has ordered me to have you STUFFED!'

The poor banker uttered a cry of distress; then looking the master of the police in the face, said: 'But, Your Excellency, it is monstrous what you say to me; you must have lost your reason.'

'No, sir; I have not lost my reason; but I will certainly lose it during the operation.'

'But how have you—you who have said you are my friend a hundred times—you, in short, to whom I have had the honour to render certain services—how have you, I say, received such an order without endeavouring to represent the barbarity of it to Her Majesty?'

'Alas! sir, I have done what I could, and certainly what no one would have dared to do in my place. I besought Her Majesty to renounce her design, or at least to charge another than myself with the execution of it; and that with tears in my eyes. But Her Majesty said to me with that voice which you know well, and which does not admit of a reply: "Go, sir, and do not forget that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur of the commissions with which I charge you."'

'And then?'

'Then,' said the master of the police, 'I lost no time in repairing to a very clever naturalist who stuffs animals for the Academy of Sciences; for in short, since there was, not any alternative, I deemed it only proper, and out of respect for your feelings, that you should be stuffed in the best manner possible.'

'And the wretch has consented?'

'He referred me to his colleague, who stuffs apes, having studied the analogy between the human species and the monkey tribe.'

'Well?'

'Well, sir, he awaits you.'

'How! he awaits me! But is the order so peremptory?'

'Not an instant must be lost, my dear sir; the order of Her Majesty does not admit of delay.'

'Without granting me time to put my affairs in order? But it is impossible!'

'Alas! it is but too true, sir.'

'But you will allow me first to write a letter to the Empress?'

'I know not if I ought; my instructions were very emphatic.'

'Listen! It is a last favour, a favour which is not refused to the greatest culprit. I entreat it of you.'

'But it is my situation which I risk.'

'And it is my life which is at stake.'

'Well, write; I permit it. However, I inform you that I do not leave you a single instant.'

'Thanks, thanks. Pray, request one of your officers to come, that he may convey my letter.'

The master of the police called a lieutenant of the Royal Guards, delivered to him the letter of poor Sutherland, and ordered him to bring back the answer to it immediately. Ten minutes afterwards, the lieutenant returned with the order to bring the banker to the imperial palace. It was all that the sufferer desired.

A carriage stood at the gate. Mr Sutherland entered it, and the lieutenant seated himself near him. Five minutes afterwards they were at the palace, where Catharine waited. They introduced the condemned man to her presence, and found Her Majesty in convulsions of laughter.

It was for Sutherland now to believe her mad. He threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand in his, exclaimed: 'Mercy, madame! In the name of heaven, have mercy on me; or at the least tell me for what crime I have deserved a punishment so horrible.'

'But my dear Monsieur Sutherland,' replied Catharine with all the gravity she could command, 'this matter does not concern you at all!'

'How, Your Majesty, is it not a matter concerning me? Then whom does it concern?'

'Why, the dog of course which you gave me, and which died yesterday of indigestion. Then in my grief at this loss and in my very natural desire to preserve at least his skin, I ordered that fool Relieu to come to me, and said to him: "Monsieur Relieu, I have to request that you will have Sutherland immediately stuffed." As he hesitated, I thought that he was ashamed of such a commission; whereupon I became angry and dismissed him on his errand.'

'Well, madame,' answered the banker, 'you can boast that you have in the master of the police a faithful servant; but at another time, pray, I entreat of you, to explain better to him the orders which he receives.'

The four-footed Sutherland was duly promoted to a glass case *vice* the banker—relieved.

AN INTERNATIONAL POLAR EXPEDITION.

In a former paper on Polar Colonisation we mentioned that an American enthusiast had suggested that, with a view to the achievement of greater results, the enterprise of exploring the Arctic regions should be made an international one. A somewhat similar-idea appears to have occurred about the same time to Count Wilczek, and Lieutenant Charles Weyprecht, of Arctic fame. After many months of careful consideration, these gentlemen lately issued at Vienna the programme of the work which they propose should be under-

taken by an International Polar Expedition. The elaborate scheme therein propounded was originally prepared with a view to its details being fully discussed by the International Meteorological Congress which was to have met at Rome in the month of September of last year, but which, owing to political events, it has been found necessary to postpone till the present year. The peculiarity of their project is that they aim at purely *scientific* exploration in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and that they leave geographical discovery out of their programme, intending that it should be undertaken by a separate expedition. To accomplish the highly important end they have in view, they suggest that each of the states participating in the work should equip an expedition and despatch it to one of the stations enumerated by them. Each of the powers interested will be left to decide how long it will continue the work and what questions should be studied beyond those laid down in the international programme. The investigations to be undertaken in common will only include the phenomena of meteorology and terrestrial magnetism, *aurora boreales*, and the laws which govern the movements of ice. As of course uniformity and the utmost possible accuracy in the observations to be taken are absolutely necessary for purposes of comparison, the propounders of the scheme enter into very minute details, especially as regards the magnetic observations. The following are the places which are considered the most favourable for the purposes above indicated: (In the northern hemisphere), the north coast of Spitzbergen, the north coast of Novaya Zemlya, the vicinity of the North Cape of Finmark, the north coast of Siberia at the mouths of the Lena, New Siberia, Point Barrow at the north-east of Behring Strait (occupied by Maguire 1852-54), the Danish settlement on the west coast of Greenland, and the east coast of Greenland in about latitude 75°; (in the southern hemisphere) the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, Kerguelen or Macdonald Islands, and one of the groups south of the Auckland Islands. Each state interested, it may be mentioned in conclusion, must establish a station for a year at least, and conform strictly to the terms of the programme.

THE FIRST PRIMROSE.

A PRIMROSE awoke from its long winter sleep,
And stretched out its head through its green leaves to peep;

But the air was so cold, and the wind was so keen,

And not a bright flower but itself to be seen.

'Alas!' sighed the Primrose, 'how useless am I,

As here all alone and half hidden I lie;

But I'll strive to be cheerful, contented to be,

Just a simple wild flower growing under a tree.'

Soon a maiden passed by, looking weary and sad,

In the bright early spring-time, when all should be glad,

But she spied the sweet Primrose so bright and so gay,

And the sight of it charmed all her sadness away;

And the Primrose gave thanks to the dear Lord above,

Who had sent it on such a sweet mission of love.

CATHARINE DAVIDSON.

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QUEEN'S MESSENGERS.

SOMEWHAT more than forty years ago, Mr Baillie Fraser published a lively and instructive volume under the title *A Winter's Journey (Tatâr) from Constantinople to Teheran*. Political complications had arisen between Russia and Turkey—an old story, of which we are witnessing a new version at the present time. The English government deemed it urgently necessary to send out instructions to our representatives at Constantinople and Teheran; and this could only be done in those days by means of Messengers bold and hardy enough to bear a great amount of fatigue in the saddle. Mr Fraser, intrusted with this duty, told the tale of his hard work. The word *Tatâr*, in Turkey, is applied to a native courier, guide, and companion, a hardy horseman who fulfils all these functions, speaking two or more languages, and ready to do the best that can be done to overcome the multiplied tribulations of regions almost roadless and innless. When travelling *Tatâr*, these men have been known to make truly wonderful journeys on horseback. One of special character was made in 1815, when the British government wished to convey to Persia the stirring news of the escape of Napoleon from Elba. The British Embassy at Constantinople sent a Messenger from thence to Demavend, a Persian city nearly two thousand miles distant, across a dangerously rugged country; this amazing horse-ride was accomplished in seventeen days; averaging nearly a hundred and twenty miles a day.

Mr Baillie Fraser gives a vivid description of his own experience in this kind of life, riding day and night, and stopping only when the absolute need of a few hours' rest drove him into a wretched post-house or a mere hovel. It was 'a *Tatâr* journey of two thousand six hundred miles, which for fatigue and anxiety, and suffering from cold and exposure, I will venture to match against anything of the sort that ever was done.' First came seven hundred and fifty miles across European Turkey, from Belgrade to Constantinople; and then seven hundred along the whole

extent of Asia Minor to Amasia; but during the remaining seven weeks of the journey, he says: 'We have been wading night and day through interminable wastes of deep snow, exposed to all the violence of storms, drift, and wind, with the thermometer frequently from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero. Our clothes and faces and beards were clotted into stiff masses of ice; our boots, hard as iron, frozen to the stirrup; and our limbs tortured with pain, or chilled into insensibility by intense cold.'

Another famous journey across European Turkey, in 1849, has been described by Major Byng Hall, whose volume we shall presently advert to. A Messenger was directed to haste as fast as horseflesh could carry him from Belgrade to the Morava, then on through Alexinitz and Nissa, across the Balkans, and so on through Sofia to Constantinople—in great part the very route which Russian and Turkish troops have been devastating. When he crossed the Balkans at one of the passes or ravines, he had been riding continually night and day, and reeled backward and forward in his saddle; and more than once he nearly fell to the ground through exhaustion and want of sleep, at places where precipices were perilously near. He reached Constantinople in five days eleven hours from Belgrade, contending the whole time on horseback against wind, mud, and rain. Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), British ambassador at Constantinople, complimented him by saying that it was 'the quickest winter journey ever known.' Lord Palmerston adverted in the House of Commons to this journey, on an occasion when some members were animadverting on the great cost of the diplomatic service: 'As a proof of the zeal with which these royal Messengers render their services to the government of this country, I will mention an instance in which one of these gentlemen performed his duty on an occasion when it was required that he should make an extraordinary effort in order to carry a despatch of very considerable importance from the Foreign Office to Constantinople, at a time when a question was pending between Russia and Turkey. He was

days and nights in the saddle without quitting it, and performed the journey in the worst weather and under the greatest possible difficulties.'

Major Byng Hall, just named, has published a pleasant work under the title of the *Queen's Messenger*, recounting some of his own journeys and those of his colleagues. Amongst others was a sledge-journey to St Petersburg in midwinter; when his driver got intoxicated, drove into some sledges coming in the opposite direction, and nearly brought about a perilous scene of scuffle and bloodshed—all in a dark night amid enormous accumulations of snow. He draws attention to the varied qualifications necessary to any one who fills this office: 'No man, be he who he may, who holds the post of one of Her Majesty's foreign Messengers, and who must, for the due performance of the constant and arduous duties intrusted to him, be acquainted with foreign languages, but must obtain much knowledge by the wayside, impracticable if not impossible to the holiday traveller'—which all becomes essentially serviceable to him in subsequent journeys. A writer in *Blackwood* pleasantly spoke a few years ago of these 'foreign Mercuries, who travel throughout Europe at a pace only short of the telegraph. They are wonderful fellows, and must be very variously endowed. What capital sleepers, and yet so easily awakened! What a deal of bumping must their heads be equal to! What an indifference must they be endowed with to bad dinners, bad roads, bad servants, and bad smells! How patient must they be here, how peremptory there! How they must train their stomachs to long fastings, and their skin to little soap!'

And now for a brief account of the organisation of this small but remarkable body of men.

The Queen's Messengers of the present day are virtually *employés* of the Foreign Office; seeing that the conveyance of despatches to and from British ambassadors and representatives at foreign courts is the chief duty intrusted to them. Many a declaration of war has been thus conveyed.

About thirty years ago the House of Commons requested and obtained from the Foreign Office an account of the expense connected with the system of Queen's Messengers. The payments to these gentlemen were found to be made up in an odd way, such as no commercial firm would dream of adopting. There was a small annual salary, whether the Messenger were travelling or not. There were board wages, so much per day when in actual service. There was an allowance for his trouble, anxiety, and fatigue in riding and driving along—so much a mile if on horseback, so much in a vehicle, so much in a steam-boat. There was a reimbursement for actual outlay for railways, vehicles, horses, postillions, hostlers, road and bridge tolls, passports, loss on exchange of moneys, &c. This reimbursement was in nearly all cases more than he actually paid, owing to the liberal scale on which it was calculated.

Every Messenger, it was found, received about

four hundred a year for himself, and six hundred for travel-outlay. Some of the journeys, we learn from the parliamentary paper, were enormously expensive; railways on the continent were at that time comparatively few, and the old system of posting and horse-riding had still to be kept up over very long distances. One single journey from London to Frankfurt was set down at L.46; to Berlin, L.70; to Turin, L.83; to Vienna, L.86; to Madrid, L.123; to Rome, L.143; to Naples, L.162. The giant items were: London to St Petersburg *via* Berlin (1964 miles), L.166; and London to Constantinople *via* Vienna (2192 miles), L.269. It is probable that at that time there was scarcely any rail beyond Vienna, whatever may have been the case on this side; and that the Messenger to Constantinople had to travel by relays of horses or of post vehicles more than eleven hundred miles of his journey. The outward journey alone is mentioned in each instance; the homeward was probably about equal to it in cost. One Messenger, Mr Crotch, went from Calais to Paris (carrying despatches which had come from London *via* Dover) sixteen times in the year, and sixteen times in the reverse direction; receiving about L.25 per journey for expenses and emoluments.

In 1868 the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs resolved that the time had come for remodelling the system. In a circular addressed to all British representatives abroad, he pointed out numerous ways in which the number of despatches sent might be reduced, and the expense lessened still more considerably. The post and the electric telegraph might safely be intrusted, under the improved modern arrangements, with many of the questions, answers, and instructions hitherto conveyed by Queen's Messengers. It was also pointed out that, when telegrams were sent, an unnecessary verbiage was indulged in, tending to increase the cost without in any way conducing to the intelligibility of the message. The employment of cipher-writing* would be available by post and by telegraph as well as by Messenger, so long as the key to the cipher is known only to the Foreign Office.

Irrespective of the quantity of circumlocution involved in the matter, there is the question of emolument to the Messengers employed. The Foreign Secretary found, on close examination, that these gentlemen were in the receipt of eight hundred a year each on an average. The amount had doubled itself in the course of twenty years, chiefly by means of the profit derived from the allowance for travelling—economical railway and steam-boat fares being charged to the government as if they were the expensive old-fashioned fares. Thus the mileage *profit* increased as the mileage *expenditure* decreased. All these lumbering arrangements were swept away, and a fixed salary decided on, just as for government clerks, &c. Five hundred a year was the amount decided on, to be paid whether the Messenger were employed or unemployed, whether at home or abroad.

It need hardly be said that by the introduction of railways the duties of these Messengers have

* The readers of *Chambers's Journal* are not without the means of knowing something of cipher-writing. Vol. XX. (1853), page 161, and Vol. IV. (1855), page 134, contain much curious information on the subject, applicable equally to the present time.

been immensely simplified. 'For many years they have scarcely if ever been called upon to travel on horseback; the communication with Constantinople, which was formerly carried on partly by that means, having for some time past been wholly kept up by railway and steam-vessel. In consequence of the accelerated rate of travelling by railway, they are rarely kept out of bed as formerly, for six, eight, ten, or even more nights; and even when they are travelling at night, they are almost always able to enjoy uninterrupted rest, instead of being obliged, as formerly, to be constantly on the alert, in order to stimulate the exertions of postillions and owner.'

The salary was subsequently settled by making the amount five hundred guineas instead of pounds.

Important personages in their way are these foreign Messengers, sufficiently high in social position to comprise among their number (at the present time) an 'honourable,' a major, and six captains. Evidently the post is eagerly sought for when a vacancy occurs. One of those at present in the service has been a Messenger during the long period of thirty-five years: what a prodigious amount of travel he must have gone through! Good salaries are not the only attractions; several past Messengers have retired on pensions, pretty well wearied of knocking about Europe; while widows of Messengers receive allowances under exceptional circumstances.

Smart-looking personages are these messengers, as attired to distinguish them from ordinary civilians. The official regulations on this subject tell us that 'the Messengers must be furnished with a uniform—consisting of a dark-blue cloth double-breasted frock coat with turn-down collar; blue single-breasted waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, with edging of gold-lace; trousers of Oxford mixture, with a scarlet cord down the side seams; gilt buttons embossed with the royal arms encircled by the crown and garter, and having a greyhound pendent; blue cloth cap with leather peak, band of black braid, and the royal cipher and crown gilt in front; a badge of the regulation size, with the royal crown and silver greyhound pendent, suspended from the neck by a dark-blue ribbon. This uniform, and more especially the badge, must be always worn by Messengers when travelling; but the badge must not be worn at any other time.'

We have said nothing of home Messengers, those who carry despatches to and fro within the limits of the British Islands. Nor indeed is there much to say concerning them. They are fewer in number, and less handsomely paid than those employed abroad. Under the system which prevailed before the reforms effected eight or nine years ago, each home Messenger had quite a medley of emoluments—so much fixed salary, so much board wages, so much excess or surplus above actual travelling expenses of all kinds. This is now altered; each Messenger receives a definite annual remuneration for his services—less than formerly, but quite sufficient for the kind of work done. In fact postal facilities and the electric telegraph are gradually lessening the necessity for the adoption of the Messenger system. Nevertheless there are times when a home Messenger is thrown upon his own resources. When the Queen is at Balmoral, and floods and snow-storms block the railways and render the roads impassable, the Messenger must

perforce get on somehow or other with his despatch bag, at any cost of money, toil, and anxiety; and he *does* get on, although the newspapers are not told much about it.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER V.—IN THE WASTE.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday at the village school of High Tor, and the work of learning and the yet harder toil of teaching were for that day over. Ethel Gray had seen the last of her released pupils scamper joyously off homewards, and was busied in putting away books and maps, when the clatter of heavy shoes caused her to turn her eyes towards the doorway, wherein stood a tall slip of a girl, looking absurdly big and bony for the clothes which she had outgrown. Ethel knew the freckled face, and smiled pleasantly in answer to its owner's grin of recognition.

'If you please, miss,' said the new-comer, sidling towards the school-mistress—'if you please, mother sent I down from the moor to say how 'twas my little brother didn't 'tend here noughter Monday, nor yetterer Tuesday, nor now. Little Lenny be down in the fever; that's why he ben't here, please.'

'What fever?' asked Ethel. She had not been long enough at High Tor to become thoroughly familiar with the diction of the country folks.

'The fever, to be sure!' reiterated the tall girl, who might have been some fourteen years of age, amazed that so learned a personage as she took Miss Gray to be should boggle over so patent a physiological fact. 'It do be going about most at fall-time; but Lenny's only a wishy one, ye know, so he's took with the shiver fits in June, getting wet at the hayfield; and so, mother bein' main fond o' he, as we 'm all, when he begs her to "let Miss Gray, to school, know 'twarn't his fault," why mother says: "Betty, get thee down to village and do the child's errand." That be all.'

The quick tears rose glistening to Ethel's eyes. There was something pathetic in the idea of this tiny sufferer tossing on his bed of pain beneath the rotting thatch of the cottage among the moorlands, and anxious to excuse his involuntary default to the kind teacher whom he had already learned to love. He was a pet pupil of Ethel's, this wee boy Lenny, or Leonard Mudge by name, as being one of those rare learners who seem to thirst after the fountains of knowledge towards which others have to be cajoled or driven. Day after day had the new school-mistress seen Lenny in class, the readiest to come, the least eager to leave, his bright large eyes intent upon the face of his instructress.

The parents had been proud of the little fellow's cleverness, and with an unselfishness not universal in the poor and struggling class to which they belonged, had contrived not merely to save the school-pence that supplemented the government grant, but to send the boy down under such escort as could be found for him, day after day. Now it was a carter, who would perch Lenny on the shaft of his rough chariot; now a stalwart lass, bent on earning her ninepence for a day's hard work at the washing-tub, and who allowed the little scholar to trot by her side; sometimes a mushroom-gatherer or gleaner of whortleberries

from the waste, and who was not unwilling to take temporary charge of Lenny. Sometimes, as a great concession, Sister Betty would be spared from weeding or cow-tending, to convoy Leonard, too young to go alone, to High Tor. As for Betty herself, she had been relegated, long ago in the by-gone days of her own short schooling, into the category of unteachables. She was a good girl; but two successive mistresses had given her up as a hopeless dunce, long before Betty began to earn two-thirds of her own living, and Ethel Gray to be mistress of High Tor school.

'I'll go and see Lenny. It is a half-holiday for me, you know, as well as for the children. How far is it, Betty? But I'm sure it is not too far, for I am a tolerable walker, if you will shew me the way,' said Ethel impulsively. Now this, as Betty knew, was the very consummation which her mother, whose perceptions had been for the time sharpened by the stimulus of maternal love, desired to bring about. The moorland lass was not much of a diplomatist, but she was quite well aware that to exaggerate the difficulties of an enterprise is often to damp the spirits of those who undertake it.

'It's not fur,' said Betty argumentatively; 'that's to say,' she added, as her conscience smote her, 'not to call fur, but a goodish walk. But 'tis mortal fine to-day. And Lenny he'd be so glad!'

Ethel hesitated no longer, but merely mentioning her errand to the decent old village dame who was her housekeeper and factotum, threw her rain-cloak over her arm—no bad precaution in that moist climate—and under Betty's guidance set forth. As to the beauty of the day, Betty was speaking within bounds when she described it as 'mortal fine.' The sparkling sky was as blue as a sapphire, and the breeze balmy enough to have blown over the orange groves and geranium hedges of Bermuda. It was, in short, one of those so-called 'gaudy' mornings which rarely, in the uncertain climate of our latitudes, finish as they have begun; least of all among the wilds of savage Dartmoor, the very cradle and nesting-place of bad weather.

A long walk it was, over rough and smooth, over wet and dry, by road and track of very various quality, to the cluster of moorland cottages, far off in an upland valley, where dwelt the Mudge family. Betty knew the mileage pretty well, but she kept the information to herself, lest, as she said in her own heart, 'school-mistress' should be 'scared.' She had a very poor opinion personally of the physical powers of book-learned fellow-creatures; but when she found how well her companion kept pace with her on the steep hill-side, she paused once to say, with shy approval: 'Tis yarely well ye walk, miss. We'll be there before long.'

A curiously contrasted pair would these two have appeared, had any competent observer been there to note the difference between them, as they scaled the edges of the lofty table-land, gashed by ravines and dotted by crags, which constitutes Dartmoor. Betty's personal appearance has been mentioned. To say that a young female looks lanky and gawky, may, however frequently such adjectives are upon feminine lips, be thought to imply some irreverence towards the sex. But it would be impossible to conceive an accurate idea of Betty Mudge without constructing an ideal

portrait of her that should depict her as gawky and lanky, a large-boned, freckled, well-meaning young creature, willingly accepting the responsibilities of a life of hard work and contented ignorance.

Ethel Gray, on the other hand, was a very beautiful girl. Beauty, as we know, is independent of its surroundings, and there is no reason why a village schoolmistress should not possess that dangerous gift. Her plain dress, her plain little hat, could not hide the fact that her figure was faultless, and that she possessed a lovely face and hair that in its dark luxuriance deserved to be called magnificent. What was more remarkable was the sweet dignity of her manner, frank and unpretending as it was. No one could be gentler than Ethel. Children were at home with her at once. But she seemed to be one of those who are born to be respected, without advancing any especial claim to consideration.

Lenny Mudge's sister ought to have known better than to have entered, with the rash confidence of youth, on what was really five miles of rough walking, on that most treacherous of days, locally denominated as 'spoiled,' when a sunny morning is succeeded by the oncoming of a mist as dense as if it had boiled up from the sullen shores of Coeytus or Acheron. The fog fell, as Dartmoor fogs did fall before Britain saw the Roman eagles, with the rapidity of a theatrical drop-scene cutting off the mimic presentment from the clapping hands and levelled opera-glasses of the spectators. Only in this case it was stern reality.

'Doan't you be afeard, miss,' said Betty sturdily; 'I be moorland born and bred, and I'll hammer it out somehow.'

But this boast was more easy to make than to fulfil, for everywhere hung, poised in air, something like a silvery veil, shutting out from sight all familiar landmarks, and rendering it impossible to distinguish any object two paces distant. The mist had fallen so abruptly from the huge Tors, as it seemed, that rose here and there like watch-towers of the waste, that a fanciful imagination might have conceived the seething vapour to represent a semi-transparent drapery, suddenly cast from a giant hand over land and sea.

But a minute or two before, Ethel had allowed her eyes to rest admiringly on the many-coloured surface of the vast moor, here robed in purple of imperial splendour, there of tenderest green, and anon brown or crimson or bluish gray, as shrub and berry and weed and wild-flower dappled the rolling ocean of heather. Then below was the cultured plain, furrowed by thickly wooded clefts, through which the Dartmoor streams ran brawling to the sea, that lay calm and blue and flecked with white sails, so plainly within the range of vision. And now all was changed, and it was fog, fog, and fog only, girdling in the wayfarers on every hand, and there was no knowing whither to turn.

Betty Mudge did her best; but her zeal outran her discretion; and indeed the task of pilot in that rolling mist was no easy one. Had there but been a hard road, though never so narrow, beneath her feet, the girl would have gone on cheerfully enough. But there was no real road for about half the distance between High Tor and Shaws, as that solitary spot where stood the abode of the Mudges

was called, merely a congeries of winding cart-ruts, among which, in moderately clear weather, it was facile for one who knew the country to make short-cuts at pleasure.

'If we were to go back?' suggested Ethel, after a while; but Betty Mudge by no means accepted the proposition.

'It be just as easy, miss, to go forrard as to go backarder,' returned Lenny's sister doggedly; 'but what's main hard in the thick is to know which is which.'

They went on for some time without speaking.

'I was listening,' at last said the young guide abruptly, 'for a sheep-bell. If I could but hear that, shepherd would put us right.'

But though Ethel hearkened also, in hopes of catching the far-off tinkle of a bell from some folded flock, the silence remained as unbroken as though man, with all his works and ways, had been banished from the island. Nothing but blinding mist to greet the eye, nothing but heather and peat and stones beneath the feet, as the two stumbled and groped forward, going deeper and deeper, for aught they knew, into the heart of the wilderness. The misty vapour heaved and rolled like a billowy sea, taking fantastic shapes, here of a threatening giant, there of a winding-sheet spread by no mortal hand, there again of a battlemented castle rearing its towers aloft.

There are landscape painters—even aspiring young Associates, newly elected, of the Royal Academy whom it would have greatly gratified to have been on the moor that day, and to have seen the fluctuating hues of the mist, here fleecy snow, there translucent silver, elsewhere such pearly grays as the colour-box fails to render, while sunwards a faint pale shimmering streak of tender opal stretched, like Jacob's ladder, almost from heaven to earth. It was a study worthy of an artist's heed too, the manner in which the bare bleak Tors, red, brown, gray, according to the nature of the stone, cropped up from the moor, each crag rising out of the peaty soil like the bones of a buried Titan. But poor Ethel became very tired as she wandered on under the aimless guidance of Betty Mudge, who was herself tired, and who could but guess, and that wildly, in which direction home might lie.

'Ware!' she cried, as Ethel was about to plant her foot unsuspectingly on an inviting patch of emerald turf. 'Yon's bog, yon is, deep enow to suck down a horse to the saddle-laps. Never trust the green, and the greener the softer, miss. Send, we moun't a strayed to Heronsmere or the Black-pool, for there be swamps there would swallow bigger nor we. Gran'father, they tell, smothered in Blackpool, but 'twere in winter-time.'

Then there came creeping like insidious enemies into Ethel's mind all the weird legends which since her stay at High Tor she had heard regarding the waste. There were tales of belated horsemen and lonely foot-travellers overwhelmed by snow-storms in winter, and lying dead among the drifts, the prey of the hill-fox and the carrion crow. There were tales too of those who had been lost in the blinding mist, and had either perished in some quagmire, or died miserably of hardship and exhaustion, after many hours of walking on the moor.

'It ben't of no manner o' good!' said Betty, after another long spell of silence. 'We may

walk till we drop. I'm main tired myself. And what's the use? For oughter we know, we may be going round and round.'

Ethel too was weary, so weary that it was with difficulty she could raise her voice to urge on her now desponding companion the expediency of a renewed effort. 'Surely, surely,' she said, 'we shall, if we persevere, come upon some road or see the lights—for it must be getting late—in some farm or cottage.'

'One Tor be terrible like another,' returned Betty with a sob. 'I got no more notion whirrabouts we be, nor if I were fresh dropped out of the moon. I'm no use here, and can hardly drag. And what'll mother say!'

And the girl sat down on a fragment of rock which jutted from a bluff stony Tor rising overhead, and began to weep. And then there forced itself on Ethel's mind the dreadful thought that they had perhaps really been walking in a circle until their forces were spent, and might die of fatigue, cold, and even hunger before they should be discovered. Who could tell when the fog would disperse! The mist might overhang the lofty table-land of the moor for whole days, possibly for weeks, cutting the lost ones as completely off from succour as some shipwrecked mariner on his desolate isle. No sound floated to Ethel's ears as she listened long and eagerly.

'Don't cry, Betty; don't cry. Something—I know not what—tells me that we shall get through this safely yet,' said Ethel, as she too took her seat upon the rock, and laid her hand kindly on that of her young companion. But Betty only blubbered the more furiously.

'Tain't so much for me, miss!' she said. 'It be my fault, every bit on't. I brought you here. And Lenny—and mother' — The train of ideas thus conjured up acted so strongly on the untutored imagination of Betty Mudge, that she wept so loudly and dolefully that her wails re-echoed through the solitary waste.

What was that? Surely a human voice calling aloud at some distance through the fog, as if in answer to Betty's inarticulate plaint. Yes, there was no mistake this time. It was the hearty halloo of a deep voice, and the words were: 'Ho! I say, there! What ails you? Anything wrong?'

'We be lost in fog!' called out the girl by way of answer.

'It's a woman or a child,' exclaimed another voice from the mist. 'Push on, Bates! The cry came from this direction to the left.' And presently, bursting through the floating wreaths of vapour, appeared the figures of two men, the shorter and sturdier of whom, a gamekeeper by his velvet coat and leathern gaiters, and the metal dog-whistle at his button-hole, led a pony with a creel strapped to the saddle-bow.

'Here they are, my Lord!' ejaculated this functionary, as he caught sight of the forlorn two upon the rock. The gentleman to whom he spoke came hurrying up across the stony ground, a fishing-rod in his hand.

'Don't be frightened, my little maid,' he called out cheerily to Betty, who wept more unrestrainedly than ever, now that help was near; and then, catching a glimpse of Ethel's pale beautiful face as she looked up, he exclaimed: 'Why, this is a lady—here!' and instinctively he raised his hat. 'Stop! It is Miss Gray from

the village, if I am not mistaken.—You must let me see you safely off the moor. I live near, at High Tor; though I daresay you do not know me, Miss Gray. I have seen you at church.'

'Yes, I know you, Lord Harrogate,' returned Ethel, trying to rise, but sinking back fainting and giddy on her rocky seat. 'I am sorry to give you trouble, but'—her voice failed her, and her eyes seemed to be darkened. The quick revulsion of feeling, from what was all but sheer despair to the consciousness of being saved, had intensified the effects of great physical fatigue. She heard the young man's voice addressing herself, but could not distinguish the words because of the low droning sound that filled her ears as she sat passive on the rock. Who he was she quite well knew. It was not possible for the member of a small congregation such as that in High Tor church to be ignorant of the features of so notable an occupant of Lord Wolverhampton's pew as the Earl's son and heir. Tall, handsome, and manly, Lord Harrogate was worth looking at for his own sake; but Ethel had never thus looked upon him until she found herself thus confronted with him in the mist, as her rescuer from certain suffering, perhaps from death.

'If you are able to walk, Miss Gray,' said Lord Harrogate earnestly, 'will you take my arm and lean on me? My servant will charge himself with the child here; indeed I do not think he can do better than to set her on the pony, as she seems so tired. We must all of us rely on Bates's guidance to get clear of the waste. Happily, he is a thorough moorman, and can pick his way where I should be at fault.'

'Ay, ay, my Lord,' returned Bates, flattered by the compliment, but honestly unwilling to be pranked in borrowed plumage. 'But if we were t'other side o' Pinkney Ridge or Cranmere way, I'd not be so gey ready to take the lead in a fog like this one. I've heard of moormen straying round and round, and lying down to die in a drift within gunshot o' their own house-door. But we were on the hard path just now, so if we can but strike it again, we're safe.'

They started, Betty Mudge perched sideways on the pony, which the keeper led; while Ethel, in spite of her protestation that she could walk unaided, was glad to avail herself of the support of Lord Harrogate's arm. It was not all plain sailing, for so dense was the fog that even the experienced keeper was puzzled for a time, until his sharp ear caught the well-known babble of a brook.

'Tis running water!' cried Bates in triumph. 'Safest plan on the moor is to follow running water, for that won't deceive. We'll win through it.'

And indeed a short half-hour brought the party to the firm high-road, with the gates of High Tor Park, topped by their stone wyverns, within sight. Betty Mudge, who announced herself as having an aunt in the village at whose cottage she could pass the night, was despatched under convoy to that relative's abode. But Ethel Grey looked so worn and ill, that Lord Harrogate insisted on her retaining his arm up the carriage-drive leading to the house, where she could receive the attention her state required.

'My mother and sisters will take care of you, I know,' he said, as he supported her slow steps

through the park, where the fog, so dense upon the frowning hills above, only floated in fitful wreaths. The house was reached, and great was the surprise of those within when Lord Harrogate appeared with Ethel, pale, patient, exhausted, but beautiful still, her dark hair and her dress dripping with wet, leaning on his strong arm. The Countess was kind; and her daughters, beautiful golden-haired Lady Gladys, honest-eyed earnest Lady Maud, even Lady Alice, a clever child of twelve, were still more kind. A bright wood-fire was soon blazing in what was called the Yellow Room; and Ethel, seated as near to the crackling logs as her chair could be placed, and propped up with cushions, was able to dry her wet tresses and drenched garments; while Lord Harrogate's sisters, and Lady Maud in especial, pressed her to partake of tea and other refreshments, and spoke soothingly to her, and were very full of tender womanly sympathy.

Lady Maud, the Earl's second daughter, knew the new school-mistress better than did the others, and liked her. She was herself a constant visitor at the school-house, and had heard many and many an urchin stammer through his or her lessons there, and could therefore the better appreciate the motive which had led Ethel into her late danger, through a natural wish to comfort little Lenny on his bed of fever. Warmth, and that kindness of manner which women shew more than we do, did much towards bringing Ethel back from that death-in-life which excessive fatigue and chill tend to produce; and when the carriage was, in spite of her remonstrance, 'ordered round,' to convey her home to the school, she had strength enough to walk unaided to the door. Lord Harrogate had disappeared. The Earl had not as yet returned from some meeting of magistrates. 'I will come down to see you, Miss Gray, to-morrow, if I can,' said Lady Maud, as the carriage drove off.

CHAPTER VI.—SIR SYKES MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

'Lucy, my dear, and Blanche too, I want to know how you would like to receive here, at Carbery, a young lady who is a total stranger to all of us; but who, if she comes at all, comes with a distinct understanding that this house, until she marries, is her home. I ask you this, my dears, because I have received a letter'—and the baronet pointed to a black-bordered envelope that lay, with others, beside his plate—'inclosing one penned, long ago, by a hand which can write no more. George Willis—Major, when he died, in the Indian army—was one of my earliest and truest friends. He is dead now. He left behind him this one girl, his only and motherless child, and—and he begs me, in a letter, indorsed "After my death to be forwarded to Sir Sykes Denzil," to become the guardian of this—this poor orphaned thing. How do you say, my girls? Shall we have her here at Carbery, or not?'

It was very neatly and prettily put on the part of Sir Sykes, and the appeal was all the more effective because of the quietude and cool indifference of the baronet's ordinary manner. He was a cold, unemotional person, in the everyday routine of life; and hence the quivering of his lips, the faltering of his voice, added much of

pathos to what might otherwise have seemed commonplace.

As for the answer to the question asked, could there be a doubt of it! It is to the credit of a woman's heart that it always, when a plea is well urged, responds to the Open Sesame of compassion. They may not, as men do, seek out hidden wrongs to be righted and unseen pangs to be assuaged. But the distress that lies at their door they seek to comfort; and had the young ladies of Carbery been very much poorer than they were, their reply to their father's question would have been as generously outspoken.

'By all means, yes, papa, let us have the poor girl here—this Miss—Willis I think is her name; and we will try to make her happy. How sad!' And Blanche and Lucy were all but in tears over the woes of this Anglo-Indian orphan; while Jasper, hiding his face behind his coffee-cup, reflected that 'the governor' was a cool hand, and did his little bit of acting in a manner worthy of Barnum himself.

In most houses of sufficient dignity to own a special letter-bag, the temporary office of post-master is publicly discharged. The old Earl of Wolverhampton, for instance, found it pleasant to sort and classify the motley mass of correspondence which came daily to High Tor; but he would almost as soon have opened a servant's letter as have opened the bag otherwise than in the presence of guests and kindred. Carbery Chase, however, was not High Tor, and Sir Sykes Denzil was a very different family chief from his noble neighbour. The baronet was an early riser, as are many men who have spent much of their lives in India; and he chose that the post-bag should be brought to him in the library an hour or so before the usual assembling for breakfast. Jasper, who was of a suspicious temper, resented this exercise of parental authority; but he was wrong. There may have been passages in Sir Sykes's life which would not, if published, have redounded to his credit, but tampering with letters was not congenial to him. He never gave a second glance to any envelope addressed to Captain Denzil or the captain's sisters, and was as loyal a custodian of the family correspondence as any gentleman in the whole county of Devon. There was this advantage in the baronet's habit as regarded the post-bag, that nobody could tell what letters Sir Sykes received or when he did receive them. There are many of us, and those not the least loved or esteemed, whose letters are as it were public property, and with whom reticence on the subject of a missive newly received by the post would diffuse disquiet and perhaps dismay through the domestic circle. Sir Sykes had never been one of those who wear their hearts, metaphorically, on their sleeves; he told those around him as much as he wished them to know, and no more.

There was quite a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the Denzil girls at the prospect of a new member of the household, a new face at Carbery. They were sorry for this poor Miss Willis, sorer for her by far than for the many orphans whose bereavement is notified to us every day by a grim list of deaths dryly chronicled in the newspaper. And they felt doubly disposed to welcome her and be good to her in that she was lonely and sad, and that her presence would introduce a new element into Carbery. They made no sacrifice in

giving a cheerful acquiescence to their father's suggestion that his ward should be received beneath his roof. In such a house the maintenance of an extra inmate was of no moment at all. But had Sir Sykes been living in furnished lodgings, and forced to look twice at half-a-crown, those honest girls would still not have grudged a share of their hashed mutton and scanty house-room to the daughter of an old friend of their father's.

'I don't think, sir, that I remember to have heard you mention the Major's name,' said Jasper, stolidly buttering his toast, but furtively eyeing his father from beneath his pale eyelashes.

'I think you have heard it,' answered Sir Sykes, with a self-possession that all but staggered Jasper's unbelief. 'We were quartered together for years at Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lahore. There were Reynolds and L'Estrange, and Moreton who is living yet, and this poor fellow Willis; the old set, with whom I was intimate. I don't often bore listeners who have never been in India, with the details of my eastern experiences, else I think that the name of Major—or Captain—George Willis would be tolerably familiar here.'

That the girls, in their newly awakened interest, should ask questions was but natural. But their father had not very much beyond the substance of his original announcement to communicate. He had, he said, but a vague recollection of Mrs Willis, his friend's wife, a bride when Sir Sykes returned to Europe, and who had now been dead for some years. She was a quiet domestic little person, from Wales or Ireland, the baronet did not know which; and she had some pittance of annual income, which would no doubt go to her child at the husband's decease. Major Willis had no private means, at least so Sir Sykes thought. There was a London lawyer, however, who knew all about the financial affairs of the orphan, and who would of course render a proper statement to the baronet's solicitors. Miss Willis would be entitled, as the child of an Indian officer, to no pension, being, as Sir Sykes understood, over the age of twenty-one; but of that again he was not sure, not being certain of the exact age of his friend's daughter. She had no very near relatives, and had never, to Sir Sykes's knowledge, been in England before.

'It was the chaplain of the military station who wrote,' continued Sir Sykes, 'inclosing in his letter that which poor Willis had left for myself; and unless I telegraph to veto the arrangement, you are likely to see Miss Ruth—did I say that her name was Ruth—very soon, since she is to start by the next mail from Bombay.'

'Well,' muttered Jasper to himself, as some time later in the morning he sauntered through the plantations, the path across which made a short cut from Carbery Chase to Lord Wolverhampton's park at High Tor, 'I have seen some cool hands; but— Well, well! It was neatly done, very neatly. If the governor had not had the rare luck to come into a fortune, he would have been as fit to make one as any man I ever came across.'

The young man, whose preference for crooked ways was congenital, and who knew of no road to Fortune's temple save miry and devious ones, began really to feel an admiration for his father's abilities, since he had discovered to what profound depths of dissimulation the baronet could descend. His own craft had enabled him to lift a corner of

the fair seeming mask which Sir Sykes wore before the world, but as yet his knowledge was too imperfect to enable its possessor to make capital of the secret. Could he once—

'Why, Captain Denzil!' exclaimed a ringing girlish voice, 'I could almost give you credit for poetic reveries, so complete is your unconsciousness of the mere commonplace world around you. You had all but passed us without a word or a bow.'

Jasper could not repress a slight start, as he found himself in presence of the three ladies De Vere and of their brother Lord Harrogate, in the main avenue of the park. The young man's moody countenance brightened at once.

'I am not, as a rule, greatly given to dreaming in broad daylight, Lady Gladys,' he said good-humouredly; 'and as for the poetry, I'll promise to dedicate my first volume of sonnets, or whatever they call them, to yourself. I am afraid, though, you will have to wait a little before I take a plunge into literature.'

'Of books—of a sort, you have been rather a diligent compiler,' said Lord Harrogate, smiling.

Jasper bit his lip; but it was in a careless tone that he rejoined: 'That's only too true; but let me tell you, Harrogate, there goes more of hard thinking to the composition of a betting-book than people usually suppose.—I was on my way to the house, meaning to inflict a little of my dullness on you, Lady Maud, but you are early abroad.'

'Yes; and you may as well walk down with us,' said Lady Maud. 'We are going to the school, to see how my friend, Miss Gray, the school-mistress, fares after her moorland adventure of Saturday. You heard of it, Captain Denzil?'

No; Jasper had not heard of it. And on receiving an account of it from Lady Maud's lips, the captain said, with never so little of a sneer, that the episode was 'quite romantic.'

'Come and see the heroine of it,' said bright-eyed Lady Gladys; 'and you who affect to admire nothing, will be compelled to admit that you have seen a face such as we very seldom behold except in a picture.'

The party walked on together thus chatting until they reached the village. The young people of the two great houses, High Tor and Carbery Chase, had naturally been well acquainted with one another from an early period; and the two elders of the De Vere girls were disposed to pity Jasper rather than to blame him for the recklessness that had brought about his exile from the haunts of fashion. But the captain knew that Lord Harrogate and he were uncongenial spirits. He did not like Harrogate, and he had a shrewd idea that Harrogate despised him. We cannot, however, be very eclectic in the depths of the country as regards those with whom we associate, and hence these two young men, of natures so dissimilar, tolerated one another because of the ancient friendship existing between their families.

The school was reached, and Ethel its mistress, still pale, but lovely as one of the white roses in her tiny garden, came forward to receive her distinguished visitors, and paid her tribute of thanks to Lord Harrogate for the service he had rendered her, with a modest grace which was all the more charming from its extreme simplicity of words and manner.

'I was too weak and faint the other evening,

my Lord, to say what I felt as to your—your great kindness.'

And a princess could not have spoken better. It was Lord Harrogate who seemed embarrassed, as your honest Briton, gentle or simple, is embarrassed by being thanked. And then, while Lady Maud eagerly told how jelly and hothouse fruit and port wine had been despatched from High Tor to the moorland cottage for the benefit of little Lenny Mudge, and how the parish doctor spoke hopefully of his small patient, Jasper looked at Ethel Gray with a sort of wonder, as at the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen, and the most thoroughly a lady, not even excepting Lady Gladys De Vere. But he said nothing, and lounged carelessly off with the party when adieus had been exchanged with Miss Gray.

STORY OF CAPTAIN GLASS.

ABOUT the time of the accession of George III. to the throne, few domestic events made a greater sensation in the papers and periodicals of the day than the adventures and fate of a sea-captain named George Glass, especially in connection with a mutiny on board the brig *Earl of Sandwich*. This remarkable man, who was one of fifteen children of John Glass, noted as the originator of the Scottish sect known as the Glassites, was born at Dundee in 1725. After graduating in the medical profession, he made several voyages, as surgeon of a merchant-ship (belonging to London), to the Brazils and the coast of Guinea; and in 1764, he published, by Dodsley, an interesting work in one volume quarto, entitled *The History of the Discovery and Conquest of the Canary Islands, translated from a Spanish manuscript*.

He obtained command of a Guinea trader, and made several successful voyages, till the war with Spain broke out in January 1762. Having saved a good round sum, he equipped a privateer, and took command of her as captain, to cruise against the French and Spaniards; but he had not been three days at sea, when his crew mutinied, and sent him that which is called in sea-phraseology a round-robin (a corruption of an old French military term, the *ruban rond*, or round ribbon), in which they wrote their names in a circle; hence none could know who was the leader.

Arming himself with his cutlass and pistols, Glass came on deck, and offered to fight, hand to hand, any man who conceived himself to be wronged in any way. But the crew, knowing his personal strength, his skill and resolution, declined the challenge. He succeeded in pacifying them by fair words; and the capture of a valuable French merchantman a few days after put them all in excellent humour. This gleam of good fortune was soon after clouded by an encounter with an enemy's frigate, which though twice the size of his privateer, Glass resolved to engage; and for two hours they fought broadside to broadside, till another French vessel bore down on him, and he was compelled to strike his colours, after half his crew had been killed and he had received a musket-shot in the shoulder.

He remained for some time a French prisoner of war in the Antilles, where he was treated with excessive severity; but upon being exchanged, he resolved to embark the remainder of his fortune in

another privateer, and 'have it out,' as he said, with the French and Dons. But he was again taken in action, and lost everything he had in the world.

On being released a second time, he was employed by London merchants in several voyages to the West Indies, in command of ships that fought their way without convoy; and according to a statement in the *Annual Register*, he was captured no less than seven times. But after various fluctuations of fortune, when the general peace took place in 1763, he found himself possessed of two thousand guineas prize-money, with the reputation of being one of the best merchant captains in the Port of London.

About that time, a Company there resolved to make an attempt to form a settlement on the west coast of Africa, by founding a harbour and town midway between the Cape de Verd and the river Senegal. In the London and other papers of the day we find many statements urging the advantage of opening up the Guinea-trade; among others, a strange letter from a merchant, who tells us he was taken prisoner in a battle on that coast, and that when escaping he 'crossed a forest within view of the sea, where there lay elephants' teeth in quantities sufficient to load one hundred ships.'

In the interests of this new Company Glass sailed in a ship of his own to the coast of Guinea, and selected and surveyed a harbour at a place which he was certain might become the centre of a great trade in teak and cam woods, spices, palm oil and ivory, wax and gold. Elated with his success, he returned to England, and laid his scheme before the ministry, among whom were John Earl of Sandwich, Secretary of State, and the Earl of Hillsborough, Commissioner of Trade and Plantations.

With truly national patience and perseverance, he underwent all the procrastination and delays of office, but ultimately obtained an exclusive right of trading to his own harbour for twenty years. Assisted by two merchants—the Company would seem to have failed—he fitted out his ship anew, and sailed for the intended harbour; and sent on shore a man who knew the country well, to make propositions of trade with the natives, who put him to death the moment they saw him.

Undiscouraged by this event, Captain Glass found means to open up a communication with the king of the country, to lay before him the wrong that had been done, and the advantages that were certain to accrue from mutual trade and barter. The sable potentate affected to be pleased with the proposal, but only to the end that he might get Glass completely into his power; but the Scotsman was on his guard, and foiled him.

The king then attempted to poison the whole crew by provisions which he sent on board impregnated by some deadly drug. Glass, by his previous medical knowledge perhaps, discovered this in time; but so scarce had food become in his vessel, that he was compelled to go with a few hands in an open boat to the Canaries, where he hoped to purchase what he wanted from the Spaniards.

In his absence the savages were encouraged to attack the ship in their war-canoes; but were repulsed by a sharp musketry-fire opened upon them by the remainder of the crew, who losing heart by the protracted absence of the captain,

quitted his fatal harbour, and sailed for the Thames, which they reached in safety.

Meanwhile the unfortunate captain, after landing on one of the Canaries, presented a petition to the Spanish governor to the effect that he might be permitted to purchase food; but that officer, inflamed by national animosity, cruelly threw him into a dark and damp dungeon, and kept him there without pen, ink, or paper, on the accusation that he was a spy. Being thus utterly without means of making his case known, he contrived another way of communicating with the external world. One account has it that he concealed a pencilled note in a loaf of bread which fell into the hands of the British consul; another states that he wrote with a piece of charcoal on a ship-biscuit and sent it to the captain of a British man-of-war that was lying off the island, and who with much difficulty, and after being imprisoned himself, effected the release of Glass. The latter, on being joined by his wife and daughter, who had come in search of him, set sail for England in 1765, on board the merchant brig *Earl of Sandwich*, Captain Cochrane.

Glass doubtless supposed his troubles were now over; but the knowledge that much of his property and a great amount of specie, one hundred thousand pounds, belonging to others, was on board, induced four of the crew to form a conspiracy to murder every one else and seize the ship. These mutineers were respectively George Gidley, the cook, a native of the west of England; Peter McKulie, an Irishman; Andrew Zekerman, a Hollander; and Richard H. Quintin, a Londoner. On three different nights they are stated to have made the attempt, but were baffled by the vigilance of Captain Glass, rather than that of his countryman, Captain Cochrane; but at eleven o'clock at night on the 30th of November 1765, it chanced, as shewn at their trial, that these four miscreants had together the watch on deck, when the *Sandwich* was already in sight of the coast of Ireland; and when Captain Cochrane, after taking a survey aloft, was about to return to the cabin, Peter McKulie brained him with 'an iron bar' (probably a marline-spike), and threw him overboard.

A cry that had escaped Cochrane alarmed the rest of the crew, who were all despatched in the same manner as they rushed on deck in succession. This slaughter and the din it occasioned roused Captain Glass, who was below in bed; but he soon discovered what was occurring, and after giving one glance on deck, rushed away to get his sword. McKulie imagining the cause of his going back, went down the steps leading to the cabin, and stood in the dark, expecting Glass's return, and suddenly seized his arms from behind; but the captain being a man of great strength, wrenched his sword-arm free, and on being assailed by the other three assassins, plunged his weapon into the arm of Zekerman, when the blade became wedged or entangled. It was at length wrenched forth, and Glass was slain by repeated stabs of his own weapon, while his dying cries were heard by his wife and daughter—two unhappy beings who were ruthlessly thrown overboard and drowned.

Besides these four victims, James Pincent, the mate, and three others lost their lives. The mutineers now loaded one of the boats with the money, chests, and so forth, and then scuttled the

Sandwich, and landed at Ross on the coast of Ireland. But suspicion speedily attached to them; they were apprehended; and confessing the crimes of which they had been guilty, were tried before the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, and sentenced to death. They were accordingly executed in St Stephen's Green, on the 10th of October 1765.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ROMANCE.

On a bright cold day in April 1719, a travelling carriage with three postillions dashed, full of the importance which always attends a fashionable well-built vehicle, into the famous but not progressive town of Innsbruck. The carriage contained four persons, said to be going to Loretto on pilgrimage—the Comte and Comtesse de Cernes, with the brother and sister of the comtesse; and as the aristocratic party alighted at their hotel, they created some sensation among those who clustered round the porch in the clear sharp twilight. The comtesse and her sister were very much enveloped in furs, and wore travelling masks, which effectually screened their faces from the vulgar gaze, and diverted the curiosity of the homely Tyrolese to the undisguised figures of the comte and the comtesse's brother. The former was the statelier of the two, but the latter was universally pronounced to be *ein herrlicher Mensch*. There was a certain sprightly grace in his movements which yet did not detract from the dignity essential in those days to a gentleman, and which would have saved him from being addressed with too great familiarity. The news soon circulated among the loungers that the fresh arrivals were Flemings; and the pleasant blue eyes of the comte and his brother-in-law—though certainly not the sprightly grace of the latter—accorded with these floating accounts of their origin.

The pretty Tyrolese hostess, whose face was so charmingly set off by the trim smartness of her velvet bodice and scarlet petticoat, together with various silver chains, gleefully returned to her parlour and her burly good-tempered husband, after attending the ladies to their apartments. She had seen the Comtesse de Cernes without her furs and travelling mask, dressed in lilac camlet turned up with silk; so handsome, so gracious, so talkative, that the hostess thought she must be French; for the hostess had seen plenty of French people before now, besides Flemings. The comtesse was dark-haired and dark-eyed; her sister, who had also divested herself of her mask, did not equal her in appearance. Every one at the inn was glad that the amiable party from Flanders were going to rest there four days.

Their supper was ordered in a private room, where the host and hostess waited on them in person, and consequently had the best of it with the loungers afterwards. The two gentlemen were in good spirits, and the hostess thought their talk none the less amusing for being in a language which she did not understand. Their laughing looks and easy action conveyed to her mind a sufficient sense of fun to make her fair face shine placidly in sympathy. Altogether they were the liveliest Flemings she had ever seen; and their good-humour seemed to be shared by the three postillions, two of whom were Walloons and one

Italian, and who were making themselves very popular among the *habitués* of the inn.

'Well, this is a pleasant little town of yours, *mes amis*,' said the vivacious Walloon outsider, who contrasted strikingly with his great, tall, quietly smiling companion. 'One could die of ennui here as well as at Liege.'

'No, you could not,' returned a long spare poetic Tyrolese, who spent most of his evenings at the inn, but never drank; notwithstanding which peculiarity he and the host were warm friends. 'We mountain-folk are not dull; our hills and our torrents permit of no dullness.'

'Very well perhaps for you who are born to it, to hang by your eyelids on rocky ledges, or balance yourselves over what are called in verses the silver threads of waterfalls, in pursuit of an undoubtedly clever and pretty little animal; but all that would be dull work to us. And then you have not a *noblesse*. What should we do without ours? There would be no one to whom one could be postillion.'

'We are our own *noblesse*,' said the spare poetic Tyrolese.

'And you cannot say, Claude,' observed the tall Walloon, 'that Innsbruck is without *noblesse* at the present moment; nay more, it contains royalty in the shape of two captive princesses!'

'One of them the grand-daughter of the hero who saved this empire from the Turks, for which the Emperor now keeps her in durance.'

'Take care, Monsieur,' said the host (he pronounced 'Monsieur' execrably); 'we are all the Kaiser's loyal subjects here in Tyrol.'

'Pardon, *mein Herr*,' replied Claude, who pronounced German as badly as the host did French. 'You know we men who run about the world laugh at everything, and too often let our tongues run faster than our feet.'

'And after all,' observed the Italian, 'it is doing the young princess no bad turn to prevent her marrying a prince out of place, who is not likely to recover his situation.'

The Flemings spent the few days of their sojourn at Innsbruck in visiting the churches and seeing what was to be seen in the town. The Comtesse de Cernes's brother was the busiest of the party. On the morning after his arrival he met in a church porch a rather impish-looking boy in the dress of a 'long-haired page,' and the two held a brief colloquy. To this stylish page, in whom the rather shapeless Slavonic type of countenance was widened out by smiles of assurance, the gentleman from Flanders delivered a letter, together with a wonderful snuff-box, cut out of a single turquoise, 'for his mistress to look at.' On the three remaining days likewise the two met in different spots; the boy restored the snuff-box, and brought some letters written in a fashionable pointed hand, in return for those with which the Fleming had intrusted him.

The party were to set out on their southward way at two o'clock on the morning of the 28th of April. The evening of the 27th was overshadowed by clouds, driven by a sharp north-east wind. Notwithstanding the aspects of the weather, the brother of the Comtesse de Cernes, standing in the midst of his little party in their private room, donned his cocked-hat and surcoat.

'Well, Wogan,' said the comte, 'if practice makes perfect, you are a professor in the art of effecting escapes. After having burst your way

out of Newgate, and been valued at five hundred English guineas (much below your worth of course), and cooled yourself for some hours on the roof of a London house, and reached France safely after all, you ought to be able to abstract a young lady from the careless custody of Heister and his sentinels.'

'I shall be ashamed if I fail, after wringing from Prince Sobieski his consent to the attempt, and after his giving me the Grand Vizier's snuff-box; but I always find that doing things for other people is more difficult than doing them for one's self.'

'I should say she was a clever girl,' remarked the comte, 'and her page a clever page.'

'I wonder if Jannetton is ready?' said the comtesse, retiring into the bedroom occupied by the ladies, whence she soon emerged with her sister, who wore her *paletot*, and was smiling sufficiently to shew two rows of exquisitely white teeth. The comtesse on the contrary seemed somewhat affected. '*Adieu, Jannetton, mais au revoir.* There will be no danger to you, and the Archduchess will take care that you join me in Italy.'

Jannetton vowed she had no fears; and went forth into the deepening twilight, being shortly afterwards followed by the gentleman in cocked-hat and surtout. Curiosity did not now dog the Flemish pilgrims, as it had done while they were altogether novelties, and the adventurers slipped out unobserved. Meanwhile the 'long-haired page' was busy at one of the side-doors of the castle, where he was often wont to converse with the sentinel on duty.

'I don't envy you your trade, Martin,' he said, standing within the porch, to the hapless soldier pacing up and down in the keen wind. 'Glory is one thing and comfort another; but after all, very often no one hears of the glory, whereas the comfort is a tangible benefit. With the wind in the north-east and a snow-storm beginning, I at least would rather be comfortable than glorious.'

'A man who has seen campaigns thinks but little of a snow-storm, Herr Konska.'

'But they generally put you into winter-quarters,' said Konska, not wishing the sentinel to pique himself on his hardihood.

'No matter; a soldier learns what hardship is. I wish you could see a shot-and-shell storm instead of a snow-storm, or a forest of bayonets poked into your face by those demons of Irish in the French service.'

'Well, I say it is a shame not to treat you men better who have braved all that. See here; there is not even a sentry-box where you can nurse your freezing feet. Ugh!' And Konska withdrew, presumably to warmer regions, while the soldier preserved a heroic appearance as he paced shivering on his narrow beat. But a few minutes later Konska, stealing back to the door, saw that his martial friend was no longer at his post. The impish page pointed for a moment in ecstasy to a tavern temptingly visible from the sentry's beat. Then he darted back in delight to whence he came.

While the snow-clouds were gathering over Innsbruck, and before the Flemish chevalier had put on his surtout, two ladies conversed in low tones in a chamber of the castle, of which General Heister was then the commandant. Only one

lady was visible; rather elderly, very stately, and somewhat careworn in appearance. But that the other speaker was of gentle sex and rank might be presumed from the tones of a voice which issued from the closed curtains of the bed. It might even be the voice of a young girl.

'I hope you will not get into trouble, mamma,' said the mysterious occupier of the bed.

'Hardly, if you write a proper letter on the subject of your departure, as the Chevalier Wogan advises. You must cover my complicity by begging my pardon.'

'I am afraid you must write it yourself, mamma, as I am *hors de combat*.'

'That would not be to the purpose, my dear child: the general would know my handwriting. I will push a table up to you; no one will disturb us now till your substitute comes.' She carried a light table, furnished with inkstand and *papetière* to the side of the bed, and made an aperture in the curtains, whence emerged the rosy bright-eyed face of a girl—who certainly did not look the invalid she otherwise appeared to be—and a white hand with an aristocratic network of blue veins.

'Will that do, mamma?' she asked, after covering a page with writing equally elegant and difficult to read. 'Have I apologised and stated my reasons for going, eloquently enough? Oh, how I hope that I shall some day be a queen in my own capital, and that you and papa will come and live there!'

The mamma sighed, as swift imagination presented to her mind all the obstacles to so glorious a consummation; but she expressed herself well satisfied with the letter, which she placed on the toilet table. 'I shall leave you now,' she said; 'you will find me in my room when you wish to bid me farewell.' She spoke with a certain stately sadness as she left the apartment. The next person who entered it was the Comtesse de Cernes's sister in her *paletot*, with a hood drawn forward over her face. She only said: '*Que votre Altesse me pardonne!*' (Pardon me, your Highness.)

Instantly the curtains divided once more, and the whole radiant vision of the mysterious invalid, clad in a dressing-gown richly trimmed with French lace, and shewing a face sparkling with animation, sprang forth laughing: 'You are the substitute?'

'Yes, your Highness!'

'I am sure I thank you very heartily, as well as Madame Misset and the Chevalier Wogan, and all the kind and loyal friends who are taking so much trouble for my consort and for me. The Archduchess will take good care of you, Jannetton.'

Jannetton again shewed her teeth in a courtly smile as she courtesied deeply. She was already persuaded that she would be well cared for, in reward for the mysterious services she had come to render the captive lady. She disencumbered herself of her *paletot*, and looked amazingly like a very neat French waiting-maid until she had bedizened herself in the young lady's beautifully worked dressing-gown. Then she speedily disappeared behind the curtains of the bed; while the invalid, wrapping herself in the *paletot*, rushed into the next room to embrace with tears and smiles her anxious mamma, who said but little, and was now only eager to hurry her away. 'There too she took possession of her page, and a small box which

was to accompany her flight down the dark staircases. 'Your Highness will find all safe,' said the solemn page, who was careful to suppress outer signs of his innate roguishness in the presence of his mistresses.

'The sentinel will not know me?' said the young lady.

'I am sure that he will not. Even if by chance he should look out from the window of the tavern where he is now engaged, it is not very likely that he would know your Highness.'

The black clouds which obscured the blueness of the April night had broken forth into a lashing storm of hail and wind before the young girl and the page sallied forth into the darkness. She could hardly keep her footing in the wet deserted streets; her hood was blown back, and her fair hair became dangerously visible; her paletot was splashed with the mud thrown up by her tread, and battered with hail; still she laughed at all difficulties, for a hero's blood flowed in her veins, and now and then steadied herself by a touch on the page's shoulder as they floundered on. At the corner of a street they suddenly came upon a dark figure, whose first appearance as it crossed her path caused the fugitive to start back in some alarm. But it was only the Comtesse de Cernes's brother; and the young lady's mind was relieved when with a swift grace he bent for a moment over her hand with the words: 'My princess, soon to be my sovereign, accept the homage, even in a dark street and a hail-storm, of your loyal servant, Charles Wogan.'

'Oh, my protector and good angel! is it indeed you?' replied the young lady. 'Be assured that I would gladly go through many dark streets and hail-storms to join my consort!'

And certainly this was a generous expression to use concerning a consort whom she had never seen. She and the Flemish chevalier were apparently old friends; and he had soon conducted her to the inn, which the page Konska, however, was not to enter with his mistress; he was to wait in a sheltered archway until the Comte de Cernes's travelling carriage should pick him up on its way out of Innsbruck in the darkness of early morning. With a grin he departed for this covert, while his mistress was hurried into the warm atmosphere of the Comtesse de Cernes's bedroom, where that would-be Loretto pilgrim knelt and kissed her hand. But better even than loyal kisses were the bright wood-fire, the posset, and the dry clothes which also awaited her in this room.

'And you are Madame Misset, the noble Irish lady of whom my good angel Wogan speaks in his letters! How can I thank you for the trouble you take for me! I regard him quite in the place of my papa. But you all seem to be as good as he is!'

'Madame,' replied the lady thus addressed, with all the loyalty of eighteenth-century speech, 'your Highness knows that it is a delight to a subject to serve such a sovereign as our gracious prince; and all that I have done is at my husband's bidding.'

'With such subjects, I am sure it will not be long before he regains his throne. Ah, this delightful fire! Do you know, Madame, it is snowing and hailing outside as if it were January!'

If Madame Misset felt some concern at the thought of the impending journey—if not for her own sake, at least for that of her husband, she expressed none, except on her Highness's account.

However, her Highness gaily laughed at hardship and difficulty, and was not at all depressed at having left her mother in the castle-prison. Her only fear was that she should be missed from the castle before she had got clear of Innsbruck. But matters were too well arranged for so speedy a termination of the romance. By two o'clock of the windy spring morning the travelling carriage was ready, the Tyrolese landlord and landlady little suspecting, as they sped their parting guests, that the second lady who entered it in cloak and mask was any other than that sister of the Comtesse de Cernes who had arrived four days before.

'Oh, my good Papa Wogan!' exclaimed the latest addition to the party of pilgrims, as they were rolled into the darkness of that wild night, 'how delighted I am to be free again, and about to join my royal consort! I owe more than I can express to all, but most to you!' Which she might well say, seeing that it was 'Papa Wogan' who had selected her as the bride of this consort to whom her devotion was so great. She chattered brightly away, with the natural vivacity of eighteen in an adventure, rejoicing in her new-found freedom however cold it might be; and the only clouded face in the carriage was that of the Comtesse de Cernes. She was anxious on account of the vivacious little man who had formerly been postillion, and who was now riding far behind the carriage with his tall companion, to keep at bay possible couriers, who might soon be hurrying to the border fortresses with news that a prisoner had escaped the vigilance of General Heister at the Castle of Innsbruck. The two gentlemen in the carriage assured her that no harm would happen to two such dashing cavaliers; but perhaps the comtesse thought that to those who are safe it is easy to talk of safety. Not that any of the party were really safe, but the cheerfulness of the young lady, whose passport was shewn at all the towns as made out for the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes, seemed to preclude the idea of peril to her companions. At Venice the mind of the comtesse was finally set at ease by the reappearance of the outriders, telling a funny unscrupulous sort of story about having fallen in on the road with a courier from Innsbruck, to whom they made themselves very agreeable, and whom they finally left hopelessly tipsy at an inn near Trent.

'It was very wrong of you, Messieurs,' said the escaped fugitive, 'to make him drink so much; you ought to have tied him up somewhere. But I thank you very much for all the dangers you incurred for my sake; and I assure all of you, my good friends, that your king and queen will never forget you.'

There were no telegrams in those days; but before a week was over, all Europe, or rather all political and fashionable Europe, was talking of the escape of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, grand-daughter of the hero who repulsed the hordes of Turkey on the plains before Vienna, from her captivity at the Castle of Innsbruck, where she and her mother had—for political reasons connected with Great Britain—been placed by her cousin, the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany. It was told with indignation at the courts of London and Vienna, with laughter and admiration at those of Rome, Paris, and Madrid, how she had been carried off by a party of dashing Irish people, calling themselves noble Flemish pilgrims;

and how she had left a French maid-servant in her place in the castle, and a letter to her mother apologising for her flight. The prime contriver of the adventure, it was said was that Chevalier Wogan who had been in mischief for some time past, and had made his own way with great *aplomb* out of Newgate.

At Venice, a singular readjustment of the dashing party took place: the vivacious outrider now appearing in the character of Captain Misset, the husband of Madame Misset, hitherto called the Comtesse de Cernes; and the tall outrider in that of Captain O'Toole, both being of the Franco-Irish regiment of Count Dillon, as was also the gallant Major Gaydon, *alias* the Comte de Cernes. The comtesse's brother was now no longer related to her, but acknowledged himself to be that Charles Wogan who had really done much for the Chevalier, having fought for him, been taken prisoner for him, escaped for him, chosen his bride, and effected her liberation as cleverly as he had effected his own. In fact the Italian postillion Vezzosi was the only one of this curious group who had acted at all *in propria persona*.

The 15th of May 1719 was a gala day in Rome, when a long string of coaches and the Prince... whom a large number of British subjects, expressing their loyalty by peculiar signs of approval, considered to be rightful king of Great Britain and Ireland—went out to conduct the fugitive young lady triumphantly into the Eternal City. She now no longer had need to use the passport which franked her as the sister of the Comtesse de Cernes, being openly and joyfully welcomed as the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN 1845 the late Professor Faraday delivered a lecture on the solidification of gases at the Royal Institution, and demonstrated his facts by experiments as interesting as they were successful. Under his skilful manipulation a tube filled with olefiant gas, quite invisible, was seen to become partially filled with a colourless liquid, which was the gas in a condensed form. Two conditions were shewn to be essential to the result—extreme pressure, and extreme cold. The pressure was obtained by strong mechanical appliances, and the cold by means of solidified carbonic acid, which looked like lumps of snow. In this way the lecturer made clear to a general audience the process by which a number of gases had been brought into a liquid or solid form; and he stated that he had 'hoped to make oxygen the subject of the evening's experiment, but from some undetected cause it had baffled his attempts at solidification.' Nevertheless, he looked forward to the time when not only oxygen, but azote and hydrogen would be solidified, and he agreed with Dumas, of the Institute of France, that hydrogen would shew itself in the form of a metal.

Faraday's anticipation is now realised in one particular, for oxygen has been liquefied. This achievement is due to the enlightened and persevering efforts of Mr Pictet, an able physicist of

Geneva. Working with apparatus capable of resisting a pressure of eight hundred atmospheres, and a temperature sixty-five degrees below zero (centigrade), he succeeded in converting oxygen (invisible) into a visible liquid which spouted from the tube in which it had been inclosed for experiment. It is a feat which involves important consequences for science. It is a further confirmation of the mechanical theory of heat, according to which all gases are vapours capable of passing through the three states—solid, liquid, and gaseous. Geneva winds up the year with a fine scientific triumph. Will Albemarle Street supplement it by liquefying or solidifying azote and hydrogen? Just as these lines are going to press we hear a rumour that it has been done by a Frenchman at Paris.

Experiments have been made to measure the sound-impulse produced in a telephone by ordinary speaking; but it is too feeble to excite even a delicate galvanometer. But a slight swing of the free end of the instrument affects the needle, which moves in a different direction according as the swing is south, north, west, or east. There is no doubt, as we observed in a recent paper on the subject, that in the behaviour of the telephone and the phenomena of its currents scientific men have a promising subject of inquiry. Meanwhile, as explained at the end of this article, the notion that it would at once supersede other forms of telegraphy or telephony will abate. A telephone has no advantage over a speaking-tube within the distances where a tube is available. Moreover the needlessly high price at which it is to be sold will be an effectual bar to its general use. To ask thirty-five pounds and twenty-five pounds for an article that could be sold at a profit for so many shillings, is not and ought not to be the way to commercial success.

It is stated in a French scientific periodical that underground water may be discovered by observing the quivering of the air on a clear calm summer afternoon when the sun is low. If a well be dug at the spot where the quivering appears, a supply of water will, as is said, there be found. And as regards the influence of trees on moisture, careful observation has confirmed the theory that more rain falls on forests than on open plains; and comparing different kinds of trees it is found that the pine tribe get more water and retain more than leafy trees. Hence, it is said, pines are the best defence against sudden inundations, and the best means for giving freshness and humidity to a hot and dry climate such as that of Algeria, where attempts at amelioration have been made by planting, and by the digging of artesian wells.

Readers of this *Journal* will not be ignorant of the health-imparting properties of the Australian gum-tree, or eucalyptus, nor that the fir and pine possess similar properties, but in a minor degree, yet still sufficient to enhance the title to salubrity of certain watering-places. Mr Kingzett, an ingenious and persevering chemist, had tried for a long time to discover whether the active atmospheric element, ozone, was evolved from the

leaves of plants, and was forced to the conclusion that the element produced was not ozone, but peroxide of hydrogen. He then experimented on oils of different kinds, and found that they absorbed oxygen rapidly, and were thereby in some instances transformed into new substances. Among them all turpentine proved to be the best absorber; and it appeared on further experiment that while one portion became resinified, another portion was converted into peroxide of hydrogen and camphoric acid. The natural conclusion from this result was that the eucalyptus and the pine owe their salubrious properties to the presence of these two substances; or rather to the 'terpene,' or principle of turpentine, with which they are imbued. This point established, measures were taken to produce the sanitizing substances on a large scale; and now a company owning a manufactory in the east of London advertise that they are ready to supply the new disinfectant under the name of *Sanitas* in any quantity. It is not poisonous, will not stain the materials to which it may be applied, can be used as a wholesome scent, and is efficacious in preserving articles of food. The process of manufacture is ingenious, and is so combined that there is no waste of turpentine even in the form of vapour; but of the details we need not attempt an explanation here. Suffice it that *Sanitas*, with full description of its virtues, is now largely advertised in the public journals.

Professor Galloway, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, has published a pamphlet in which he states that salted meat is unwholesome, and produces scurvy, because by the process of salting the meat is deprived of important constituents, notably phosphate of potash. He says that if this salt were eaten with the beef served out on board ship, the meat would be nutritious, would not occasion scurvy; and he calls on the Admiralty to test his view by actual experiment.

What a convenience it would be if all the street lamps of a town could be lighted and put out at once! Mr Lane Fox has proved at a commercial station in the neighbourhood of Fulham that it can be done. All the lamps are connected by wires overhead or underground; to each burner is fitted an electro-magnet composed of a coil of wire round a soft iron core, and above it hangs a movable magnet. The ends of the connecting wires are attached to or detached from a battery at pleasure. When the gas is to be lighted, a current is sent through the wires; the electro-magnet on each burner is excited; the movable magnet swings round, and turns on the gas; a current from a powerful coil is then sent through the wires, and produces a spark at each burner, and thereby lights the gas. The putting out is effected by a reverse current. From twenty to forty lamps have been thus treated, and with entire success; and it is thought that three hundred might be included in the circuit with a like satisfactory result.

Thus in order to light up London or any other large town, the lamps would have to be divided into groups of three hundred. The lamplighter, or man in charge of the battery, would of course require to know that none had been missed, and this could be made certain by placing the first and last lamp of the group within sight of his station. If they are alight, then all are alight. The practicability of the operation appears therefore to be

settled. The next question is—Will it prove a saving to the ratepayers?

Complaints that ordinary gas-light is not so brilliant as it ought to be, are often heard, and not without reason. The Pure Carbon Gas Company claim for their gas that it is not open to the objections urged against other gas. The process of manufacture has the merit of being very simple, and free from the usual noxious results. At a demonstration made a few weeks since, proof was given that but little space and little skill are required in the manufacture. The tar formed during the process, instead of being carried away as at present, is passed back into the retorts, whereby, as is said, three thousand feet more of gas can be produced from a ton of coal than by the ordinary process. An arrangement is introduced which separates the ammonia and the sulphur, and in consequence this pure carbon gas has but little smell. Ordinary gas is passed as good if it contains not more than twenty-five grains of sulphur to the hundred feet: the quantity in the new gas is less than three grains. We are told that the cost of manufacture is not more than eightpence the thousand cubic feet, that it does not require skilled labour, that in consequence of its freedom from smell it could be carried on in a ship or in a house, while its simplicity renders it applicable to villages where at present there are no public lights. The Collinge Engineering Works, Westminster Bridge Road, are mentioned as the place where the demonstration above described was given.

With a view to account for the presence of mineral oil underground in certain parts of Europe and in Pennsylvania, some ingenious persons have assumed that the oil is a decomposition-product of long-buried organic remains. But the answer to this is that the oil is found in very old strata 'where but few organic remains can have existed.' Mr D. Mendelejeff, a foreign chemist, having visited the Pennsylvania wells, puts forward his opinion on this interesting question: The substance of the earth having been condensed from vapour, 'the interior of the earth must consist largely of metals (iron predominating) in combination with carbon. Wherever fissures have been produced in the earth's crust by volcanic action, the water, which of necessity made its way into the interior, and thus came into contact with metallic carbides at high temperatures and pressures, must have given rise to saturated hydrocarbons, which have ascended in the form of vapour to strata where they condensed, and thus formed the oil.'

Captain Calver, R.N., has by command of the Admiralty surveyed the Thames below Woolwich to ascertain whether the discharge of the sewage of London into the river has created obstructions in the channel. The captain has published his report, and a very discouraging report it is, for it makes known that shoals have formed, and are forming, which in course of time will completely stop the navigation of the river. In this we have a proof that it is a mistake to send the solid portion of sewage into a stream, in the hope that it will be effectually carried away by the tide. It is not carried away; but is deposited at the bends, and in the eddies, with detriment to health as well as to the water-way.

Engineers who contend that none but neutralised

liquid sewage should pass into a river are manifestly in the right. To discharge the solids is a waste as well as a mischief; and if it goes on, the whole of the land will some day be utterly starved for want of nitrogen. Some theorists argue that it won't pay to attempt to convert the solids into a fertilising material. The answer to this is the experience gained at Aylesbury, where the solid part of the town sewage is separated from the liquid by precipitation; is converted into a fertiliser, part of which is used on the town-farm, and the surplus, in the form of a dry, scentless powder, is sold at three pounds ten shillings the ton. A single grain of oats, sown on land treated with this powder, produced seven thousand grains from one root, and other grains yielded varying numbers down to two thousand. The powder on analysis seems poor; but its richness of productive power may be judged of from the foregoing statement.

A new process for making sulphate of soda has been invented by M. Pournier, a Frenchman. It leaves behind as waste liquid a large quantity of a certain chloride, which turns out to be excellent for the precipitation of sewage. Hence it appears that nature and science combine to shew how the fertility of the land and the free channels of rivers may alike be maintained. The process has been patented in this country, and if all go well we may hope, in time, to hear that the sewage of London, instead of filling up the bed of the Thames, is increasing the fruitfulness of fields, gardens, and meadows in Essex and Kent.

Meteorologists, in their review of the weather, inform us that in the gale on the 11th of November last, the barometer was lower, the wind stronger, and the rainfall greater, than on any other day in the year. The mean velocity of the wind was thirty-eight miles an hour; and the rainfall in twenty-four hours amounted to a little more than an inch and a half. The fall for the whole month was in Sussex, eight and a quarter inches; in Cumberland, nine and three-quarter inches; being, as regards the Sussex gauge, more than five inches above the average of the previous ten years. The total rainfall in eleven months, January to November, was thirty-three and one-third inches: a remarkable excess over twenty-eight inches, which is the usual average for the whole year. For those who are curious in comparisons we take a fact from the weather-records of New South Wales: at Newcastle in that colony there fell on March 18, 1871, more than ten and a half inches of rain in two hours and a half.

Two official papers published in India further discuss the question—sun-spots and rainfall. 'The Cycle of Drought and Famine in Southern India,' contains a statement of the argument by Dr W. W. Hunter, and the conclusions to which he has arrived. These are: 'That although no uniform numerical relation can be detected between the relative number of sun-spots and the actual amount of rainfall, yet that the minimum period in the cycle of sun-spots is a period of regularly recurring and strongly marked drought in Southern India—That apart from any solar theory, an examination of the rain registers shews that a period of deficient rainfall recurs in cycles of eleven years at Madras . . . that the statistical evidence shews that the cycle of rainfall at Madras has a marked coincidence with a corresponding cycle of sun-spots . . . and that the evidence tends also to

shew that the average rainfall of the years of minimum rainfall in the said cycle approaches perilously near to the point of deficiency which causes famine.' The average is, however, above that point; and though droughts and famines may recur in the cyclic years of minimum rainfall, the evidence, in Dr Hunter's opinion, is insufficient to warrant the prediction of a regularly recurring famine.

The observations on which these conclusions are founded include sixty-four years of the present century: too short a period on which to build a theory; but as no records exist earlier than 1810, it is by future observation only that the conclusions can be tested. Meanwhile meteorological observers will be watchful, especially of the rainfall, for India is a country which affords singularly favourable opportunities for a comprehensive system of observations.

The other paper referred to above is by Mr H. F. Blanford, Meteorological Reporter to the government of India. He points out that Dr Hunter's views apply exclusively to Southern India, and that in Northern India famines are most frequent at the epochs of most sun-spots. This lack of agreement between two competent authorities shews how great is the need for a lengthened series of observations.

In the recent Arctic Expedition twenty-five species of fossil plants were discovered in Grinnell Land by Captain Feilden. They are of the period described by geologists as Miocene, and can be identified with species of the same period found in Europe, in North-western America, and in Asia. Among them are two kinds of *Equisetum*, poplar, birch, elm, and pine. It was suggested at a meeting of the Geological Society that the bed of lignite in which these remains were met with was in remote ages a large peat-moss, probably containing a lake in which the water-lilies grew, while on its muddy shores the large reeds and sedges and birches and poplars flourished. The drier spots and neighbouring chains of hills were probably occupied by the pines and firs, associated with elm and hazel. Among all these which indicate a primeval forest, the only sign of animal life discovered was a solitary wing-case of a beetle.

When water-lilies were growing in that now desolate region, fresh-water must have filled the ponds and lakes. Captain Feilden's discovery may be taken as additional evidence of a change of climate, which the palæontologists and physicists who are now discussing that interesting question will not fail to make use of on fitting occasion.

A few years ago the British Association appointed a committee of eminent mathematicians to consider 'the possibility of improving the methods of instruction in elementary geometry.' The Report of this committee was published in the stout volume which contains the account of the meeting held at Glasgow. It states that the main practical difficulty in effecting the improvement is 'that of reconciling the claims of the teacher to greater freedom with the necessity of one fixed and definite standard for examination purposes'; that 'no text-book yet produced is fit to succeed Euclid in the position of authority, and that a syllabus of propositions in a definite sequence to be regarded as a standard sequence for examination purposes, might be published. Such a syllabus as is here implied has been brought out

by the Association for the improvement of geometrical teaching; and the committee recommend it for adoption by the universities and other great examining bodies of the United Kingdom. 'It may be well to observe,' they say in their Report, 'that the adoption of this or some such standard syllabus would not necessitate the abandonment of the Elements of Euclid as a text-book by such teachers as still preferred it to any other, as it would at the utmost involve only such supplementary teaching as is contained in the notes appended to many of the editions of Euclid now in use; while it would greatly relieve that large and increasing body of teachers who demand greater freedom in the treatment of geometry than under existing conditions they can venture to adopt.'

Supplementary to our recent notices of the telephone, the following remarks, translated from a late number of the *Telegraph Bulletin* of the Ottoman administration, and dealing with a question of some importance to telegraph manipulators throughout the world, may be read with interest:

'Is the telephone, yes or no, destined to replace other telegraph instruments; and seeing the possibility that people may use it without special training, is it in the end destined to destroy the career of telegraph employes? Those questions merit from us the labour of being examined with care. We think that that instrument will never be able to be employed in telegraphic working destined to serve governments and the public. In effect, supposing the instrument perfect, arrived at the last limits of perfection, and able to work at all distances with or without relays, then—1. To transmit a message with all the advantages offered by the system, it would be necessary that the sender should be able to speak himself directly with the receiver, without the intervention of an employé. Now, all those who know the organisation of the lines know that this is not possible, that there must necessarily be intermediary offices of deposit, that the public cannot be admitted to the offices where messages are transmitted or received, and consequently the sender must give his message *written*. 2. An employé once charged with the message, the instrument has already lost one of its principal advantages, for that employé must read the message, and pronounce it to his correspondent; but if the message is written in a foreign language, the impracticability is evident. Lastly, the telegraph administrations now possess instruments which permit them to send messages with much greater speed than can be attained in sending them by the voice. Those reasons alone, and there are many others, ought then to assure the employes that this new invention will not put in peril their means of existence.

'This is not to say that the telephone will not be utilised. On the contrary, it will probably be much used, but in special cases and for private use. For example: To put any chief in immediate relation with his employes in offices or manufactories; for the police of towns for announcing fires; for service of mines; to replace with advantage electric bells in many cases; and in a crowd of circumstances not yet foreseen. Let us wish then good success to this invention, which does honour to the era of steam and electricity.'

THE INTELLIGENT MOUSE.

THE following account of extraordinary sagacity on the part of a mouse has been sent to us by a contributor, who vouches for the truth of the statement: 'At my house, in a trap for catching mice alive, which had been overlooked for some weeks, was found the nest of a mouse with several young, all alive with their mother; and some *other mice which had died of starvation*. The only explanation, I think, which can be given of so strange an occurrence is that the male mouse, knowing by instinct the condition of his mate, provided for her wants by bringing to her the materials for her nest, which she pulled in through close wires, and supplied her with food, while he allowed all the others—the non-related captives—to starve to death. It seems almost more than instinct that the male mouse should not have entered the trap, where there was such attraction for him, as though he knew that on his liberty depended the lives of the mother and her offspring.'

The writer has also favoured us with the following lines, which he entitles

THE AFFECTION OF MICE.

Assist me, my Muse, while in verse I would tell
A tale, true as strange, and so mournful as well.
No words can depict it; all feeble my lays;
Such tender devotion strikes one with amaze.
In a trap which was set to catch mice in my house,
I had the misfortune to capture a mouse;
That mouse was a female, and she was with young;
Yet not hers, but her consort's, the praise must be sung.
He knowing her state - that she'd soon have a brood,
And would need a warm nest, and must die without food—
Searched all through the house to find stuff for her bed,
And supplied as he could, the food on which she fed.
The straw, hair, and feathers to meet her desires
He brought to the trap, and she pulled through the wires.
Her couch being formed, soon the offspring appeared—
A numerous progeny, there to be reared;
While around her on every side there did lie
The bodies of those that of hunger did die—
And had long been dead, any person could tell
Who had eyes that would see, or a nose that could smell.
He only took care to provide for that *one*
By affection and instinct he knew was his own.
What wisdom was his! With attraction so strong,
He knew, if the life of his mate he'd prolong,
He must keep himself clear, and have full liberty;
That to enter the trap was for both them to die
That the trap was neglected for months is quite clear,
From what it contained—what an odour was there!
'Tis pity I had not the power to save
The creatures, who all found a watery grave.
The servant—my house from such pests to deliver—
Remorselessly cast them all into the river.

MORAL.

Unnatural husbands, with minds to discern,
A momentous lesson from mice you may learn,
Which have only instinct their actions to guide;
Be kind to your wives—for your children provide.

J. H. DAVIS.

13 Conyngham Road, Dublin.
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MISS STIRLING GRAHAM.

FIFTY years ago, or thereabouts, when by good fortune my brother and I were permitted to make some advance towards an acquaintance with the luminaries which at that time in a remarkable manner distinguished society in the Scottish capital, we one evening, at the house of John Archibald Murray—afterwards Lord Murray—enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing a lady who some years previously had become locally famous. She was a lively pleasant person, rather small in figure, unmarried, and had seemingly reached middle age. From her manners she evidently moved among people in the higher circles. As to her language there was the marked peculiarity that, besides a Scottish intonation, there was a pretty frequent use of the Scottish dialect—that which is best exemplified in Burns; for as yet there were still a few northern ladies of rank who in conversation did not disdain to employ incidentally words in the national vernacular. They spoke as they had been taught in early life, and as they were accustomed to speak among old and familiar friends. There was nothing coarse or vulgar in their language; the Scotch words gave an agreeable flavouring to their discourse. Lady Anne Lindsay, the writer of *Auld Robin Gray*, was a good specimen of this lingering class of high-born ladies, who understood and still occasionally used a Scotch seasoning in their conversation. Lord Cockburn has presented some charming reminiscences of this class of ladies, and he wrote just at the time when they had very nearly died out.

The lady who interested us on the present occasion was Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune. As we understood, she lived mostly at the family estate in Forfarshire, with a mansion overlooking the estuary of the Tay, and commanding a distant view of St Andrews. Usually she spent her winters in Edinburgh, where she was immensely esteemed for her geniality and accomplishments. My brother, who had already written much about the disastrous troubles in Scotland in the seven-

teenth century, felt a peculiar interest in Miss Stirling Graham, on account of her connection by heritage with that historical personage, John Graham of Claverhouse—the terrible Claverhouse described by Scott in *Old Mortality*, for his persecution of the Covenanters, and who as Viscount Dundee perished by a musket-shot at the battle of Killiecrankie, 1689. Claverhouse was a Forfarshire man. Leaving no immediate heirs, his estates devolved on a cousin, David Graham of Duntrune; this person was succeeded by his last surviving son, on whose demise the property was inherited equally by his four sisters; one of these sisters was the mother of Clementina Stirling Graham, the lady to whose memory we have devoted the present paper.

Moving about at evening parties among the literati and the more eminent lawyers, Miss Stirling Graham, by her original humour and tact, may be said to have kept the town in a pleasant kind of buzz. Nature seemed to have designed her to be an actress. She possessed the power of simulation to a degree almost unexampled; also the powers of an improvisatrice which have been very rarely excelled. Her wit and her personations, however, were always exclusively employed to promote harmless mirth among her select acquaintances, and we know she would have shrunk from anything like a public exhibition. She was great in personifying and mimicking old Scottish ladies, or indeed Scottish women in the humbler ranks of life, for which her acute observation of character and her knowledge of the vernacular tongue particularly qualified her. Her deceptions were numerous, but all of an innocent kind. In her latter days, at the solicitation of friends, she gave an account of her principal personations, which was printed for private distribution, under the title of *Mystifications*. The book being much sought after in this country and America, the authoress was prevailed on to let it be published in the usual way (Edmonston and Douglas), 1865; yet, we doubt, after all, if this handsome volume, which was edited by Dr John Brown, is so well known as it should be, and we

propose to give one or two alluring specimens of the contents.

The first Mystification in the book is that which signalled Miss Stirling Graham's success in deceiving Mr Jeffrey, the eminent practising lawyer, and at the same time editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Jeffrey had been introduced to the lady, and had heard of her cleverness in personation. Meeting her afterwards at the theatre, he said he should like to see her *take in* some one. A promise was given that he should have that pleasure very soon. Likely enough, the busy advocate thought nothing more of the matter. On the second evening afterwards, accompanied by Miss Helen Carnegie of Craigo as her daughter, Miss Stirling Graham, who at the time had been on a visit to Lord Gillies, stopped at Mr Jeffrey's door, 92 George Street, between five and six o'clock, when she knew Mr Jeffrey was at home and preparing for dinner. The two ladies were ushered into the parlour appropriated for visitors. What follows we copy in a somewhat condensed form from the account in *Mystifications*.

"There was a blazing fire, and wax-lights on the table; he [Jeffrey] had laid down his book, and seemed to be in the act of joining the ladies in the drawing-room before dinner. The Lady Pitlial was announced, and he stepped forward a few paces to receive her. She was a sedate-looking little woman of an inquisitive law-loving countenance; a mouth in which [by an adroit management of the lips] not a vestige of a tooth was to be seen, and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles on her nose. . . . She was dressed in an Irish poplin of silver gray, a white Cashmere shawl, a mob-cap with a band of thin muslin that fastened it below the chin, and a small black silk bonnet that shaded her eyes from any glare of light. Her right hand was supported by an antique gold-headed cane, and she leant with the other on the arm of her daughter.

"Mr Jeffrey bowed, and handed the old lady to a *chaise longue* on one side of the fire, and sat himself down opposite to her on the other. But in his desire to accommodate the old lady, and in his anxiety to be informed of the purport of the visit, he forgot what was due to the young one, and the heiress of the ancient House of Pitlial was left standing in the middle of the floor. She helped herself to a chair, however, and sat down beside her mother. She had been educated in somewhat of the severity of the old school, and during the whole of the consultation she neither spoke nor moved a single muscle of her countenance.

"*Well!*" said Mr Jeffrey as he looked at the old lady, in expectation that she would open the subject that had procured him the honour of the visit.

"*Weel,*" replied her Ladyship, "I am come to tak' a word o' the law frae you.

"My husband, the late Ogilvy of Pitlial, among other property which he left to me, was a house and a yard at the town-end of Kirriemuir, also a kiln and a malt-barn.

"The kiln and the barn were rented by a man they ca'd John Playfair, and John Playfair sublet them to another man they ca'd Willy Cruickshank, and Willy Cruickshank purchased a cargo of

damaged lint, and ye widna hinder Willy to dry the lint upon the kiln, and the lint took low and kindled the cupples, and the slates flew aff, and a' the flooring was brunt to the ground, and naething left standin' but the bare wa's.

"Now it wasna insured, and I want to ken wha's to pay the damage, for John Playfair says he has naething *ado wi' it*, and Willy Cruickshank says he has naething to *do it wi'*, and I am determined no to take it off their hand the way it is."

"Has it been in any of the Courts?"

"Ou ay; it has been in the Shirra Court of Forfar; and Shirra Duff was a gude man, and he kent me, and would ha' gien't in my favour, but that clattering creature Jamie L'Amy cam' in, and he gave it against me."

"I have no doubt Mr L'Amy would give a very fair decision."

"It wasna a fair decision when he gae it against me."

"That is what many people think in your circumstances."

"The minister of Blairgowrie is but a fule body, and advised me no to gae to the law."

"I think he gave you a very sensible advice."

"It was onything but that; and mind, if you dinna gie't in my favour, I'll no be sair pleased."

"Mr Jeffrey smiled, and said he would not promise to do that, and then inquired if she had any papers.

"Ou ay, I have a great bundle of papers, and I'll come back at any hour you please to appoint, and bring them wi' me."

"It will not be necessary for you to return yourself; you can send them to me."

"And wha would you recommend to me for an agent in the business?"

"That I cannot tell; it is not my province to recommend an agent."

"Then how will Robert Smith of Balharry do?"

"Very well; very good man indeed; and you may bid him send me the papers."

"Meantime her Ladyship drew from her pocket a large old-fashioned leather pocket-book with silver clasps, out of which she presented him a letter directed to himself. He did not look into it, but threw it carelessly on the table. She now offered him a pinch of snuff from a massive gold box, and then selected another folded paper from the pocket-book, which she presented to him, saying: "Here is a prophecie that I would like you to look at and explain to me."

"He begged to be excused, saying: "I believe your Ladyship will find me more skilled in the law than the prophets."

"She entreated him to look at it; and on glancing his eyes over it, he remarked, "that from the words *Tory* and *Whig*, it did not seem to be a very ancient prophecie."

"Maybe," replied her Ladyship; "but it has been long in our family. I copied these lines out of a muckle book entitled the *Prophecies of Pitlial*, just before I came to you, in order to have your opinion on some of the obscure passages of it. And you will do me a great favour if you will read it out loud, and I will tell you what I think of it as you go on."

"Here, then, with a smile at the oddity of the request, and a mixture of impatience in his manner, he read the following lines, while she

interrupted him occasionally to remark upon their meaning :

When the crown and the head shall disgrace ane
anither,
And the Bishops on the Bench shall gae a' wrang
thegither ;

When Tory or Whig,
Fills the judge's wig ;
When the Lint o' the Miln
Shall reek on the kiln ;
O'er the Light of the North,
When the Glamour breaks forth,
And its wild-fire so red
With the daylight is spread ;

When woman shrinks not from the ordeal of tryal,
There is triumph and fame to the House of Pitlyal.

"We ha'e seen the crown and the head," she said, "disgrace ane anither no very lang syne, and ye may judge whether the bishops gaed right or wrang on that occasion; and the *Tory* and *Whig* may no be very ancient, and yet never be the less true. Then there is the Lint o' the Miln—we have witnessed that come to pass; but what the 'Light of the North' can mean, and the 'Glamour,' I canna mak' out. The twa hindmost lines seem to me to point at Queen Caroline; and if it had pleased God to spare my son, I might have guessed he would have made a figure on her trial, and have brought 'Triumph and fame to the House of Pitlyal.' I begin, however, to think that the prophetic may be fulfilled in the person of my daughter, for which reason I have brought her to Edinburgh to see and get a gude match for her."

'Here Mr Jeffrey put on a smile, half serious half quizzical, and said: "I suppose it would not be necessary for the gentleman to change his name."

"It would be weel worth his while, sir; she has a very gude estate, and she's a very bonny lassie, and she's equally related baith to Airle and Strathmore; and a'budy in our part of the world ca's her the Rosebud of Pitlyal."

Mr Jeffrey smiled as his eyes met the glance of the beautiful flower that was so happily placed before him; but the Rosebud herself returned no sign of intelligence.

A pause in the conversation now ensued, which was interrupted by her Ladyship asking Mr Jeffrey to tell her where she could procure a set of *fause teeth*.

"Of what?" said he, with an expression of astonishment, while the whole frame of the young lady shook with some internal emotion.

"A set of *fause teeth*," she repeated; and was again echoed by the interrogation, "*What?*"

A third time she asked the question, and in a more audible key; when he replied, with a kind of suppressed laugh: "There is Mr Nasmyth, north corner of St Andrew Square, a very good dentist; and there is Mr Hutchins, corner of Hanover and George Street."

'She requested he would give her their names on a slip of paper. He rose and walked to the table, wrote down both the directions, which he folded and presented to her.

'She now rose to take leave. The bell was rung, and when the servant entered, his master desired him to see if the Lady Pitlyal's carriage was at the door.

'He returned to tell there was no carriage wait-

ing, on which her Ladyship remarked: "This comes of *fore-hand payments*—they make *hint-hand wark*. I gae a hackney-coachman twa shillings to bring me here, and he's awa' without me."

'There was not a coach within sight, and another had to be sent for from a distant stand of coaches. It was by this time past the hour of dinner, and there seemed no hope of being rid of his visitors.

'Her Ladyship said she was in no hurry, as they had had tea, and were going to the play, and hoped he would accompany them. He said he had not yet had his dinner.

"What is the play to-night?" said she.

"It is the *Heart of Midlothian* again, I believe."

'They then talked of the merits of the actors, and she took occasion to tell him that she patronised the *Edinburgh Review*.

"We read your buke, sir!"

"I am certainly very much obliged to you."

'Still no carriage was heard. Another silence ensued, until it bethought her Ladyship to amuse him with the politics of the country.

'Here the coach was announced, and by the help of her daughter's arm and her gold-headed cane, she began to move, complaining loudly of a *corny toe*. She was with difficulty got into the coach. The Rosebud stepped lightly after her.

'The door was closed, and the order given to drive to Gibb's Hotel, whence they hastened with all speed to Lord Gillies's, where the party waited dinner for them, and hailed the fulfilment of the "Prophecie of Pitlyal."

'Mr Jeffrey, in the meantime, impatient for his dinner, joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"What in the world has detained you?" said Mrs Jeffrey.

"One of the most tiresome and oddest old women I ever met with. I thought never to have got rid of her;" and beginning to relate some of the conversation that had taken place, it flashed upon him at once that he had been *taken in*.

'He ran down-stairs for the letter, hoping it would throw some light upon the subject, but it was only a blank sheet of paper, containing a fee of three guineas.

'They amused themselves with the relation; but it was not until the day after that he found out who the ladies really were. He laughed heartily, and promised to aid them in any other scene they liked to devise. He returned the fee with an amusing characteristic letter, in which he concluded with best wishes for the cure of her Ladyship's corns.

With similar dexterity, this marvellously clever lady figures on nearly a dozen different occasions in town and country, sometimes in one guise and sometimes in another, mystifying even the most incredulous by her manœuvres.

About the best Mystification recorded is that in which as a daughter of a poor man, Sandy Reid in the Canongate, the lady imposed on Sir William Fettes, who had been Lord Provost in Edinburgh, and left a fortune to endow a college which is now in successful operation. We let Miss Stirling Graham relate the adventure.

'I once got half-a-crown from Sir William Fettes when he was dining with a few friends at his sister, Mrs Bruce's. She and Lady Fettes put it into my head to ask charity from him, in the character of a daughter of an old companion of his,

whose name was Sandy Reid. And whether Sandy Reid ever had a daughter was nothing to the purpose. Sir William had lost sight of the man, and I had no previous knowledge that ever such a person was in existence. Dressed in a smart bonnet and shawl belonging to Lord Gillic's housekeeper, I boldly rang the door-bell, and demanded of the servant if I could get a word of Sir William.

'On the message being carried up-stairs, the ladies desired that the person who wished to speak with Sir William might be shewn into Mrs Bruce's dressing-room, where behind the window-curtains were stationed a merry party of some half-a-dozen listeners.

'Enter Sir William. "Well, my good woman, what is your business with me?" "To ask your help, sir, in behalf of the widow and the fatherless." "And pray who are you?"

"I am the daughter of ane Sandy Reid, who was weel kenned to your honour; his father lived next door to your father in the Canongate." "Ay, are you the daughter of Sandy Reid?"

"I am proud to say sae." "And what has reduced you to this plight, my good woman?" "Just an ill marriage, Sir William." "I am sorry for that; but you say you are a widow." "I am no' just a widow; but my husband has run aff wi' another woman." "That is very unfortunate; but what is your husband?" "A soldier, sir." "An officer of the soldiers you mean, I suppose?"

"Na, na, Sir William; he is but a single soldier." "And did Sandy Reid's daughter marry a single soldier?" (Weeping)—"It is o'er true, Sir William; but he was a bonny man, and I ne'er thought he would forsake me." "And did your father consent to your marrying a single soldier?" "Oh, no, Sir William; but it was ordained."

"Have you any family, or any means of living?" "I have five boys; and I wash and iron, and do all I can to get bread to them." "Where do you live?"

"In Elder Street." "In Elder Street! that seems to me rather an expensive part of the town for a person in your circumstances."

"It is but a garret, sir, up four pair of stairs."

"Are any of your children at school?" "No, sir; but the eldest is in Provost Manderson's [drug] shop, who has been very kind to him, and ta'en him aff my hand. And the second is a prentice to a tobacconist; and (here weeping bitterly) the rest are in the house, for I have neither decent claes to put upon them, nor siller to send them to the schule; and this is Saturday night, and no sae muckle meat within the door as put by the Sabbath day."

"I am sorry for you, and grieved to see Sandy Reid's daughter come to this; but you must be sensible, that for a person in your situation, your present dress is rather too showy and extravagant." "That's true, Sir William; but gentle servants are no' civil to poor folk when they come ill-dressed."

"I believe, indeed, that is too true, but your dress is quite unsuitable." "Indeed, Sir William, I borrowed this bonnet and shawl from a gentleman's housekeeper, just for the purpose of waiting upon you, for I am in great want."

"Well, there is half-a-crown to help you in the meantime; and I will inquire at Provost Manderson about you on Monday, and if you be speaking

the truth, I will see and get your children into some of the Hospitals."

'Here the party broke out from behind the curtains—and we may suppose that Sir William was a good deal amazed as well as amused at the adroit way he had been taken in.

Miss Stirling Graham long outlived the early friends whom she delighted with her personations; but drawing out existence to an advanced age, she still surrounded herself with an agreeable society, and was loved by all whom she honoured with her acquaintance. She was a great reader, and possessed good literary abilities, as is observable by her *Mystifications*, and by the anecdotes which conclude the volume, also by the following lines, addressed to those 'Shadows of the Past' whom she held in remembrance:

Blessed shades of the past,
In the future I see ye, so fair!
Ties that were nearest,
Forms that were dearest,
The truest and fondest are there.

They are flowerets of earth,
That are blooming in heaven, so fair:
And the stately tree,
Spreading wide and free,
The sheaves that were ripened are there.

The tear-drop that trembled
In Pity's meek eye; and the prayer,
Faith of the purest,
Hope that was surest,
The love all-enduring are there.

And the loved, the beloved,
Whose life made existence so fair:
The soft seraph voice
Bade the lowly rejoice,
Is heard in sweet harmony there.

This gifted and venerable lady died at her mansion at Duntrune on the 23d August 1877, at the extreme age of ninety-five. Perhaps, the present paper may help to make her *Mystifications* more extensively known than hitherto; this object, however, might be better served by a cheap and popular edition of the work, amplified by explanatory notes. The book, enriched by the tasteful preface of Dr John Brown, is a gem which ought not to drop out of notice. W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER VII.—A NEW FACE AT CARBERY.

'SHE be coming for sure. Carriage, with second coachman, just getting ready for a start to Dundleton, to meet the down train at 9.17,' said a pink-faced youth, whose stature and chest measurement would have procured for him the interested admiration of a sergeant-major in Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards, but who was as yet but imperfect in his domestic drill as third footman at Carbery Chase.

'What's 9.17?' demanded the mature female addressed, with some asperity, as she dredged flour over some cunningly compounded mess simmering beside the fire in the back-kitchen. 'Can't you give a body the time o' the day? They didn't cut it so fine when I was your age, young chap!'

And indeed it is marvellous to note how the junior population throughout Western Christendom

appears to have learned to think and speak by railway time, and to have been, as it were, inoculated by Bradshaw.

'Thought you knowed all that 'n, cook!' half-sulkily, half-apologetically rejoined the gigantic hobbledehoy, mindful of that functionary's empire over the roasts, subject of course to the high fiat of Monsieur Cornichon, the white-capped and black-bearded *chef*.

'Anyhow, this Miss Whatsername 'll be here soon after eleven.'

'Willis is her name, and she comes from the Ingees,' put in a tart young town-made housemaid. 'I wonder if she's black?' This quasi-witticism provoked a titter among the rest of the under-servants there collected; for anything was welcome that could excuse a laugh; and besides, a new recruit to the aristocracy of the waited-upon is sure to be smartly criticised by the plebs of those who wait.

'I wonder,' said the old sub-cook, stirring her saucepan, 'if she'll be setting her cap at young Mr Jasper?'

'The captain knows too well on which side his bread is buttered,' pronounced the gaunt housemaid-in-chief, an invaluable female, lynx-eyed for spiders' webs, and vigilant as to the minutest details of bedroom duty.

Opinions at Carbery Chase were very much divided as to the new-comer's exact status and claims to consideration. There were those who invidiously described her as 'Sir Sykes's charity child,' and appeared to regard her as a species of genteel mendicant most foolishly invited down to Devonshire. There were others who were not sorry for the arrival of any one considered capable of lending animation to a house where the regular routine of every-day life ran on with somewhat sluggish flow. And there were a few philosophers in plush or white aprons, much flouted by the rest, who held that Sir Sykes was himself the best judge as to what guests, permanent or temporary, should be allowed to share the shelter of his roof at Carbery.

That there was enough and to spare in that opulent mansion which acknowledged Sir Sykes Denzil for its master, was patent to all. Large as was Sir Sykes's household and handsome his expenditure (for how many baronets chronicled in the gilt-edged volumes of Messrs Dod and Debrett, can afford themselves the luxury of a third and fourth footman, a French *chef* like high-salaried M. Cornichon, and a groom of the chambers?), he was known to live within his income; and was rumoured by his inferiors to be guilty of the offence, never mentioned otherwise than with a resentful reverence, of 'putting by.' Sir Sykes's men and maids were probably not students of Dean Swift's ironical advice to their order; but we may rely on it that the servants of Dives himself had strongly defined ideas as to the proportion of high feasting that should accompany the purple and fine linen of their patron.

Meanwhile, in spite of the early training which is supposed to make an Englishman of Sir Sykes Denzil's degree as outwardly impassive as a Red Indian, no one at Carbery appeared to think so much about the arrival of Miss Willis as did the baronet himself. Her coming did not now at anyrate partake of the character of a surprise, for weeks had naturally elapsed between the incoming of the late and that of the new mail, and there had been time enough for preparations, if such were necessary. Sir Sykes, however, on the morning of his ward's arrival could not avoid, not merely the being nervous and anxious, but the exhibiting to all who cared to look of his inexplicable nervousness and unreasonable anxiety. He went and came at frequent and irregular intervals between his own traditional apartment the library, and that morning-room where his daughters usually sat over their sketches and lacework and china-painting, and all those laborious trifles on which young ladies employ their taper fingers.

That their father was undignified in his apparently uncalled-for agitation as to the Indian orphan's arrival, was too evident not to be recognised by even the most dutiful of daughters. But both Blanche and Lucy willingly accounted for the baronet's restlessness on the ground of the revival of early associations, acting on the nerves of one whose health was no longer robust.

'Let her only come here and quietly drop into her place among us,' said the elder sister to the younger; 'and depend upon it, papa will find her presence at Carbery as unexciting as though she were a supplementary daughter returning "for good," as the girls call it, from a boarding-school.'

Jasper could, had it so pleased him, have considerably enlightened the ignorance of his unsuspecting sisters. But the captain prudently said nothing, and did not ostensibly keep watch upon his father's actions, or deviate much from his own habit of indolently hanging about the stables, the kennels wherein sleek pointers and shaggy retrievers howled and rattled their chains, the billiard-room, and other resorts of ingenuous youth. The baronet's nervousness was not in itself surprising to him, in whose memory was fresh the conversation which he had overheard while lurking in the mean garden of *The Traveller's Rest*; but he could only conjecture what might be the hidden springs that prompted a course of conduct difficult to reconcile with a clean conscience and a secure worldly position.

'I never,' said Jasper to himself musingly, as he knocked about the balls on the billiard-table, 'heard a word against the governor. He was awfully needy and that sort of thing once, of course; but I never knew there to be a whisper of any sharp practice either at *écarté* or with the bones. Had there been such, some good-natured fellow or other about the clubs would have let fall a hint of it before now in my hearing, or some servant would have tattled, when I wore a jacket and was Master Jasper. He's not much

liked, my father, but respected he is. I doubt if many, who fluked by a lucky chance upon a great fortune, get so civilly spoken of behind their backs.'

Jasper was not one to have cherished those tender recollections of infantine joys and sorrows, which with some men remain green and fresh to the last. He had, to use his own expression, to 'hark back' with painful effort and purpose, ere he could reproduce before his mental vision the long past of his early boyhood. 'I have a vague notion,' said he, after an interval of this appeal to memory, 'that my mother gave me more sweetmeats than were good for me, and that she, and I too, seemed to stand in awe of my father. I'm sure I don't know why, unless it were because he was serious and silent—a grave Spanish Don, as I used to think. But she said too that he had been of a livelier mood once, and something about his high spirits having deserted him just when the world began to smile. My old nurse—what was her name, I wonder?—Wiggins, Priggins—all nurses are named something of the sort, and all combine to dote over the little wretches that torment them—used to talk about the governor's sad looks dating from the loss of that young sister of mine. She would have been younger than Lucy, older than Blanche, I take it. But why, in the name of common-sense, a man of the world should never forget the loss of a chit in the nursery—that is, if it was all on the square—but then, again, the motive!' And the captain's arching eyebrows and the compression of his thin lips were very expressive of his readiness to believe the very worst that could be believed as to his nearest and dearest, if only a plausible reason for such villainy could be alleged. 'If it had been myself now,' he muttered, as he sent the red ball, with a mechanical precision that proved him a dexterous pool-player, into pocket after pocket of the green table; 'but even then the governor, who had Apollyon's own luck, did not need to cut off the entail by illegal methods. He's no life-tenant of Carbery, as he makes me feel whenever our views don't exactly coincide; could leave it to my sisters; or back again, if he chose, to the De Vere lot; and so, what interest he could have had in spiriting away little Mabel Denzil, is a question that I defy *Œdipus*, or a modern racing prophet, to answer.' Having said which, the captain rang the bell for something to drink, drank that something, and immersed his fine faculties in the delightful study of a sporting newspaper.

Jasper had not had leisure to thread his way very far through the labyrinth of darkling vaticinations, so dear to men who like himself are of the horse, horsey, as to probable or certain winners of important events to come off, or to discriminate with sufficient nicety between the inherent truth or falsehood of the reports that made the barometer of the betting world oscillate so wildly between panic and exultation, before the grinding of wheels on the smooth gravel announced the arrival of the carriage, and that Sir Sykes's ward was at the threshold of Carbery Court, her future home.

'I'd give a trifle,' thought Jasper, 'to know how many throbs to the minute the governor's pulse is giving just now. I suppose, like a pattern guardian, he will receive her in the hall. I'll wait till the first disjointed welcomes are over, and then drop

in and inspect the new importation. I wonder if she drinks rum, like her brother?'

The captain had drawn, mentally, a fancy portrait of Hold's sister, and had marvelled how Blanche and Lucy would be likely to get on with such a one as she could scarcely fail to be. But at the very first glance Jasper abandoned as untenable the conjecture that Miss Willis could drink rum, and he owned to himself, with the candour which men of his stamp exhibit in self-communing alone, how very wide of the mark was the likeness which his imagination had traced.

Miss Willis was very short and slight, and the deep mourning which she wore made her look even slighter and shorter than she really was. She had jet black hair that curled naturally, which, as if in ignorance or defiance of fashion, she wore in a crop, and which made the whiteness of her skin seem more conspicuous than it would otherwise have done. A pale little face, lit up by a pair of fine dark eyes, that drooped modestly to the carpet, as suitable to her shy, timid air. Whether she were pretty or the reverse, was not to be so summarily settled as is the case with most of her sex.

It was the eyes, and the eyes alone, that lent a marked peculiarity to the countenance of Sir Sykes's ward. Look at them, and the verdict that Miss Willis was charming would have been pronounced by many women and most men. Confine the scrutiny to the other features, and the judgment that the Indian orphan was a plain, pale little creature, would as inevitably have resulted. She looked young, quite a girl. The delicate smoothness of her cheek suggested that her age might be under twenty; but there was a subdued thoughtfulness in her aspect that might have harmonised well with her years, had she been older by a lustrum.

'I was talking of *Œdipus*,' such was Jasper's soliloquy after a half-hour spent in the new arrival's company; 'but here is the Sphynx herself, by Jove!'

It was with an inexpressible sentiment of relief that the baronet saw what style of person his ward appeared to be. Here were no solecisms in breeding, no coarseness of tone, or affectations more painful than honest roughness ever is, to vince at, to gloss over, to excuse on the ground of a youth spent in a far country, and often in stations where European society was scarce, and perhaps not always choice as regarded its quality. Sir Sykes had reckoned, at best, on a probationary period during which he should have had to play the irksome part of an apologist for the shortcomings of her whom he had invited to be the companion of his own daughters.

But Sir Sykes and Jasper, too, were forced to admit that Miss Willis was either an actress of consummate address, or, what really seemed the more probable, was merely appearing in her genuine character. Timid and somewhat constrained, but not awkward, was her manner of responding to the warm greeting of Sir Sykes's two daughters and to the grave urbanity of the baronet himself. She did not say much; but her voice trembled when she thanked Sir Sykes for his 'extreme kindness' to a stranger like herself. Then Blanche kissed her. She should not be a stranger long, she said. And then the girl broke down, sobbing. 'How good you all are to me,'

she said. 'I hope—I do hope not to be very troublesome, not to'—

And then there were more tears and more kissing; and the Misses Denzil took complete possession of their new friend, and bore her off to be installed in her room, and to learn to be at home at Carbery. Nothing could have gone off better than the orphan's reception; and even Jasper felt this, and forbore to sneer. His own heart was as hard as the nether millstone; but he accepted the fact that his sisters possessed organs of a different degree of sensibility, precisely as he owned that roses had perfume, and that the thrushes and nightingales sang sweetly in the garden.

'She's no more the sister of yonder pirate fellow,' such was the captain's conclusion, 'than the last Derby winner was a drayhorse. I thought the rascal spoke mockingly of the relationship between her and him. No; she's not Hold's sister. I wonder whether she is mine?'

In the course of the afternoon of that day, Lord Harrogate, who had ridden over from High Tor, made his appearance. There was, as has been mentioned, a frequent exchange of neighbourly communications between the two great houses of the vicinity. The Earl, it is true, seldom called upon Sir Sykes, and Sir Sykes as seldom on the Earl; but the Countess was often at Carbery, and the young people of both families were much in each other's company. By the time of Lord Harrogate's visit, the girl from India had made considerable progress in winning the good-will of the Misses Denzil, prepossessed in her favour from the beginning. They had devoted the time since luncheon to shewing her the lions of Carbery—the tapestry of the 'Queen's Chamber,' faded but sumptuous; the stained glass; the chapel; the pictures; the grand conservatory, built by a former lord of Carbery, on a scale too ambitious for the use of a private family, and which was kept up at a cost which even Sir Sykes murmured at; and the other local curiosities.

The orphan had proved herself a patient and intelligent sight-seer, willing to be pleased, thankful for the kind desire of her entertainers that she should be pleased, and discriminating in her admiration. There was still some constraint in her manner, and of herself and her former life she scarcely spoke. Perhaps her loss was too recent for her to be able to talk freely of India, while of the journey to England she said little. 'There were fellow-passengers who took much care of me,' she replied once, in answer to a question on Lucy's part. 'Indeed, I met kindness on every hand. Perhaps my being alone, and my black frock'—And then her eyes filled with tears and she turned her head away.

Lord Harrogate, when introduced to the baronet's ward, experienced one of the oddest sensations that he had ever felt, and akin to that tantalising, nameless thrill with which we all sometimes fancy that we have seen some place which we know ourselves to visit for the first time, or witnessed some scene which never before met our eyes. He had started, when first he saw Miss Willis, and had eyed her in the inquiring fashion in which we scan a face familiar to us. But it was evident that Miss Willis did not know him, as indeed it was impossible that she, Indian born and bred, and now in England for the first time,

should know him. And yet, long after he had left Carbery, the perplexing thought occurred to him again and again that he remembered the face, which, as all could aver, he had beheld for the first time on that day.

LIFE AT NATAL.

LADY BARKER, to whom the public is indebted for the most practically useful works on New Zealand which have been placed within the reach of the intending emigrant, having now completed a year's residence in our South African colony, gives us, in *A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa* (London: Macmillan & Co.), the benefit of her recent experience in a volume equally useful and entertaining. As compared with Christchurch, the capital of the province of Canterbury, in New Zealand, Maritzburg, in 'fair Natal,' is a backward and sleepy place. Recent events may have the effect of developing its ambition and accelerating its speed. But here is Lady Barker's description of its actual condition: 'Maritzburg consists of a few straight, wide, grass-grown streets, which are only picturesque at a little distance on account of their having trees on each side. On particularly dark nights, a dozen oil-lamps, standing at long intervals apart, are lighted; but when it is even moderate starlight, these aids to finding one's way about are prudently dispensed with. Only two buildings make the least effect. One is the Government House, standing in a nice garden, and boasting of a rather pretty porch, but otherwise reminding one, except for the sentinel on duty, of a quiet country rectory. The other is a small block comprising the public offices. A certain air of quaint interest and life is given to the otherwise desolate streets by the groups of Kaffirs, and the teams of wagons waiting for their up-country loads. Twenty bullocks drag these ponderous contrivances—bullocks so lean that one wonders how they have strength to carry their wide-spreading horns aloft; bullocks of a stupidity and obstinacy unparalleled in the natural history of horned beasts.' These teams are called 'spans;' and when, on Sundays, the teams and the wagons are 'outspanned' on the green slopes around Maritzburg, the aspect of the place, generally dull and lifeless, becomes strikingly picturesque.

The road to Maritzburg from Port Durban, at which travellers to Maritzburg land from the steamer which conveys them to Cape Town, is very tedious to travel by the government mule wagon, which bumps about in ruts, and sticks in mud after a fashion that renders the prospect of the railway now in course of construction very attractive to the expectant colonists; but it is also very beautiful. 'Curved green hills, dotted with clusters of timber exactly like an English park, and a background of distant ranges rising in softly rounded outlines, with deep violet shadows in the clefts, and pale green lights on the slopes,' form its principal features. Nestling amid this rich pasture-land are the kraals of a large Kaffir 'location;' and it is satisfactory to learn that in our South African colony at least, the native population has not been entirely sacrificed to the white man.

At Durban there is a funny little railway between the town and the 'Point;' 'a railway,' says Lady

Barker, 'so calm and stately in its method of progression, that it is not at all unusual to see a passenger step deliberately out when it is at its fullest speed of crawl, and wave his hand to his companions as he disappears down the by-path leading to his little home. The passengers are conveyed at a uniform rate of sixpence a head, which sixpence is collected promiscuously by a small boy at odd moments during the journey.'

A great, indeed an inexhaustible, charm of the country is the wonderful profusion and variety of flowers which grow everywhere; precious things only to be seen here in stately glass houses and per favour of scientific head-gardeners, growing in wild abundance, hiding the ugliness of buildings, delighting the eyes and cheering the heart of the colonist. As the drawbacks to a residence in 'fair Natal' are numerous and undeniable, it is right to dwell a little upon the exceeding beauty of floral nature there. If flowers could only be eaten, what a prosperous place Natal would be, or if the soil would only grow cereals as it grows flowers! To walk on the grassy downs is to walk among beautiful lilies in scarlet and white clusters, endless varieties of periwinkles, purple and white cinerarias, and golden bushes of the Cape broom, which we all know here as so great a beautifier of landscape. Tall arum lilies fill every water-washed hollow in the *spruits* (or brooks), and ferns of all kinds abound.

If the Kaffirs would work with even moderate application, the formation of a luxuriant garden of fruit, flowers, and vegetables would be easily within the reach of any dweller on the soil. The grass is always cleared away for a considerable distance round the house, because snakes are unpleasantly numerous, and grass affords cover for them; in the instances of fine gardens, a broad walk of a deep rich red colour intervening between the house and the gardens, contrasts beautifully with the flower-beds, which are as big as small fields.

The red soil is very destructive to clothing, but it adds to the beauty of the landscape. 'Green things,' says the author, describing a Natal garden, 'which we are accustomed to see in England in small pots, shoot up here to the height of laurel bushes. In shady places grow many varieties of fern and blue hydrangea, and verberna of every shade flourish. But the great feature of this garden is roses, of at least a hundred different sorts, which grow untrained, unpruned, in enormous bushes covered by magnificent blossoms; each bloom of which would win the prize at a rose-show. Red roses, white roses, tea roses, blush roses, moss roses, and the dear old-fashioned cabbage rose, sweetest and most sturdy of all; there they are at every turn—hedges of them, screens of them, and giant bushes of them on either hand.' Add to this a bright swift brook trickling through the garden, the constant sweet song of the Cape canary, and crowds of large butterflies of 'all glorious hues,' which are quite fearless and familiar, perching on the flowers and on the walks, and one gets a delightful notion of a Natal garden.

This is, however, the bright side of the picture of life in our South African colony; its practical aspects are less enticing, though the drawbacks are chiefly such as will be removed in most cases, and modified in all, when railway traffic shall be established in the country; a devoutly-to-be-

wished consummation, not very distant. At present, we are told, the necessities of life are very expensive and difficult to procure; the importation of English servants is almost always a failure; and the Kaffirs, though they have many good qualities, are difficult to teach, very lazy, and given to starting off to their native kraals for an improvised holiday of uncertain duration, without the smallest regard to domestic exigences or the convenience of their employers.

The soil is wonderfully prolific but under-cultivated, and the cost of transport is enormous. Here is a statement which will no doubt in a few years be looked back upon with wonder by the author herself, and read with self-gratulatory retrospective compassion by settlers in Natal under the railway régime: 'The country' (between Maritzburg and Durban) 'is beautiful; but except for a scattered homestead here and there, not a sign of a human dwelling is there on its green and fertile slopes. All along the road, shrill bugle-blasts warned the trailing ox-wagons, with their naked "forelooper," at their head, to creep aside out of the way of the open brake in which we travelled. I counted one hundred and twenty wagons that day on fifty miles of road. Now, if one considers that each of these wagons is drawn by a span of thirty or forty oxen, one has some faint idea of how such a method of transport must use up the material of the country. Something like ten thousand oxen toil over this one road summer and winter; and what wonder is it not only that merchandise costs more to fetch up from Durban to Maritzburg than it does to bring out from England, but that beef is dear and bad?

As transport pays better than farming, we hear on all sides of farms thrown out of cultivation; and in the neighbourhood of Maritzburg it is esteemed a favour to let you have either milk or butter at exorbitant prices and of most inferior quality. When one looks round at these countless acres of splendid grazing-land, making a sort of natural park on either hand, it seems like a bad dream to know that we have constantly to use preserved milk and potted meat, as being cheaper and easier to procure than fresh.'

Durban is a picturesque town, but the sand and the dust are overpowering. Fine timber abounds; the different kinds of wood having the queerest of names. Three of the hardest and handsomest native woods are called respectively stink-wood, breeze-wood, and sneeze-wood. In Durban too, magnificent flowers are everywhere in the utmost profusion; at the fête of 'The First Sod' the spot was beautifully decorated with plants and blossoms which would have cost a large sum in England; but these were cheaper than the nails and string used in their arrangement. This fête of 'The First Sod' afforded a favourable opportunity for seeing all classes of the population, colonists, Kaffirs, and coolies, for they all flocked into Durban; and Lady Barker says a shrewd thing in reference to the populace in general: 'It was the most orderly and respectable crowd which could possibly be seen. In fact, such a crowd would be an impossibility in England or any higher civilised country. There were no dodging vagrants, no slatternly women, no squalid, starving babies. In fact, our civilisation has not yet mounted to effervescence, so we have no dregs.'

We have been told wonders of the salubrity and delightfulness of the climate of Natal; but Lady Barker does not indorse the statements in which we have hitherto placed confidence. The alternations of heat and cold are very trying; the rains are sudden and violent; and thunder-storms are of almost daily occurrence and great severity. After one very grand storm she found a multitude of beautiful butterflies dead on the garden paths; their plumage was not dimmed nor their wings broken; they might have been ready prepared for a collection, quite dead and stiff.

Amongst the fauna of Natal, birds, reptiles, and insects abound. The natives suffer much from snake-bites, and white new-comers from mosquitos; all classes from 'ticks,' which also persecute the dogs and horses. The native language is very melodious and easily learned; and the Kaffirs pick up a little English readily enough. They are indeed a clever race and very home-loving. One genius of the author's acquaintance, called 'Sixpence,' had actually accompanied his master to England, whence he returned with a terrible recollection of an English winter, and a deep-rooted amazement at the boys of the Shoe Brigade who wanted to clean his boots. That astonished him, Sixpence declares, more than anything else. Lady Barker is emphatic in her advice to all colonists that they should make up their minds from the first to have Kaffir servants. One 'Tom,' a nurse-boy, figures in her book most amusingly; he is a capital fellow; and it is to be hoped he has abandoned the intention, which he confided to his mistress, of resigning his position after 'forty moons,' because by that time he should be in a position to buy plenty of wives, who would work for him and support him for the rest of his life. A Kaffir servant usually gets a pound a month, his clothes, and food. The clothes consist of a shirt and trousers of coarse check cotton, and a soldier's cast-off greatcoat for winter—all the old uniforms of Europe find their way to South Africa; and the food is plenty of 'mealies'—or maize meal for 'scoff,' the native name for a mixture which probably resembles porridge. If a servant be worth making comfortable, one gives him a trifle every week to buy meat. The only effectual punishment and the sole restraint which can be placed on the Kaffir propensity to break things, is a system of fines.

A native kraal consists of a cluster of huts which exactly resemble huge beehives. There is a rude attempt at sod-fencing round them, and a few head of cattle graze in the neighbourhood. Women roughly scratch the earth with crooked hoes to form a mealy-ground. Cows and mealies are all the Kaffirs require, except blankets and tobacco. The latter is smoked out of a cow's horn. 'They seem a very gay and cheerful people,' says the author, 'to judge by the laughter and jests I hear from the groups returning to their kraals every day by the road just outside our fence. Sometimes one of the party carries an umbrella; and the effect of a tall Kaffir clad in nothing at all, and carefully guarding his bare head with a tattered "Gamp," is very ridiculous. Often one of the party walks first, playing upon a rude pipe; whilst the others jig after him, laughing and capering like boys let loose from school, and all chattering loudly.'

No man, except he be a white settler's servant,

ever carries a burden. When an 'induna' or chief is 'on the track,' he rides a sorry nag, resting only the point of his great toe in the stirrup, like the Abyssinians. He is followed by his 'tail' or great men, who carry bundles of sticks and keep up with the ambling steed. Then come the wives, bearing heavy loads on their heads; but walking with firm erect carriage, their shapely arms and legs bare, their bodies, from shoulder to knee, clothed in some coarse stuff, which they drape in exquisite folds. Lady Barker describes the Kaffir women as looking neither oppressed nor discontented, but healthy, happy, jolly, lazy, and slow to appreciate any benefit from civilisation, except the money, concerning which they, in common with most savages, display a keenness of comprehension hardly to be improved upon.

A dozen miles from Maritzburg, on the road which forms the first stage of the great overland journey to the Diamond Fields, is the little town of Hawick, on the river Umgeni, which widens down just beneath it to an exquisitely beautiful fall. Over the brink goes the wide, smooth, waveless sheet of water, in an absolutely straight descent of three hundred and twenty feet. From the highest point of the road above the river, the Drakensberg Mountains, snow-covered, except in the hottest summer, are visible, and though majestic, they are disappointing. They are a splendid range of level lines, far up beyond the floating clouds. 'I miss,' says the author, 'the serrated peaks of the Southern Alps and the grand confusion of the Himalayan range. This is evidently the peculiarity of the mountain formation of South Africa; I noticed it first in Table Mountain at Cape Town; it is repeated in every little hill between Durban and Maritzburg, and carried out on a gigantic scale in this splendid range.'

Lady Barker made an interesting excursion of over one hundred miles into the Bush, where she saw real savage Kaffir life, splendid forest scenes, and came on traces of the wild animals, which are being rapidly exterminated. With one forest picture we regretfully take leave of this interesting volume: 'The tall stately trees around, with their smooth magnificent boles, shoot up straight as a willow wand for sixty feet and more before putting forth their crown of leafy branches; the more diminutive undergrowth of gracefulest shrubs and plummy tufts of fern and lovely wild-flowers, violets, clematis, wood anemones, and hepaticas, shewing here and there a modest gleam of colour. But indeed the very mosses and lichens at our feet are a week's study, and so are the details of the delicate green tracery creeping close to the ground. Up above our heads the foliage is interlaced and woven together by a perfect network of "monkey-ropes," a stout and sturdy species of liane, which are used by the troops of baboons which live in those great woods, coming down in armies when the mealies are ripe, and carrying off the cobs by armfuls.' It is spring-tide (September) when Lady Barker lays down her pen; soon, we hope, to resume it, and tell us of the growth of the colony. 'Everything is bursting hurriedly and luxuriantly into bloom. The young oaks are a mass of tender green, and even the unpoetical blue gums try hard to assume a fresh spring tint. The fruit-trees look like large bouquets of pink blossom, and the loquat trees afford good sport in climbing and stone-throwing

amid their cluster of yellow plums. On the *veldt* the lilies are pushing up their green sheaths and white or scarlet cups through the yet hard ground, and the black hill-slopes are turning a vivid green, and the flowers are springing up in millions all over my field like flower-beds. Spring is always lovely everywhere, but nowhere is it lovelier than in fair Natal.'

A PERILOUS POSITION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'Now, look here, Fred; you've exactly an hour and a half to get back in,' said Mr Middleton after luncheon. 'I shall be at the mill by three precisely. Are you sure you can manage it?'

'Oh, quite certain of it, sir,' was my confident reply. 'Why, I could go to M—— and back within the hour, easy riding. I'll not keep you waiting, depend upon it.' So saying, I vaulted the low sill of a window which stood wide open, and approached a couple who were strolling upon the lawn in front of Holm Court, the aristocratic-looking dwelling I had quitted.

Of this couple, one was a young lady, very fair and, in my eyes at least, very beautiful. She was the elder child and only daughter of the Mr Middleton already mentioned; a mill-owner who had realised a gigantic fortune by manufacturing; and in three days she was to be my wife. I for my part was a young man of good family, possessed of an independent fortune, in my twenty-second year, and ardently attached to my intended bride. That this attachment was mutual, I was, moreover, well assured; and on that delicious summer afternoon life opened before me full of brilliant promise. So happy indeed did I feel, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my jubilation within bounds, and compel myself to walk along the ground at a reasonable and gentlemanly pace, instead of running or leaping as, in my ecstasy, inclination prompted.

As I neared her my darling stepped forward to meet me; and after a few words upon another subject, she administered an anxious caution apropos of an adventure in which I was about to join, and to which I shall advert immediately. I assured her in return that there was no danger connected with it; and with an affectionate temporary adieu, we parted. Looking back as I prepared to mount my horse, which, held by a groom, stood ready saddled before the hall door, I saw my sweet girl rejoined by the companion, who, upon my approach, had sauntered away from her to some short distance. This companion was a Mr Marmaduke Hesketh, a fine-looking handsome man, about thirty-five, second-cousin to Mr Middleton, and lately returned from America. That this gentleman entertained towards my humble self feelings of a no very friendly character, I was well aware, although he had never addressed to me a single discourteous word; and the cause of his antipathy I had divined. He too was in love with Clara Middleton; I was sure of it, although he had never told her so; and although Clara herself, when I mentioned my impression to her, laughed at me for it, and called me a 'fanciful goose.' Her rallying, how-

ever, did not shake my conviction of the truth, and I felt very sorry for the poor man. As his successful rival, I could afford to pity him; and I had too much confidence in Clara's affection to feel an atom of jealousy, even when, as now, I left him alone in her company.

My foot in the stirrup, I was preparing for a spring to the saddle, when my name, called eagerly from behind, arrested the action; and turning, I saw Clara's brother—a nice-looking lad of twelve or so—running breathlessly down the broad steps of the entrance-hall.

'I say, Mr Carleton,' he panted on reaching my side, 'mamma wants you, please, to get her a bottle of chloroform from Pennick's the druggist when you're passing. And I say; mind you don't forget my string, will you? It's to be as strong as ever you can get it, you know, for it's such a big kite; and two balls, mind—big ones. You'll be sure and remember?'

'Oh, I'll remember, Charlie, safe enough,' I returned, smiling. 'String and chloroform—two important commissions. I'll not forget. Bye-bye, my boy.' And giving my horse his head, I trotted down the avenue, passed the lodge gates, and turned in the direction of the busy manufacturing town of M——.

My errand there was to see the clergyman who was to officiate at the marriage, and to arrange with him some slight alteration in the hour previously appointed for the ceremony. On my return from this visit I was, according to agreement, to meet Mr Middleton and Mr Hesketh on the site of a large cotton-mill in process of erection by the former. Of this mill one portion was already completed, namely, an enormous chimney—the broadest and tallest by far of any in the county. Mr Middleton, exceedingly proud of his chimney, and considering it a masterpiece of enterprise, had determined beforehand to ascend to its summit as soon as it should be finished; and in this expedition he had invited Mr Hesketh and myself to accompany him. The scaffolding used in building it having been removed, the ascent was to be made by means of a bucket or car (similar to those employed in the descent of coal-pits), affixed to two strong chains, passing over pulleys which ran on pins built into the chimney at the top; and the car was to be worked by a windlass.

It wanted exactly five minutes to three when I arrived at the rendezvous—my business at M—— transacted, and the chloroform and string I had been commissioned to purchase in my pocket. Giving my horse into the charge of one of Mr Middleton's employés, of whom there were several about, I walked towards the subterranean entrance to the chimney, near which I perceived Mr Marmaduke Hesketh standing. He looked rather pale, I thought, as courteously advancing on my approach, he imparted to me the information that Mr Middleton had just received a telegram summoning him to the bedside of his brother, Captain Middleton. That gentleman, it appeared, had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill; and full of anxiety, Mr and Mrs Middleton had already started off for F—— Junction, in order to catch the first train thence to the town, some twenty miles distant, where the captain was stationed with his regiment. Mr Middleton had, however, my informant proceeded, expressed, before leaving, a desire that we would not allow his absence to interfere

with our project of ascending the chimney ; and he, Mr Hesketh, concluded by hoping that I would not object to accompany him alone, as he very much wished to see the view from the top, and would not, as I knew—for he was leaving Holm Court the next day—have another opportunity of doing so.

Young and fond of adventure, I had rather enjoyed the prospect of this enterprise, and though disappointed not to carry it out in my intended father-in-law's company, I saw no reason for declining Mr Hesketh's proposal to go with him alone. Accordingly, signifying my assent to it, we proceeded to enter the chimney together. Some half-dozen men were waiting within, in readiness to turn the crank of the windlass ; and a moment later, swaying and vibrating in mid-air, we were slowly ascending through the gradually narrowing aperture of the great chimney. On gaining the top I was the first to step from the bucket ; but Mr Hesketh was speedily by my side. The stone coping being fully two feet in width and having a narrow parapet a foot in height, presented a perfectly safe footing. I had a strong head, and had not expected to feel dizzy ; yet, as I now gazed from that tremendous height, a singular feeling of insecurity seized upon me.

'Will you not walk round?' said my companion when we had stood together for a few seconds on the spot where we had alighted.

'Oh, certainly,' I replied with an assumption of boldness, but an inward shrinking from the ordeal ; and with Mr Hesketh at my heels, I commenced the circuit.

About half the short distance was accomplished, when a hand laid on my arm arrested my steps. 'We've a fine view from here—haven't we?' observed Mr Hesketh as I stopped, a sensation of dread thrilling through my nerves at his touch. 'You see Holm Court there, down to the right, don't you?'

'Of course, quite plainly,' I returned, clearing my throat to cover the strange nervous uneasiness I was experiencing.

'So glad I persuaded you to come and see the view,' he remarked next in a very peculiar tone, and at the same time tightening his grasp upon my arm. 'But it's an awful height, isn't it ; I hope you don't feel giddy?'

'Not at all,' I replied, endeavouring to keep my composure as I gazed downwards at the long perpendicular wall of smooth brick, but feeling that I was trembling perceptibly.

'And yet there is but a step between us and death,' he pursued with a sneer. 'Hollo! I'm quoting Scripture, I declare. You wouldn't have expected that of me ; would you?'

'Oh, anybody can quote Scripture, you know,' I responded with a ghastly attempt at airiness. 'But I say, Hesketh, let go my arm, will you? You're hurting me.'

'Hurting you, am I? Ha, ha! I beg your pardon, I'm sure,' he laughed, increasing instead of diminishing the vice-like pressure of his fingers. 'I wouldn't hurt you for the world ; O no! But now, if you've quite finished with the scenery, Mr Frederick Carleton, I'll trouble you to give me your attention for a moment. I'm going to ask you a question, which you may perhaps consider somewhat seriously timed. I am not a vain man, that I know of ; but I should like to have your

opinion respecting my personal appearance. Should you feel justified now, for instance, in describing me as a well-built, powerful kind of man?'

Considering that he was upwards of six feet in height, broad and stout in proportion, with well-developed sinewy limbs, the description would have been accurate ; and I said so.

'If you feel any doubt of it,' he resumed, still in the same peculiar tone, 'oblige me by examining that muscle.' And he stretched out for my inspection an arm that could have felled an ox—firm and strong as a bar of iron.

'I am quite satisfied of your muscular strength and powerful physical development, Mr Hesketh,' I said, with an effort to appear unconcerned and amused, which I was conscious was a dead failure. 'And now, with your permission, I think we had better descend.'

'Not just this moment, my precious little bantam cock,' was the startling rejoinder. 'Sorry to detain you, believe me, but I must trouble you with another question. Supposing, now, that you and I, dear friend, were to have a tussle at the top of this chimney, and that each of us was trying to throw the other over, which, should you think, would have the better chance of accomplishing his purpose?'

Summoning to my aid all the manliness of which I was possessed, I courageously declined to answer this question—asserting that the case was not a supposable one, seeing that I entertained towards him no feelings of enmity, and that I felt sure he had no desire to injure me.

'Look in my face and see if I haven't!' he rejoined in loud fierce accents, very different from those he had hitherto employed. 'Look in my face, Mr Frederick Carleton, and see if I haven't!'

I did look, and my heart died within me—for on the face of the man who still retained my arm in his iron grip on the top of that terrible chimney, I saw an expression of fiendish hate and malignance, of the like of which I could not have believed a human countenance capable.

As my eyes fell before the awful glare of his, he laughed. 'You have read your answer, I see,' he said. 'And now, listen. Seat yourself upon the parapet exactly where you now stand ; observe as closely as you please what I am about to do ; but stir one step to hinder it, and as I live, I will hurl you below!'

The threat, I knew, was no vain one ; the man who uttered it overtopped me by the head and shoulders, and possessed double my strength. Resistance, therefore, would have been entirely useless ; and trembling in every limb, I obeyed the command, and seated myself. And this was what I then beheld. Approaching the mass of machinery against which rested the wooden box or car wherein we had ascended, Mr Hesketh leaned over the edge of the chimney, and deliberately lifted this up from one of the two strong iron hooks upon which it hung suspended. Then slipping the loosened chain over the pulley, he sent it clattering towards the ground below. A horrified shout from the men who stood by the windlass greeted this act, coming up hoarse and discordant from the distance ; and bending forwards I answered that shout with an imploring cry for aid—a wild vain cry! The men, of course, could not help me ; and with sickening despair I watched them retreating to the subterranean passage, to save

themselves from danger—as mounted now upon the projecting machinery, Mr Hesketh loosened the remaining hook of the car and precipitated it into the abyss beneath.

MISPRINTS.

MISPRINTS, errors of the press, printers' blunders, typographical mistakes—call them what we may—are so numerous that every reader meets with them occasionally. Budgets of ludicrous examples are now and then given in the popular journals; and these budgets might be greatly extended. Our *Journal* gave its quota more than thirty years ago; and the matter was again touched upon in the volume for 1872.

Many errors consist in the omission of a single letter in a single word, altering the sense most materially. Thus, an omission of the letter *t*, in a work by Dr Watts, made immortal into *immoral*; and other grotesque instances of this kind of error could be given. The heedless substitution of one letter for another, without exceeding or falling short of the proper number of letters in the word, is a very frequent form of blunder. 'Bring him to look' is a poor version of 'bring him to book.' A candidate at an election certainly did not mean, as a newspaper implied, that he fully expected to come in 'at the top of the pole.' A compositor, perhaps a learner, being unable to make out a Greek word of three letters, set them down as the three numerals to which they bore some resemblance in shape, namely 185. At a public demonstration the mob rent the air with their *snouts*. Dr Livingstone's cap, as worn when Mr Stanley met him in the heart of Africa, was said in one of the papers to have been '*famished* with a gold-lace band.' In old English printing, the syllable *con* was often contracted to something like the shape of the figure 9; and this numeral is to be found in many books, even standard works, where it has no right whatever; in one edition of the *Monasticon Anglicanum* for instance, the word conquest is represented as *Qquest*. There are both a wrong letter used and a letter omitted in the startling statement, that a right reverend prelate was highly pleased with some ecclesiastical *iniquities* shewn to him.

A useful question has been asked, and to some extent discussed, whether several of the above-cited misprints of single letters, or others similar to them, may not be due to the arrangement of the compositor's working apparatus? Mr Keightley suggested, a few years ago, that possibly some of the varied readings of passages in Shakspeare might be due to the compositor dipping his fingers into the wrong cell, and others to the fact that wrong types have got into the right cell. Most persons who have visited any of the printing establishments are aware that the compositor's types are placed in flat cases provided with a number of small cells or receptacles, each for one particular letter of one particular class of type. There are two cases, one called the *upper* and the other the *lower*; the former being for the capitals, the latter for the small letters. Both cases are placed before the compositor, inclining upwards from front to back, the upper more inclined than the lower. The cells are not ranged in regular

alphabetical order, but in such manner that those containing the letters most wanted shall be grouped together near the compositor's hand, leaving such letters as *j, k, g, x, z*, &c. to occupy cells near the margin of the case. May not some types fall out of an overfilled cell into the one just below it; or may not the filling of a pair of cases with new type be so carelessly managed that a few fall over into the wrong cells; or may the compositor, in distributing the type after printing, now and then drop a type into a wrong cell?

A practical printer will answer such a question in the affirmative. The letters *b* and *l*, for instance, being in contiguous cells, one may fall or slip down into the cell belonging to the other, which might be the cause of 'bring him to book' being changed into 'bring him to look.' The old form of type for the double letter *st* is believed to have led to many misprints—such as *nostrils* being expressed *stostriils*, in a Bible printed in the early part of the present century. Whether the types were arranged in the cases a hundred or two hundred years ago in the same order and manner as at present, might be worth a little investigation—in so far as any change of arrangement may have rendered either more or less frequent such misprints as would arise from the falling over of some of the types into wrong cells. There are now something like a hundred and fifty cells in a pair of cases for ordinary book and newspaper printing; even if there were the same number in former times, it does not necessarily follow that the arrangement of the rank and file would be the same.

Benjamin Franklin, when a young man, refused to give 'garnish' or 'pay his footing,' on being placed in a room of compositors; because he had already responded to a demand for similar blackmail in another department of the printing-office. They took a peculiar method of punishing him, by disarranging some of the types in his cells when he was out of the room. Very likely this technical tribulation may have led him inadvertently to the committal of numerous misprints. Several years ago Mr H. Martin, of Halifax, adverted to a typographical error in a former communication of his to one of the journals, and added: 'Upwards of thirty years' experience in connection with the press has taught me to be very lenient towards misprints. The difficulty of detecting typographical errors is much greater than the uninitiated are inclined to believe. I have often observed that, even if the spelling be correct, a wrong word is very apt to remain undetected.' He notices an instance in an edition of Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, where Portia's lines—

Young Alcides when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy—

were converted into nonsense by the simple change of Troy into *Tory*. 'In a short biographical notice of Pope which I compiled for an edition of his poems, I briefly enumerated his prose works, among which I named his *Memoirs of a Parish Priest*; when the proof came before me, I found that the compositor had set it *Memoirs of a Paint Brush*.' It is possible that this blunder may have arisen from a cause to which we shall presently advert, obscure writing in the author's manuscript; but Mr Martin also took notice of the matter mentioned above, namely the partial disarrangement

of some of the types in the cells, as a cause of typographical bewilderment.

This misplacing of types in cells would fail, however, to account for a multitude of blunders. The author, the compositor, and the 'corrector of the press' must be responsible on other grounds for 'A silver medal given to a florist for *stealing geraniums*;' and for putting a wrong date on the tops of some of the pages of a newspaper—such as the *Daily News* in one of its issues, which put 'Monday July 18th' on the top of one page, and 'Tuesday July 18th' on the top of all the others; and in a quite recent instance in the *Illustrated London News*, where on the top of one page Saturday was assigned to a date that certainly did not belong to it. At the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852, Sir Peregrine Maitland was one of the pall-bearers. A statement appeared in some of the journals to the effect that when Sir Archibald Alison published the last volume of his *History of Europe*, the name of Sir Peregrine Maitland appeared as Sir Peregrine *Pickle*; and it was remarked that such a misprint could not have been otherwise than intentional, a poor attempt at a joke on the part of the compositor, or the 'corrector.' In the only copy which we have consulted, this absurdity does *not* appear—a negative testimony so far as it goes in favour of the compositor.

The wrong placing of words in lines, and lines in columns or pages, is an instance of careless 'making-up,' for which the compositor in the first place is clearly responsible, but which as certainly ought to be detected in the proof by the corrector. Nevertheless, the examples of this are manifold. Sometimes a whole line is transferred higher up or lower down the page than the proper place; and at others one single word makes an excursion to a line where no reader would look for it. We notice, for instance, in one of the magazines for September 1877 the word *see* is used where it has no meaning; twelve lines lower down occurs the word *They* where it has no meaning; but on transposing the two words, nonsense becomes converted into sense. A practical printer could tell us how such an error might arise in the technical management of his 'composing-stick' and 'form;' but to outsiders it is well-nigh incomprehensible.

It was a little too bad in the printers of a Cambridge Bible, published some years back, that such a line should appear as 'I will never *forgive* thy precepts.' Here there was no writer nor transcriber concerned; the compositor made the blunder, and the press-reader passed it without detection; because as new editions of the Bible, unless newly annotated, are copied from the print of a previous edition, no manuscript is needed. A somewhat trifling error, though puzzling in its result, occurs in spacing the words: the last letter or syllable of one word is inadvertently placed at the beginning of the next, or else the first is placed at the end of the preceding word. When a lady is said, in a recent novel, to 'rush downstairs *without stretched* arms,' we know what is meant; but the corrector ought not to have passed such a slip unnoticed. On one occasion—perhaps one among many—a foot-note is incorporated in the body of the page, throwing the whole sense of a paragraph into utter confusion. A printer will know how this may occur, in arranging

his lines into pages; but what is the about?

The most trying part perhaps of a compositor's duty is to decipher the writing of some authors whose manuscripts have to be set up in type. No one can conceive, merely judging from the interchange of ordinary letters between relations and acquaintances, the large amount of badly written manuscript which reaches the printing-offices. And it is known that some of our most eminent authors, whose veritable words are regarded as more important than those of other men, are great sinners in this respect; they torment the compositor with specimens of the art of penmanship almost hopelessly unintelligible. Our readers will find this part of the subject—that is the misprints that are due wholly to the bad writing of the author or amanuensis, and not to carelessness shewn by the compositor or the corrector—fully illustrated by examples in the article 'Wretched Writers' in this *Journal* for March 14, 1874. The late Horace Greeley, the distinguished American, is pictured in that article as about the worst penman that ever disturbed the peace of a compositor.

A word or two about correctors and correcting. When the compositor has set up and arranged matter enough for say a sheet, a 'proof' is pulled at the hand-press, and the 'first reader' is employed to examine it closely for the detection of any technical errors; then, with the aid of a 'reading-boy,' he compares the paragraphs, one after another, with the author's manuscript, corrects as he goes on by means of marginal marks on the proof, and queries any doubtful word or passage to which he wishes to draw the author's attention. The compositor makes all the corrections suggested by this 'first reader,' and for common cheap kinds of printing this is enough; but for better work, a 'second reader' is employed to correct not merely the compositor but to advise even the author in regard to badly chosen words or badly arranged sentences—an intellectual revision, in fact, often performed by men who sometimes themselves afterwards rise to distinction as authors. The perplexities that beset the printer's reader were pretty fully set forth thirteen years ago in the *Journal*; and we need say nothing more on that subject. What with the reading-boy, the first reader, and the second reader, we see that there are many possible responsibilities for misprints besides those due to the author, the copyist or amanuensis, and the compositor. An impartial distribution of blame is hence desirable so far as it can be done.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

IN a curious and instructive book which we have just read, entitled *Nature's Teachings*, by Mr Wood, we are shewn that scientific inventions, no matter how original and ingenious they may appear to be, have each and all been anticipated in the world of nature.

Countless inventions have been made by man without his having any knowledge of the fact that the machine which in its first idea sprang from a single brain, and was afterwards, during the progress of time, slowly improved and perfected perhaps by many successive generations of

inventors, had been in use in nature in a more perfect form than art could accomplish, for ages before man existed on the earth. There is scarcely a principle or part in architecture that has not its natural parallel—walls, floors, towers, doors and hinges, porches, eaves, and windows; thatch, slates, and tiles, girders, ties, and buttresses, bridges, dams, the pyramid, and even mortar, paint, and varnish, are all there. The Eskimo snow-house is an exact copy of the dwelling the seal builds for her tender young; the wasp's nest is composed of several storics supported on numerous pillars. The well-known instance of the building of the Crystal Palace on a 'new principle,' by Sir Joseph Paxton, is mentioned by the author, and is one of the many cases where man has confessedly copied nature in art; for that beautiful structure of iron and glass is simply an adaptation of the framework of the enormous leaves of the Victoria regia plant, which, owing to its formation, combines great strength with great apparent fragility. The present Eddystone lighthouse, which has so long withstood the force of the waves, was constructed in 1760 by Smeaton on an entirely new idea, the model being taken from a tree trunk, and the stones of which it was built being strengthened by being dovetailed into one another, as is the case with the sutures of the skull.

The study of the eye of man, as well as of birds, quadrupeds, and insects, has shewn how the most beautiful and gradually improved inventions, such as the telescope, microscope, pseudoscope, stereoscope, multiplying glass, &c., had already been perfected in nature for ages. By the combination of a few prisms and a magnifying glass, is produced that most wonderful of all optical instruments, the spectroscope, which equally reveals to us the constituents of the most distant stars or the colouring matter of the tiniest leaf; and yet the prismatic colours developed by this marvellous instrument have existed equally within the glorious arch of the rainbow and in the tiniest dew-drop as it glitters in the rising sun, ever since the sun first shone and the first rain fell.

In the arts of peace, we must look to the animal world for the most perfect specimens of tools for digging, cutting, or boring. No spade is equal to the foot of the mole; and our hammers and pincers look clumsy indeed beside the woodpecker's beak or the lobster's claw. Moreover, the dwellings in the construction of which such tools are employed, are models of beauty and ingenuity. Symmetrically shaped pottery made of moulded mud or clay is found in Nature in the form of birds' and insects' nests; in the jaws of the skate is found the crushing-mill, and in the tooth of the elephant the grindstone. In the ichneumon fly and the grasshopper was perfected from the first the modern agricultural improvement on the hand-dibble, the seed-drill. It is only of late years that the use of the teasel has been superseded by machinery; and brushes and combs, buttons, hooks, eyes, stoppers, filters, &c. are all found in Nature.

The principle of the diving-bell and air-tube exists in varieties of insects; birds make beds and hammocks and even sew, and the bower-bird emulates us in the construction of ornamental bowers and gardens. Graceful fans exist in plants and insects, cisterns in the traveller's tree and the camel's stomach, and natural examples of the balloon and parachute.

In other varieties of art, Nature has stolen a march on man; certain insects make paper of different textures; the art known as 'nature-printing' was anticipated in the coal measures. Star-stippling, as now used in engraving to produce extra softness of effect, exists in utmost perfection in every flower petal. The caddis-worm, common in all our fresh waters, constructs for itself a circular window-grating which admits the water and yet protects the pupa from injury, an apparatus exactly like the wheel-windows of a Gothic building. There is a bird in South Africa, the Sociable Weaver-bird, which may be looked upon as a dweller in cities, each pair, up to the number of perhaps three hundred, building its own nest; while the whole community unite to form a common roof or covering of thatch made from a coarse kind of grass, to protect their habitations from the heavy tropical rains. The Driver-ants, also found in Africa, are so sensitive to the fierce heat of the sun, that when on their marches they are obliged to cross open ground, 'they construct as they go on, a slight gallery which looks very much like the lining of a tunnel stripped of the surrounding earth;' and if they come to thick grass which makes a shelter for them, they take advantage of it, and only resume the tunnel when they emerge on the other side. Not less wonderful than any of these are the Trap-door spiders, of which mention has been before made in this *Journal*. In making their nests, they begin by sinking a shaft in the ground; it is then lined with a silken web, and closed by a circular door, which can scarcely be distinguished from the moss and lichens which grow around. The hinges are most exactly fitted, and the spider has an extraordinary power of closing his door from the inside, and resisting all intrusion.

It is curious that as we *advance* in the scale of creation these wonderful dwellings cease. Strange to say, the creature which roams at will through the forest, and has no settled resting-place, is higher in the scale of life—according to the recognised scheme of naturalists—than the animal that is mechanically capable of constructing the most perfect abode!

Mr Wood reminds us that though the march of Science has destroyed much of our belief in the sweet old tales of fairyland, yet she has given us ample compensation, inasmuch as the 'fairy tales of science' are in reality more full of grace and poetry than any of the myths that delighted our childhood. And many of the forms which meet us, if we apply ourselves to the study of natural history, are more full of quaint or graceful fancy than the wildest tales that have ever stirred the imagination of an Eastern story-teller. What can be more beautiful than the little *Velutella*, a

sea-creature like a circular raft, with an upright membrane answering to a sail; 'semi-transparent, and radiant in many rainbow-tinted colours.' What more grotesque than the Archer-fish, 'which possesses the curious power of feeding itself by shooting drops of water at flies, and very seldom fails to secure its prey;' or the Angler-fish, which is endowed by Nature with a rod and bait ready adjusted. This remarkable creature has an enormous mouth; on the top of its head are certain prolonged cane-like filaments, beautifully set in a ring and staple joint, so as to turn every way; and at the end of these singular appendages is a little piece of flesh, which when waved about, looks like a living worm, and attracts the fish, which is then engulfed in the huge jaws of this natural angler.

Many interesting forms come to us from the water-world, suggestive of rafts, boats, oars, and anchors. An insect called the Water-boatman is itself both boat and oars, besides being its own passenger; the legs with which it rows are fashioned in most exact resemblance to the blade of an oar; or we should rather say that the blade of an oar resembles the leg of this Water-boatman. That fragile creature the Portuguese Man-of-war, which traverses the surface of the ocean like a bubble, and can at pleasure distend itself with air and float, or discharge the air and sink, shews us the principle of the life-dress in which Captain Boyton made his daring passage across the Channel. Cables too we have in plenty: the Pinna, a kind of mussel, anchors itself to some rock or stone with a number of silk-like threads spun by itself; and the Water-snail moors itself, perhaps to a water-lily leaf, by means of a gelatinous thread, slight, almost invisible, yet very strong, which it can elongate at pleasure.

In connection with this there is a very curious account of a spider, which shews a marvellous power of adaptation. Its wheel-like net was in danger from a high wind. 'The spider descended to the ground, a depth of about seven feet, and instead of attaching its thread to a stone or plant, fastened it to a piece of loose stick, hauled it up a few feet clear of the ground, and then went back to its web. The piece of stick thus left suspended, acted in a most admirable manner, giving strength and support, and at the same time yielding partly to the wind. By accident the thread became broken, and the stick, which was about as thick as an ordinary pencil, and not quite three inches in length, fell to the ground. The spider immediately descended, attached another thread, and hauled it up as before. In a day or two, when the tempestuous weather had ceased, the spider voluntarily cut the thread and allowed the then useless stick to drop.' The plan here adopted by the spider is frequently followed by fishermen who during stormy weather at sea, ride out the gale by attaching the boat to their yielding nets.

It is natural to expect that in the arts of war and self-defence Nature should shew us an infinite variety; and man has not been slow in using his powers to adapt the same principles to his own use. If man has armed himself with spears or daggers, if he has dug pitfalls or set traps in hunting, his most deadly contrivances are but feeble adaptations of the weapons, offensive and defensive, with which Nature has endowed her offspring. We are prepared to find the serpent's fang

a terrible instrument; and we are not surprised that the piercing apparatus and sheaths of gnats and fleas, or the lancets of mosquitoes when magnified, are dangerous and blood-thirsty; but it is curious to find how many of these deadly weapons belong to the vegetable world. The sword-grass has a notched blade which, when magnified, is almost exactly the same as the shark-tooth sword of Mangaia. There are nettles whose sting is sufficiently venomous to cause violent pain, inflammation, cramp, and even death; and it is well known that some of the most graceful of plants, such as Venus's Fly-trap, which is common in the Carolinas, and the Drosera or Sundew, one of our British plants, are in fact nothing but skilful traps to catch and digest unwary insects.

Some of the most curious of natural defences are those which simulate some form quite different from the true character of the creature. We are tempted to think of the Mighty Book of Michael Scott, in which was

Much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight,
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall.

And Nature, in her turn exercising her powerful glamour, can make a caterpillar seem a twig, or a moth look exactly like a withered leaf. The Spider-crab might be taken for a moving mass of zoophytes and corallines, so thickly is its shell covered with extraneous growths. The Leaf-insects are so exactly like leaves that the most experienced eye can scarcely distinguish them from the leaves among which they are placed. We must all have noticed other instances in which the colours of insects, and also the plumage of birds, harmonise in a wonderful way with the scenes in the midst of which they are placed. Indeed there seems no end to the resemblance which may be traced between the works of Nature and those of man. Many of the most obvious of these strike us with fresh surprise when we find the comparison carefully drawn out. What a freak of Nature, for instance, are the aphides, the milk-cows of a species of ant; or the tailor-bird, 'which sews leaves together by their edges, and makes its nest inside them!' It is sufficiently strange too, to remember that the elaborate process of paper-making was carried on by the wasps, ages before it was known to the Chinese.

One of the most powerful of all natural forces is that of electricity; and it is at present so little understood, and so full of mystery, that we may perhaps suppose that many of the most important discoveries of the future must lie in that direction. But Nature has known how to turn this as well as her other powers to her own use. She has her living galvanic batteries, such as the torpedo and the electric eel, both of which secure their prey by paralysing it with their electric discharges. And the light of the glow-worm and that of the fire-fly, though hitherto it has been a puzzle to naturalists, may, there is little doubt, be referred to animal electricity.

After a careful perusal of the book, we are convinced that the more closely the connection between Nature and human inventions is observed, the more perfect and the more numerous will further discoveries be. Endowed with high moral capabilities of truth and justice, and benevolence;

gifted with reasoning faculties, which enable him to observe, to argue, to draw conclusions, it is for man himself to work according to the same laws which, unconsciously to themselves, govern the organisations of the lower animal, and the vegetable world.

WASTE SUBSTANCES.

CIGAR-ENDS.

PROBABLY few people in this country are aware that that usually wasted substance a cigar-end is utilised in Germany to a large extent, and with even beneficent results.

We can imagine many of our readers wondering what can be the object of collecting these small ends; and we will therefore briefly explain that they are sold for the purpose of being made into snuff, and that the proceeds of such sales are devoted to charitable purposes. There is in Berlin a society called the 'Verein der Sammler von Cigarren Abschnitten,' or the Society of Collectors of Cigar-cuttings, which has been in existence some ten years, and has done much good. Every Christmas the proceeds of the cigar-ends collected by this Society and its friends are applied to the purchase of clothes for some poor orphan children. In 1876 about thirty children were clothed by this Society, each child being provided with a shirt, a pair of good leather boots, a pair of woollen stockings, a warm dress, and a pocket-handkerchief. In addition to this, a large well-decorated Christmas-tree is given for their entertainment, and each child is sent home with a good supply of fruit and sweetmeats. Altogether more than two hundred poor orphan children have been clothed by this Society simply by the proceeds of such small things as cigar-ends.

The success of the Society at Berlin has induced further enterprise in the same direction, and it is now proposed to erect a building to be called the 'Deutsches Reichs-Waisenhaus' (Imperial German Orphan Home), where orphans who are left unprovided for may be properly cared for, clothed, and instructed. The site proposed for this institution is at Lahr in Baden, where there are a number of snuff manufactories, and it is therefore well adapted to the scheme, which we can only hope may be successfully carried out. Although the directors of this Home propose to have a plan prepared for a large building, only a small part of it will at first be erected, to which each year or two more rooms may be added, in accordance with the original plan, in proportion to the success which is found to attend the undertaking. It will be readily understood that a good many difficulties beset this scheme, for it requires the most perfect co-operation of the smoking community and some assistance also from the non-smokers; but much can be done by friends who will undertake the duty of collecting, and some of the most energetic of these are not unfrequently of the fair sex.

The system of collection, which is extended over a large part of Germany, is generally undertaken by one or two ladies or gentlemen in each town, who collect now and then from their smoking friends the ends which they have been saving up. These collectors either send on the cigar-ends to the central Society, or sell them on the spot and transmit the proceeds. This latter plan, when it

can be worked, is preferable, as saving expenses in carriage and packing. It is proposed that the number of children which each town shall have the privilege of sending to the Home shall be regulated according to the amount which they have contributed to the Society.

To insure the success of this institution, it will be absolutely necessary for all to unite and work together; each one must not leave it for his neighbour, thinking that one more or less can make no difference. To shew, however, what might be accomplished by a thorough unity in this matter, let us say that there are at least some ten millions of smokers in Germany; or to be very much within the mark, we will take only five million smokers who will give themselves the trouble, if such it is, of saving up their cigar-ends; and assuming that the cigar-ends of each person during one week are worth only a quarter *Pfennig* (ten *Pfennig* = one penny English), we have a total revenue for the year of six hundred and fifty thousand marks, or thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds. Now, these thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds, which, as a rule, are thrown away and wasted, can be used to provide a Home for at least thirteen thousand poor orphan children. Further, if the five million smokers would contribute but once a year the value only of a single cigar, say in Germany one penny, this would make an additional five hundred thousand marks, or twenty-five thousand pounds, which would clothe another ten thousand children.

Now we ask, is it not worth while to be careful in small things, and to save up these usually wasted cigar-ends, when we see what great things might result? We can only conclude by wishing success to this remarkable institution, which has taken for its motto the most appropriate words, 'Viele Wenig machen ein Viel;' or in the words of the old Scottish proverb, 'Many a little makes a mickle.'

LONG AGO.

He gave me his promise of changeless truth,
(Down in the wood where the ivy clings);
And the air breathed rapture, and love, and youth,
(And yon tree was in bud where the throstle sings).

He said he was going across the sea,
(Far from the wood where the ivy clings),
And would bring back riches and jewels for me;
(But brown leaves shake where the throstle sings).

Hope made Life like a summer morn;
(Sweet was the wood where the ivy clings);
Now my heart is cold, and withered, and worn,
(And the bough is bare where the throstle sings).

Days are dreary, and life is long;
(Yet down in the wood the ivy clings),
And the winds they moan a desolate song,
(And there's snow on the bough where no throstle sings).

Spring will come with its buds and leaves
(Back to the wood where the ivy clings);
But 'tis winter cold for the heart that grieves,
(And I hear not the song that the throstle sings).

J. C. H.

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THE CIVIL SERVICE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

WITHIN the last few years the progress of the Civil Service Supply Association in London has been so extraordinary that a few words concerning it may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The object of the society is 'to carry on the trade of general dealers, so as to secure to members of the Civil Service and the friends of members of the society the supply of articles of all kinds, both for domestic consumption and general use, at the lowest possible price; on the principle of dealing for ready-money. Co-operation on the broadest scale of retail shop-keeping is brought into play. The organisation consists of three classes of purchasers: the holders of shares of the value of one pound each, and from whom the committee of management is chosen; ordinary members, who being connected with the Civil Service, pay two shillings and sixpence a year; and outsiders, or mere supporters of the concern (who, however, must be friends of members or shareholders), who pay the sum of five shillings annually. All have the same advantages in the purchase of goods, but members of the Civil Service have the privilege of having goods above a certain amount delivered carriage free. As the thing stands, the number of shareholders is limited to four thousand five hundred.

The constitution is a little complex, and to the non-initiated, perhaps not very rational; let it, however, be remembered that it is not so much a business concern, as what may aptly be termed a 'benefit society;' and if the objects of the society when it was started in 1866 have in late years been deviated from, it is more from the excessive growth of the institution than from any other cause. The Association has from less to more assumed truly gigantic proportions, and now takes rank as one of the wonders of the metropolis. The headquarters of the Association consist of huge and handsome premises in Queen Victoria Street, 'City,' the lease of which, subject to a ground-rent of one thousand four hundred pounds, has

been purchased, and which, together with certain additions to the building, has cost no less a sum than twenty-seven thousand pounds; but such is the increased value of property in this locality that they have recently been valued at thirty-two thousand pounds. On the ground-floor of this building, groceries of all kinds, wines, spirits, provisions, cigars, and tobacco are sold, forming three departments. On the first, all goods which come under the terms of hosiery, drapery, or clothing, besides umbrellas and sticks, are the articles of sale, forming two departments; and on the second floor, commerce is strongly represented by stationery, books, fancy goods, drugs, watches, and other miscellaneous goods, forming three departments. The third floor is appropriated for the offices of the clerks of the Association, who form a large staff, and for storage.

For the accommodation of West-end customers, an emporium in Long Acre was until recently used; but that becoming too small for an increasing trade, the Association has built commodious premises in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, costing twenty-five thousand pounds, whither the Long Acre business has been removed, and the arrangements of which are the same as at Queen Victoria Street. Not content with these, the Association has taken large premises at the back of Exeter Hall for storage purposes, as well as for the sale of various new articles and the carrying on of the tailoring department.

It is not a little astonishing to know that a society which originated in a very humble way indeed, has developed its business so much within little more than ten years that it requires more than six hundred *employés* for the furtherance of the concern. The secretary, who is the chief of this staff, has several clerks under him; and besides there are accountants, a treasurer, several store-keepers, clerks, assistants, cashiers, &c.—a body which costs the Association nearly fifty thousand pounds annually! The direction of the whole concern is vested in the hands of the committee, which numbers fifteen; and the shareholders

participate in the management so far as they are the constituents, so to speak, of the committee-men, the election taking place once a year, when five of the body go out in rotation. It may be added that there are likewise auditors, bankers, and other officials requisite to a society of this kind; and that the necessary managerial business is transacted at the ordinary meetings of the Association, twice a year.

The Civil Service Supply Association is said to take rank now amongst the largest buyers and sellers of this country, a circumstance we need not be surprised at when it is stated that the sales from the first year of the society's establishment to August 1877 amounted to upwards of six million pounds sterling; and the wonderfully rapid increase of the business may be judged by the fact that the sales of the Association, which in the first year (1867) amounted to £21,322, in the year ending August 1877 reached the large sum of £1,041,294. These figures are valuable in demonstrating the unprecedented success of this extraordinary Association, a success mainly due to the large body of members by which the Association is supported. Last year the number of clients was twenty-five thousand, including the four thousand five hundred shareholders already referred to. Last year each shareholder had the privilege of nominating two persons for membership, by which nine thousand outside members or subscribers will be added. We are further told that there is always a mass of applicants for admission to the Association, many of whom have been on the books of the society for years, unable to procure tickets.

Cheap goods being the main object of co-operative associations, we will now say a few words regarding the prices charged. At first the benefit in this respect was very appreciable; but as the society has increased, the benefit has, as a natural consequence of a corresponding increase in working expenses, to a certain extent decreased, and it may be added, is in many cases very variable. While on certain articles, such as fancy goods, drugs, perfumes, and the like, the reduction is considerable; on others again, such as tea, sugar, butter, and the like, which are of more common use, there is but a trifling difference between the Association's prices and those of the retail trade. This seems rather to defeat the true objects of co-operation, which are expected to convey benefit more in respect of articles of general consumption than of those much less necessary for common existence. The variability of reduction arises probably from the fact that goods sold at little profit by shopkeepers are also not to be sold much cheaper at the stores; while the goods on which most gain is made at shops are those on which the Association can afford to make large reductions; but by a strange fatality, they are, as a rule, the very articles less required than any others by the members of the society.

In calculating prices the committee deem it necessary to act so as to be on the safe side in case of any error that might arise. On an average, the prices charged to members are at the rate of ten per cent. above the wholesale prices, thus allowing a profit to defray working expenses, which are about seven and a half per cent. This allowance has always proved a generous one, for

besides covering the annual expenditure, there has always been an important surplus.

For some years this surplus was allowed to accumulate, it being thought that it might probably prove useful as a reserve fund; but when it reached the large sum of nearly one hundred thousand pounds, it was plainly apparent that steps should be taken to dispose of it and all future surpluses. As concerned the foregoing sum, the rules of the society according to the act of parliament under which the Association is incorporated, rendered appropriation of it in any way impossible; it was therefore set apart as a reserve fund, invested in the buildings, stock, &c. of the Association; but a new set of rules was formed by which all profits accruing thereafter were to be divided amongst the shareholding body, and placed annually to the credit of each, to be, however, only withdrawable by their reliefs after death, or when the accumulations on any share shall amount to one hundred and seventy-five pounds, when, in order to comply with the provisions of the Provident Societies Act, which limits the funds any member may have in a society enrolled under its provisions to two hundred pounds, the excess must be withdrawn. This arrangement, which was duly legalised, and came into force in March 1874, naturally gave the shares a far greater value than they had hitherto possessed, as will be seen from the fact, that from the date mentioned to August last there has accrued very nearly one hundred thousand pounds. If the profits continue at this rate, the shares will of course increase in value each year, and already—since recent alterations in the rules have made them transferable and saleable—shares have been disposed of for sums varying from twenty to thirty pounds each; hardly a bad investment, comparatively speaking, for the sellers, to whom they cost but ten shillings, the rate of interest being eleven hundred per cent. per annum! This large profit is, however, considered by many to be a really objectionable feature, and at variance with the principles of the Association, namely, 'to supply articles at the lowest possible price.' We believe this view is entertained by the Committee of Management, who are about to take steps to have the high rate of interest reduced.

Seeing that a large annual profit accrues to the Association, and causes an embarrassment, the inquiry naturally arises—why not lower the prices of articles so as to leave no profit whatever? There are various reasons, as we understand, why prices cannot be lowered beyond an assigned limit. The profit on small quantities of articles is, as has already been stated, so infinitesimally meagre as to admit of no sensible reduction. And in many cases it is important not to make such reductions as would trench on the business of wholesale dealers; there being, indeed, an apprehension that customers might purchase articles not for their own use, but to sell at some advance to retailers and others. After all, the profits arise more from the average gain than from a charge on the respective articles.

It was to be anticipated that retail dealers would be bitterly antagonistic to the Civil Service Supply Association; and so steady and sturdy was their opposition, that in its first years the Association experienced considerable difficulty in persuading wholesale houses to deal with it. Indeed

large orders were the only inducement by which these houses could be got to supply the goods required, and even now we believe some firms hang back. The transactions of the Association have, however, operated upon members of the retail trade, who finding their business affected, have in self-defence been forced to reduce their prices to the general public. It thus becomes apparent that the Civil Service and other kindred co-operative associations have directly benefited the masses, by inducing a general lowering of the cost of many articles of daily necessity.

As an instance of the difficulties and jealousies which have from time to time beset this beneficent institution, the committee for a long time found it difficult to get and retain good tailors, who as a rule disappeared in a mysterious manner. These difficulties have, however, with patience and perseverance, been overcome, and the tailoring branch has become very successful.

It may here be mentioned that all goods purchased at the stores must be described in the form of an order, which has to be examined and checked, and payment always made to properly constituted cashiers (never over the counter), before the receipt of the goods. Large orders undergo a thorough and strict examination, to see that the goods are for the legitimate use of the applicant member or shareholder, with the view of defeating any improper interference from retail dealers.

In its present successful condition, to which the Civil Service Association has so rapidly attained—the clear assets amounting in August 1877 to one hundred and ninety thousand pounds, after all liabilities had been paid—there are few things which cannot be obtained at or through the medium of the stores. It were a futile task to attempt even an approximate estimate of the goods that may be bought in this manner; suffice it to say that each and all are duly chronicled in the Association's Price List. This list, which is issued once every quarter, is no bad criterion of the success of the institution. When it was first issued, the contents covered no more than a small single sheet; now, however, it is a thick book of nearly three hundred pages. It is not only a record of all goods sold at the stores, but also contains the names and addresses of the various firms which have entered into arrangements with the society for selling their goods to members at a discount varying from five to twenty-five per cent.; and besides, a large portion of the volume is occupied with advertisements, which doubtless form no inconsiderable source of profit to the Civil Service Supply Association.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER VIII.—FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

'Now, Denzil, let us understand one another. I shall take it very kindly, dear boy, if you will do as I ask you in this matter. After all, it is no such extraordinary service that I crave at your hands. You have ridden a horse of mine, if my memory be good for anything, before to-day.' The speaker, who, for the convenience of a more distinct articulation, had withdrawn the cigar from between his lips, leaned back in his easy-chair,

as if to mark the effect of his words upon the visitor to whom he had addressed them. He was himself a gentleman of a portly presence and rubicund face, much taller and much heavier than his former friend and brother-officer. And whereas Jasper wore a civilian's suit of speckled tweed, Captain Proddgers shewed by his gold-laced overalls and braided tunic that he was still in the army.

The famous Lancer regiment to which Jasper had once belonged having changed their quarters from Coventry to Exeter, Captain Denzil had called upon his old comrades. There had been a champagne luncheon in honour of the late commander of No. 6 Troop; and on leaving the mess-room, Jasper had gone with his former intimate Jack Proddgers, to smoke a quiet cigar in his, Jack's room.

'We're old friends, sure enough,' returned Jasper meditatively, as he watched the spiral wreaths of smoke curling upwards—'and I do not like to be disobliging; but I can but repeat that I would rather not ride. My father would be vexed if I did.'

'And you are a very good boy, as we know; quite a pattern of filial decorum!' growled out the big man in the gold-laced overalls.

'That style of argument has no weight with me, Jack,' returned Jasper, with imperturbable good-humour. 'I am no stripling, like one of your newly joined, pink-faced cornets, to be goaded by a sneer into acting contrary to my judgment. And I don't mind owning that I am on my good behaviour at Carbery just now, and would rather not, please, do anything of which Sir Sykes would disapprove.'

'It would be well worth your while,' urged his host, striking his spurred heel into the ragged carpet; 'worth any man's while who was not, like young Mash the brewer, my new subaltern, born with a gold-spoon in his mouth. There are sixty-seven horses entered for the race, and we could share the stakes between us, if we win.'

'Yes—if we win!' returned Jasper with a laugh that was almost insolent. 'I have pretty well made up my mind, though, to renounce the character of gentleman rider for some time to come.'

'And quite right too; but there may be an exception—may there not—to so strict a rule?' cheerfully replied the other captain, as he arose and busied himself in the concoction of some curious beverage, in which transparent ice and dry champagne, powdered sugar and sliced cucumber, strawberries and maraschino, were amalgamated into a harmonious whole. 'I shan't as yet take "No" for an answer, or give up the hope that you will stand by an old friend like myself in a matter which that old friend has very much at heart. With you in the saddle, I should feel victory certain.'

Confidence is strangely infectious. Jasper knew by the ring of his friend's voice that he was very much in earnest, and began for the first time to

consider that there must be some hidden reason for the cavalry officer's unprecedented pertinacity.

Captain John Prodgers was in his own line a typical officer of a class to be found in more than one fashionable regiment. Living as he had always done amongst men of rank and fortune, he had thriven somehow by dint of better brains and readier assurance than fell to the lot of his companions. No one knew whence he came. His origin seemed to date from the gazetting of his commission, and indeed he might be presumed, like a sort of regimental Minerva, to have sprung booted and armed into existence. Nobody had known him as a boy, but the grandest doors in London opened to let him in. Related to nobody of Pall-Mall repute, he was 'Jack Prodgers' to a dozen of Lord Georges and Lord Alfreds. The earthen pot swam gaily down the stream along with those of double-gilt metal, and it was certainly not the former that had suffered from any casual collisions.

'It certainly is queer,' remarked Jasper, sipping his first glass of the newly brewed compound, 'that sixty-seven horses should be entered for a quiet insignificant affair like our local steeple-chase. Pebworth, it strikes me, must blush to find itself famous. I for one am quite at a loss to account for the sudden interest which we Devonshire folks appear to have inspired in what is generally a tame rustic contest.'

Jack Prodgers, as he slowly sipped the cool contents of his huge green glass, smiled with an affable pride in the possession of superior knowledge, which was not lost upon his friend.

'You are not the only one, rely on it, Denzil, to make that remark,' he said complacently. 'Many a youngster who thinks he shews a precocious manliness by studying the sporting papers and talking of matters of which he knows as little as I do of Greek, is marvelling at the attention paid to a petty race at your father's park-gates.—Look here,' he added, handing to Jasper a newspaper carefully folded down: 'you see in that paragraph the latest intelligence. Two of the finest horses in England—The Smasher and Brother to Highflyer—are positively to appear at Pebworth. They are the favourites of course. Nobody condescends to give a thought for the present to the humble chances of my Irish mare, whose name you may notice near the bottom of the list. Now, will you ride Norah Creina?'

'She'll never gallop with Brother to Highflyer,' said Jasper decisively.

'Umph! perhaps not,' was her owner's dry answer, and there was something in the tone which made Jasper arch his languid eyebrows.

'I say Prodgers,' said Jasper, after a pause for reflection, 'what do you want me for in particular? I can ride, but so can others. Why not choose a heavy-weight jockey; or if you prefer it, some first-rate amateur like Sandiman or Lark, or Spurrier of the Hussars, men who make a living by putting their necks in jeopardy?'

'Because a professional rider would betray my confidence,' answered Prodgers frankly; 'and as for your gentlemen riders, well, well! It is a fine line, imperceptible sometimes, that separates the amateur from the hired jockey. Spurrier is as honest as the day—that I admit; but then he is one of those impracticable men who disregard hints and will not be dictated to. I don't exactly

wish to be brilliantly beaten, and to draw a big cheque by way of payment for the beating. No. My hope is in yourself.'

'I haven't seen the mare, you know,' said Jasper, hesitating.

'She is not a beauty,' replied Prodgers; 'nor will you like her better for seeing her, as you can of course before you leave. A great ugly fiddle-headed animal she is, Jasper. The man who sold her to me at Kildare, candidly admitted that there was not a single good point about her. You will not be pleased with her heavy head, awkward joints, and straggling build. No wonder that the notion of her success is scouted. Will you ride Norah Creina?'

Jasper, himself no novice, was excessively perplexed. He had a high esteem for the shrewdness of his knowing friend, and he liked Prodgers too as much as it was in his nature to like any man. While still in the regiment and in the heyday of his brief prosperity, the elder captain had been kind to him, warning him against some at least of the snares that beset careless youth, and winning but very little of his money. And here was his former Mentor actually importunate in his solicitude that Jasper should ride a hideous and undervalued quadruped, on the defects of which its proprietor expatiated with incomprehensible delight.

'The Irish mare is fast then?' said Jasper, bewildered.

Prodgers smiled mysteriously. 'Why, we've finished the cup,' he said. 'Here, Tomkins; get some more ice, and—'

'No, no; thank you,' said Jasper, rising with flushed cheeks. 'I have had enough, and it is time for me to be moving. But before I go to the railway station, I will take a peep at this phenomenon of yours, Prodgers, if you please.' The stable was visited accordingly; and Jasper, who had been prepared to see something ugly, found the reality to surpass his imagination.

'Queer-looking creature, isn't she? Lengthy as a crocodile, clumsy, and rough-coated in spite of grooming,' remarked Prodgers. 'I think I never saw a thoroughbred shew so few signs of breeding. Why, the white feet alone would disgust most judges of a horse.'

All this the owner of the Irish mare said in cheerful chuckling tones, rubbing his hands together the while, as if he spoke in jest. But Jasper Denzil, who knew enough of his friend to be aware that he was altogether incapable of an expensive joke, such as sending a worthless animal to the starting-post would be, and who was sufficiently experienced in horses to know how little can be known about them, began to entertain a profound distrust of his own judgment.

'About fit, after all, for a railway omnibus,' said Prodgers. 'Here we are at the station. Your train, eh? We've just saved it.'

'Well, I'll ride for you, Jack,' said Jasper as he took his seat.

'All right, dear boy. I'll send you a line about arrangements,' was the answer.

And so the confederates parted.

Jasper Denzil's heart was lighter as he drove briskly through the grand avenue at Carbery Chase (he had left his groom and tandem at Pebworth to await his return) than it had been of late. The stagnation of his recent life in the Devonshire

THE ORIGIN OF SOME SLANG PHRASES.

manor-house had been agreeably disturbed. He seemed for a time to have again a share in what was to him the real world of thought and action—of no very elevated thoughts or noble actions, but such as suited him—and to be again something more than heir-apparent to a baronetcy and heir-presumptive to an estate.

'I wonder now,' muttered Jasper, as he brought his equipage at an easy swinging trot up the smooth road, 'what is the peculiarity of yonder ugly animal, or why I, of all men, should be chosen out to ride her? The whole thing is a riddle. However, my father won't so much object to my wearing the silk jacket once more, to oblige an old brother-officer.'

The captain alighted in excellent spirits. On his dressing-table, however, lay two or three letters, the sight of one of which, in its pale bluish envelope, checked the current of his complacency in full tide. A glance at the handwriting confirmed Jasper's worst suspicions.

'Wilkins it is!' he said, taking it up between his finger and thumb, as a naturalist might handle a small snake the non-venomous character of which was as yet imperfectly ascertained.

Amongst the paraphernalia of Captain Denzil's dressing-table, the ivory-backed brushes, the gold-stoppered jars and scent-bottles of red Bohemian glass, was a silver hunting-flask, the top of which being unscrewed became a silver drinking-cup. Jasper filled the cup twice and tossed off the cherry-brandy almost fiercely, as a hungry dog snaps up a morsel of meat. Then he opened the letter. This was short, and was signed 'Enoch Wilkins, Solicitor.' It is not, I am told, usual for solicitors-at-law to append 'Solicitor' to their names. But Mr Wilkins, whose clients were of a slippery and shifty sort, deemed it to his advantage to remind his correspondents of his profession.

The writer 'begged to remind Captain Denzil' that certain acceptances were now overdue, and could not, to the great regret of Mr Enoch Wilkins, be again renewed. This being the case, a prompt settlement of outstanding accounts became urgent; and Mr Wilkins, aware of the inconvenience and misunderstanding to which a correspondence by letter too often gave rise, desired a personal interview with Captain Jasper Denzil, and would therefore wait on him at Carbery Chase, or meet him, if preferred, at Pebworth or Exeter, on say July 28th, a day on which Mr Enoch Wilkins could absent himself from his London office. Finally, Mr Wilkins requested a reply from Captain Denzil as to the trysting-place that would best tally with the captain's engagements.

'July 28, eh?' said Jasper thoughtfully. 'Odd, isn't it, that my legal friend should have chosen the very day of the steeplechase! Well! If Jack's confidence is but justified by the result, I may come off victorious in one encounter, however I may do in the other.'

He then caught up a pen and proceeded to indite, painfully and slowly—as is the wont of so-called men of pleasure when compelled to write—an answer to the lawyer's letter, wherein he declared his willingness to await Mr Wilkins at the *De Vere Arms* at Pebworth, at four in the afternoon of July 28.

Having sealed and addressed the envelope, Jasper tilted into the silver top of the flask what little of the cherry-brandy the latter still held,

drank it off at a draught, and proceeded for dinner; quite unaware that he was the conscious instrument in the forging of an iron link in the dread chain from Fal anvil.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME SLANG PHRASES.

SLANG seems to have acquired a certain kind of vulgar popularity not only among the lower orders, but even in the higher ranks of our society. Try to banish it as we may from polite society and pretty mouths, it is a radical breed that defies proscription and seems to laugh at conventionality. If we regard grammar and style as representing the aristocracy of language, slang asserts itself as the necessary and important agent of a predominant proletariat, that refuses to be ignored. It is a power, though a vulgar power, in speech.

The word slang itself had a very low origin. It was derived from the Norman *slengge-or*, slang, or insulting words; and this when connected with the Latin word *lingua* (tongue), signified the bad language our forefathers supposed the gipsies indulged in. It then became synonymous for every word used in a thief's vocabulary; but as both gipsies and thieves are not without a great deal of mother-wit, the word slang, originally their property, was borrowed from them by their respectable neighbours, and applied to all phrases of a pithy and familiar nature, whether coarse or refined, that expressed in one or a few brief words a definite unmistakable meaning, which brought a picture before the mind, and there fixed the impression it was desired to convey. When it was found that slang phrases could be so useful, then slang rose in the world, and from being the monopoly of thieves and gipsies, it passed into other and respectable hands, who made it subservient to their wants. Its claim to popularity rests on the fact that it meets an urgent want—that of enabling people to say a great deal in a few incisive words; and so long as man is busy and 'time is fleeting,' it will doubtless hold its own as a power in speech.

Having thus briefly established the reasons for existence, it will not be uninteresting to trace a few popular slang phrases to their origin. Dr Brewer, in his interesting *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, enables us to do this. Our difficulty is to know where to begin—for a dictionary is a dictionary, and with two thousand facts to choose from, we feel rather like the ass among the bundles of hay, at a loss which to attack first; and the bundles at our command being so many and tempting, we feel no ordinary sympathy for the animal thus similarly tried. However, we open the book at random, and determine to seize the first that comes, which happens to be, *You cannot say Do! to a goose*. How often have we relieved our feelings of irritation at the weakness of others by hurling this phrase at them! Had they only known its origin, they could have paid us back in our own coin, and made us feel very small indeed. But though we almost hesitate to arm them with a weapon which they may turn against ourselves, we must be conscientious, and do what we have undertaken. The story is this: 'When Ben Jonson the dramatist was introduced to a nobleman, the

peer was so struck with his homely appearance that he exclaimed: "What! you are Ben Jonson? Why, you look as if you could not say Bo! to a goose." "Bo!" exclaimed the witty dramatist, turning to the peer and making his bow.

From geese we pass on to cats, which are very emblematic in slang, and in the phrase *Letting the cat out of the bag* we are reminded of its thievish ancestry. 'It was formerly a trick among country folks to substitute a cat for a sucking-pig, and bring it in a bag to market. If any green-horn chose to buy a pig in a poke—that is, a blind bargain without examining the contents of the bag—all very well; but if he opened the sack "he let the cat out of the bag," and the trick was discovered.' And so the phrase passed into common use as applying to any one who let out a secret. *Who will bell the cat?* became another popular phrase, and is taken from the fable of the cunning old mouse who suggested that they should hang a bell round the cat's neck, so that due warning might be had of her approach. The idea was approved of by all the mice assembled; there was only one drawback to it: 'Who was to hang the bell round the cat's neck?' Or in shorter words: 'Who was to bell the cat?' Not one of them was found ready to run the risk of sacrificing his own life for the safety of the others, which is now the recognised meaning of the proverb. *Fighting like Kilkenny cats* is another slang simile, taken from a story that two cats once fought so ferociously in a saw-pit that they left nothing behind them but their tails—which story is an allegory, and supposed to represent two towns in Kilkenny that contended so stoutly about boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century that they mutually impoverished each other.

How common is the expression, *Oh! she is down in the dumps*—that is, out of spirits. This is a very ancient slang phrase, and is supposed to be derived from 'Dumpos king of Egypt, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy;' so that the thieves and the gipsies are not all to blame for having given us a few expressive words!

We next come upon a word full of pathetic meaning for many of us: it is the ghost that haunts us at Christmas-time, and pursues us more or less throughout the new year—it is the word *dun*. It is a word of consequence, for it is at once a verb and a noun, and is derived from the Saxon word *duman*, to din or clamour. It owes its immortality—so tradition says—to having been the surname of one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VII., who was so active and dexterous in collecting bad debts, that when any one became 'slow to pay,' the neighbours used to say: 'Dun him;' that is, send Dun after him.

Draw it mild and *Come it strong* have their origin in music, being the terms used by the leader of an orchestra when he wishes his violin-players to play loud or gently. From this they have passed into synonyms for exaggerators and boasters, who are requested either to moderate their statements or to astonish their audience.

The word *coach* in these days is a painfully familiar one, as parents know who have to employ tutors to assist their sons to swallow the regulation amount of 'cram' necessary for a competitive examination. The word is of university origin, and can boast of a logical etymology. It is a pun

upon the term 'getting on fast.' To get on fast you must take a coach; you cannot get on fast in learning without a private tutor—ergo, a private tutor is a coach. Another familiar word in university slang is 'a regular brick;' that is, a jolly good fellow; and how the simile is logically deduced is amusing enough. 'A brick is deep red, so a deep-read man is a brick. To read like a brick is to read until you are deep read. A deep-read man is, in university phrase, a "good man;" a good man is a "jolly fellow" with non-reading men; ergo, a jolly fellow is a brick.'

I have a bone to pick with you is a phrase that is uncomplimentary to the ladies at starting. It means, as is well known, having an unpleasant matter to settle with you; and this is the origin of the phrase. 'At the marriage banquets of the Sicilian poor, the bride's father, after the meal, used to hand the bridegroom a bone, saying: "Pick this bone; for you have taken in hand a much harder task." The gray mare is the better horse comes well after this last aspersion upon the fair sex, to shew that woman is paramount. The origin of this proverb was that a man wished to buy a horse, but his wife took a fancy to a gray mare, and so pertinaciously insisted that the gray mare was the better horse, that her husband was obliged to yield the point. But then no doubt he saw that she was right in the end, and in all probability boasted afterwards of his selection.

To be among the gods at a theatre is a common phrase applied to those who are seated near the ceiling, which in most theatres is generally painted blue, to represent the sky, and inhabited by rosy-faced Cupids sitting on clouds.

The proverb, *Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones*, dates back to the Union of England and Scotland, at which time London was inundated with Scotchmen. This did not please the Duke of Buckingham, who organised a movement against them, and parties formed, who went about nightly to break their windows. In retaliation, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the Duke's mansion, which stood in St Martin's Fields, and had so many windows that it went by the name of the Glass House. The Duke appealed to the king, who replied: 'Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones.'

First catch your hare is the result of a mistake. It was supposed to be in a cookery-book written by a certain Mrs Glasse, and was evidently caught hold of by some wag, who read it for, 'First scatch or scradge your hare;' that is, skin and trim it—an East Anglian word; or else, 'First scotch your hare before you jug it;' that is, cut it into small pieces, as the sentence as it is now quoted is nowhere in the book. But the wag was a clever one who gave it the precautionary turn, as the phrase has done good service in warning many to secure their prize before they arrange how to dispose of it.

When people talk of having nothing but 'common-sense,' they very often mean that they have good sense only; while the real meaning of the word lies in having the sense common to all five senses, or the point where the five senses meet, supposed to be the seat of the soul, where it judges what is presented to the senses, and decides the mode of action. Another common expression is, *I was scared out of my seven senses*. The origin of

this goes very far back. According to ancient teaching, the soul of man or his 'inward holy body' was compounded of the seven properties which were under the influence of the seven planets. Fire, animated; earth gave the sense of feeling; water, speech; air, taste; mist gave sight; flowers, hearing; and the south wind, smelling. Hence the seven senses were—animation, feeling, speech, taste, sight, hearing, smelling.

It is interesting to notice how by the progress of time words become convertible; thus *baron* has for long years been held as a title of honour, while that of *slave* applies to the lowest of menials. Now the real meaning of *baron* is *dolt*, and is derived from the Latin word *baro*, a thorough fool. It was a term applied to a serving-soldier in the first instance; gradually it rose in estimation, and military chiefs were styled barons; finally, lords appropriated the title, which is now one of high distinction. On the other hand, the word *slave* is derived from a Slavonic word *slav*, meaning illustrious, noble. But when the Slavs were conquered by the Romans, they were reduced by them to become 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' *Idiot* is another word that originally had a much more respectable meaning than the one it now bears. It was used to distinguish private people from those who held office, or courted publicity in any form. Thus Jeremy Taylor says: 'Humility is a duty in great ones as well as in idiots' (or private persons). The term became corrupted at last into a synonym for incompetency, owing to the inability of idiots or private persons to take office.

A *cub* is an ill-mannered lout that needs *licking into shape*. The simile was taken from the cub of a bear, that is said to have no shape until it has been licked into form by its dam. The only difference lies in the process of licking being so much pleasanter for the animal than for the human cub, who finds nothing maternal about the cane that beats him into shape.

Before lead-pencils were common, chalk served the purpose of marking. Thus *I beat him by long chalks* refers to the ancient custom of scoring merit-marks in chalk. *Walk your chalks*, or get out of the way, is the corruption of an expression: 'Walk; you're chalked.' When lodgings were wanted in any town for the retinue of any royal personage, they were arbitrarily seized by the marshal and sergeant chamberlain; and the inhabitants were turned out and told to go, as their houses had been selected and were *chalked*. Hence the appropriateness of the peremptory dismissal: 'Walk; you're chalked.'

A 'bull' or blunder is a native of Ireland, and is derived from one Obadiah Bull, an Irish lawyer of London, in the reign of Henry VII., whose blunders were proverbial. 'The pope's bulls take their name from the capsule of the seal appended to the document. Subsequently, the seal was called the *bolla*, and then the document itself was given the name.

And now we come to a very pet word; what ladies would do without it, is hard to say, it is such a safety-valve to the feelings in moments of irritation. We have heard some gentlemen declare it was the ladies' way of swearing; but then there is nothing profane in the word *BOTHER*! It is a wholesome blessed word, however it is used, as it allows of women being irritable without being very sinful! One looks out for its etymology with

interest, and finds it is of Hibernian origin, capable of a soothing inflection, as when bother becomes botheration, which is a magnified form of bother, and suggests an ebullition of feeling that might be serious but for the relieving expletive. 'Grose,' we are told, 'suggests *both-ears* as the derivation of the word, and defends his guess by the remark, that when two persons are talking at the same time, one on one side and one on the other, the person talked to is perplexed and annoyed.' We quite believe him, and feel inclined from experience to adopt his view of the derivation.

We all know what blarney is—that soft sweet speech in which the sons and daughters of Erin excel; those sugared words that are so pleasant to the ear, though false to the heart. Such speech is well named blarney, and carries us back to the hero that made it a household word. He was one 'Cormuck Macarthy, who held the castle of Blarney in 1602, and concluded an armistice with Carew, the Lord President, on condition of surrendering the fort to the English garrison. Day after day his lordship looked for the fulfilment of the terms, but received nothing except protocols and soft speeches, till he became the laughing-stock of Elizabeth's ministers and the dupe of the lord of Blarney.' The Blarney Stone is a triangular stone lowered from the castle about twenty feet from the top, containing on it the inscription: 'Cormuck Macarthy fortis me fieri fecit, A.D. 1446.' Whoever kisses this stone is supposed to be endowed with irresistible powers of persuasion.

We began this paper by likening ourselves to the ass among the bundles of hay, not knowing where to begin; so we have nibbled a little everywhere, and have had sufficient for to-day's meal, although we are greedy enough to regret many tit-bits left untasted from sheer incapacity to consume any more at one sitting.

FISHING FOR PEARLS.

PEARLS differ from any other kind of precious gems in requiring no aid from art to bring out their beauty. While diamonds and sapphires and rubies require to be cut and polished before they flash forth their lustrous light, pearls may be said to be ready-made wherever they are found.

Those who wear and admire them probably give little thought to the circumstances attending their production and collection; but there are few industries more interesting than that of 'fishing' for pearls, as practised in the most important pearl-producing districts. Pearls of an inferior quality to that of the true Oriental are found in a species of fresh-water mussel inhabiting Britain and other temperate countries; an important field for their production is being developed on the coasts of Queensland and Western Australia; and at the Cape of Good Hope specimens are occasionally found. But the great centres of the industry are the banks around the south and west coasts of the island of Ceylon, from which districts all the most celebrated pearls have been derived. The banks or *paars* there are under government supervision, and fishing is only allowed under the immediate inspection of the officials, who issue stringent regulations on the subject.

For some years the produce of the *paars* has been falling off, and a series of experiments has

recently been carried out, and is now in course of completion, with the object of discovering whether, instead of allowing them to be fished every year, an interval of one, two, or three years between each season will not afford a better opportunity to the bivalves to spat and develop into pearl-bearers.

The last great fishing took place during the month of March in 1877; and, as the results are said to have exceeded those of any previous season for many years past, a short account of the manner in which the operations were carried out, together with a review of the system adopted for protecting the beds from exhaustion, may be interesting.

In the first place, it will be well to remove a misapprehension which exists as to the identity of the so-called pearl-'oyster.' This mollusc is not an oyster properly so called, but a species of mussel, and is easily distinguished from an oyster by the squareness and length of the shells at the 'hinge.' Like the common mussel of our own shores, it attaches itself to stones and rocks by means of certain fine but strong cords or *byssus*, which it spins at will; and not, like the oyster, by a secretion of shell-matter. These cords are very tough when the animal is young, but decrease in strength as it increases in age, till at last they rot away altogether, leaving the creature at the mercy of tides and storms.

While the pearl-oyster is still young, and before it has finally attached itself to a suitable rock, it often breaks away from its anchorage; so that it not unfrequently happens that a pearl-bank well filled with oysters suddenly disappears altogether. Some authorities assert that the pearl-oyster has the faculty of casting its byssus and voluntarily migrating; but whether this is the fact or not, it is certain that the above circumstances demand the serious attention of the authorities, and have led to the adoption of a system of half-yearly inspection of the banks, in order to determine two important points, namely whether the young brood has forsaken its birthplace, or the full-grown oysters are, through old age, breaking away and being destroyed.

The duration of the life of the oyster is another necessary point to determine; and various suggestions have been made, with the double object of ascertaining the age of an oyster without the necessity of continually watching its growth, and of shewing when a bed is fit to be fished. The weight of the mollusc affords some clue to the elucidation of this problem, but there is an obstacle to the adoption of this method in the difficulty of accurately weighing a number of specimens in an open boat at sea, even if the scales and weights should be at hand. One of the government officials, however, has suggested a method of ascertaining the age of the mollusc by the weight of the shells, cleaned and dried with the animal removed. This can be done at any time; and a series of experiments conducted by him gives the following results. The shells of an oyster one year old, with the body of the animal removed, weigh four drachms; those of an oyster two years old weigh twelve drachms; three years old, nineteen drachms; and four years old, twenty-five drachms. This scale of weights will apply of course only to pearl-oysters from the Ceylon banks; as a difference in the food, in the composition of the water and soil, and the temperature in other parts of the world, would no doubt affect

the rate of growth and the deposit of the calcareous matter forming the shell. Empty shells have been found weighing as much as forty drachms, thus giving a probable age of about eight years.

The question arises, What *are* pearls? Are they a morbid concretion of matter produced in the endeavour to heal a wound or to cover some irritating body that cannot easily be ejected from the shells? Are they the result of a disease, or are they simply an over-production of the matter forming the shell of the creature? Whatever they are, it is only in the adult oyster that they are found of any size. The rate of growth in the size of a pearl cannot of course be actually ascertained; but by a series of averages, taken from the produce of a large number of oysters from the same bed in different years, it is proved that after the fourth year, the yield of pearls both in quantity and quality rapidly increases. It is in the hope of a bed of oysters which produces say five hundred rupees' (L.50) worth of pearls per thousand oysters one year, so improving as to yield double that value next year, that many a fine bank has been left to perish from the causes referred to above, as well as from the attacks of enemies or sickness.

The whelk has lately been discovered to be a serious enemy to the pearl-oyster, just as it is to the edible oyster of commerce; and a curious disease occasionally manifests itself among the inhabitants of the banks. The fatty portion of the animal, under which pearls are usually found, and which is usually of a pale cream colour, assumes a yellow tint, denoting sickness of some sort, the exact nature of which has not yet been ascertained.

Pearl-fishing is at the best only a gigantic lottery, the prizes in which bear a very small proportion to the blanks. But in this as in many other uncertain pursuits, hope always tells a flattering tale, and keeps awake the energies of thousands of interested operators. First there are the divers, who perform the actual operations of fishing for pearls. Arrayed in Nature's garb, and provided with a knife and a small bag of netting in which to collect the gathered oysters, and with a rope tied round their waists, and a heavy stone attached to their feet, they are let down into the water, taking first a deep breath, and remaining there till forced to rise again. Expert divers will remain beneath the water for sixty, ninety, and even a hundred and eighty seconds. This period they occupy in detaching the mussels from the rocks, a matter frequently of much difficulty. Those of very small size they do not attempt to gather, for, as we have shewn, the larger the shells the more chance of their containing a pearl. The native divers are able to guess at the age of the oyster by the resistance it offers; and, as explained above, the older the oyster the more easily it is detached, and the greater the chance of its producing a large pearl.

On banks not over thickly populated, there is barely time to gather half-a-dozen oysters at a dive—a dozen is an extra good haul; in more favourable circumstances from fifty to one hundred may be collected by one man. The diver then detaches the stone from his feet, gives a tug at the rope, and is rapidly hauled up; the stone, attached to another line, being afterwards pulled up for use again. His gleanings are then placed on board the

boat; and from it he descends again on another venture. It may be imagined that life among men who so overstrain their natural functions is very precarious; for though they are brought up to the practice from their boyhood, a diver seldom lives to see old age or even maturity.

The weather is an important factor in the calculation of the pearl-fisher. 'Pearl-fishing weather' is a proverb in Ceylon, and has much the same relation to the meteorological conditions of that island as 'harvesting weather' bears to our own climate. A light steady breeze from the north-east is the most favourable for fishing the *paars* on the south and west coasts of Ceylon, as the sea is sheltered by the island, enabling the boats to sail and manœuvre easily. Sometimes the wind will suddenly shift, and a squall will drive the boats home with no little danger to the crews; or a heavy thunder-storm, such as only the tropics can produce, will fall like a bomb-shell upon the scene of the industry; and the wonder is that the frail habitations fitted up for the accommodation of the fishers and others are not literally washed away.

Besides the actual divers, there are the working crews of the boats, the men employed in 'washing' the oysters on shore, the carrying boats, the provision-merchants, purveyors of arrack and other liquors, bazaar owners, the petty *chetties* or traders in pearls, the large merchants who buy thousands of oysters with a nod of the head, the police—and they form no small proportion of the whole population—and other government officials.

The boats are manned with a crew of one or two men, and frequently a 'counter' to take reckoning of all the oysters brought up. The boats are usually worked over the ground in circles, being ranged in line some yards apart, and each taking a small circle and advancing gradually over a certain assigned area. Sometimes they are placed close together and advance in line across the bed. But before the boats are permitted to start, the beds, having been examined by government officials, are buoyed off, and no boat is allowed to go beyond the limits thus defined. When the number of boats entered is very large—and sometimes as many as five or six hundred collect together for the prosecution of the industry—they are placed in separate divisions of eighty to a hundred each, and lots are cast for the order in which the divisions shall proceed, each division taking a day or a tide in rotation.

For the accommodation of the large numbers of people brought temporarily together by the fishery, large villages, the houses of which are composed of bamboo, wood, furze, mud, and any light material, suddenly spring up along the seashore, the population being further increased by the arrival of the buyers and merchants. From China, Japan, and all parts of the East, connoisseurs in pearls and pearl-oysters are attracted to the scene of operation, and the activity and excitement are often intense. A sample of five or six thousand oysters is examined by the government, and from the results of this sample the sales proceed. The government take three-fourths of every boat-load brought in, and special officials are appointed to dispose of these shares as soon as possible and at the best possible price. A daily auction takes place, and the lots are knocked down to the highest bidder. The method of valuing is so much per thousand oysters, the prices ranging

from forty rupees (L.4) to one hundred and twenty rupees (L.12) per thousand.

The fishermen, who sell their own share on their own account, generally receive higher prices than those fetched by the government sales; for the small traders, buying by the dozen, naturally pay more dearly than if they bought several thousands at a time; besides, the fishers can afford to wait longer till a good offer occurs. Sometimes the *chetties* will buy a dozen at a time and open them, repeating their purchases dozen after dozen, in the hope of finding a good gem, which they either sell on the spot or take away with them into the interior. The occurrence of a good pearl always sends prices up; and a man may sell an unusually fine specimen for seven or eight hundred rupees, and see it change hands for twice and three times the amount.

The collection of so many thousand natives, with very rudimentary ideas of the laws of health and cleanliness, and with facilities for drinking arrack and other ardent liquors which are as regularly to be met with on the shores of Ceylon as they are in the crowded fairs and race-courses of our own country, is often the cause of an outbreak of cholera, smallpox, or other zymotic disease. The greatest precautions are, however, taken to prevent such a catastrophe, and all cases of illness are at once isolated.

The operation of opening the pearl-oysters is also conducive to disease. To open each oyster when fresh would be a work of infinite labour; they are therefore packed together in large vessels called *ballams*, where, under the tropical heat, the animals soon die and putrefy, and the shells, gaping open, are easily washed and examined.

The greatest watchfulness has to be exercised over the natives employed in this work, where the owners do not perform the operation themselves. A pearl is very easily secreted either in the folds of the scanty dress, or in the mouth or ears, or even swallowed; and the Singhalese and indeed all the natives of the East are adepts in the art of thieving. To cheat the government out of their shares of the spoil, it is no unusual thing for the boatmen to throw large packages of oysters overboard, buoying them, so that they may be recovered under cover of darkness or on the last day of fishing, which is usually devoted to a general *sanjayan* or scramble. All boats, whether belonging to the authorised divisions or not, are then allowed to go out and keep what they can get.

These divers render essential service in discovering and reporting the existence of unrecorded rocks and shoals; and many a permanent record of their operations is left in the shape of a warning buoy, stationed to warn the navigator of a treacherous reef.

When, from the diminished daily results of the fishing, a sign is given that the bed is being exhausted, the order is given to stop fishing. The *sanjayan* over, the bed is deserted, save by the government launch appointed to remove the buoys which marked off the limits of the ground; the boats gradually make off as wind and weather permit, for their respective ports; the merchants pack up their purchases and take their departure for the great towns and cities; the government officials, having completed the records of the fishery, are gradually recalled; the temporary

huts are burnt to the ground; and the place assumes its normal state of peaceful repose, disturbed only, or rather intensified, by the presence of some wandering native bird, or by the occasional visit of a roaming elephant or jackal.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HAVING committed that murderous and suicidal act, Marmaduke Hesketh crept back to the coping and seated himself directly opposite me, with the opening of the chimney between. For a long while we gazed upon each other in silence, then with an exultant laugh he burst forth: 'You look agitated, my good sir, and yet I scarcely think you have taken in the full significance of the performance you have witnessed. Your intellect, unless I do you injustice, is somewhat obtuse. I will therefore make clear our position to you. You and I are alone upon this chimney-top, and for any particular choice in the matter, we might just as well be in our tombs. Neither of us will ever again tread the earth beneath; for all connection with it being, as you perceive, cut off, it can only be reached by a leap, upon which, I fancy, we shall not be inclined voluntarily to venture. Attempts, I have no doubt, will be made to rescue us; but they will of necessity only be of such a character as can be easily frustrated—and I shall frustrate them. My own life, I assure you, is perfectly valueless to me. I have brought you here to die, and to die of a slow lingering death, aggravated by mental torture. It is a felicity I have long anticipated, and I am not likely to allow myself to be balked of it.'

'O man, man!' I cried in mortal agony, 'are you indeed a human being, or a fiend in human shape?'

'A highly melodramatic question, upon my word,' he sneered. 'Nevertheless, with my wonted good breeding, I will endeavour to answer it. I am, I believe, gentle youth, a man; and yet, to own the truth, I have been impelled to my present course of action by certain sentiments popularly attributed to the Enemy of mankind—to wit, hate, jealousy, and despair. Yes, Mr Frederick Carleton, I hate you, and I have hated you from the very first hour of our acquaintance! Your death had been determined upon by me long before this plan for securing it, with an additional piquant flavour of enjoyment to myself, had suggested itself. You have not, as I have before hinted, a very active or capacious mind; but possibly your imagination may have been sufficiently stimulated by alarm to have already suggested to you that it was I who sent, or caused to be sent, that telegram which so opportunely prevented our friend Mr Middleton from accompanying us to this elevated and delightful spot. So far as I am aware, you will be relieved to hear that Captain Middleton is in perfect health.'

'Oh, can this horrible iniquity be permitted?' I groaned, raising my hands in frenzied suppli-

cation. 'Can this monster be actually permitted to carry out his fiendish purpose?'

'Curious, isn't it, the selfishness of the human heart?' meditated my tormentor, affecting to regard me with a studious air. 'This individual, I dare to aver, thinks that this act of mine is the very worst act ever committed. The individual in question has read, of course, of the painful deaths of thousands of his fellow-mortals by famine, pestilence, and war; of the sufferings of his own countrymen in the Black Hole of Calcutta; and of other terrible atrocities. But of all atrocities, the most atrocious and unequalled is the one that aims at depriving the world of his presence, of extinguishing the puny spark of his life, even though he has the consolation of knowing that his enemy will perish in his company! A very curious exhibition of selfishness indeed! Fie, fie, young man; I am ashamed of you!' With these words and with a sneer upon his lips, Mr Hesketh turned his face from me and fell into silence.

By this time the men who had worked the windlass, and several others engaged about the adjacent building, had gathered below, and were excitedly gesticulating and shouting. Of what they said I could not distinguish a syllable; but from their gestures, I gathered that they were inciting me to courage, and that they knew Mr Hesketh to be the cause of our calamitous situation—no doubt deeming him mad. And with the conviction that they so far comprehended the state of affairs, and would use endeavours to rescue me, hope sprang up in my breast. It was impossible, I thought, that I should be going to perish, to be cut off in this awful manner in the midst of youth and bliss. I, who loved and was beloved; who, that very afternoon, had been so full of ecstatic happiness, and had thought myself the happiest of God's creatures. No; it wasn't in the nature of things. It couldn't, couldn't, couldn't be! Repeating to myself this assurance, I watched with eager attention the further proceedings of the workmen below, and noted presently that several of them were running off in the direction of the town, whilst others were making across some fields by a footpath which led to Holm Court.

I was trying to think what means could be adopted for our salvation, when my cruel foe again addressed me. 'I hope, my friend,' he said, 'that you are not allowing yourself to be buoyed up by false hopes. The fools below (who no doubt consider me demented) think, perhaps, that they may succeed in helping you down again to *terra firma*—but you and I know better. By-the-bye, I wonder that you have not yet had the curiosity to inquire in what way you have earned my by no means impotent ill-will. Another proof, I fear, of defective phrenological development—Wonder and Acquisitiveness very small. However, you shall hear, if you will kindly favour me with your attention. I will give you in a few words the history of my life. At a very early age—don't let the fact distress you—I was left an orphan, and

was brought up by a maiden aunt, who, I fancy, was not very fond of boys. At anyrate she did not exhibit her fondness for me in such a manner as to inspire me with any return of affection, and at twenty-eight I had never known what it was to care for, or to be cared for by, any of my fellow-creatures. At that age I paid a first visit to my distant relative Mr Middleton, and saw his daughter, then about fifteen years old. With her I fell in love, as it is called; that is, I gave her the strong concentrated devotion of a wild passionate nature. I determined to marry her; but I was poor and her father was mercenary. I would not ruin my cause by speaking *then*, and in another week I was upon my way to America, bent, with iron purpose, upon making a fortune. Of my life in America I will not trouble you with an account, lest, mayhap, I might shock your virtue and sensibility. Suffice it to say, that during the seven years I remained in that country, I was by turns a gold-digger, a backwoodsman, and a merchant. During those seven years I heard regularly from Miss Middleton's maid, who received from me an annual honorarium for keeping me informed of all that concerned her mistress. At different times I had sent me by that young woman a lock of Clara's hair and a likeness, and by her I was constantly assured—false jade!—that Clara had as yet had no *affaire de cœur*. So, full of hope, I toiled on towards the accumulation of wealth, praying night and morning one simple prayer, namely, that my darling might be kept for me. And at length, with a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, I returned to lay it and myself at the feet of her I loved—loved with a love which you, weak beardless boy, cannot even comprehend—a love which, compared with yours, is as the restless tossing ocean to a placid mill-pond, the fierce flames of a burning forest to the feeble flicker of a lucifer-match! And what did I find when, full of joyous anticipation, I arrived at her father's house? Why, I found her for whose sake I had gone through incredible labours, for whose love I had yearned night and day for seven long years, engaged, and upon the very point of marriage with an empty-headed, aristocratic stripling, six months her junior! And worst of all, I found that she absolutely loved the noodle! And now, Mr Frederick Carleton, do you wonder that I determined to frustrate your marriage? Do you wonder that I hate you with a mortal hatred? Do you wonder that I regard my own life as of no more worth than a withered autumn leaf?

'O Hesketh, I am very, very sorry for you!' I said, as he ceased to speak; for his story and the agony of his face as he related it, had touched me. 'But you are mistaken in asserting *your* love to be superior to mine. It is inferior—*infinitely* inferior. For I tell you, man, that if Clara had loved *you*, I would not have stirred a finger to injure you; and that rather than rend her heart, as it will be rent by the knowledge of what has happened, I would willingly suffer the cruel death you have designed for me, but which I feel confident will somehow be prevented.'

'You do, do you? Well, wait and see. . . I imagine your confidence will soon die out. And in the meantime, keep your snivelling pity to yourself. Don't speak another word to me unless you are spoken to!'

'I will not,' I replied; my compassion vanishing, and giving place to the horror with which I had previously regarded him. And averting my face from this dreadful companion, I awaited in my perilous position the issue of events. It declared itself thus. In what must in reality have been an incredibly short period, although to me it appeared of immense duration, a large crowd had collected around the chimney, and I presently saw a kite ascending from its midst. Slowly it rose into the air, higher and higher, borne by a gentle breeze in the direction of the chimney. The object of its flight I had readily guessed; but Mr Hesketh, to my extreme astonishment, did not appear to have noticed it. He had taken a cigar from his case, lighted it with a fusee, and was now calmly smoking with his eyes in a contrary direction. At length the kite was upon a level with us, and by a dexterous movement on the part of the man who held it, it fluttered to my feet. I stretched out my hand and seized it. A thrill of pleasure passed through my frame as I felt the string tugging from beneath, and knew that, though only by a line of twine, a communication was established between me and those who were planning my rescue.

But my gratification was not of long continuance. Glancing furtively the while at Mr Hesketh, I commenced rapidly to draw in the string, to which, as I guessed, a rope would be attached, wondering if it were really possible that he had not observed what was taking place. For a moment or two he smoked on in affected ignorance or unconcern, then knocking the ashes from his cigar, and replacing it in his mouth, he approached me, deliberately opened a penknife, and with a satirically polite, 'Allow me,' held out his hand for the string. At imminent danger of a fatal slip from my seat, I struggled to prevent the accomplishment of his purpose, but in vain; and having severed the twine with a sardonic laugh he retreated to his former position. A cry of execration rose from below, so loud and wrathful and prolonged, that I thought, as directed against himself, it must surely make my foe tremble. But no; his composure, real or pretended, remained, I saw, unruffled.

And now, with what intensity of solicitude I waited for the next movement below! With what maddening impatience I watched the crowd continually augmenting, noted groups consulting together, saw people running hither and thither, gesticulating, looking upwards, shouting constantly but doing nothing! And with what unutterable misery I presently perceived on the outskirts of the crowd, a form, which by the instinct of love I could have picked out from a larger assembly and at a greater distance. Her arms stretched upwards, as though to lessen the dreadful gulf which divided us, Clara stood upon a little mound of débris; and by the agony of her attitude I could judge, though I could not distinguish her features, of the agony of her face. Mr Hesketh saw her too; for I heard him groan deeply, as though in pain, and glancing towards him, I perceived his eyes fixed in the direction where she stood. But from the

expression of his countenance, I knew well that the sight of her anguish had not shaken by one iota his pitiless resolve. Twilight fell, after a period of indefinite duration, shrouding Clara from my view; but not before I had seen her joined by a man, who had taken her in his arms and strained her to his bosom, and whom I conjectured to be Mr Middleton, returned from the fool's errand upon which he had been sent.

Upon the night of horror which succeeded I shall not dwell. All through its interminable hours, my horrid companion and I sat sleepless and silent, watching the red bonfires which blazed below, illuminating the base of the huge chimney and the figures of a considerable number of people who remained around it. By dawn the crowd had reassembled more numerous than upon the previous day, and again and again attempts were made to convey to me a rope by means of a kite, but only to be each time defeated by my powerful antagonist. Then one by one, other means of reaching us were tried; but all proved to be either infeasible in themselves or impracticable for lack of co-operation from above. By degrees every hope of rescue was extinguished in my breast, and I could only resolve to meet my fate like a man, and to pray that Clara might not suffer too keenly upon the consummation of the event. That she suffered keenly now, I could not avoid seeing, as with my despairing gaze riveted upon her, I faced the spot where with her father and mother she remained for most part of the day.

At length—it was getting towards the close of the afternoon, and unable longer to bear the sight of my beloved one's torment—I turned away, and as my eyes fell upon the crowd, I noticed within it a movement of renewed excitement. I remarked, moreover, that Mr Hesketh had also observed it, for I saw him remove his cigar (he had been smoking almost unintermittently since daybreak), and I heard him murmur: 'What are they up to now?' They were the first words he had spoken that day, and as they left his lips he started violently, for a bullet had whizzed past his ear, actually grazing it. The rifle had been discharged from behind him, and from the top of a wall belonging to the mill in process of building, and which stood quite separately and at some distance from the chimney.

'Oh, that's the game, is it?' exclaimed my reckless and now sullen enemy, speedily recovering his nonchalance of bearing. 'Well, that can easily be put a stop to. My dear fellow, I must seek protection beneath your wing. They won't shoot at me now.' And resuming his smoking, he offered me a cigar. 'Better take one,' he said sulkily, as I refused the weed with disgust. 'Smoking is a good preventive of hunger; and I daresay you are beginning to feel hungry.'

I was not hungry in the least; but I had for some hours been consumed with a terrible thirst; and as it presently occurred to me to produce an increase of saliva, by chewing a corner of my handkerchief, I felt for it in my pocket. But instead of my handkerchief, my hand lighted upon another object, cool and round, and in an instant my heart 'leaped into my throat.' I managed, however, to remain motionless, though the blood tingled through my veins with excitement, and I was obliged to keep my face turned

from him, lest the inspiration of hope upon it should be visible to my intended murderer. But he had fallen again into the sullen, brooding taciturnity which he had preserved all day, and did not even glance in my direction.

Thus we sat together till the slow hours had dragged themselves away, and the second night had fallen upon us in that awful situation. Then Mr Hesketh spoke again. 'Carleton,' he said, in a tone equally determined with any he had yet used, but not so expressive of hate and satire—'Carleton, I am tired of this, and I think you have now suffered enough. Your hair, I have observed, has turned quite gray. I shall therefore put an end to your torture and my own sooner than I had intended. To-morrow morning, as soon as the gaping crowd below has re-assembled in sufficient numbers to give zest to the exhibition of our agility, we will take a leap together into their arms. Meantime, I purpose to spend this last night of my existence in sleep, and with this object shall now retire to the opposite side of our airy castle. Do not, however, delude yourself with the hope, which I fancy I detect in your quickened breathing. I am a light sleeper, having long been accustomed to sleep with one eye open, for fear of wild Indians, or worse; and at a touch, or even a movement on your part I should awake.'

If ever I prayed in my life, I surely prayed upon that awful night when I saw Marmaduke Hesketh stretched out around the parapet of the chimney, with his head resting upon one arm, doubled under it for a pillow. And surely I may believe that it was in answer to that prayer, and to the prayers for my safety of one dearer to me than myself, that the sound sleep was sent which I presently perceived to have fallen upon him. Down below flickered the red bonfires, and faint from the distance came the sound of voices; but above that sound I heard the sweet music of heavy breathing. And now, with the utmost caution, I commenced to creep round towards my enemy's head—pausing at each step to listen if he still slept. Upon the success of the plan I was about to try depended my life, and in each moment of uncertainty which intervened until I was assured of that success, I lived an eternity. At last I was quite close, and he had not awaked! I drew from my pocket the bottle of chloroform which I had bought for Mrs Middleton—*could* it have been only two days ago!—and saturating my handkerchief with it, held it before his mouth. The breathing grew quieter. I pressed the handkerchief closer, and it became inaudible. I touched him, and he did not move. I grew bolder, and shook him, yet he did not awake. And now I was assailed with a strong temptation to hurl him over the chimney's side. I could have done it, I felt, easily; and I know the act would have been justified in the eyes of most people. But I resisted the temptation—for which I shall be thankful all my life—and carried out instead my original plan of disarming him as far as possible for the present, and waiting, until absolutely compelled to it in self-preservation, before I would attempt to cause his death. My method of disarming him was to bind together as firmly and tightly as I could his arms and legs, using for this purpose the two large balls of twine which Master Charlie had so urgently impressed upon me not to forget to

purchase for him. Ah, how little I had thought when selecting them to what a use they would be employed!

Having effected my purpose, and finding my foe still motionless and unconscious, I returned to my former position, and bending downwards, shouted with all my might to attract the attention of those below. But the effort was fruitless. I could not make myself heard, neither could I, in the darkness, be descried from below. It was only when the faint streaks of coming day began to appear in the horizon that my figure could be made out standing alone and defined against the gray sky; and then I could see that a rapid search was made inside and around the chimney for the body of the man who was supposed to have fallen thence; for in his recumbent position and hidden by the low parapet, my companion could not be discerned from beneath. At length I had the happiness of perceiving that the gesticulating figure above, wildly imploring aid, was recognised as mine; and then once more I saw ascending towards me on that early summer morning a white-winged messenger of salvation. And still my dreaded enemy slept. He slept on, when I had seized the kite, and whilst I drew in with eager rapidity the string. He slept on, whilst with growing excitement I hauled up a slender rope, and then a stouter one attached thereto, dropping them both into the interior of the chimney. He slept on whilst I pulled up, hand over hand, a strong iron chain, at the end of which, when it reached me, I found affixed a horizontal iron bar. And he still slept on whilst I passed this iron bar beneath my legs as a seat, and feeling the chain held firmly from below, grasped it with both hands and let myself over the side. Then, whether or not he slept I thought no more, as with closed eyes and heart full of thanksgiving, I felt myself gradually lowered against the chimney's smooth side, down, down, down, until in the end I touched the firm earth, saw a sea of faces gathering around me, heard a hubbub of congratulation, and sank into unconsciousness.

When I recovered from an illness which supervened, and which lasted several weeks, I found myself in the chamber I usually occupied when visiting at Holm Court, with Clara by my side, pale and worn with anxiety and watching. My nerves had been so unstrung by the mental shock I had endured, that for a long time no allusion was permitted in my presence to the events I have recorded. But eventually, on my insisting on being informed of Mr Hesketh's fate, I was told, that after waiting several hours for any movement on the part of the supposed madman, a brave bricklayer had volunteered to ascend the chimney by the same means as I had used in its descent, and had found him stone-dead, with his limbs bound, and in the position I had left him. By the administration of the chloroform I had unintentionally slain him.

Two words in conclusion. The unfortunate man was brought to the ground in the car in which, two days before, he had ascended with me intent upon his murderous purpose—a couple of mechanics having ascended by means of the chain and bar and readjusted the machinery. He was buried. And six months afterwards I was married—not as the gay, sprightly youth I had been before that awful adventure, but as a gray-headed,

prematurely aged man. But Clara loves me in spite of my white hairs, and Time with his healing hand is gradually effacing the mental scar, and restoring to me my youthful health and spirits.

COFFEYVILLE.

IN the Western States of America, wherever the iron trail extends its path beyond the borders of civilisation, in quest of new fields for colonisation and commerce, it is accompanied in its track during construction by a shifting population of camp-followers—mostly the scum of society—who in their temporary resting-places often unwittingly sow the seeds of future thriving towns and cities. This result, however, is the exception rather than the rule, and only happens in cases where the natural advantages of the site selected are such as to induce far-seeing men of the right sort to remain and turn them to account. In most instances the existence of these wooden hamlets, or 'cities' as they are invariably called in the West, is but that of a butterfly, here to-day and gone to-morrow, lasting just as long as they serve to form depots for the labourers and employes while at work on that particular section of the road, and then passing on with them to the next resting-place. These railway creations are commonly called 'mushroom cities.'

The little town of Coffeyville in the southern part of Kansas, at the birth of which I chanced to be present, when it sprang up as if by magic from the surrounding prairie, may be taken as a fair example of the *modus operandi* of 'locating' a new 'city' on the western frontier. This place is somewhat unlike the general run of mushroom cities, because, without any peculiar advantages of situation, it has survived, almost in spite of itself, up to the present day, in consequence of its being for a long time the terminus of the Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Galveston Railroad, before legislation permitted that line to pass through the Indian territory. Though unlike in this respect, its birth and early life were similar in every particular. In all, the same extravagant excitement and speculation in corner lots temporarily prevail; the same scenes of lawlessness and bloodshed are enacted, and the usual number of lives sacrificed by knife or bullet in drunken brawls and gambling disputes. Usually the career of these temporary cities is nipped in the bud as soon as the railway has advanced far enough to require a fresh depot. Then if the present site does not possess sufficient qualifications for the town's growth to induce any one to remain, the wooden buildings are taken down, packed on the construction train, and transported to the next resting-place, for a repetition of the old scenes of feverish excitement and dissipation. After their removal, nothing remains to mark the late scene of busy life and revelry except two or three worthless old shanties, broken bottles and rubbish of every description, and torn and discoloured playing-cards and scraps of paper, which are whirled up and whirled far and wide in the eddies of the prairie

breezes. But I was nearly forgetting to mention the most important souvenirs invariably left behind by these advancing heralds of civilisation. These are the mounds which mark the final resting-places of those who 'died with their boots on' (as expressed on the frontier); who met men quicker than themselves at their own weapons—the revolver and the bowie-knife—and who were carelessly thrown into their lonely graves, there to remain as silent witnesses of lawless savagery.

Sometimes the embryo city, either from the natural advantages of its position, or from other causes (as in the case of Coffeyville), outlasts the ordinary life of the mushroom genus, and develops into a quiet-going market-town, which in time assumes such proportions and attracts such population as its trade with the surrounding settlers will support. Wood and water, as well as the course of the railroad, are the prime considerations which determine the site of a new township. As soon as that is settled upon, the silence and solitude of the lonely prairie are rudely invaded by a motley throng of saloon-keepers, speculators, gamblers, traders, and others, who make it their first business to establish their claim to a town-plot. This they do by planting a stake in whatever plot of ground they may select, and inscribing their name and date of entry upon it; this notice of occupation being respected quite as much as if the owner were standing guard over his property with a drawn revolver. In a short time the materials for building their temporary structures are brought along on the construction train or in wagons, and work begins in such earnest that it is a common occurrence to see them all erected and fronting the grass-covered main street of the place in less than twenty-four hours. In these buildings are sold such articles of merchandise as are most needed at this early stage of the city's existence, prominent amongst them being whisky, of the most villainous quality, commonly called 'forty rod whisky,' on account of its being supposed to render a man senseless before he can accomplish that distance after drinking it.

Now let me endeavour to describe some of the features peculiar to the budding life and progress of these pioneer settlements. First of all, there is the hastily improvised hotel, constructed partly of wood and partly of canvas. Here bed and board, such as they are, can be obtained for three or four dollars a day. The arrangements of the hotel are remarkable for their simplicity, and its accommodations unique in their discomfort. It is neither wind nor water tight, and one can only pray the elements to be propitious. Trestle-beds are packed as closely as possible in the sleeping-room, and when the supply of these is exhausted, the floor has to do duty for them. You cannot now any longer hope for the comfort of a bed to yourself, nor indeed at any place on the frontier. The most disagreeable effect of this want of separate accommodation is the unpleasant feeling of anxiety occasioned as to what kind of a man your partner for the night may be; whether he will come to bed tipsy or sober, and whether the revolver which he puts under his pillow is at full or half cock.

On rising in the morning you look for a place to

perform your ablutions, and find that the lavatory is nothing more than a deal plank in rear of the dining-room, in the open air. It is furnished with a tin basin, securely fastened by a chain to a staple in the side of the building, a very dirty looking towel on a roller, and a small piece of yellow soap, which seems likely to do duty during the rise and fall of many a future mushroom city, for by no amount of ingenuity can any suds be possibly coaxed out of it. There is also a looking-glass, or rather a piece of one, which it makes you nervous to look in; and a veteran comb minus several teeth, which nevertheless is considered one of the most valuable articles in the place, and to avoid appropriation, is also fastened to the side of the house by a chain. Having availed yourself of these luxurious surroundings, you go to breakfast, and find the ubiquitous hot biscuits, tough thin beef-steaks, and poor coffee awaiting you. Several outsiders, besides those who are staying at the house, drop in for this meal, each one putting his pistol on the table at the side of his plate; and breakfast is rapidly despatched under a sort of armed neutrality, which makes a timid man, new to the thing, fearful of breaking it by even asking his next-door neighbour to pass the salt.

Outside, on chairs tilted back against the side of the house, are two or three frontier doctors, their ears on the alert to catch the sounds of strife, which may possibly betoken the need of their healing art. One or two lawyers and real-estate men are also there, with plans of the city already mapped out, eager to buy or sell, though at very different prices. Besides these, there are numerous individuals of the nondescript class known as 'bummers,' whose business at this or any other place is a mystery, but who seem to rub along somehow or other, and at this minute are retailing the latest bar-room 'shooting scrape,' and discussing the city's chances as if they had great interests at stake.

All this time the hubbub and excitement in the main street are ever increasing. If you walk down it, you will find one or two drug stores, an ironmongery establishment, a store where anything can be obtained from a sombrero to a set of harness, and a butcher's shop. With these exceptions, every building is a bar-room or gambling-house. In these, the games of faro, keno, roulette, and poker are in full swing day and night, the dealers at the first-named game being relieved when tired, or when the cards seem to be persistently running against them. The professional gamblers who frequent these scenes can be easily recognised. They are generally the best-dressed men in the place, by which I mean that they wear black cloth clothes and a diamond solitaire in their shirt front, which places them in bold relief against the surrounding roughly clad assemblage. These professional gamblers are usually styled 'sporting men' or 'sports.' They have an expression in their faces peculiar to the fraternity—a watchful, calculating, cruel look, and an impassive countenance carefully trained not to betray any signs of their feelings. When off duty, if we may so express it, some of them are gentlemanly, pleasant enough companions, who might really be trusted; but on duty they become again the unscrupulous gambler, ready to fleece his friend, by fair play or foul, without a particle of compunction. They are ever on the *qui vive* with their weapons, although not

THE BEAVERS OF BUTE.

quarrelsome; nor do they drink much, are coolly brave and determined as well as excellent shots, and have not much belief in anything here or, we fear, hereafter.

In the distance are the gangs of labourers, mostly Irish, hard at work on the railroad, who are herded together at night in a movable frame boarding-house, where they are also fed by a contractor with the railway company. Here and there are travelling carpenters busily employed in hammering together a few pieces of timber, to be placed on lots already claimed, but which are required to present some evidence of the owner's intention to build, so as to preserve his title, and prevent the claim from being 'jumped.' These rough-and-ready mechanics are in great request, and make plenty of money while the early excitement is prevailing; but few of them are able to withstand the attractions of the gambling resorts, where in the long-run they are sure to deposit all their earnings. The ubiquitous quack doctor is also here with his painted chariot and fantastically attired attendant, and is the centre of an admiring crowd, to whom he sings (or rather shouts) in comic rhyme the praises of his 'Universal Heal All' or 'Magic Ague Cure.' Beware of the rascal, for likely enough one of his pockets is full of counterfeit change, which he will palm off on the unwary and innocent-looking customer. Lounging about at the various bar-room doors are numerous specimens of the western border-men—hunters and scouts—tall, angular, bony-looking fellows, with bronzed complexions, hair trailing over their shoulders, and a brace of revolvers strapped round their waists. They will probably hang about the new town until they have gambled their money away, when they will return to their home, the open prairie, where no finer or more trustworthy fellows can be found.

See yonder primitive ferry-boat crossing the narrow but deep little river Verdigris. Its owner you may be sure will reap a rich harvest from his venture, as it is the only practicable crossing-point on the road which leads to Coffeyville from the more settled districts. This ferry is one of the fast disappearing remnants of the rude old frontier contrivances for crossing a creek. It is a kind of flat-bottomed boat, capable of transporting one wagon at a time, and is hauled to and fro by a rope fastened round the trunk of a tree on each bank of the river. Over this ferry, passengers and vehicles are continually crossing, and as they arrive at their destination, fresh wooden buildings are run up with inconceivable rapidity. And when the mushroom city's future is assured by undoubted local advantages the work of building correspondingly increases with the most exaggerated ideas of the future town's importance, until a natural reaction sets in to restore the general equilibrium. Upon my departure from Coffeyville, just two weeks after the first building was erected, it boasted some two hundred houses, a three-story hotel completed to its second story, a railroad station, and stores filled with merchandise, farming implements, and provisions of all kinds.

In the wonderful growth of these mushroom cities, as in all other matters of business and speculation, are the pushing and go-ahead traits of the American character (the infection of which appears to be soon caught by naturalised foreigners) most strikingly exemplified. Thus are towns

and villages daily bursting into life in the track of every newly constructed railway, and gradually driving the wild Indian and the buffalo farther: and farther towards the setting sun and extinction

THE BEAVERS OF BUTE.

VARIOUS newspapers have lately informed us that the Marquis of Bute, with tasteful munificence, has made a gallant and successful attempt to acclimatise beavers on his estate in the island of Bute, a few miles from Rothesay. None but a nobleman with extensive grounds comprehending a wood with an adjacent stream and other accessories, could enter hopefully on an adventure of this kind; nor can we omit the consideration of means for guarding the animals against the acquisitive intrusion of poachers, to say nothing of hosts of holiday visitors, who are not usually very particular in satisfying their curiosity. So far, as we understand, there has been little to complain of. The beavers introduced have been allowed to conduct their engineering operations unmolested, and to increase in numbers. The best account we have seen of this somewhat remarkable undertaking is that given in a late number of the *Daily Telegraph*, which we condense as follows for the amusement of our readers.

'In a solitary pine-wood, a space of ground has been so carefully walled in by a ring-fence that beavers cannot possibly escape from the circle. Through the little park thus formed runs a small mountain stream, and the domain inclosed ought to constitute, when its natural advantages are taken into account, a beaver's paradise. Left to themselves, the beavers have entirely altered the appearance of the stream. They have built across it no fewer than three dams. The lowest of these is the largest and most firmly constructed, as if the little engineers had been aware that it would have to support the strongest pressure of water. To make it, large boughs and whole trunks of trees have been cut down, thrown across the stream, wattled with mud, and otherwise secured. The dam thus erected preserves the water above it at a regular height; and in the pool which they have fashioned in this ingenious method the beavers have built their hut. The structure, which is composed of boughs, driftwood, mud, and stones, resembles nothing so much as a large thrush's nest turned upside down; while inside it is excavated with runs, holes, and quarries made for themselves by Lord Bute's little tenants for the purposes of safety and concealment. With their sharp chisel-like teeth, the small animals have cut down not a few of the trees in what we may call their beavery. Their mode of procedure is simple. They first gnaw a wedge-shaped gap into one side of the tree, and they then attack the other side and gnaw the remaining half, by which alone the trunk is held upright. Their intelligence is such that the tree usually falls in the exact direction in which they wish it to go, and that is generally across the current. Should it, however, prove too heavy, or should it fall too far from the water, they will saw it into pieces with their teeth and roll it for

themselves to its proper destination. Left to their own devices, the beavers have bred and multiplied. Originally they consisted of but two pairs, which had for some time dwelt in the Zoological Gardens. They have, however, added to their numbers, and according to the latest reports, there are supposed to be something like a hundred of them.

The beaver is one of the few animals still remaining from which man can learn a lesson of engineering. Of all natural artificers, the beaver is confessedly the most ingenious. It is a large species of water-rat, about the size of a tame rabbit; and its enemies, such as the fox, the wolverine, and the various other small carnivorous inhabitants of the river's bank, must always have pressed it sorely. Necessity is the mother of invention, and in the great natural struggle for existence, the faculties of the beaver became sharpened. It gave up burrowing in the bank, like its little congener the water-rat, and took to dwelling upon islands. When a natural island was not ready to hand, it would construct itself an artificial one; and such beavers as took to artificial islands must, like those early specimens of the human race who dwelt in houses founded upon piles driven into the lake's bed, have soon discovered the necessity of preserving round about them a permanent water-level. This is of course the one object of the beaver's dam. Around the little fortress which the beaver makes for himself in the middle of a stream, the water is kept at a uniform and regular height by the action of the artificial barrier below. The entrance to the house is beneath the surface, and from the bank the wolverine and the fox watch with disgust their desired prey swimming comfortably round about his habitation. In winter, when the river is frozen over, the beaver's house is no doubt open to the attacks of his enemies; but it is then itself frozen into a solid mass of masonry, as hard as the strongest Portland cement, and the little rodent inside is in a position securely to defy even the strong claws of the wolverine. Lord Bute's beavers have built themselves, as yet, but one of these river fortresses. In a full-sized North American beaver colony, however, there will be a dozen, a couple of dozen, and sometimes even a hundred or more beaver nests projecting from the surface of the stream, while the dam will be as large and strong as an English mill-weir. Should Lord Bute's beavers multiply, they will require more ground, and there is really no reason why they should not be re-acclimatised on the island of Bute. The experiment would be interesting, although, since the introduction of silk hats, the skin of the beaver has long ceased to have much commercial value. Still, the fur of the beaver may be made available as a trimming for ladies' winter dresses and otherwise.

'Originally the beaver was a British animal, and the isle of Bute was as much its native home as the banks of the Mackenzie. It is still to be found here and there along the unfrequented tributaries of the Rhone, the Danube, and the Weser. The beaver [if unmolested] would thrive admirably on our Scotch rivers. The kangaroo would make a magnificent addition to our larger parks and open waste lands. Indeed the Duke of Marlborough has at Blenheim a herd of kangaroos which have flourished for some years past as vigorously, and prospered as remarkably, as the beavers on the

isle of Bute. There are not many animals, it is true, which could be with advantage introduced, or for which space could be afforded. But this fact is in itself an additional reason for persevering in every attempt at all likely to end in anything short of absolute failure. In the case of the beaver, the chief objection to him is that he destroys valuable trees by cutting them down for his engineering purposes. This is no doubt the case; but, on the other hand, a beaver, if driven to extremities, will construct both his dam and his dwelling of mud, stones, and stray débris.' The writer of the article adds: 'It is a question whether beaver-farming might not be carried on at a profit in the wilds of Scotland, as ostrich-farming is at the Cape. From this particular point of view, indeed, Lord Bute's experiment is more interesting than attempts at acclimatisation can usually claim to be considered.'

We trust that nothing will occur to mar the undertaking, or to discourage others who have the means from cultivating the beaver in suitable situations throughout the United Kingdom. In the meanwhile, the Marquis of Bute deserves thanks for his enterprise.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER PERUSING A LETTER WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.

Only a scrap of paper, old and worn,
He wrote one day, when in a mood forlorn;
Few are the words, and simply do they stand,
Yet thrill us—they were written by his hand.

His hand had penned these words on which we gaze;
The hand that gave the 'Daisy' sweetest praise;
That held a sting for falsehood, and for pride,
And dared raise manhood o'er all else beside.

His eyes looked down upon that faded page—
The eyes that had the vision of the sage;
The eyes that did with wit and laughter glow,
Yet had a tear of sympathy with woe.

His heart impelled these kind words to a friend—
That full, true heart fast throbbing to its end.
In life neglected, what avails it now,
That men would wreath the laurel round his brow?

Ah, little dreamed he, as he wrote these lines,
That hearts would beat, to look upon the signs
So careless traced one day, in mood forlorn,
But treasured now, as by the poet born.

H. K. W.

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2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

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4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.

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SOCIABLE AND UNSOCIABLE.

THE pleasures of social intercourse are amongst the best and truest enjoyments in which we can participate—the desire for the friendship of others is more or less inherent in human nature. There are nevertheless thousands upon thousands who are surrounded by every opportunity for realising these pleasures, and who yet fail to benefit by their influence, either for temporary and healthy pastime, or for permanent good. Most people have doubtless many amongst their circle of acquaintance who are easily distinguished from others by the term ‘unsociable.’ It would, however, be both unfair and incorrect to estimate that a large proportion of a given number of people have a decided objection to and shun all society. The habitually unsociable people are frequently those who would readily confess to a liking for society, but who do not enter into it on account of the various and numerous obstacles which, they will tell you, are in the way. It is not so much on account of an innate and acknowledged indisposition for social intercourse that the saying, ‘Some folk are as unsociable as milestones,’ is proverbially correct, as that many barriers have been erected by the suspicious imaginations of those concerned. People are often heard to complain of the unsociability of others; but it is not unselfishness that the very people who adopt this standpoint are those who, at the least approach from others, retire almost entirely within their insignificant individuality, and assume a reserve of manner and constrained mode of conversation, that of itself forbids any attempt to cultivate their acquaintance. Something like a hedgehog which, should you happen to catch sight of it, instead of making friends, rolls itself up into a ball, and shews off its bristles to the best advantage.

Perhaps nothing constitutes so great a hindrance to what may be termed natural and unadulterated social intercourse as the unnatural appearance which many folk strive to put upon themselves and their belongings for the benefit of the objects

of their acquaintance. For the entertainment of their visitors, some good folk will change, as far as they possibly can, the entire face and features of their houses and themselves—in short, for the time being they seem to be somebody else—they go to great pains to make things unreal. On such show-occasions a profusion of apologies is sometimes showered upon the unhappy and disappointed guests; they are begged to excuse the unceremonious and very ordinary preparation made for their reception and entertainment; whilst it is apparent that every available resource has been utilised to make an imposing appearance. It was, we think, John Wesley, who having been invited out to dine, was asked, soon after his arrival at the house of the host, to excuse the fact that no preparation had been made. ‘Then,’ replied he rather sharply, ‘there ought to have been;’ and without waiting to see whether there was reason for such an apology, left the house forthwith.

Feelings of rivalry and jealousy, and the existence of an ultra spirit of caste, are responsible for much of the unsociability which prevails. Mr and Mrs Jones do not fraternise with Mr and Mrs Smith, who may live next door, because they, Mr and Mrs Jones, have concluded that they have ascended two or three more rounds of the ladder of social status. It is quite probable, moreover, that Mr and Mrs Smith may be duly impressed with precisely the same sense of superiority. Mr Jenkins does not wish to be patronised, and therefore cares not to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr Jones. Mr Jones having a paramount consciousness of his pre-eminence, would deem it undignified to be friendly with Mr Jenkins. Thus people sit in judgment upon themselves and other people, and form what they deem a sound opinion as to the disposition of others without ever having had the smallest opportunity of arriving at an accurate estimate. Imagination, hearsay, and the impressions derived from mere appearance at first sight, are often the sole materials employed in producing what is intended to pass as a detailed character-photograph. The estimates thus formed

are frequently circulated as genuine and reliable in every particular; and yet there may be as much difference between such estimates and the truth, as between a genuine and a base coin of the realm. The estimate which may be given you by one man of another is only reliable in so far as he is capable and has had the opportunities of forming an accurate judgment.

As the tenor of a man's life will to some extent be the reflection of his associations, it is essential that some discrimination be employed. But a man may be sociable and yet avoid careless promiscuous friendships. By the same rule that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled, neither can you have the friendship of sensible men and true, without profit. Nor need a sociable man eschew the duties and comforts of home-life. The association with friends, at home, may be made to take the place of association with mere acquaintances, sometimes of a questionable sort, abroad; and hence home may be made more homely.

The plea is sometimes advanced, 'Oh, we cannot afford to have company.' Here is where a great mistake is made. Surely we should not measure the value of our friendships on the basis of a knife-and-fork calculation! The friendship which is measured by the amount of money expended on it is surely worth little. It is not so much the good dinner society which we would advocate, as the propagation of simple and genuine friendships. Formal parties and dinings-out are by reason of modern usages acknowledged to be for the most part dreary affairs, both for the givers and the guests. Dinners got up for display, arranged with an object, invitations given for sundry reasons—to the man, for instance, whose only qualification as a guest may be his ability to be a source of entertainment; or to the titled gentleman and lady whose style and title shall grace the list in the newspaper columns. This amongst the upper ten thousand may be perhaps regarded as a necessary evil. Such state ceremonies have become fashionable amongst what has come to be popularly designated the *élite* of society.

We especially refer, however, to the sociable traits of the great middle class, amongst whom a large dinner-party scheme is neither practicable nor desirable, but to whom the more frequent exchange of civilities with their neighbours would be a boon. But the way is frequently barred by the comparisons which are made. The ladies are generally desirous that the furniture of their houses should not compare unfavourably with that in the houses of those with whom they may be intimate. A source of the greatest concern is it if they have not Brussels carpet as good and as new as that of their neighbours. Then their furniture it may be in green rep, that of their friends in crimson plush. Further anxieties are created as to plate, the size, style, and number of servants, and a dozen other considerations of a kindred sort. This everlasting contest to keep up appearances is at once the bane of our tempers and our pockets. It is the main thing on which the unreality of our time is fed, and upon which it thrives so well. Whatever may be the real impediment to sociability, we ourselves, while fostering the evil, uncharitably and inconsistently plead that the unsociable tendency exists more in others than ourselves!

Were there an utter absence of opportunity for

benefiting by the society of others, the fact would be deemed a hardship and a misfortune; and yet there are plenty of individuals who live in crowded cities but are the most lonely of beings. Not only are they never seen to speak to others, but apparently never even see them; the social faculties are thus rarely called into play, and are left to rust out. What do such men lose as the result of this isolation? Their knowledge of the best side of human nature is at a low ebb; while on the other hand the association with and knowledge of those around us teach us not only to misjudge others less, but to know ourselves better; and hence there comes a development and expansion of our sympathies. More freedom of intercourse must tend not only to increase our pleasures but to alleviate our troubles, for as we see that others have their 'ups' and 'downs,' we learn to look upon our own as less burdensome. The man who neither sees, hears, nor participates in anything beyond his own immediate surroundings, can know little or nothing beyond the narrow boundary of his own individuality—a very circumscribed sphere to live and work in, certainly. People often need friends who, under given circumstances, will afford the benefit of their own experience. The person whose only acquaintance is himself, complains of the hardness of his lot, and whilst estimating what difference he imagines the cultivation of friendships would make to his pockets, fails to estimate what he would gain by the sympathy and goodwill of others, and how his dreary path would be brightened by less isolation.

There is, however, an inborn craving in most people for society of some kind, though occasionally it is sought for in directions which are not beneficial in their tendency; and this, we fear, is the result of the swarm of conventionalities which, for the most part, surround the social life of our day, some healthy counteraction of which—especially in the interests of the young—would be welcome.

Happily the habits of isolation and unsociability are more prevalent in some places than in others. Those who have travelled most will readily admit that they have frequently found themselves amongst a circle of individuals whose freedom from conventionalities, and whose unconstrained and hearty mode of intercourse, made them forget for the time being that they were in the company of strangers. It is possible that some readers of these words may almost shudder at the idea of such freedom, such a want of decorum on the part of people who had never met before, and had not gone through the formality of a proper introduction. And yet there may be decorum without painful fastidiousness. Who has not met with unsociable railway travellers, some in whose company he has been for many weary hours, and with whom he may have succeeded, after supreme effort, in breaking the ice, only to receive a solitary monosyllable in response! Such an experience is certainly not the rule, for sometimes we meet with those, the incessant wag of whose tongue may be such as to compel us to leave unread both our newspaper and any favourite book that we may have promised ourself to get through. And yet it is well on such occasions to go on the principle of give and take. Anything rather than the company of an individual who looks suspiciously at you should you be venture-

some enough to express to him an opinion on so commonplace a topic as the state of the weather.

As a valuable element in connection with our social life, music does not occupy the position which it might and ought to do. The rapid growth during recent years of a knowledge of this charming solace is out of all proportion to the extent of its social enjoyment. It is unfortunately too often treated as a mere accomplishment. The friendly and informal musical parties such as were enjoyed years ago, do not receive much encouragement. It is of course indisputable that as a concert-giving power, rapid strides have been made in music; but what we contend for is the propagation of home harmony; the social glee, the favourite ballad, the instrumental quartette, with no objection to an occasional sonata for the pianoforte.

It is no less amusing than disagreeable to see so many otherwise worthy people possessed of such a paramount sense of gentility and importance as to make themselves and their surroundings uncomfortable, and often miserable. The great desideratum is that people should appear more like themselves than somebody else. We hear and read a good many sermons on 'Morality;' but, excellent in their way as these are, a series of lectures on 'Reality' are quite as necessary.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER IX.—SIR SYKES'S WARD.

THERE may be pleasanter positions in life than that of a dependant, especially when the claim to make one of the household rests on conditions which it is impossible to define. The governess, who is so often held up by moralists as an object for our conventional pity, needs not, surely, to forfeit her self-respect, inasmuch as she earns her salary and its contingent benefits by honest labour. The companion too gives valuable consideration in the shape of a perpetual offering up of her own time, tastes, and wishes, for her pay and maintenance. There are others sometimes however, kindred strangers within the rich man's gates, who have no ostensible tasks to perform, who cannot give monthly or quarterly notice and go away, and yet whose bread is sometimes made very bitter to them—white slaves who get no compassion from the world at large.

Miss Willis at Carbery Chase was oddly situated. An orphan, she found herself domiciled amongst those who were allied to her neither by blood nor by the still more tenacious tie of common and early associations. She was exempt of course under that roof from many of the annoyances which fall to the lot of the motherless elsewhere. There was no domineering mistress of the house to resent every attention shewn to the interloper as something deducted from the rightful due of her own matchless girls; no niggard to grudge her every meal of which she partook at the stinted family table; or tyrant to pile upon her submissive shoulders the never-ending load of petty cares, which some genteel drudges perform unthanked.

At Carbery there was plenty and to spare. Sir

Sykes was a gentleman bland and courteous; the girls as kind good girls as could easily be met with; and the servants sufficiently well trained to take their cue from their employers, and to be civil to one who was smiled on by the higher powers. Yet a sensitive young lady in the position which Sir Sykes's ward now occupied, might well have been excused if her heart at times was somewhat heavy. All her old habits of life had been in a moment uprooted. She had been suddenly transferred from familiar scenes and people whose ways she understood, to a country every feature of which must have been strange and new to her. Under the circumstances and in spite of the good-nature of those around her, it is not surprising if Ruth Willis at times looked sad and pensive.

'You cannot think how wonderful it seemed to me at first,' she said one day to the younger Miss Denzil, 'not to hear the drums beat tattoo at sundown, or how often I have started from my pillow in the early morning, fancying that I heard again the bugles sounding for the parade. Then the trumpeting of the elephants beside the tank, and the shrill voices of the dusky children at play beneath the peepul trees, and all the sights and sounds about my old home in India—I can't forget them yet.'

Blanche was sympathetic; but she felt rather than reasoned that the grief for a father's loss, the regrets for friends abruptly quitted and a mode of life abandoned, could not be assuaged merely by a kiss and a kind word. Yet it was evident that Ruth was by no means disposed to play the part of a kill-joy in the house beneath whose roof she was now established, or to enact the martyr. Her manner was very soft and gentle, not obtrusively sad or unduly deferential, but that of one who sincerely wishes to please. She had a way of bending her will as it were to that of those with whom she now associated, which was really very pretty and graceful, and harmonised well with the modest drooping of her eyelids when she spoke. There were times (so her ill-wishers said, the latter being some of those vigilant critics who take our wage and wear our livery, or it may be caps and aprons and cotton prints such as we sanction, but who are not always too lenient censors of our conduct) when her whole face seemed to change its expression by the mere opening of the fine dark eyes fraught with a singular look, which the same critics averred to be that of ill-temper. But if Miss Willis had not, as Lucy and Blanche Denzil believed her to have, the temper of a lamb, it must be admitted that she was capable of very great self-restraint, since in general conversation she was only too ready to acquiesce with the opinions of others. Jasper had observed the singular brightening of Ruth's eyes sometimes, when she turned them on Sir Sykes, but never towards himself; while his unsuspecting sisters saw no peculiarity in the bearing of the stranger whom they had learned to like.

'I could really believe,' said Jasper to himself more than once, 'that my father is afraid of that girl—and no wonder after all!' he added, after a moment's reflection. Certainly Sir Sykes did appear somewhat over-anxious that his ward should be happy and comfortable at Carbery, that her tastes should be studied, and her inclinations consulted. Yet he never seemed at ease in her company, and always escaped from her presence as early as politeness permitted; so that his own daughters set down his behaviour as merely prompted by an over-strained sense of hospitality.

There was a fascination in the guest's bearing and conversation, to which even Jasper, with all his predisposition to dislike her, could not but succumb. No great talker, Miss Willis had the power, somehow, of making what she did say more effective than what fell from other lips than hers. What this art or this gift might be, Jasper Denzil, who was no stranger to women and their ways, could not divine. The girl's voice was rich though low, and admirably modulated, although of music, as she frankly confessed, she knew nothing whatever. And her eyes—the one redeeming feature of a plain pale face—could flash and glitter with wondrously changing play of light; eyes and voice and words all blending together to convey the expression which their owner desired that they should impart.

There was one person to whom the baronet's ward appeared in the light of an enigma, and this was Lord Harrogate, himself a frequent visitor at the home of the Denzils, between whose family and his own there was indeed some kind of connection. He had given up as preposterous the idea that he had ever seen Miss Willis before. That was of course erroneous, and he must have been the dupe of a fancied resemblance. But he was sufficiently quick-sighted to perceive, what was apparent neither to his sisters nor to Jasper, nor to the Earl or Countess, that a strong sharply marked character was concealed behind the gentle half-bashful demeanour which it pleased Miss Willis to assume.

'I never saw the iron hand,' he thought to himself, 'so well hidden before by the velvet glove; but it's there for all that. Yonder girl looks capable of turning the whole family round her finger.'

Meanwhile Jasper at anyrate had other subjects for contemplation than were presented by a psychological study of the orphaned daughter of the late Major Willis, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. Gentlemen who own and gentlemen who are going to ride horses intended to win a race which had so suddenly swelled into importance as the forthcoming one at Pebworth, have need of frequent communication with one another. Jasper during the next ten days was often in his principal's company, sometimes at Pebworth, now and then at Exeter, when the routine of military duty held the other captain to his post.

In the interim, Captain Denzil could tell by the language of the newspapers which were the accredited organs of the turf, how considerable was the excitement evoked by the selection of Pebworth as a place where might be matched against one another some of the finest weight-carriers chronicled in the Stud Book. The wildest

rumours were afloat, and an April sky was not more changeable than were the odds, as reported from the headquarters of gambling, London and Liverpool. Sometimes the bookmakers were reported to be assured of triumph; sometimes it was hinted that the great betting firms would be severely hit, so unexpected would be the finish of the race.

'Why,' indignantly demanded one influential paper, 'should Pebworth be dragged into the daylight?' Nor were the other organs of the sporting press slow to swell the chorus of complaint that a cramped and hitherto unheard-of course, situated in an obscure nook of the far west, should be the arena for a struggle such as was anticipated. And then followed dark innuendos and vague suggestions as to the motives of the noble lord who owned The Smasher, and the scarcely less illustrious commoner to whom Brother to Highflyer appertained. During the period preceding the race, the most contradictory rumours were incessantly published with reference to the rival favourites. They were ill; they were well; they had met with all the accidents slight or serious to which the equine genus is liable. One of these important animals had a cough. The other was not quite sound of limb. Both had been overtrained. No. Their training was insufficient, and any nameless outsider could reach the winning-post before them. Once again both horses were in the very perfection of bloom and beauty, and would compete fairly for the prize.

Strange faces, some of which were not calculated to inspire confidence in those who had silver spoons in the pantry or linen drying on garden-hedge, began to appear at Pebworth and the parts adjacent. Lodgings were in such request that the meanest rooms were eagerly disputed at fancy prices, while inn and beershop drove a brisker trade than had been known since Pebworth had been disfranchised.

'Sad business, Denzil, this!' exclaimed Jack Podgers as he dashed into the private parlour of the *De Vere Arms*. 'Here's a private telegram, and here a special edition of a sporting paper. Both agree as to the facts.'

Jasper glanced at the telegram and at the paragraph. Yes. A most unfortunate accident, due to the carelessness of a porter, had occurred to Brother to Highflyer, just as that noble horse was being led from his box to the platform. Mr Splint, the eminent veterinary surgeon, summoned in hot haste, had examined the off fore-leg, and had expressed a positive opinion; in deference to which Mr John Knavesmire the trainer and Mr Wylie the owner had reluctantly decided to withdraw the name of Brother to Highflyer from the list.

'The race naturally must be won by the other favourite, The Smasher,' said Captain Prodggers with a grim smile.

CHAPTER X.—WHAT HAPPENED AT PEBWORTH.

From early morning the usually sleepy streets of quiet Pebworth had been disturbed by the shouts of bawling hoarse-voiced vendors of so-called 'correct' cards, purporting to furnish accurate information as to the names, weights, and colours of the riders, the nomenclature and ownership of the horses, and other particulars relating to the forthcoming race. Some of these

itinerants were in faded red jackets that had felt the dust and the rain on every race-course in Great Britain; others were in tattered fustian, stained by the wet grass of the moorside, where the foot-sore wretches had been sleeping for a few hours after their weary tramp across country. It might have been opined that gold had been discovered in Dartmoor, and that diggers were hurrying up like so many eagles to the prey, so many were the uncouth groups that flocked in. Some of the pilgrims were the veriest human vermin that cumber the earth. There was the thimble-rigger, whose stock-in-trade consisted of the tiny board or slender table, which his unacknowledged associate is carrying now, with the peas and the thimble in his pocket. There were the proprietors of the roulette boards, and the manipulators of the 'three card trick,' so dangerous to unwary youth. There were gipsy fortune-tellers, dark-eyed, yellow-kerchiefed, and long-haired gipsy men, laden with sticks to be pelted at cocoa-nuts propped on an ash-wand, or at Aunt Sally with her time-honoured pipe.

All the beggars, street-singers, and sellers of toys or gingerbread in the west of England seemed to have been drawn to Pebworth as steel filings are attracted to a magnet; and with them arrived many a scowling ruffian in baggy slop-suit, or slinking fellow in greasy garments of threadbare black, whose object could hardly have been the wish to witness a contest of strength and speed between two or more gallant horses. Probably the man in black was one of those miserable beings who bet with chance customers, and if they lose, pay in person if not in purse, braving kicks, ducking, and ill-usage, in hopes of five or ten ill-got sovereigns. As for the sturdier brute in nailed boots and velvet, with the knotted bludgeon beneath his arm, it will go hard with him if some half-tipsy owner of a watch be not lightened of it before bedtime.

In poured gigs and carts and carriages of every size and kind, some full of honest holiday-makers, others of thoughtful devotees of the Mammon that presides over the great green gaming-table that we know by the name of a race-course. Among the last-mentioned, who in turf phraseology are termed 'bookmakers,' were many, often of gentle birth and nurture, whose feverish life for ten months of the year was one of incessant locomotion, calculation, care, and toil. Some men, sufficiently well educated to see themselves as others see them, yet work harder at the dubious profession they have selected, than does a prosperous doctor or barrister of many briefs—ever on the railroad or in telegraph office, scrambling for make-shift lodgings, suing at the doors of crowded hotels—chilled by the rain of Newmarket, broiled by the sun of Chantilly—and incessantly on the wing to some new race-meeting, goaded on by the *ignis-fatuus* of Hope.

The carriages were drawn up three deep around the judge's chair and the stand. Small as the race-course of Pebworth was, it presented a gay and animated appearance. There were the well-appointed drags of every regiment within reach of the little Devonshire town, while the equipages of the county aristocracy were there in unusual numbers. There were the Fulfords, the Carews, the Trelawneys, and the Tresyllians, the Courtenays, and the Penruddocks, all the rural digni-

taries of the district. The Earl of Wolverhampton was there with two of his daughters, accompanied by Blanche Denzil, who was confident of her brother's success. Lord Harrogate too was there on horseback.

No carriage from Carbery was on the Pebworth course that day. Sir Sykes had heard with displeasure that his son was about to take a part in a steeplechase. Jasper's promise, however, had been given. His name was in print as the rider of Norah Creina, and the baronet saw no help for it. He refused, however, to attend the race with the ladies of his family, and gave but a reluctant consent to his younger daughter's petition to be allowed to accompany Lady Maud and Lady Gladys to the festive scene. The course itself presented a lively and not uncomely scene, the brilliant beauty of the day adding a witchery to the homeliest objects. The dancing sunbeams gilded the tinker's squalid tent and the rags of the beggar-boys who ran, clamorous for halfpence, after the horsemen cantering by. It was possible to forget the gathering of bookmakers and betting-men, now hoarsely shouting out their offers of a wager, possible to ignore the sordid greed that had prompted the attendance of so many, and to imagine what the scene may have been two hundred years ago, when races were a novelty, a mere trial of merit between swift and strong horses, minus the thousand and one degrading ingredients which now compose the saturnalia.

Jasper, his gay silken jacket concealed by the loose white overcoat which he wore, elbowed his way through the crowd towards the place where, hard by the weighing-stand, the nineteen horses which were the practical residuum of the sixty-seven entries were being led to and fro.

'Have a care there! Do mind his heels!' exclaimed the reedy voice of an attenuated being in drab gaiters and striped waistcoat, one of the three body-servants in attendance on the magnificent Smasher, as that superb animal began to lash out furiously amongst the mob.

'Grand horse that!' said Captain Prodggers, as with impartial admiration he surveyed the formidable favourite. 'See! what muscles those are that swell beneath a skin as bright and supple as a lady's satin! Does "My Lord" credit.'

'My Lord,' a vacuous young gentleman in a suit of black and white cheeks and a soft hat, stood a little way off, sucking the gold head of a short whipstock, and contemplating society in general, through his eyeglass, with a serene stare. Nobody could ever be quite certain whether this aristocratic patron of the turf was unfathomably deep or absurdly shallow. His Lordship was a man of few words, and never committed himself in public to an opinion wise or foolish.

That 'My Lord's' stud had a knack of winning was notorious. But then the laurels, such as they were, may have been due to the florid, well-shaven, middle-aged trainer, with a flower in his button-hole, who stood at his Lordship's elbow.

The Smasher was a splendid black horse, over sixteen hands high, and very powerful. His glossy coat shone like a looking-glass; but that his temper was none of the best was evident, not only by the frequent scattering of the crowd, to avoid his iron-shod heels, but by the sidelong glance of his wicked eye and the irritable lashing of his silken tail.

‘Shews the whites of them eyes of his, he do, this morning,’ remarked one appreciative groom.

‘Bless ye! the captain won’t care,’ was the phlegmatic reply.

‘Rather the captain had the riding of him then nor me,’ returned the other.

The captain in question was not Jasper Denzil. It was Captain Hanger, pale and unimpassioned as ever, who now pressed up to speak for a moment with the owner and trainer of the horse he was to ride. As he stood, tapping his bright boots with his heavy whip, his gaudy silk jacket peeping from beneath the loose overcoat, he was the object of an inquisitive admiration that might well have been spent upon a worthier object. In certain circles, now, your gentleman steeplechase rider receives an amount of adulation singularly disproportioned to his utility to the commonweal. Of the well-known Captain Hanger, once in the army, then beggared, and now living by the deliberate risk of neck and bones, it was popularly believed that he would die in the exercise of his profession.

‘I don’t see the mare!’ said Jasper, looking around.

‘We’re keeping her quiet till the last minute,’ whispered his friend. ‘No use in letting her chafe here, teased by sun and flies. There, though, is the bell for saddling; and here she comes.’

And as Captain Prodggers spoke, a Homeric burst of laughter from the mob, peal upon peal, announced that something had tickled the fancy of the populace. That something was soon seen to be no other than Norah Creina, looking even uglier, as she was led into the inclosure, than she had done in the stable; a lengthy, clumsy, ungainly creature to look upon, and wearing a bridle of a peculiar and cumbrous construction, fitted with a muzzle and blinkers, and somewhat similar to that employed in horse-tanning by the late Professor Rarey.

‘There’s a beauty for you!’ cried out, in the midst of ironical cheers and merriment, a scoffer in drab gaiters.

‘Take care of her, gentlemen—she bites!’ bawled another voice; and there was tittering among the spectators in carriages and unrestrained guffaws amidst the populace.

‘Do you mean, seriously, that the mare is to run in that hideous-looking contrivance?’ demanded Jasper sharply and with displeasure in his face, of his ally. ‘I’m not a mountebank, I suppose, that I should be made publicly ridiculous on the back of such a horse. A man might as well stand in the pillory as’—

‘How many hundreds will be in your pocket, Denzil, and thousands in mine, what with bets and stakes, if Norah Creina comes in first?’ interrupted Prodggers earnestly. ‘Let those laugh that win. They are waiting for us yonder in the weighing-stand.’

Of all the candidates for success who, seated in their saddles, took one by one their turn at the scales, the only two who attracted much attention were Jasper Denzil and Captain Hanger; the latter because he was to ride the favourite, the former because he had consented to exhibit himself on so very extraordinary an animal as Norah Creina.

‘I’ve known a dark horse to win a race,’ remarked one veteran, as he booked a trifling wager on the Irish mare.

‘Not with a muzzle though, George!’ replied a contemporary, with twinkling eyes.

The riders were all mounted now, and taking, some of them, the preliminary canter that is supposed to dissipate stiffness, and then the glistening line of gaily attired horsemen marshalled itself for the start. To the last moment Captain Prodggers, on foot, kept close to Jasper’s stirrup. ‘There’s the bell!’ cried Norah Creina’s owner at last. ‘Now bend your ear down, dear boy, and mark what I say.’

And as Jasper stooped his head to listen, the other captain whispered to him cautiously but with emphasis. ‘Only if you’re hard pressed—but she may win without that,’ added Prodggers more loudly.

Jasper’s suddenly compressed lips, arching brows, and dilated eyes told that the communication had taken even him by surprise.

‘The curb-rein, eh?’ he said hoarsely.

‘Yes; but only as a last expedient. Leave it slack as long as you can, and use the snaffle only; it’s as strong as a cable,’ called out Prodggers; and Jasper nodded, and cantered up to take his place among the rest.

A waving to and fro of the many-coloured line, the dropping of a flag, a roar from the rabble, and they were off. It was like the effect produced by some gigantic rocket bursting into a galaxy of variously tinted spangles, pink, green, blue, and orange. Then most of these colours seemed to gather themselves together in a group, while Jasper’s yellow jacket and black cap, and Captain Hanger’s cherry colour and white, crept clear of the crowd.

‘The Smasher’s third!’

‘He’s second now. Green’s in front.’

‘Ah! the captain’s a deal too wise to be first, so long as Green will make running for him.’

‘Yes, but look at the ugly long-backed Irish mare! The Smasher can’t shake her off, straight as he goes.’

The leading horses had got by this time over two-thirds of the course—the first round only—and already the competitors were reduced to seven. Gallant Green was yet in front, riding hard, but his horse was much distressed; and as the second circuit of the course began, The Smasher, skillfully handled by Captain Hanger, shot past him with no apparent effort, and was for the moment first.

‘My Lord’s usual luck! The race is safe!’

‘Cherry and white wins!’ shouted hundreds.

But then uprose another roar of, ‘Yellow, Yellow for ever!’ as the Irish mare, which had hitherto kept the third place, taking fence, wall, brook, and rail with lamb-like docility, suddenly quickened her pace, racing neck to neck, head to head, with the redoubtable Smasher.

‘A pretty race! A fine sight! A sheet would cover both of them!’ was the general cry. The ladies in the carriages and on the stand waved their handkerchiefs enthusiastically, and of the lookers-on there were scores who forgot that their money was at stake, in genuine enjoyment of the struggle. On the rivals went. Together they flew across the brook, together they crashed through the hedges and fences in their way. Then, thanks to his own skill or to the excellence of his horse, Captain Hanger gained ground, and was in front as he prepared to ride at a stiff line

of rails, the last serious obstacle, save one, to be encountered in the circuit.

Then it was that Jasper tightened the curb-rein that he had hitherto left untouched, and the disfiguring blinkers dropped as if by magic from before Nora Creina's eyes! The result was startling. With a snort and a scream, the fierce mare caught sight of her opponent in the act of gathering himself together for the leap; and with a bound such as a tigress might have given, she hurled herself upon him, striving—but owing to the muzzle, ineffectually—to tear the other horse with her teeth. There was a crashing of splintered timber, an outcry, a heavy fall, and both horses and both men were down amidst the wreck of the fence.

Jasper, barcheaded and dizzy, was the first to stagger to his feet and regain his saddle. A hundred yards in front was the stone wall with its double ditch, the so-called 'sensation jump' of the race, and which the Committee had taken it upon themselves to heighten for this exceptional contest. Beyond, there was the easy run home over smooth turf to the winning-post.

'Yellow! yellow! Yellow wins!' shouted the crowd, as Jasper approached the wall; but then there was a quick thunder of hurrying hoofs upon the green-sward, and Captain Hanger swept past at whirlwind speed, while cries of 'Cherry and white! The Smasher's first!' rent the air. Till that instant, the Irish mare had been going steadily; but now, on seeing her rival outstrip her rapid pace, her fiendish temper again kindled into flame, and with a shrill scream she darted forward. But Captain Hanger knew his art too well to be surprised for the second time. He had his own horse, sobered by the late fall, well in hand; whereas he saw that the savage animal which Jasper rode was completely freed from the control of her rider. By a quick and masterly motion of the rein, he wheeled off, eluding the shock that threatened him, and with a rare courage and coolness put The Smasher's head straight for the wall. The gallant horse rose like a bird, topped the obstacle on which his hind-feet clattered, and recovering himself with an effort, galloped in, the winner, amid the deafening applause of thousands.

Jasper was less fortunate. Panting, snorting with rage, in a lather of heat and foam, the furious mare he rode rose at the wall, struck it with her chest, breaking down the new masonry, and rolled over upon the turf beyond, bearing down beneath her weight the unfortunate rider. 'A man killed!' It needed but that cry to make the mob utterly ungovernable; and in spite of the efforts of the police, gentle and simple, and those who were neither the one nor the other, hurried pell-mell to the spot where lay, beneath the broken wall, the hapless form of Jasper Denzil. 'He's alive!' cried fifty voices, with the oddest mingling of gratification and disappointment. 'The rider's living. It's only the mare that's dead,' a verdict which turned out to be correct. Then a doctor, one out of the half-dozen of doctors on the course, jumped off the cob he rode and took possession of Jasper.

'He'll get over it!' cried the surgeon, feeling first the heart and then the wrist of the sufferer. 'If we had but a carriage now, to get him quietly to the inn.'

Sir Gruntley Pigbury, whose barouche stood near, willingly lent it for such a purpose; and in it Jasper Denzil, under the doctor's escort, was duly removed to the shelter of the *De Vere Arms*.

OUR PET RAT.

AN obliging correspondent writes to us as follows: An article in the September number of *Chambers's Journal* entitled 'Poppet's Pranks' having afforded much amusement to our young people, it has occurred to me that a short account of one of our numerous pets might not be unacceptable, especially as we have often said in our own circle, that 'Billy's doings ought to be immortalised in print.'

We have always considered it an important element in the education of children that they should be taught to regard the brute creation with kindly feelings, and in our own family we have fostered the love of animals by encouraging them to keep pets; so at various periods, dogs, cats, birds, rabbits, guinea-pigs, &c. have all in turn been domiciled with us; and I believe we also harboured for a time a hedgehog and a bat; but these last proving rather intractable, were soon restored to their native freedom.

Those who have had experience in it, best know how interesting any living intelligence becomes, when one is brought closely in contact with it; and we elders, as well as the more juvenile members of our family, have found both pleasure and instruction in observing the habits and dispositions of the little creatures to whom we gave a kindly shelter. Among these, none ever excited more interest or stood higher in the family regards, than Billy our tame rat.

It was in the winter of 1874-5 that a friend who was coming to spend Christmas with us, brought Billy as a new treasure for the children; and for some months he afforded us great amusement. He arrived in a cigar-box in which he usually slept, and on its being opened, he sprang instantly inside our friend's waistcoat, from which safe retreat he ventured to peep out at the strange faces, which he seemed to regard with terror; and this habit he retained, for although he soon established friendly relations with us, he always darted behind the piano or sideboard on the entrance of a stranger; yet his little head with its bright bead-like eyes was sure to peep out presently, as if he wanted to satisfy his own curiosity without being himself observed.

But here let me say, no one must suppose for an instant that Billy resembled the repulsive-looking rat of our farm-yards and ditches. He was of a much smaller size, not larger than a kitten of a month old, and very prettily spotted in brown and white; his eyes were very prominent, standing out like large black beads, and he was particularly nice in his toilet, washing just as a cat does, and keeping his coat always scrupulously clean.

Yet I confess it was some time before I could regard him with equanimity: it was so hard to divest one's self of the general prejudice against his race; and his receding under jaw gave an uncomfortable impression at first; so I used to shrink from him and gather up my skirts at his approach, although my son declared that if he had been introduced to me as a 'rodent,' I should have had no objection to him, and that it was merely the name of 'rat' which excited my aversion.

However, be this as it may, Billy soon won his way to favour in spite of prejudice, and by his intelligence and good temper made himself a general favourite. He especially attached himself to my eldest daughter, and would come at the call of 'Billy, Billy!' from any of his hiding-places, except at night, when he seemed to be quite aware that he was wanted to go to bed (in the cigar-box before mentioned); and then it was often with great difficulty she could entice him from his lurking-place. Sometimes she would tempt him with a biscuit, and he would dart out, snatch it from her fingers, and dart again behind the side-board before she could get hold of him.

We did not usually see much of him in the morning, as he liked to conceal himself behind the heavy furniture. But at dinner-time he was sure to appear, and generally placed himself on my knee, where from time to time he was fed with small bits of bread and vegetables; and if I was not sufficiently attentive to his wants, he would pass over to one of the children's plates, and watching his opportunity, would make a seizure, and dart with the stolen morsel to his storing-place; and this habit of storing was very curious, being evidently an instinct belonging to very different surroundings. In a room appropriated chiefly to the children there was an old sofa a good deal the worse for wear, as what sofa would not be that had been carriage, omnibus, or railway train to seven or eight youngsters successively? Under the pillow, the haircloth had given way, so Billy found a hole conveniently ready for him, and lost no time in appropriating it. Thither he carried many of his stores; and it was most amusing to watch him nibble a biscuit just like a squirrel, sitting back on his haunches and holding it neatly between his fore-paws; and then when he had had enough for immediate wants, he would spring with the remainder to this hole in the old sofa.

But it was not only food he stored; he had a decided fancy for bright colours; and if bits of ribbon or coloured silk were left in his way, he would drag them along the floor, and then leap to the sofa with such celerity that it was almost impossible to deprive him of his booty. Once I looked up in time to see and seize one end of a blue necktie as Billy disappeared with the other behind the sofa pillow. He came up directly to see what detained it, and was very unwilling to give it up; so he pulled and I held, until finding that I was the stronger, he relinquished it, but with such impatient little squeaks! Yet neither then nor at any other time did he ever attempt to bite or shew any ill-temper towards any of us; though, like most pets, he had to bear a fair amount of well-meant teasing, which no kitten would have stood as well.

I recollect one day watching him with much interest. He had found on the floor a large newspaper, which he seized by one corner and pulled towards the sofa, up which he made several vain attempts to leap with the paper in his mouth. He then dropped it, and jumped back and forwards several times, as if he was measuring his distance, or making calculations with an eye to future success. Then again catching hold of the paper, he tried to leap with it, but again he failed; so at last I took pity upon him, and tore one half of the paper away, when he was able to manage the remainder, and carry it off in triumph to his den.

During the winter evenings, when the children were engaged with their lessons, Billy was usually to be found on the table rummaging among their books and catching at their pens; which latter amusement he enjoyed very much after the manner of a kitten running after a knitting-needle drawn quickly up and down the table; but as these amusements rather interfered with the studies, Billy would occasionally be dismissed to the kitchen, to which he had a great dislike. He never stayed there longer than he could help, but on the first chance would rush up the stairs and scratch, or rather I should say *gnaw* for admittance. Speaking of this gnawing, leads me to observe that one objection I had to receiving him, was the fear that he would be very mischievous; but fortunately I never found him so. He had free access to a pantry where a variety of eatables, usually considered dear to a rat's heart, were to be found; but I never knew him to injure anything or even to cut the paper covering of any parcel, no matter what it contained. No doubt it was partly owing to his being so well fed that he was not driven to theft by hunger. I generally scattered for him on the shelves some grains of rice or pickles of starch, and to these he helped himself when inclined. From soap or candles he turned away in disgust, being far too well-bred a rat to indulge in such low tastes; but he dearly loved a bit of plum-cake; and, shall I confess it? he was by no means a teetotaler. If ale was used at dinner, he would rush eagerly about the glasses until he was supplied with some in a spoon. I believe, before he came to us, he had been accustomed to even stronger potations, in which, however, we did not indulge him.

I have said he was not mischievous, neither was he, as mischief among rats is generally understood; but there is no rule without exception, and Billy had a decided penchant for kid gloves. If any were left carelessly about, he was sure to get hold of them and have the fingers eaten off in a few minutes. I cannot tell how many gloves he destroyed, until repeated lessons of this sort enforced more tidy habits.

I must not omit to mention his love of music; when he heard the piano, he would rush to the drawing-room and spring to the performer's knee, where he would remain perfectly quiet, evidently listening with much pleasure. When he first came he was very restless, seeming to live in a state of perpetual motion; but he soon learned to come upon the knee to be caressed and have his head rubbed, which operation afforded him intense enjoyment. He would have lain in a state of supreme delight for an hour if any one would have rubbed his head for so long.

Very various were the opinions entertained of Billy by our friends. Some of our young visitors would ask to see him when they called, and with them he soon became familiar, and would run over their shoulders and about their necks quite freely; but others had a perfect horror of him; and I remember once, on going down to receive two ladies, I found one of them standing on the piano-stool in dread of his attacking her; and no declarations as to his perfect harmlessness were of any avail. Another time an old lady and gentleman were spending the evening with us, and knowing the latter to be of a very nervous temperament, I had given strict orders that Billy

should be kept down-stairs. But Billy had no idea of losing his tea, and managing to escape from the servant who had him in charge, in he rushed, as soon as the door was opened, and made straight across the room, as usual for my knee. I gave him a bit of cake to keep him quiet, and covered him up with my handkerchief. 'What's that, what's that?' exclaimed the old gentleman anxiously. I replied as carelessly as I could: 'Oh, it's only a little pet of the children's;' and hoped no more notice would be taken; but presently our friend got up, and came round to where I sat just as Billy had finished his cake and put up his head for more. Never shall I forget his look of dismay as he exclaimed: 'It's a rat!' while making hasty tracks for the door. However, we succeeded in allaying his fears; and Billy was allowed to run about freely, with only an occasional shudder from our friend if he approached him too closely.

During the spring we had a lady staying with us who could not be reconciled to seeing a rat run about the house, and who repelled all friendly overtures on the part of our pet; so one morning, out of consideration for her, Billy was banished to another room whilst we were at breakfast; and lo! on going into the room afterwards, I found my friend's ball of cotton cut into shreds, which were piled in a little heap on the floor. It really seemed as if he had done it from revenge, for though I had had knitting about repeatedly, he often rolled the balls on the carpet, but never injured them.

While enough has been said, I think, to shew that Billy was a very interesting pet, candour compels me to admit that, like wiser and better folk, he had his faults; and I am sorry to say his besetting sin was jealousy. Although so thoroughly good-tempered with all the members of our family, he would not tolerate another pet in the house. He had not been long with us, when he killed a canary that had lighted on his back. At first, there were threats of summary vengeance; but on reflection, it was thought possible that he had been frightened by its sudden descent upon him, and had killed the bird in an impulse of self-defence; so it was decided to give him the benefit of this supposition, and he was forgiven and restored to favour.

But when the midsummer holidays arrived, one of our boys brought home a handsome young retriever, whom it was evident from the first Billy regarded with no friendly eye. The children of course were much taken up with the fresh arrival; and I presume Billy felt himself neglected, and therefore lost no opportunity of revenging himself upon the new favourite. It was wonderful to see the courage of the little creature in venturing to attack an animal so much larger than himself. If the dog were lying quietly on the rug, he would spring on him, and then retreat so quickly that at first we did not know whether he had bitten him or not, as the dog would merely utter a low growl and retire. But one day at dinner, when our canine friend was being supplied with pieces which probably had formerly fallen to Billy's share, our little pet was so enraged, that he rushed across the table and bit the dog on the mouth severely. From that time his doom was sealed; it was felt that either he or the dog must be dismissed, and the verdict was unanimous in favour of keeping the retriever; so Billy was tied

up in his box and sent back to his former owner. Since then, we have occasionally heard of his welfare; and the last news concerning him was, that he had been taken into a garden, 'but was evidently too much awed by the immensity of the universe to enjoy it.'

THE HIGHLAND KEEPER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—INCHGARRY'S NARRATIVE.

SOME years ago, while upon a professional visit at the mansion of a well-known Highland gentleman, I was invited one morning by my host to inspect his famous kennel of staghounds. On that occasion, I remember well, my interest was curiously divided between the princely animals themselves and the magnificent specimen of humanity who acted as their custodian. Standing at least six feet, his finely proportioned, athletic figure was displayed to advantage by a well-made knickerbocker deer-stalking suit. His face was fair, full-bearded, and strikingly regular in its features. In the quick blue eyes gleamed the rapidly succeeding emotions of an intelligent, proud, sensitive nature. I observed that he usually addressed the chief by the name of the estate (a practice by no means uncommon in some parts of Scotland), and that the word 'sir' was somewhat infrequent in his speech. There was nothing decidedly disrespectful or assumptive in his manner, yet it was quite unlike that of modern inferiors towards superiors generally. I had been so struck during our inspection of the kennels with his appearance and bearing, that on our return to Inchgarry Hall, I put several questions to my worthy host respecting him. The result of these was, that after informing me that the young fellow's name was Donald Stewart, and that he was a native of Badenoch, he entered upon the following curious and instructive narrative of his first settlement at Inchgarry, and of the tragedy in which it eventuated; pointing out as he did so, with great frankness, the evils a landlord may create among his people by delegating too largely to an inferior the personal supervision of his interests.

James Forbes, the son of one of the chief's humblest dependants, had been reared upon the estate. Industry, a certain versatility of talent, and above all, an uncompromising yet judicious sycophancy, had together stood him in such good stead that, beginning his career as stable-boy, he had passed rapidly to assistant-gardener, head-gardener, and manager of the home-farm; until, at the time the events we are about to record took place, he was his master's factotum, holding the position and title of sub-factor to the property. Residing for three parts of the year in London or abroad, Inchgarry necessarily gave him large powers in matters affecting his tenantry and servants; so that—the factorship proper being then in the hands of an estimable but old and infirm lawyer, with whom the wily Forbes had ingratiated himself—the authority of the latter was almost boundless. Like all sycophants, he was also a tyrant. The tenantry, who held their farms on long leases, and were practically part and parcel of the soil, escaped the oppression to which, under other circumstances, they might

have been subject to. Nevertheless, Forbes contrived in many ways to harass and annoy all who in any way offended him. As for the immediate servants of the Hall and home-farm, the foresters and keepers, the labourers and handicraftsmen on the estate, his was to them strictly a reign of terror. None but those who chose to do so by abject flattery and toadyism dared hope to escape molestation.

Among those trucklers to whom Forbes extended his patronage, was one John Sutherland—or Ian Dhu, as he was invariably styled—the idlest and most worthless character in the district. It would be difficult to conceive what bond could exist between this semi-pariah, poacher, and vagabond, and the chief's confidential agent, did we not remember that men of the sub-factor's stamp invariably make a henchman of some unscrupulous master of their own weapon—sycophancy. Ian Dhu had not only the skill to step into the good-will of Forbes by his fawning, but to establish himself therein by acting as spy and reporter upon all that was said and done upon the estate. Following no recognised employment, though ostensibly odd-man about his patron's private grounds, he perverted his leisure by haunting the garden, workshops, bothies, the keepers' houses, and the kitchen of the Hall itself, picking up scraps of information for the jealous ear of the sub-factor. He was, in fact, a necessity of the pernicious system of control which reigned; and he was, at the time our story commences, in the full light of favouritism.

Inchgarry, my host, was a just, large-hearted, and clear-headed man; of rather an indolent disposition no doubt, but, when roused to interest, both prompt and strong-willed, brooking neither argument nor persuasion. His brief occasional visits to the Hall were always marked by some change in, or reversal of, his agent's arrangements, as well as by some considerate extension of privileges to his 'people.' In one instance his wrath had been awakened by the neglected condition of his garden and kennels; the latter perhaps his dearest subject of pride. He spoke sharply and conclusively about these matters to Forbes, whose minions both the head-gardener and chief-keeper were. Ten days thereafter he announced that he had engaged a man from the Lothians to superintend his garden-grounds, and a gamekeeper from Badenoch to supplant the inefficient favourite; adding, however, with characteristic kindness, that the superseded men might remain, if they chose, as second-hands until they could better themselves. Forbes received the news of these innovations with outward deference and submission, but inward chagrin and rage. It was the beginning of the end, as it proved.

Archie Guthrie, the new gardener, arrived first on the scene to form a nine days' subject of comment to the simple population of Inchgarry; and a few weeks later Donald Stewart took possession of the roomy and comfortable keeper's cottage so picturesquely situated by the loch side. He was accompanied by his sister, a few years his junior, who undertook to act as his housekeeper, and by a powerful-looking young serving-lass. Effie was as unlike her brother as well could be. She was *petite*, of slight frame, with small delicate features. Lithe, active, elfish, her dark hair and pale face, together with the general grace and rapidity of her

movements, soon acquired for her the pretty sobriquet of *sheach* or fairy. Cheerful, even volatile, this singular creature had yet a depth of tenderness and sympathy so easily stirred, so sensitive and all-pervading, that nothing animate appeared to escape its influence. In character, then, as well as in appearance, she presented a marked contrast to her handsome, really good-hearted, but choleric and somewhat imperious brother. Yet never perhaps, the chief informed me, was brotherly and sisterly affection more complete and perfect than between these two. In a short time they had finished their new domestic arrangements, and passed through the usual ordeal of rustic criticism. Effie glided at once into the respect and confidence of every woman on the estate—a feat which the student of womankind will consider an all but impossible one. Her kind-heartedness and tact, doubtless, were the means towards such a result, aided as they were by the incessant and impartial distribution of favours, which her deft fingers and clever little head enabled her to do with an expenditure of nothing more than her redundant good-will and energy. The other sex became her slaves to a man. Every one within a radius of ten miles in that sparsely peopled district came under the spell of the *sheach*, and loved or admired her secretly or openly, platonically or otherwise, according to temperament or position. Inchgarry gave some most amusing instances of her sway: of stalwart Highlanders seized by the ear and marched off to perform some menial duty, or commanded to execute some commission for herself or neighbours. It was said that even Forbes himself, surly as he was, and imbittered from the first against her brother, could never disguise the pleasure which Effie's presence gave him: probably the most harmless and respectable sentiment he ever entertained. He refused nothing *she* asked for herself or others, and did not hesitate to proclaim his high opinion of her disposition and character. I record this with pleasure as the one bright spot redeeming a dark and contemptible nature.

Forbes and Stewart instinctively regarded each other as enemies from the first. Frank and open to a fault, the new keeper chafed under the reticence and duplicity of the sub-factor; and to every unreasonable command he returned a hot and indignant refusal; to every malicious word an angry, contemptuous retort. Thoroughly acquainted with his own duties, he would brook no interference; and to Forbes's utter confusion, on one occasion, when that worthy had attempted to meddle in some matter affecting the dogs, he boldly threatened, in presence of several underlings, to report him to Inchgarry for obstructing his work. Before two months had passed, it was war to the knife between them. As was natural, the majority of the natives secretly rejoiced to find that the young stranger meant to beard the tyrant; while the great man's favourites and the constitutionally envious nursed a bitter enmity against him as an interloper. The despotism was now broken up into two struggling factions; and the contest was a protracted and unhappy one.

But more fierce and implacable even than Forbes's hatred of the keeper was that conceived by his henchman, Ian Dhu. To the keenness of partisanship he added a violent personal animosity, which only ended with the tragic event hereafter detailed.

Ian had long been suspected of deer-poaching; but hitherto the friendship of the sub-factor had screened him from conviction if not from detection. At last Stewart caught him red-handed in the act of 'gralloching' a stag in one of the favourite 'passes' of the forest. He reported the fact at once to Inchgarry, who, if not exactly claiming his ancestral power of 'pit and gallows,' reserved to himself the right of deciding whether or not any of his 'people' should be handed over to the civil authorities. His decision was a most merciful one—merely requiring Sutherland to surrender his gun to the keeper. The sentence nevertheless rankled with deadly purpose in his heart; and but for one singular circumstance, would doubtless have earlier taken the form of the terrible revenge he ultimately sought.

That circumstance was his love for Effie Stewart. He too had been smitten by the *sheach's* bewitching face and smile—smitten as only such dark, troublous natures can be smitten. His love was to him a terrible torture. The better thoughts which this new and powerful passion awakened, only goaded and stabbed, being too intermittent to subdue the darker passions which they illumined. From the moment he first saw Effie, a marked change came over him, or, more properly speaking, his idiosyncrasies became intensified. Always taciturn, he was now morose and brooding; his surliness became vehement irascibility, and his roving stealthy movements were now erratic and purposeless. He would hang for hours around the kennels, pass and repass the keeper's cottage a dozen times a day, inventing trifling excuses for calling there, that he might look upon the girl whose unconscious influence had so strongly affected him. In her presence his misery was complete. He would crouch on a settle by the fireside, silent and burning with the unquenchable fire within him, his furtive impassioned glances following her every movement, as Effie flitted about the house. Whenever the little woman paused from her work, and with piquant, gracious vivacity addressed some pleasant remark to him, the heavy brows would unbend, and the dark eyes lift themselves to her face with a transient gleam of supreme pleasure, only to be averted again in increased gloom and depression. On those occasions when the young neighbours extemporised a merry-making at one or other of their houses, or, as was oftener the case, in the roomy cottage of the keeper, Ian Dhu's torture was beyond description. There he was compelled to witness the object of his infatuation surrounded by a number of youths, many of whom he instinctively knew were fascinated by her. He listened entranced when she sung—but, then, other ears also drank in the sweet sounds; he watched the slight elfish figure move in the merry dance, but was she not observed with admiration by every one? First one and then another of the strapping young Highlanders became her partner, would hold her hands, clasp her waist, and whirl with her in the freedom of the old-fashioned reels; every incident adding a fresh torment to the jealous heart of Ian Dhu.

Time went on, and Ian Dhu was thus fain to curb the rebellious desire for revenge upon Donald Stewart. The gratification of looking upon Effie was only possible under conditions which his revenge would entirely destroy. Like

a hungry spaniel, he crouched and fawned when he would otherwise have snapped. He submitted to obey many overbearing behests of the haughty young keeper, to assist him about the croft or go on messages; and acted generally so as to gain Stewart's tolerance, if not his confidence. These tactics were not unobserved by Forbes, who, however, satisfied of the genuineness of the hatred with which his henchman viewed Donald, for a time attributed them to crafty zeal in his own service.

As for the sub-factor himself, time only increased his detestation of the keeper. Inchgarry was in London attending to his parliamentary duties; and Forbes did not neglect the opportunity of wreaking his malice in every possible way upon his proud-spirited subordinate. In his letters to the chief, the sub-factor conveyed many hints derogatory to Stewart, and succeeded to some extent in his unworthy purpose.

The young man, who was not only conscious of his abilities, but enthusiastic in his desire to acquit himself creditably in all that concerned his craft, one morning received a cold sharp letter from Inchgarry, recounting a charge of permitting poaching in the forest, and commenting severely upon his negligence. The chief circumstantially stated that the interior portions of a deer had been found in a 'pass' through a certain hill, where it had been 'gralloched.' The astonishment of Stewart was for the moment fully equal to his chagrin. He had had that very pass carefully watched by the under-keepers, and especially by his favourite and friend, a young sandy-haired blue-eyed lad from Lochaber, whose surname of Grant had been familiarised, in Highland fashion, into 'Grantoch' on account of his popularity. After the first burst of angry surprise, Stewart sought Grantoch, who in his laconic way repudiated the possibility of the thing, and after a deliberate study of the subject, as he leant upon his gun, quietly delivered himself of his opinion. About ten days previous, he said, while cutting open a hind, which in accordance with orders he had shot for the dogs, Ian Dhu had been present. Chancing to return to the same place about half an hour later in search of the knife which he had dropped, he was not a little surprised to find the refuse portions removed; and was completely puzzled when he observed, by the traces of blood amongst the heather, that they had evidently been carried up the forest. He was certain now that Sutherland had, with the connivance of Forbes, taken this method of throwing suspicion of negligence upon Stewart. The head-keeper's quick intelligence grasped the whole affair before Grantoch had finished. He directed his assistant to state the facts as they were, in a letter to the chief; and wrote himself a respectful but firm repudiation of the charge. The effect was this: Forbes received a freeing order from Inchgarry to turn Ian Dhu out of his service. Nothing further was said; no reflection made as to his possible complicity in a design to injure the keeper's character.

But the incident had rendered the sub-factor's desire for revenge uncontrollable. He goaded on his discharged henchman to be the instrument of wreaking their common hatred on the keeper. To his surprise, Ian Dhu was sullenly intractable. Forbes was at first furious, but incidentally learn-

ing the obstacle which existed in Sutherland's passion for Effie Stewart, he resolved to use this as the very means of bringing him round to his purpose. He had heard, amongst other gossip, that Archie Guthrie's attentions to the girl were received with favour. Ian was now completely under his control, and accident unfortunately favoured the factor in working upon his jealousy. Returning home from a visit to the post-town one evening in his dog-cart, Forbes observed, on a part of the road near Stewart's cottage, the lovers standing together arm-in-arm, in the moonlight, evidently transacting a lengthened and agreeable parting for the night. Ian, whom he still sheltered, was waiting his arrival and assisted him to alight. With a malignance worthy of the worst part of his evil nature, he immediately despatched the unsuspecting Sutherland upon a message which should take him past the spot where Archie and Effie were standing. The effect was terrible. Ian Dhu on reaching the place discovered the pair in the act of embracing; staggering for a moment as if shot, he fled from the spot and disappeared, to return, after several weeks, to consummate the tragedy which forms the sequel of the tale.

PART II.—INCHGARRY'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Three weeks elapsed, during which no one in Inchgarry had set eyes on Ian Dhu. The story of his love for the *sheuch* was commonly known, and speculation was rife as to his proceedings since the night of his disappearance. This was set at rest one evening by his sudden appearance in the kitchen of the sub-factor's house, lean and gaunt as a famished hound. His face was haggard and hunger-pinched, and a gleam very like insanity lit up the dark scowling eyes. His hair and beard were matted and tangled, and his clothes were soiled and rent. It was conjectured that he had spent the interval since his flight, in the fastnesses of the mountains—a prey to the throes of that passion which his powerful nature had conceived. What a picture might not imagination draw of the terrible human struggle enacted in those solitudes! Perhaps some such thought occurred to the frightened women-servants as Ian stood before them. At anyrate, they received him with silent sympathy, and invited him to take refreshment. It does seem strange that the revenge which succeeded his paroxysm of disappointed love should not first have been directed against the young gardener and his sweetheart. Various theories exist to account for this; one being that it really was his purpose to include them among his victims. My informant, however, held the very plausible opinion that Ian Dhu's reason had given way under the great strain on his feelings, that his love was thereafter mercifully a blank to him, while the old grudge against Stewart had assumed unnatural proportions.

Forbes had an interview that night in his own parlour with his quondam henchman as the investigation which afterwards took place proved; and it was late when Ian Dhu slunk from the house by the private door, carrying with him a gun, and was seen to disappear in the belt of firs that skirts the loch. It is mentioned, with that morbid zest for details which a tragedy never fails to excite, that only a few minutes previous

to Ian's plunging into the wood, Archie Guthrie and Effie Stewart (now formally betrothed) had passed the sub-factor's house arm-in-arm. What would have been the consequences of a *rencontre* between the lovers and Black Sutherland is a favourite topic for surmise amongst the people of Inchgarry to this day.

On the following morning, Grantoch, who had returned from his rounds, took his spy-glass from its case and directed it towards Bhein à Bhuachail. A fire in the heather on this hill had been reported earlier, and Stewart had gone to investigate the cause, telling Grantoch to follow him when his other duties should leave him at liberty. The burning of the heather in the month of July, and in the centre of the 'forest' ground, was a serious matter in the eyes of the keepers, driving the deer as it would, from a favourite haunt. Grantoch now desired to make out, if possible, in what direction Stewart had gone, that he might be able to join him by the shortest route. He brought the glass to bear on every part of the mountain, its wood-clad base, purple sides, gray scours, and shimmering water-courses—but without result; and was just about to close it, when his glance rested upon a human figure shewing on the near shoulder of Bhein à Bhuachail. His practised eye told him at once it was not Donald Stewart. He carefully scrutinised it for some minutes, until with startled surprise he recognised Ian Dhu creeping over the watershed, bearing a gun on his shoulder.

Grantoch quietly shut his glass, returned it to its case, examined with professional caution the lock of his double-barrel to see that it was at half-cock, and started at a swinging trot for the foot of the hill. Its nearest point was only a mile and a half distant; but, convinced that Ian was on another poaching expedition, he resolved to get the assistance of a keeper whose cottage stood about a mile farther up the loch. Here he was agreeably surprised to find Stewart engaged in issuing some orders. The latter explained that he had come direct to the cottage to learn whether the under-keeper knew anything of the fire; and that he found he had visited the spot. It was merely a patch which had soon burned out of itself, and Stewart had therefore waited leisurely for his comrade's appearance. He pricked up his ears, however, when Grantoch told him of Ian Dhu's movements, at once suspecting him of having intentionally fired the heather. The thought brought his hasty temper to such a heat that he resolved at once to clear up the matter by giving chase to Ian Dhu.

The trio took the route which Grantoch had seen Sutherland take, and their keen eyes kept them close on his track after it quitted the watershed. At length they came in full view of him as he now strode rapidly along the side of the hill. Their object was to detect him in the act of poaching, confident that Inchgarry would this time prosecute, and hopeful that the incendiaryism would also be brought home to him. To avoid being observed in their turn, they now crouched along amongst the tall heather, till within a few hundred yards of where they had seen Ian Dhu last halt. Stewart then proposed to advance alone on all-fours to reconnoitre. As he thus cautiously approached the poacher, he observed that he had leapt into the dry channel of what is termed a winter stream, and was looking along

BALLOON-TRAVELLING.

the barrel of his weapon—a rifle—which he held resting on the bank at the opposite side of the channel to that on which Stewart now lay. Ian Dhu's face was if possible more haggard and wild than ever, while the hand which grasped the rifle shook as if with ague or palsy. His glance was directed towards a spot some hundred yards distant, where the heather shewed blackened as if by recent fire. Now and again the maniac—for he had every appearance of being bereft of reason—would start up with an impatient cry and gesture, as though disappointed by the non-appearance of some object for which he waited. At last, in view of the puzzled and somewhat terrified keeper, he brought the rifle to his shoulder, and with steady deliberate aim, fired at an object unseen by the keeper. The echoes which the sharp report awakened were mingled with a piercing cry!

Ian Dhu had not time to complete his attempted spring from the channel of the stream before his shoulder was seized in the strong grasp of Donald Stewart. He turned to face his captor; then with a scream of terror, which for the moment paralysed the stout-hearted keeper, tore himself free and dashed down the mountain like a hunted stag. Donald, with the two under-keepers, who had rapidly approached, watched him in silence as he sped from rock to rock. Pursuit was useless. Following him with their eyes as he disappeared and reappeared among the inequalities of the ground, they at last observed, with a thrill of horror, that he did not turn aside in his descent from a well-known point at which the hill sloped almost precipitously for several hundred feet. With blanched faces and upraised hands they saw Ian Dhu pause for a moment on the dangerous verge, and take the awful leap.

The three keepers resolved at once to make a detour to the spot where he must have fallen, and for this purpose hastened down the shoulder of the hill. They had not proceeded far when Grantoch called the attention of the others to a groaning sound proceeding from some spot near them. Stewart believing it to be the dying moans of a wounded stag, answered his faithful comrade rather rudely and hurried on. His course happily took him to the very spot where the man, whom Ian Dhu's last bullet had reached, lay bleeding and apparently dying. To the horror and amazement of all, it proved to be Forbes the sub-factor. Stewart, with a sensitiveness that did him credit, left the wounded man in the charge of Grantoch and their companion, and hurried off himself to procure assistance. With as much speed as the task would admit, he returned to the spot, leading a sure-footed pony, and on this, supported alternately by the keepers, Forbes was conveyed by easy stages to his own house.

The wound proved mortal; but before his death he made a statement which threw light upon the mysterious events of that fatal morning. Along with Ian Dhu he had concocted a scheme for Stewart's destruction. He it was who had instructed Sutherland to fire the heather, calculating shrewdly that the circumstance would unfailingly call the keeper to the spot, in all likelihood alone, his trusty assistant being fully employed at that early hour. Ian, lying in wait with Forbes's rifle, was to have shot the head-keeper whenever he appeared on the scene. The explanation of his own unfortunate presence was

extremely simple. When he believed the deed accomplished, he had become anxious to recover the rifle from Ian Dhu, seeing that, in the event of capture, its possession would open up a suspicious inquiry respecting his own share in the dastardly business. This motive sealed his own fate. The impatient and vengeful Ian had not paused to reckon the chances of a mistake, but had pressed the trigger the moment he saw a human figure moving through the high heather towards the scene of the fire. Stewart, so happily deterred from his first purpose of visiting the burning hill, thus escaped the doom intended for him.

'And what were the fortunes of the other characters in your sad story?' I asked of the chief.

'Oh! You see that cottage over there with the sweet bit of garden in front, ornamented with rockeries and ferns? That is the home of Archie Guthrie and his wife, *née* Effie Stewart. The fairy scarcely deserves the name now, having lost much of her elfish slenderness and activity, but is after all, perhaps, a prettier heroine as the gardener's wife, and less dangerous to my young male subjects. A coquette she certainly never was; but discreet and prudent to a rare degree. I am at a loss to divine *what* the source of her strange power was, but am thankful she is now Mrs Guthrie.'

I laughed at the naive remark.

'As for Stewart,' continued Inchgarry, 'he has married well—the daughter of one of my wealthiest tenants. Grantoch has got a chief charge on an estate in the West Highlands, taking with him the buxom servant whom Stewart brought from Badenoch. So you see they are all doing well. And for my own part, the revelations which were made at the time of the tragedy fully awakened me to the duty of weighing carefully the complaints of my "people," and of charily guarding against too free an investiture of power over them to an ignorant, malicious, or interested servant. I spend more time here than formerly, and am gratified by the increased contentment and prosperity of those under my care. The story, you will now perceive, though sad, is not without its moral.'

BALLOON-TRAVELLING.

AERIAL navigation, the faculty of locomotion through the air, the power of soaring bird-like into the azure fields of space, has always been tantalisingly seductive to the human imagination. So engrossing is the theme, that although the subject has already been discussed from a scientific point of view in these pages, a few additional words about its more popular aspects may not be found uninteresting to our readers.

Great, and, as it has proved, baseless anticipations were evoked by the advent of the first balloon. Aërostation was to disclose the secrets of the atmospheric world, and by enabling men to predict rains and droughts, secure by the proper cultivation of the soil abundant and excellent harvests. The unmanageable nature of the new invention was not taken into account at all, nor the fact, that although you might ascend into the air from any point you chose, no one could predict

where or how you would descend. This charming uncertainty still attends aerial voyages; no means have yet been discovered of guiding the balloon in a horizontal direction; and it is always so much at the mercy of currents of air, that the course it will follow is a matter of chance, and not an affair of the aéronaut's will or choice.

Attempts have been made to press this unmanageable machine into the service of science, and with some success, although what has yet been done is little more than a suggestion of discoveries which may at some future time be practicable by its aid.

In 1862 Mr Glaisher, author of a history of *Travels in the Air*, made a series of ascents from Wolverhampton, in order to verify a number of scientific observations; the results of which are contained in the annals of the British Association. A new balloon was provided for him, which was not made of silk, but of American cloth, a stronger and more serviceable material, and in this aerial machine he encountered sundry mishaps and misadventures, on two occasions narrowly escaping with his life.

Its very danger lends to balloon-travelling a sense of conscious adventure, of thrilling excitement, peculiarly its own. Added to this, the cloud-scenery through which the aéronaut glides is not only novel, but is often, especially at sunrise and sunset, most gorgeously beautiful; while the earth beneath, which seems to have motion transferred to it, presents as it hurries past, a charming and varied panorama. Woods and rivers, hamlets and towns, hills and valleys, and wide-spreading downs, succeed each other in rapid succession. From the immense height, all idea of the comparative altitude of objects is lost; great cities appear like small models of towns, and the biggest man-of-war looks like a boy's toy ship. Morning up in cloudland is a gloriously radiant spectacle. The balloon floats out of darkness into a world of shadowy mountain ranges, colourless and unsubstantial at first, but borrowing from the rising sun the softest, tenderest hues of roseate pink and warmest crimson, glowing and blending and fading away at last into a mellow flood of amber gold.

In France, for some time after their invention, for many years, quite the rage, the first made for to include them as being that of July 1803, and however, held the very place several others having Dhu's reason had given way of many physical on his feelings, that his love which remain problems fully a blank to him, while the are made for the Stewart had assumed unnatural & atmospheric phe-

Forbes had an interview that in aerial voyages parlour with his quondam henchman. Scarcely had investigation which afterwards took place. Scarcely had and it was late when Ian Dhu slunk into Bixio taken house by the private door, carrying a wondrous dis-gun, and was seen to disappear in the belt working that skirts the loch. It is mentioned, with what morbid zest for details which a tragedy must fail to excite, that only a few minutes previous the

balloon, blown from the earth, shot into the air with the velocity of an arrow. Becoming rapidly inflated, the machine then bulged out at top and bottom, covering the car like a hood, and enveloping the unfortunate aéronauts in total darkness. 'Their position was most critical; and when one of them endeavoured to secure the valve-rope, a rent was made in the lower part of the balloon, and the hydrogen gas with which it was inflated escaping close to their faces suffocated both of them, causing a momentary exhaustion, followed by nausea and violent vomiting.'

In this helpless condition they discovered that they were descending rapidly; and on groping about for the cause they found that the balloon was split open in the middle, and that there was a rent in it two yards long. This was a cruel predicament in which to find themselves thirty thousand feet up in the air, and very naturally they abandoned all hope of life, although, like wise men, they did all in their power to preserve it. To lessen the downward velocity of the balloon they threw overboard all their ballast, then article after article of their raiment even to their fur coats, preserving only their instruments, with which they at last descended in safety in a vineyard near Lagny.

The motion in a balloon is scarcely perceptible. You are not conscious of rising; but the earth appears to recede from you, and to advance to meet you during a descent. In the higher regions of the air, the intense solitude of the cloud-scape has something in it awful and oppressive, as if the world were left behind for ever, and the aéronaut were about to launch chance-driven into the vast infinitude of shadowland. Amid these altitudes, if any sound is made by the aéronaut, it is echoed back in ghostly tones by the vast envelope of the balloon, which as it floats casts a shadow sometimes black and sometimes white; but which is usually surrounded by an aureole or halo more or less distinctly marked.

In throwing out ballast or any small article from a balloon, a certain degree of caution is requisite, as a bottle or any similar object falls with such velocity that if it were to strike the roof of a cottage it would go right through it. We are told that Gay-Lussac, in an ascent in 1804, threw out a common deal chair from the height of 23,000 feet. It fell beside a country girl who was tending some sheep in a field, and as the balloon was invisible, she concluded—and so did wiser heads than hers—that the chair had fallen straight down from heaven, a gift of the Virgin to her faithful followers. No one was sceptical enough to deny it, for there was the chair, or rather its remains. The most the incredulous could venture to do was to criticise the coarse workmanship of the miraculous seat, and they were busy carping and fault-finding with the celestial upholstery, when an account of M. Gay-Lussac's aerial voyage was published, and extinguished at once the discussion and the miracle.

In 1868 M. Tissandier and a professional aéronaut made a voyage over the North Sea in a balloon called the Neptune. The machine made

a splendid ascent, and was soon floating in mid air buoyant as a feather at the height of four thousand feet, bound, as the aeronauts fondly hoped, for the coast of England. But in this they soon found that they had counted without their host; the Neptune, impelled by the wind, was soaring away in the direction of the middle of the German Ocean. This most inauspicious goal struck terror for a few moments into their ardent souls; but they were soon reassured by observing that the wind in the atmospheric regions below them was setting towards the shore, and that by sinking into this lower current of air they could return whenever they chose. Thus yielding to the current of their fate, they allowed themselves to be carried out to sea, floating like gossamer into the very heart of cloudland. Gorgeous scenes, more splendid, more airy, more delicate than the most glowing visions of the Arabian Nights, rose around them. It was like the enchantment of a vivid dream. They took no note of time; every sense was absorbed in that of vision; they even forgot to be hungry, but gazed, and gazed, and gazed again upon the wide waste of waters that spread beneath them, glowing like one vast molten emerald; its glories half seen, half hid by the multitude of cloud mountains and valleys that rose fluctuating and fantastic on every side, fair with luminous half-lights, delicately lovely with pearly iridescence shading into silvery gray. Thus hovering miles above the world and its commonplace cares, they enjoyed an interval of transcendent delight, rudely broken in upon by the professional aeronaut, a creature of appetite, who pulled the valve-rope unbidden, thus causing them to descend from their cloudy paradise into the grosser atmosphere that immediately surrounds the earth, where they at length bethought themselves—of lunch. In spite of thick thronging poetic fancies and transcendental raptures, they made a very tolerable repast, M. Tissandier finishing his portion of the fowl by tossing a well-picked drumstick overboard. For this imprudence the professional was down upon him immediately. 'Do you not know,' quoth he, 'that to throw out ballast without orders is a very serious crime in a balloon?' M. Tissandier was at first inclined to argue the point; but on consulting the sensitive barometer he was fain to admit that in consequence of the disappearance of the chicken-bone, the Neptune had made an upward bound of between twenty and thirty yards. Very fine calculation—if true.

Luncheon satisfactorily over, they again soared upward out of sight and sound of earth, and soon found themselves once more in their cloudy Elysium, but with a change; mist and fog hemmed them round instead of the breeze and sunshine, but did not make them less happy. The Neptune was to them a little Goshen, a lonely floating temple of peace, dedicated to contentment and ease. The serenity of their souls was depicted in their faces. Tranquil and easy, they took no thought of the morrow, no, nor of the next hour, when suddenly there broke upon their ears, like a faint far-distant murmur, a sound subdued, monotonous, and yet terrible. Was it the voices of the spheres? No, gentle reader; it was a strain more awful still—it was the voice of the sea. In a moment the listless ease, the sweet do-nothingness of those idlers in cloudland was gone, clean washed

away by the swish and swell of that intrusive ocean, which stretched beneath them, painted by the sunset with a thousand glowing tints of beauty, which they had neither leisure nor tranquillity to admire. Fortunately the wind was setting inshore; and amid the fast falling shades of night, the anxious aeronauts were fortunate enough to descrie a cape crowned with a lighthouse. Every nerve was strained to reach it; and after a few moments of intense anxiety and effort, the anchor was let go. It caught in a sandhill, and the Neptune once more moored to earth, rolled over on its side, and was after some difficulty secured.

The spot where they landed was curiously enough only a few yards from the reef of rocks where the first aeronaut, Pilatre de Rosier, was dashed to pieces in 1785.

Sometimes, like other bubbles, the balloon bursts; and when this little accident happens, say four thousand feet up in the air, it is of course attended with unpleasant and inconvenient consequences, as was the experience of M.M. Fonvielle and Tissandier, who with a party of nine made an ascent in a veteran balloon called 'the Giant.' Merry as larks they soared into the air, keenly enjoying the beauty of the day, the novelty of the pastime, the sense of liberty, of entire freedom from all wonted conventionalisms or accustomed restraints. Then with what a keen school-boy edge of appetite they fell upon their chicken, which seems the appropriate food for balloons, eaten from newspapers, which served as plates, and washed down with soda-water and Bordeaux. Champagne was inadmissible; an unruly cork might have popped unawares through the silken tissues of the envelope, and thus hastened a catastrophe. But let us not anticipate. The banquet was over, the board, that is to say the newspapers were cleared, and 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' had begun. All was bright airy genial cordiality and mirth, when suddenly the attention of the travellers was attracted to a white smoke issuing from the sides of the balloon. Whence came this ominous mist, this preternatural cloud, that began to enshroud them? One reckless youth said: 'It is the Giant smoking his pipe.' And so it was with a vengeance! Then followed a few terrible moments, in which each after his own fashion bade the world farewell, and found it marvellous hard to do so. The clouds, the sky, the pleasant sunlight, was that their last look at each? It seemed so; but while they were still shivering dizzy and aghast upon that awful threshold, the balloon fell, and strange to relate, fell safely, and they were saved.

A few days afterwards Monsieur Tissandier made another ascent in the Neptune with Monsieur de Fonvielle, and they were busily engaged conducting some scientific experiments when a sharp crack like a sudden quick peal of thunder fell upon their astounded ears, and the professional aeronaut exclaimed in a loud startled voice: 'The balloon has burst!' What followed, we give in Monsieur Tissandier's own words: 'It was too true; the Neptune's side was torn open and transformed suddenly into a bundle of shreds, flattening down upon the opposite half. Its appearance was now that of a disc surrounded with a fringe! We came to the ground immediately. The shock was awful. The aeronaut disappeared. I leaped into the hoop, which at that instant fell upon me,

together with the remains of the balloon and all the contents of the car. All was darkness. I felt myself rolled along the ground, and wondered if I had lost my sight, or if we were buried in some hole or cavern. An instant of quiet ensued, and then the loud voice of the aeronaut was heard exclaiming: "Now come all of you from under there." And one after another they emerged unhurt into the sunshine, in time to bid farewell to a few fragments of the balloon which were floating away upon the rising wind.

Such experiences must as a rule be trying to the nerves of most people, and we must be so plain as say that travelling by balloon is at best an act of extreme danger and temerity. In order to utilise balloons, it is evident that some sure means of guiding them must be invented; and this discovery or anything approaching to it has yet to be made. In fact, a balloon is still, after about a hundred years' experience, little better than a toy.

LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

MANY of our readers may have wondered why tall buildings such as church steeples and factory chimneys are provided with thin rods of iron running down their sides; and may have been at a loss to understand their meaning. Their use is to conduct lightning harmlessly to the ground during thunder-storms. We have, however, had warnings enough that a bad lightning-conductor is worse, as regards the security of the building it is supposed to protect, than none at all. Unless the electrical connection with the earth be perfect, the conductor may invite the very danger which it ought to turn aside. Rusted chains, imperfect fittings, and the absence of a sufficient thickness of untarnished metal, are responsible for much mischief. Lightning, properly dealt with, is robbed of much of its terrific power; but when its natural path is blocked, and its swift circuit interrupted, it inevitably rends and tears and burns, scathing and scattering all substances before its resistless might.

Franklin meant the lightning-conductors which he invented to consist of iron alone. Iron, however, has too strong an affinity for oxygen to allow of this. All moisture, and all heat, corrode it more or less; and thus grew up the custom of pointing the conductors with copper, and in some cases with costly platinum, soldered to the iron rod. But exposure to weather, and the weak galvanic currents which unavoidably set in where metal of one sort is in contact with metal of another sort, cause rapid decomposition at the joint, and encourage the rust to eat into the substance of the rod. A heavy flash will melt or cripple a conductor thus imperfect, and then woe to the structure! This defect can now be cured by coating the iron rod completely with nickel, a metal which defies rust, and which conducts electricity better than the pure iron does. Bars and rods of this nickellised iron have been kept under water for several days without tarnishing, and resist the effects of the most powerful battery of Leyden jars.

It had been believed, until lately, that platinum was a metal with which no rogue, however dexterous, could tamper. The platinum coinage of the Russia of thirty years since was considered un-imitable by the manufacturers of false money;

while the capsules, crucibles, and other apparatus required by scientific men were sold according to the high market value of what is really a precious metal. Unluckily, fraud has been found possible even in this case. The Director of the Royal Italian Observatory on Vesuvius, M. de Luca, surprised at finding first one and then another of the platinum points of his conductors melted by the effect of lightning, made a careful investigation, and discovered that the platinum had been adulterated with from ten to twelve per cent. of lead, and thus rendered fusible. Platinum thus mixed with an inferior metal can be identified by its lesser density, or more easily by the blowpipe, before which a tell-tale green flame will reveal the presence of the lead. Such a mixture would render the hitherto resisting platinum absolutely worthless in the laboratory.

A SPRING BOUQUET.

RAILS the rude Wind-king through the surging sea
Of swaying boughs, that bending to the blast
Their countless arms, with murmurous rustling wave,
In wood and forest; and the hedgerows burst
Into the tender greenery of Spring.

Now shew the clumps of golden crocuses
Their crowns above the freshly scented mould;
And quavering bells of snowdrops glimmer white,
In roadside garden; purple violets
Lurk mid their green leaves, heavy-eyed with dew,
Their fragrant perfume scattering on the Dawn.

The polyanthus in her velvet robe—
Yellow and russet—nestles by the side
Of proud auricula; the splendid stars
Of periwinkle—palest lavender—
Gleam from the ivied bank; ranunculus
All-stately queens it o'er her satellites,
The yellow daffodils; Narcissus scents,
With his frankincense sweet, the keen March air,
A flower of peerless beauty.

Wall-flowers shew
From bed and border, their brown-orange blooms;
And under them lingereth a vestal pure,
The last pale primrose. All the pear-trees bend
Beneath their flower-snow; the almonds blush
With roseate bloom; the young year's minstrel sweet—
The mellow thrush—his liquid carol pours
From the old blackthorn.

Nature is astir;
She wakes rejoicing from her Winter sleep,
And with a thousand voices welcomes Spring!

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A WORD ABOUT BIRD-KEEPING.

WE have never looked with perfect complacency on the keeping of birds in cages; for it looks very much like an unnatural imprisonment. They have not space to fly about, and there is something painful in seeing them flitting up and down on two or three spars within very narrow bounds, or looking through the wires of their cage as if wishful to get out. It would, however, be of no use to remonstrate against a practice that is common not only over all England but over the whole civilised world. Besides, the keepers of pet birds are not without arguments in their favour. Most of the birds to be seen in cages, such as canaries, goldfinches, or siskins, have been bred in confinement. They never knew what it was to be at liberty, and in their helpless inexperience, if let loose, they would inevitably perish. There is much truth in this species of excuse for bird-keeping. Some weight is also to be attached to the plea that the little creatures are, generally speaking, so happy in their captivity that many of them live to an old age—say twelve or thirteen years, and keep on piping their ‘wood-notes wild’ to the last. There may be the further apology, that the maintenance of birds in cages communicates happiness to invalids, or to persons who do not go much from home. There is cheerfulness in their song, and a degree of amusement in witnessing their movements, as well as in attending to their simple wants. Altogether, therefore, there is a good deal to say for bird-keeping. It is not quite so inhumane a practice as it at first appears. In short, birds, like dogs, may be viewed in the light of domestic solacements kindly sent by Providence. Their society and grateful attachment help to fill up many a melancholy gap.

These ideas have been suggested to us by an accidental interview with a Dealer in Birds, who in his own way was apt in the philosophy of the subject. If people would have birds, it was his business to supply them with what they wanted,

and he did so with as great tenderness of feeling as the fragile nature of the article dealt in demanded. He had much to explain respecting the importation of song-birds, and the breeding of them in cages. But on neither of these points shall we say anything. What especially interested us were this intelligent dealer's observations on the proper method of keeping birds. Some folks, he said, have a notion that all you have to do is to buy a bird, put it into a cage, and give it food and water as directed. That is far from being enough. The habits of the animal must be studied. The climate of the room in which it lives, the amount of daylight it should enjoy, the atmosphere it breathes, its freedom from sudden alarms—all have to be thought of, if you wish the bird to be happy; and without that it has little chance of being a pleasant companion.

When the dealer began business many years ago, he was very unfortunate as concerns his stock. He occupied as good a shop as any one in the trade. The birds arranged all around in their respective cages, ready for the inspection of customers, were as merry as birds could be. They sung in full pipe, as if rivalling each other in their gaiety. Provided with appropriate food, with pure water, and fresh air, they had not a want unsupplied. Without any apparent reason, they began to droop and to moult. This did not alone occur at the season when such might be expected. Their moulting was often fatal. Vexed at cases of mortality notwithstanding all his care, the dealer bethought himself that the use of gas in his shop might be injurious, so for gas he substituted an oil-lamp light. Still they drooped and died. He next in various ways and at some expense improved the ventilation of his shop. Still they drooped and died.

What could be the matter? Puzzled to the last extent, the bird-dealer at length conjectured what might be the cause of these numerous deaths. Could it be that the birds wore themselves out singing? If so; the only way to stop

them was to shorten the time they were exposed to the light, for if kept in the dark they are not inclined to sing.

The supposition proved to be correct. He shut up his shop at an early hour, and from that time the mortality of the birds ceased. During the day they had just that amount of singing that suited their constitutions, and in the evening they were left to their repose. This bird-dealer's ingenious discovery seems exceedingly rational. In a state of nature, small birds flit about and sing only during daylight. They retire to rest at sundown. This procedure requires to be imitated in keeping birds artificially. If you let them sing all day and several hours additional by lamp-light, you over-fatigue them. The labour is too much. Of course the birds do not understand that they had better be silent when the lamp or candles are lit. They instinctively keep singing on, as if it were still daylight. The immediate effect of this over-fatigue is that the poor birds are apt to moult, and become attenuated; and suffering from premature exhaustion, they speedily perish.

The dealer mentions that few birds subject to the exhaustion of singing beyond ordinary daylight survive more than two years. This does not surprise us. How could any of our public vocalists, male or female, and of even a robust constitution, endure the tear and wear of singing under a mental strain for any great length of time, as much as eighteen hours a day? If human beings would thus sink under the effort of over-work, we need not wonder that the fragile creatures we are speaking of should succumb and drop from their perch.

As a means, therefore, of protecting the lives of pet birds, the recommendation is, to remove the cages to a darkened apartment at nightfall, or if they are not removed, to cover up every cage with a dark cloth before lighting the gas or oil-lamps. In shifting birds from one room to another, it is important to see that there be no change in the temperature. If removed to a different temperature, there is a chance of their moulting, which may be preliminary to something more serious. Let it always be kept in mind that Nature supplies a coat to suit the heat or cold in which the creatures are placed. By changing a bird from a warm to a cold climate, birds change their coat and get one that is heavier, and *vice versa*, so, by repeated changes, they are kept continually moulting, instead of once a year, as they ought to do.

We have referred principally to the treatment of small song-birds, the delicacy of which calls for particular attention. But our observations in the main apply to all birds whatsoever. If it be wrong to keep a little bird singing beyond its constitutional capacity, so it would be wrong to over-work a parrot by causing it to speak eighteen hours on a stretch. It would seem that by this degree of loquacity, the parrot has a tendency to take some kind of bronchial affection, analogous to the ailment of preachers, usually known as 'the min-

ister's sore throat,' and which, if not checked in time, may prove equally disastrous.

We have thrown these interesting facts together not only in the interest of bird-keepers, but for the sake of inculcating kindness to animals. W. C.

MY KITMITGHAR 'SAM.'

For nearly three years my Kitmitghar, as that functionary is called, was cook, butler, and factotum of my then small bachelor establishment in India. A cunning concocter of mulligatawnies, curries, and chutnies—as cunning a hand too in 'cooking' his daily bazaar accounts, adding annas and pice, for his own particular benefit, to the prime cost of as many articles as possible. Mildly remonstrated with, and petty larceny hinted at, his honest indignation would be aroused. 'Master tink I cheat,' he would say; 'master can inquire bazaar-mans;' well knowing, the rogue, the moral and almost physical impossibility of 'master'—a swell in his way—going to the distant market in a broiling sun, and finding out the ruling prices of flesh and fowl.

This worthy, whose original cognomen of *Mootoosanny* was shortened into 'Sam' for convenience and euphony sakes, was a Tamil from the Malabar Coast. *Au reste*, a dark, handsome, stoutly-built, clean-looking native, on whose polished skin water and coarse country soap were evidently no strangers. In his early youth, fated to earn his own living, he had been ejected from the paternal hut and placed as a *chokerah* or dressing-boy to a fiery and impecunious lieutenant of infantry; and under the fostering care of that impetuous and coinless officer, his indoctrination into the art and mystery of a valet had been advanced and improved by sundry 'lickings,' and by frequent applications to his ebony person of boot-heels, backs of brushes, and heavy lexicons of the English and Hindustani languages. This education completed, and when he had learned to appreciate the difference between uniform and mufti, mess-dress and parade-dress, and indeed to master the intricacies of his employer's scanty wardrobe—*non sine lacrymis*, not without 'howls'—then he emerged from dressing-boyhood, was promoted *matie* or under-butler, and got translated into more pretentious bungalows than those of indigent subalterns. By-and-by further preferment awaited him; he became *kitmitghar* (major-domo) in the households of unmarried civilian or military swells, and thenceforward led a life free from kicks and cuffs, canes and whips, and impromptu missiles snatched from toilet or study tables. I have said advisedly 'unmarried,' for except under financial difficulties, Sam would not take service with the Benedicts of Indian society, and the actual presence or possible advent of a wife was the signal for his departure. 'Plenty too much bodder wid lady; too much want every day, every day measure curry stuff, oil, ghee [butter]; too much make say always dis ting too dear, dat ting too dear; too much trouble take count. Now, Colonel Sahib he good man; he call, he say: "Sam! how much this week you cespand? [spend]." He just look book; he give rupee; no one single word bobbere [fuss] make.' And so, for a palpable reason, my worthy cook-butler eschewed those households where a better-half took the reckoning.

English, after the rickety fashion of a Madrassee, Sam spoke fairly enough; he also read and wrote the language, the latter accomplishment phonetically, but yet sufficiently near to the rules of orthography to make you fully understand and pay for 'tirty seers wrice' as thirty seers (measures) of rice. What if he did elect to spell rice with a *w*? Is it not recorded that an eminent member of a large mercantile firm, in days long gone by, invariably included an *h* in the word sugar? And is it not also chronicled how he chastised almost to the death his son and heir for omitting that letter when invoicing a cargo of best Jamaica moist? If then Blank Blank, Esq. of the city of London opined that sugar required an *h*, why not the same liberty as regards the *w* to Mootoosammy of the city of Madras?

A sad waverer in religious opinions Master Sam, I fear. A very Pharisee of a Hindu, a rigid stickler for the worship of Vishnu or Siva on the high-days and holidays of those deities, when his forehead and arms would be spotted and streaked with coloured ashes, his garments would smell of saffron and sandal-wood, his English diminutive name would be put aside for its more lengthy and sonorous native patronymic, and he would be off to the temple to make *poojah* (prayer) to his *swamis* (gods). But yet, somehow or other, all these symptoms and signs of Hinduism would disappear at Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide. At those seasons of the Christian year, Sam was no longer Mootoosammy, but Sam pure and simple. No more the believer he in the Vedas and Shastras, but a pinner of faith on Aves and Credos; no *poojah* for him now in the temple, but crossings and genuflections in the little chapel of the station. Not a trace in these days of idolatrous scents clinging to cloths and turban, or of 'caste' marks disfiguring brow or limb. Dole in hand—obtained either from pickings at master's counts or from bazaar-man's *dustoor* (custom)—he is off to join Father Chasuble's small flock, and to bow down and formalise with the best or worst of that good priest's congregation. I really think and believe, that to secure a holiday and an 'outing,' Sam would have professed himself a Mohammedan during the Ramadan, a Hebrew during the Passover, a Heathen Chinese during the feast of Lanterns, and a Buddhist during the Perihara or other high-jinks of the yellow-robed priests of Gautama Buddha.

I never before or since met any man into whose household death was so constantly making inroads, and strange to say, carrying away the same individual. I suppose that, on a rough estimate, all Sam's kith and kin died at least twice during the thirty months or so that he was in my service.

'Master please'—thus Sam howling and weeping after his kind—'scuse [excuse] me. Gib tree day leave go Madras; too much trouble my house. My poor old mudder—booh! ooh!—plenty long time sick; master know well; too much old got; die last night. Booh! ooh! o-o-g-h!'

'Why, what tomfoolery is this?' I reply. 'Your mother dead! Dead again! Why, man, how can that be? Four months ago you came and told me your mother was dead; you got four rupees advance; you went off, leaving the boy to do your work, and put me to no end of inconvenience. How can the old woman be dead again?'

But the fellow is not the least put out, and is quite equal to the 'fix.' 'Master Sahib,' he says, 'I beg you scuse me. Sahib quite wrong. That time you speak I get leave; not my mudder—my wife's mudder die. Master can look book!'

This random shot anent the 'book' alludes to my diary, in which the disbursement of the money has been entered, but not of course the casualty in his family. But I don't lose the hint nevertheless, and I jot down a memorandum for future reference, should occasion require.

Then Sam goes on: 'I no tell lie, sar. Plenty true; too much bobbere my house make. My fader gone Mysore'—

'Why, bless my heart!' I put in, 'you told me ages ago your father died of cholera in Masulipatam.'

'No, sar,' says Sam; 'never, sar! My grand-fader, scuse me. My wife she catch bad fever. No one single person my home got, make funeral-feast. Please, my master, advance half-month's pay; gib four days' leave. I too much hurry come back.' Then he falls down, clasps my feet, calls me his father, brother; gets my consent to be absent, handles the rupees, and is off like a shot; not of course to his mother's obsequies, for the old harridan has either been buried or burned years ago, or even now is all alive and kicking; but to some spun-out native theatricals, nautch, or *tamasha* (entertainment) in Black Town, where he feasts, drinks, and sleeps, and for a week at least I see his face no more.

History repeats itself; so does Sam. Months and months have passed; I am away from the neighbourhood of the Presidency town, and on the cool Neilgherry Hills. Enters one morning my man into my sitting-room, a letter in his hand, written in Tamil, and which he asks me to read, well knowing that I can't, that except a very few of the commonest words of the language, which I speak with an uncertain not to say incorrect idea of their meaning, the tongue of his forebears, scriptural and oral, is to me Chaldee or Arabic.

'Well! what's up now?' I say 'Ennah?' airing one of the expressions I know.

'Master can see self. My uncle he send [note]; just now tappal-man [postman] bring. He write, say: "Sam! you plenty quick come Mr. He put inside letter one five-rupee govt. note. Sahib can see. He tell me no one lose; take fire-road [railway]; too soon; plenty, plenty trouble. My mudder dead.'

'You awful blackguard!' I exclaim. 'our mother dead—dead again! Look here—look here!' And I turn up my diary and shew him, under date August 9, 186-, nearly two years past and gone: 'Sam's mother reported dead for the second time by Sam, &c.'

Then he slinks away discomfited; and I hear him in his smoky kitchen growling and grumbling, and no doubt anathematising me and mine past, present, and future.

My first introduction to Sam was after this wise. I had come down from Bombay to Beypore with troops in a small steamer, and Mr Sam, who had either deserted or been sent away from the Abyssinian Expedition, in which he had been a camp-follower, was also a passenger in the same ship. Of this craft a word *en passant*, for I have to this day a lively and by no means pleasant olfactory recollection of her. 'She was the dirtiest

vessel in which I ever put foot; guiltless of paint from keel to truck; all grime, coal-soot, and tar from stem to stern. She had but recently taken a cargo of mules to Annesley Bay; and but scant if any application of water and deodorants had followed the disembarkation of the animals. The 'muley' flavour still therefore clung closely to bulkhead and planking; it hung about cordage and canvas; it penetrated saloon and sleeping-berth; it even overpowered the smell of the rancid grease with which pistons and wheels were lubricated. Worthy Captain B—the skipper assured us that deck and hold, sides and bulwarks, had been well scoured in Bombay; but as the old salt's views of scrubbing, judging from his personal appearance, were infinitesimally limited, we opined that the ship's ablution had been as little as was that of its commander's diurnal tub.

But to return to Sam. The poor fellow was wandering about the streets of Bypore coinless and curry-and-rice-less, when he stumbled upon me. He was seeking, he told me, from some good Samaritan of an officer, a free convoy to Madras as his servant; and as I happened to be in a position entitled to passes for some three or four followers at government expense, I was enabled to pour oil and wine into Sam's wounds, and without even the disbursement to mine host the assistant-quartermaster-general, of the traditional 'tuppence,' to get him across from terminus to terminus—some four hundred long miles—and without once casting eyes on him. But at Lucifer's hotel in Madras where I stayed—What a memory of mosquitoes, fleas, and other nimble insects doth it bring! What a night-band of croaking frogs and howling jackals it kept! What packs of prowling pariah dogs and daringly thieving crows congregated about its yards and outhouses! What repulsive nude mendicants and fakeers strolled almost into its very verandahs! What a staff of lazy sweepers, slow-footed 'boys,' and sleepy punkah-pullers crawled about it generally! And last, though not least, what a wretched 'coolie-cook' superintended its flesh-pots, from which not even the every-day stereotyped prawn curry, boiled seer-fish, and grilled *morghee* (fowl) could creditably and palatably issue. At this Stygian caravanserai then, Sam, whom I thought I had bid adieu to for ever and a day on the railway platform, turns up again clean and smirky, salaams, asks for permanent employment, produces a thick packet of highly laudatory characters (mostly, I had no doubt, either fabricated by a native scribe in the Thieves' Bazaar at Black Town, or borrowed for the occasion from some other brother-butler), gets engaged; and from that moment, both figuratively and literally, begins to eat my salt. Nor did the saline feasting fail to give him a taste for liquor—for alcoholic, decidedly alcoholic were Sam's proclivities. He drank at all times and in all places; but his favourite day and locality was Tuesday, at the weekly market of the cantonment. Then and there he imbibed right royally, and staggering home—the coolies with the supplies following him as tipsy as himself—went straight to his mat-spread *charpoy* (bedstead).

'Hollo, Sam!' I exclaim; 'at it again; drunk as usual from *shandy* [ma't-et].'

'No, shar! Dis time no shrunk! Shun too mush hot! Splenshy head pain gib! Too mush make shake, sthagger, shar! No, mash-err, no!

Sham not shrunk! Plenty shlick! Shmall glass brandy—all right, shar!'

But I decline to add 'the sum of more to that which hath too much,' and I leave Sam to sober himself as he best can, and which, truth to say, he quickly does.

In the way of intoxicants nothing came amiss to my man's unfastidious palate. He had no particular 'vanity,' like Old Weller's friend the red-nosed Shepherd: Henneysey's brandy, Kinahan's whisky, Boord's gin, Bass's ale, Guinness's stout, champagne, sherry, claret—all and each were equally acceptable; and failing these European liquors, then the vile palm-toddy and killing mango-spirit of the neighbouring native stills supplied their place. Bar the toddy and mango stuff, which were cheap and easily obtained, Sam did not disburse much for his wine-cellar; master's sideboard and stores, guard them as he would, came cheaper and handier. Every bottle, somehow or other, got 'other lips' than mine and my friends' applied to it, and its contents went into and warmed other 'hollow hearts' than ours. Sam laid an embargo on and helped himself from all. He it is, I fancy, to whom Aliph Cheem alludes in his Lay of Ind entitled *The Faithful Abboo*, that trusty servant who, habitually stealing his master's liquor, and accusing his brother-domestics, got caught and half-poisoned by mistaking in his prowls Kerosine for Old Tom. A misadventure not unlike befell Sam; but in that instance he did not 'strike oil,' but came upon a very nauseating dose of tartar emetic, and was 'plenty sick' and 'plenty shame' for some hours after.

Another predilection of my factotum's was tobacco, which he smoked without ceasing, and without the least regard to quality or fabric. 'Long-cut or short-cut' to him 'were all the same.' But as I did not happen to be addicted to the 'nicotian weed' Sam could not draw on any resources of mine, but had to depend on his own means, supplemented by the surreptitious abstraction of Trichys and Manillas, of Latakia and Bird's-eye, from the boxes and pouches of my chum and visitors.

Every native gambles; so it could hardly be expected that Sam should differ from his brethren in this respect. In the words of the old ditty anent Ally Croker:

He'd game till he lost the coat from his shoulder.

I don't think he cared much for cards or dice; but the game that he delighted in was played with a red and white checkered square of cloth, and with round pieces like draughtsmen. Whenever the advent of a friend and opportunity served, down the two squatted with this board between their legs, and a pile of copper pieces of money by their sides; and so intent would they be on their play, that nothing short of a gentle kick, or tap on the head, would arouse them to master's wants and needs.

My readers will naturally inquire why, with all these delinquencies, Sam so long remained my henchman. Well, first, had I discharged him, another and probably greater robber would have stepped into his shoes, and bazaar accounts and inroads on alcohol and tobacco would have remained undiminished. 'They all do it,' so better the de'il I knew, than the de'il whose acquaintance I would have to make. Again, Sam had his

redeeming points; he was, as I have said before, clean, handy, and deft at the creature comforts, which, having appetisingly compounded, he could serve up with taste and elegance. Then he was a good nurse; and during a serious illness that befell me at one of the vilest stations in Madras, he tended me closely and carefully, keeping a watchful eye and a ready stick on punkah-pullers and wetters of kus-kus tatties (scented grass mats), without the cooling aid of which the heat of that grilling July would have been my death on that fever-bed. Once more, on those military inspections which fell to my lot, and which had to be undertaken partly over the Nizam's very sandy and rough highways, and in those close comfortless bone-breaking vehicles called *byle-nibbs* (bullock-carts), my man became invaluable. Seated on the narrow perch alongside the almost garmentless and highly odoriferous native driver, he urged him on by promises of 'backsheesh' and cheroots; he helped to whip and tail-twist the slow-footed oxen; he roused up lazy *byle-wallahs* (bullock-men) sleeping in their hovels, and assisted them in driving from the fields and in yoking to the cart refractory and kicking cattle. He stirred up with the long pole the *peons* (keepers) in charge of the road-side travellers' bungalows at which we halted, aiding these officials in chasing, slaughtering, and 'spatch-rocketing' the ever-waiting-to-be-killed-and-cooked gaunt and fleshless *morghees* (fowl); he saw that the chatties for the bath were not filled with the very dirtiest of tank water; that the numerous and hard-biting insects, out and taking the air from their thickly populated homes in the crevices of cane-bottomed chair and bedstead, met with sudden and violent death; and lastly, that no man's hand but his own should be put into master's money-bag and stores.

But as all things come to an end more or less, so did Sam's career with me actually terminate. My wife and family came 'out' from England. The 'Mem Saab,' sometimes even the 'Missee Saab,' took bazaar 'count; the current bachelor rates for chillies, cocoa-nuts, first and second sorts *arrice*, gram, and such-like necessities underwent a fall. Sam's occupation and gain were gone. He quitted my homestead under this new and unprofitable régime. 'I discharge you, sar!' said he; and away he went, I know not where.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XI.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE *De Vere Arms* at Pebworth, fourth-rate hotel though it necessarily was in a place where any hotel of the first or even of the second magnitude would have been as an oak in a flower-pot, was well and neatly kept. There was the commercial connection, and there was the county connection, both dear to the landlord, but on grounds wholly dissimilar. Biggles had been butler to the present, under-butler and knife-boy to the late Earl of Wolverhampton; and had he but had his own way, the *De Vere Arms* would have been strictly the family hotel which its address-cards proclaimed it, and the obnoxious word 'commercial' would have found no place there.

Mr Biggles, however, was in the position of one

of those unfortunate managers of English country theatres who tell their friends, perhaps truly, that they would play nothing, save the legitimate drama, if they could help it. They cannot help it, and scared by the dismal spectre of Insolvency, they shelve Shakespeare in favour of newer idols of the public. So did Biggles and worthy Mrs B. to boot lay themselves out in practice to secure the lucrative custom of the ready-money, constantly moving, commercial gentlemen, while in theory devoting all their loyalty to those of their patrons who came in their own carriages, with armorial bearings on their panels and liveried servants on the driving-seat.

To this hostelry was borne, in Sir Gruntley Pigbury's carriage, the insensible form of Jasper Denzil, supported by the sturdy arm of Captain Prodgers, while little Dr Aulus, on the opposite seat, kept the patient's nerveless wrist between his own thin fingers all the way from the race-course to the inn. Then Jasper, amidst spasmodic gaspings from the landlady and sympathetic exclamations from the chambermaids, was carried into the *De Vere Arms* and established in one of the best rooms, whence were summarily dislodged the effects of some well-to-do customer who had had a horse in the race, but who was unlikely under the circumstances to resent the invasion of his apartment. Jack Prodgers and the doctor seemed to have taken joint possession of the invalid; the former as *prochain ami* (and it is to the credit of such ne'er-do-wells as Captain Prodgers that the very wildest of them never do leave a friend untended in a scrape), and the other professionally.

Other friends came not. Lord Harrogate did indeed tap at the door, and so did four or five officers of the Lancer regiment, but contented themselves with an assurance that Jasper was in no immediate danger. And when Blanche Denzil's tearful entreaties induced the Earl to solicit admittance to the sick-room for her at least, the surgeon went out and politely deprecated her entrance. Anything which might excite the patient should, he truly said, be as far as possible avoided. It was not exactly possible just yet to ascertain the amount of damage done; but he, the doctor, anticipated no serious consequences. And with this assurance the poor sister was compelled to be content. They say that every educated man of fifty is a fool or a physician. Jack Prodgers had seen the light some half-century since, and his worst enemies—the men whose cash he pouched at play—would not have taxed him with folly.

'Now, doctor,' he said quietly, 'don't you think the best we can do for the poor fellow is to get his left shoulder into the socket again before the muscles stiffen?'

The surgeon winced. He knew by the cursory examination he had made that no bones—unless it might be the collar-bone, an injury to which is not always promptly ascertained—were broken; but here, annoying circumstance! was a disloca-

tion which he had left to be discovered by an outsider to the profession.

'Bless my soul!' he exclaimed, adjusting his spectacles, 'so it is. We have no time to lose.'

As it was, time enough had been lost to bring about a contraction of the muscles, that rendered it necessary to call in the aid of James the waiter and Joe the boots, before the hurt shoulder could be reinstated in its normal position.

The pain of the operation roused Jasper from his stupor. He moaned several times and stirred feebly to and fro, and when the wrench was over, opened his eyes and gazed with a bewildered stare about him. Very pale and ghastly he looked, lying thus, with the blood slowly oozing from a cut on his right temple, and his hair stained and matted. They sprinkled water on his face and put brandy to his lips; but he merely groaned again, and his eyes closed.

'That's a very ugly knock on the temple; I hope there's no more mischief,' said the doctor in a whisper, but speaking more openly than medicine-men, beside a patient's bed, often speak to the laity.

Jack Progers shook his head. He was a man of experience, and had in his time seen some prompt and easy recoveries, and other cases in which there was no recovery at all. It was with some remorse that he looked down at the bruised and helpless form lying on the bed. His heart had been case-hardened by the rubs of a worldly career, but there was a soft spot in it after all, and it was with sincere joy that he saw at length the sick man's eyes open with a glance of evident recognition, while a wan smile played about his lips.

'I say, Jack,' said Jasper feebly, 'we're in a hole, old man, after all'—Then he fainted.

'Nothing the matter with his reason, thank goodness! It was the shock to the brain I feared the most for him,' said the doctor, as again brandy was administered.

The regular clock-work routine of social machinery must go on in despite of accidents, and accordingly the down-train reached Peabworth at 3.40 (or, to tell the truth, a few minutes behind time) with its usual punctuality. There was no omnibus, whether from the *De Vere Arms* or from the opposition or *White Hart* hotel, in waiting at the station, wherefore the few arrivals had to consign their bales and bags and boxes of samples to the wheelbarrows of porters, for conveyance to whichever house of entertainment they designed to patronise. Amongst these was a thickset middle-aged man, with trim whiskers, a dust-coloured overcoat, a slim umbrella, and a plump black bag, which he preferred to carry as he trudged from the station to the hotel.

There was nothing very noteworthy about the new-comer, who was neatly dressed in black, and wore a hat that was just old enough to have lost its first tell-tale gloss, except that he had evidently striven to look some years younger than the parish register would have proclaimed him. Thus the purplish tint of his thick whiskers and thinned hair, heedfully brushed and parted so as to make the most of it, savoured of art rather than nature. His cravat too, instead of being black, was what haberdashers call a scarf of blue silk, of a dark shade certainly, but still blue, and was secured by

a massive golden horse-shoe. Glittering trinkets rattled at his watch-chain, and his boots were tighter and brighter than the boots of men of business usually are. There is or ought to be a sort of fitness between clothes and their wearer, but in the case of this traveller, obviously bound for the *De Vere Arms*, no such fitness existed. That cold gray eye, those deeply marked crow's-feet, the coarse mouth, and mottled complexion, consorted ill with the pretensions to dandyism indicated by a portion of their owner's attire. Altogether, the man might have been set down as a corn-doctor, a quack, a projector of bubble companies, or possibly an auctioneer whose hammer seldom fell to a purely legitimate bid in a fair market.

As the stranger drew near to the hotel, having inquired his way once or twice from such of the natives as the great attraction of the day had not allured to the race-course, a carriage dashed past him at a very fast pace indeed, and drew up with a jerk in front of the *De Vere Arms*. The gentleman who alighted from it, tall, and of a goodly presence, lingered for an instant in the doorway to give some order to his servants. As he did so, his eyes encountered those of the traveller freshly arrived by the train, and who by this time was beneath the pillars of the porch. Sir Sykes Denzil, for it was he whose carriage had just brought him in hot haste to the place where his son lay ill, started perceptibly and hesitated, then turned abruptly on his heel and disappeared within the hotel, greeted by the obsequious Mr and Mrs Biggles.

Recognition, as we can all avouch, is in the immense majority of cases simultaneous, one memory seeming as it were to take fire at the spark of recollection kindled in the other. In this instance such was not exactly what occurred. Yet the traveller with the bag was perfectly certain that he had seen before the tall gentleman who had started at the sight of him, and that a diligent searching of the mental archives would elicit the answer to the riddle.

'Have I written or telegraphed to order rooms here?' repeated the new arrival testily, after the flippant waiter who came, flourishing his napkin, to see what the stranger wanted. 'No, I have not. And to judge by the size of your town, my friend, and the general look of affairs, I should say that on any other day of the year but this such a precaution would be wholly superfluous.'

The waiter, who had been slightly puffed up by the ephemeral vogue of Peabworth and its chief hotel, took the rebuke meekly. 'Would you step into the coffee-room, sir?' he said. 'I'll ask Mrs Biggles about accommodation likely to be vacant. Any name I could mention, sir?'

'Name—yes, Wilkins,' returned the traveller, pushing open the door of the coffee-room, in which, at various tables, some dozen of sporting-men were making a scrambling meal. One or two of these looking up from their plates, nodded a greeting, with a 'How d'ye do, Wilkins?' or 'How goes it, old fellow?' salutations which the recipient of them returned in kind. Then the waiter bustled in to say, more respectfully than before, that so soon as No. 28 should be vacated by a gentleman leaving by the 6.25 train, it would be at the disposal of Mr Wilkins. Further, here was a note for Mr Wilkins; into whose hand he

proceeded to thrust a half-sheet of letter-paper, roughly folded in four, and containing but some two or three lines of blotted handwriting. 'If you will so far oblige me'—thus ran the words, shaky and blurred as to their caligraphy, but tolerably legible—'I shall be glad of a few moments' interview with you, at once if not inconvenient, in No. 11. I will not detain you.'

There was no signature, but no reasonable doubt could exist in the mind of Mr Wilkins as to the note having been penned by the owner of the carriage that had so lately driven up to the door of the *De Vere Arms*.

'Why, this is taking the bull by the horns,' said Mr Wilkins, as he rose to obey the summons.

CHAPTER XII.—IN NO. XI.

No. 11 was a sitting-room of a class peculiar to those old-fashioned inns which are rapidly being improved off the length and breadth of Britain, large, low-ceiled, with a sloping floor that attained its highest elevation beside the broad bay-window. A dark room, it must be confessed, and an airless, but snug and warm on winter-nights, when the glow of the firelight combined with the lustre of many wax-candles to defy the storm and blackness without. There had been jovial dinners in that room, and drawing together of arm-chairs around the huge fireplace, and tapping of dusty magnums of rare old port, and calling for more punch as the night waned, in those hard-living days of which so many of us innocent, pay the penalty in neuralgia and dyspepsia.

In No. 11 stood Sir Sykes, pale but resolute. The traveller with the black bag came in, and for the second time their eyes met. 'You wished to see me, sir,' began Mr Wilkins, with a slight bow. 'Ah! I remember you now, sir, as it happens,' he added in a different tone; 'remember you very distinctly indeed, Mr—'

'Hush!' interrupted Sir Sykes, with uplifted fore-finger. 'A place like this is the very last in which to mention anything best left unspoken—the very walls, I believe, have ears to hear and tongues to tattle. I am Sir Sykes Denzil, of Carbery Chase, within a very few miles of this, at your service, Mr Wilkins.'

'Sir Sykes Denzil! Well, this is a surprise,' exclaimed the owner of the name of Wilkins wonderingly, and yet with a sort of dry humour mingling with his evidently genuine astonishment. 'Dear me, dear me! They say the world is very little, and people constantly meeting and jostling in it; but I never so thoroughly realised the truth of the saying as I do now. So I've the honour of talking to Sir Sykes Denzil, when I thought I was addressing—'

'Be cautious, sir,' interposed the baronet, with an energy that impressed the other in spite of himself. 'Let us have no reference, if you please, to a past that is dead and buried. I sent for you, certain as I was that sooner or later your memory must recall me to your remembrance, and well aware too how easily you could learn who I was here.'

'No great trouble about that, Mr—I mean Sir Sykes,' rejoined the traveller smirkingly. 'The people seem to know you well enough, and any fellow in the stable-yard would have told me whose was the carriage with the brown liveries.'

'And having met and recognised one another,' said Sir Sykes, 'on what footing is our future intercourse to be conducted? We are not as we once were, lawyer and client, and—'

'No, Sir Sykes, I grant you that; but we might be,' returned Mr Wilkins, rubbing his fleshy hands together, as though they had been two millstones between which the bones of suitors might be ground to make his bread. 'You can't, a man of your landed property—I've heard something as to your acreage, and could give a shrewd guess as to your rent-roll—be without law business. Devonshire isn't Arcadia, I suppose. Are there not leases to draw, inclosure bills to promote, poachers to prosecute, paths to stop up, bills to file, actions to bring, defend, compromise? Ten to one, some of your best farms are let on leases of lives, and— But no matter! You've your own legal advisers; hey, Sir Sykes?'

The baronet bowed coldly by way of assent.

'Pounce and Pontifex, of Lincoln's Inn—I know,' pursued the unabashed lawyer. 'A brace of respectable twaddling old stagers. There was a saying, soon after I got my articles, as to that firm, to the effect that Pounce and Pontifex were fit for a marriage settlement, a will, and a Chancery suit, and that was about all. If you care about raising your rents, crushing an enemy, or gratifying a whim—and most rich men have a hankering after one or other of these fancies—why, you'll need a brisker counsellor at your elbow than the jog-trots of Lincoln's Inn.'

Again the baronet bent his head, and his eyes moved towards the door. Mr Wilkins noted their movement.

'You hardly derived a fair judgment of my capabilities,' he said, 'by the little I had to do in that Sandston business'—

'Again I ask you, sir, to make no mention of that subject. It—it is naturally painful to me—and—and'— Sir Sykes here fairly broke down.

The lawyer's eyes twinkled as he saw his advantage. 'So long as you remember it, Sir Sykes,' he made haste to say, 'I shall be only too happy to forget the whole concern. What was that story about the organ-blower and Handel? "Shan't it be 'we,' then?" said the fellow, when the great organist couldn't get a note out of his instrument for want of the necessary but humble bellows. And the musician was compelled to acknowledge that there was a sort of partnership between the man who fingered the stops and the man who raised the wind. I'm in no hurry. Think it over. I have a client to see here to-day; but perhaps you will let me have a word with you before you drive back to Carbery Chase.'

A long deep line, which might have been mistaken for the furrow of some old sword-cut, running from the angle of the mouth obliquely upwards, became visible in the baronet's comely face as he listened. He was one of those men who can better endure misfortune than disrespect, and to whom the bitterest sting of ruin is the withdrawal of the deference and lip-service which environ them. But it was in an amicable tone that he made answer: 'I shall be happy to pursue our conversation, Mr Wilkins, to-day or at any time which you may deem suitable. At present, however, you will excuse me if I leave you. My son, Captain Denzil, has been hurt—badly hurt, I

fear, in the steeplechase to-day, and I have been called here to see him, where he lies, in this very hotel.' And the baronet moved towards the door.

'Hurt, is he?' exclaimed Mr Wilkins, with inconsiderate roughness. 'Ah, then, I shall look to you, Sir Sykes, to indemnify me in case'—

Then came an awkward pause. The solicitor was a remarkably plain-spoken man, but he did not quite like to say, 'in case your son's accident prove fatal,' and so stopped, and left his eloquent silence to complete his words. Sir Sykes, with his hand on the door, turned, astonished, upon the attorney.

'What, pray, have you to do with the illness or the recovery of Captain Denzil?' he asked in evident ill-humour. He had borne up to this with Mr Wilkins, but the lawyer's interference with regard to his son appeared to him in the light of a gratuitous piece of insolence.

'Simply,' returned Mr Wilkins, thrusting his hand into an inner pocket of his coat, 'because I am the holder of certain acceptances, renewed, renewed afresh, and finally dishonoured; acceptances amounting, with expenses, to a gross amount of—shall we say some eleven or twelve thousand, Sir Sykes? Nearer the twelve than the eleven, I suspect. A flea-bite of course to a gentleman of your fortune, but a very important sum to a plain man like yours truly.'

'I have been put to heavy expense, very heavy, for my son's debts,' said Sir Sykes, almost piteously. 'I have paid every'—

'Now, my very good sir,' interrupted the attorney, 'don't, I beg you, don't fall into the common error of fathers, and imagine that your own particular son is either a miracle of ingenuous candour or a prodigal worse than his neighbours. You think that you've paid all his liabilities, Sir Sykes, and no doubt you have paid all you knew of. But as a man of the world, if not as a parent, you ought to be aware that nobody ever did tell all that he owed—excess of modesty, perhaps! They always leave a margin, these interesting penitents; and in this case, as you will see by these documents' (and Mr Wilkins produced several pieces of stamped paper), 'the margin is tolerably ample.'

The baronet was now thoroughly roused to wrath. He strode to and fro with frowning brow and hands that were fast clenched together, then walked to the window and stood still, idly tapping the panes with one white finger, on which there glistened a great diamond that had been an heirloom at Carbery Chase before ever a Denzil crossed its threshold.

'I'll not give him a shilling or leave him a shilling!' he said in a voice that quivered with anger. 'Carbery Chase is my very own, and I can deal with it as I please. My daughters at anyrate have deserved better of me than that thankless graceless boy.'

Sir Sykes, under the influence of this new emotion, seemed to have forgotten the lawyer's presence, or merely to regard Mr Wilkins in the light of the impartial Chorus in a Greek tragedy; but the attorney, who was by no means pleased by the turn which the affair seemed to be taking, intervened.

'Come, come, Sir Sykes. It's natural that you should be annoyed at having such a heavy bill presented, when you thought it settled. But

between ourselves, boys will be boys. The captain has turned over a new leaf, and rely on it he will be a credit to you yet. I've a pretty wide acquaintance amongst wild young gentlemen of his kind, and I give you my word I don't know one who is more wide-awake. He had paid his 'prentice fees, and that smartly; but I expect before I die to hear of him as an ornament to the bench of magistrates and perhaps a county member. As for these bills and notes of hand'—

'I'm not liable for a sixpence!' exclaimed Sir Sykes petulantly. 'My son may go through the Court if he chooses, and perhaps will learn a wholesome lesson from the exposure, which'—

'Fie, fie, Sir Sykes!' broke in the lawyer. 'A coat of whitewash, believe me, sticks to a youngster's back to that extent that no amount of scrubbing can get rid of it. Fume and fret as you please, you know, and I know, that you mean Captain Jasper to have Carbery after you, and to keep the place in the Denzil line. Better so, than to have so fine an estate sold or cut in two for division between your daughters' husbands. And the captain won't bear the 'bloody hand' in his escutcheon the better because he has been made an insolvent in his youth. As for these claims, I don't press for an immediate settlement; not I; I don't exact my pound of flesh down on the nail, Sir Sykes.'

There was a hard struggle in the baronet's breast. Time had been given him for reflection, and he had used it. To hear of his son's extravagance, of his son's deceit, and from such lips, was bad enough. To be compelled to endure the familiarity of the lawyer's manner was to have to swallow a still more bitter pill. He could remember Mr Wilkins of old, blunt and jocose certainly, but by no means so jaunty in his bearing as he now was, although Sir Sykes had not then been the rich county magnate he had blossomed. He felt, and writhed as he felt, that it was the attorney's sense of his hold upon him by reason of his knowledge of his past life, which had emboldened Mr Wilkins to deal with him as he had done. But the most provoking feature of the affair was that Sir Sykes felt that this man's advice, coarsely and offensively administered as it was, yet contained a solid kernel of truth. Jasper was by no means a model son. He had committed fearful follies, and incurred debts which even the Master of Carbery had thought twice before discharging. His profligacy was redeemed by no brilliant talents, softened by no affectionate qualities. There are spendthrifts who remain lovable to the last, as there are others who dazzle the world by the glitter of their wit or valour. To neither category did the graceless offspring of Sir Sykes belong. And yet, in spite of his occasional menaces on the subject of his will, the baronet felt that national manners and family pride combined to constitute a sort of moral entail, of which Jasper was to reap the benefit.

'I must see my son,' said Sir Sykes smoothly, after a pause; 'and when I have time to think over the matter, Mr Wilkins, I will write to you appointing as early an interview as possible. In the meantime I feel assured that you will see the propriety of not urging personally your claims on Captain Denzil in his present condition.'

Mr Wilkins was amenity itself. He would but eat a morsel in the coffee-room, he said, and would then go back to London by the next train, con-

fidant that he could not leave his interests in better hands than those of Sir Sykes.

'The old address, sir! You used to know it well enough!' said the lawyer with a leer, as he took the hand which the baronet did not dare to refuse in sign of friendship; and so they parted.

COAL AND ITS PRODUCTS.

IN an article which appeared in this *Journal* in August 1876, entitled *The Age of the World*, we endeavoured to explain how coal was produced, and how it might be regarded simply as stored-up heat and light, derived from the sun ages ago.

Apart from the varied uses of coal in its ordinary state, we owe an immense deal to the products which by chemical means we obtain from it; and it is our purpose in this paper to briefly review these products, and to show how we have adapted them to our several wants.

The manufacture of gas is undoubtedly the most important feature in the modern history of coal. Natural reservoirs of inflammable air exist in many parts of the world, and have in many cases been turned to profitable account. In Chiua, for instance, the evaporation of salt has for many years been carried on by the heat obtained by the combustion of gas which issues from the ground. Streets and buildings there have also been lighted by the same means. In our own country too, such eruptions of natural gas—which have generally manifested themselves during the operation of well-boring—have not been uncommon. But the gas so obtained is not the same as that which we get from the distillation of coal, although it forms one of its chief constituents. It is commonly called marsh-gas, from its constant presence in bogs and places where decaying vegetable matter abounds. The treacherous Will o' the Wisp owes its origin to this gas. It also issues in large quantities from coal-beds, and diluted with air forms the dreadful compound called 'fire-damp.'

The first recorded experiment relating to the production of true coal-gas was as early as the year 1660, when a country clergyman distilled some coal, collected the gas in bladders, and burnt it from a jet, for the amusement of his friends. Although this very suggestive experiment was communicated to the Royal Society, no action seems to have been taken upon it until the beginning of the present century, when the matter seems to have attained a more practical form. At this time one or two factories in Manchester and Birmingham were for the first time lighted with gas. The idea of illuminating an entire town by means of a chemical vapour seems to have met with much ridicule, and it was found necessary to employ lecturers to go about the country to shew people how such an apparent impossibility could be carried out. However, in spite of much opposition, part of London was lighted by gas in 1812; and three years later, Paris adopted the same system. The delay in the acceptance of gas-making among the industrial arts was no doubt largely due to the expressed opinion of several eminent chemists and others, who considered that such a mode of lighting our towns could never be

realised, because of the supposed danger which it involved. Modern experience teaches us that it is at once the cheapest as well as the safest mode of illumination that we can as yet command. In the manufacture of gas, the coal is placed in iron retorts, which are subjected to a high temperature for about six hours, when the operation is finished, and the retorts are ready for a fresh charge. A residue of nearly pure carbon, in the form of coke, remains in the retort, whilst the varied products of the distillation are carried off by pipes into suitable receptacles. For the sake of convenience, we will at present name only three of these products—ammoniacal liquor, tar, and the gas itself. The first is the principal source of ammonia, one of the most useful substances known. It may be almost said of ammonia, as it has been remarked of sulphuric acid, that the prosperity of a country may be known by the quantity which it consumes. It is used by colour-makers, calico-printers, and in the manufacture of most of the textile fabrics; in cleansing and extracting grease from various kinds of cloth, in the preparation of leather, in galvanising iron, and in pewtering. The chemist would be almost helpless without its aid; whilst in medicine it is used in about twenty different forms as a most valuable stimulant. It is almost needless to say that ammonia was in general use long before the era of gas-manufacture, for life could hardly go on without it. In fact its very name is derived from its manufacture hundreds of years ago from animal refuse in a district of Libya where the deity Jupiter Ammon was worshipped. The old alchemists too obtained it from the distillation of deer's horns; hence one preparation of it is still called spirit of hartshorn. There are many other sources of ammonia, for its presence in nature is universal; but all have sunk into insignificance since the gas-works have yielded such plentiful supplies.

Coal-tar in its crude state is not of very great importance, its use being confined to such rough work as the water-proofing of boats and the painting of outhouses and the like. But in the hands of the chemist its applications cannot be lightly regarded, in fact its distillation is of sufficient importance to form a distinct branch of trade. In this process coal-tar is separated into three different products—naphtha (which in a rectified state is the benzol of commerce); heavy or creosote oil, which is used almost exclusively for the preservation of railway sleepers; and the residue pitch. The last is of great use to shipbuilders, and has more recently found employment in the preparation of asphalt roofing and paving. But naphtha is by far the most important of the three substances, if it were only for its use as a solvent for both india-rubber and gutta-percha. No doubt, failing this, other solvents for caoutchouc would have been found; but naphtha is a particularly cheap and effective menstruum for the purpose; and when we consider the varied uses to which india-rubber and gutta-percha are now applied—from elastic hosiery to submarine cables—we must acknowledge that naphtha is a valuable addition to our manufacturing resources. It is a significant circumstance that the date of the introduction of manufactured india-rubber (by Mr Mackintosh) follows the general adoption of gas-lighting by only a few years. Previous to this, india-rubber was imported merely as a curiosity, its first use being to oblite-

rate pencil-marks, for which purpose it was once advertised in London at the modest price of six shillings per square inch.

Besides its use as a solvent, benzol is of particular importance in yielding, when treated with nitric acid, a substance called aniline. The discovery of aniline is one of the most remarkable triumphs of chemistry, as applied to the advancement of a manufacturing industry. (Before the date of coal-tar it was obtained from indigo, and the name it bears is the Portuguese for that colour.) The production of aniline caused quite a revolution in the various trades which are dependent in any way upon the colour-manufacturer; for lithographers, paper-stainers, calico-printers, and especially dyers, owe their most brilliant tints to its aid. The various dyes which are now commonly retailed for household use are also derived from the same source. Aniline is an almost colourless liquid, of a peculiar vinous odour, which after exposure to the air, changes to a dark resinous matter. The treatment which it undergoes in producing the various colours (and nearly every colour of the rainbow can now be obtained from it), is of too complicated a nature to be of any interest to the general reader. Magenta, the advent of which some years back many of our readers will remember, was the first aniline dye which appeared. The other colours have followed in quick succession, nearly all of them being the subjects of one or more patents. It is questionable whether all these colours are strictly permanent; but it is a pleasing thought that the hues which in one form or another existed at a period long before mankind had a place in nature, are now reproduced for man's delight and benefit.

Another very important product of gas-tar is carbolic acid, which is also largely employed for dyeing purposes. Its value as a disinfectant is too well known to need recapitulation here; but we may mention that its use as a preventive of disease was most abundantly proved during the last epidemic among our cattle. It is in general use in our hospitals, not only as a disinfectant, but also as an antiseptic both in the dressing of wounds and in the treatment of various skin diseases. Carbolic acid also yields a substance called picric acid, which, on account of its explosive properties when combined with potassium, has been proposed as a substitute for gunpowder. There are many other substances derived from the distillation of coal-tar, but at present they are only of interest to the experimental chemist.

A ton of coals will produce a chaldron of coke, twelve gallons of tar, ten gallons of ammoniacal liquor, and nearly ten thousand feet of gas. A consideration of these figures, with a due regard to what we have said as to the value of the various chemical products obtained by distillation, will enable our readers to understand why gas companies can shew such good balance-sheets. Much has been written as to the possible exhaustion, after one or two centuries, of the British coal-fields. This is a question upon which it is next to impossible to form any reliable opinion. Should the coal-supply actually fail, it is more than probable that as science is extended, a new source of light and heat may be developed. A cheap and ready means of producing electricity, as we have in a former article endeavoured to shew,

would at once solve the problem, and it is within the bounds of reason that to this agency the future races of the earth will look for the two most common necessities of existence.

M A L A P R O P O S.

CHARLES DICKENS once wrote to a friend: 'I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady unknown down to dinner, and talked to her about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr Cheese. I found she was Mrs Cheese. And I expatiated to the member for Marylebone, Lord Fermoy—generally conceiving him to be an Irish member—on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representatives.' Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the condition of the three 'insides' of the London-bound coach, who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett, until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciations was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife; when, much to his dismay, the solitary lady passenger, who had hitherto sat a silent listener, remarked: 'Pardon me, sir; a kinder husband and father never breathed; and I ought to know, for I am William Cobbett's wife!'

Mr Giles of Virginia and Judge Duval of Maryland, members of Congress during Washington's administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs Gibbon, whose daughters were well on in years, and remarkable for talkativeness. When Jefferson became President, Duval was Comptroller of the Treasury, and Giles a senator. Meeting one day in Washington, they fell to chatting over old times, and the senator asked the Comptroller if he knew what had become of 'that cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon.' 'She is Mrs Duval, sir,' was the unexpected reply. Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr Tuberville unwisely did. This unhappy blunderer resembled the Irish gentleman who complained that he could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it. Happening to observe to a fellow-guest at Dunraven Castle, that the lady who had sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld; the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife so ill-looking. 'I have made a mistake,' said the horrified Tuberville; 'I meant the lady who sat on my left.' 'Well, sir, she is my sister,' was the response to the well-intentioned fib; bringing from the desperate connoisseur of beauty the frank avowal: 'It can't be helped, sir, then; for if what you say be true, I confess I never saw such an ugly family in the course of my life!'

An honest expression of opinion perhaps not so easily forgiven by the individual concerned, as that wrung from Mark Twain, who, standing right before a young lady in a Parisian public garden, cried out to his friend: 'Dan, just look

at this girl; how beautiful she is!' to be rebuked by 'this girl' saying in excellent English: 'I thank you more for the evident sincerity of the compliment, sir, than for the extraordinary publicity you have given it!' Mark took a walk, but did not feel just comfortable for some time afterward.

One of the humorist's countrymen made a much more serious blunder. He was a married man. Going into the kitchen one day, a pair of soft hands were thrown over his eyes, a kiss was imprinted on his cheek. He returned the salute with interest, and as he gently disengaged the hands of his fair assailant, asked: 'Mary, darling, where is the mistress?' and found his answer in an indignant wife's face. 'Mary darling' had gone out for the day, and the lady of the house intended by her affectionate greeting to give her lord a pleasant surprise. He got his surprise; whether he thought it a pleasant one he never divulged, but that kitchen knew Mary no more.

A stout hearty-looking gentleman one day made his way from the dock-side at Plymouth to the deck of a man-of-war newly arrived from abroad, and desired to be shewn over the ship. Most of the officers were on shore, and the duty of playing cicerone devolved upon a young midshipman. He made the most of his opportunity, and to have a lark at the expense of the elderly gentleman as he shewed him round, he told him how the capstan was used to grind the ship's coffee, the eighteen-ton guns for cooling the officers' champagne, the main-yards for drying the Admiral's Sunday shirts, and many other things not generally known. When the gentleman had seen all he wanted to see, he handed a card to his kind instructor, saying: 'Young gentleman, you are a very smart youth indeed, and full of very curious information; and I trust that you will see there is no mistake in this card of mine finding its way to your captain.' The midshipman glanced at the bit of pasteboard and read thereon the name 'Ward Hunt;' but before he could thoroughly realise the situation, the First Lord of the Admiralty, with a parting nod and pleasant smile, had gone.

Another story, illustrating the awkward results that come of letting the tongue wag freely under a misapprehension regarding other folk's identity, is told of a London tailor. An aristocratic customer noted for dressing in anything but aristocratic fashion, called to pay his bill. The tailor's new manager, after receipting the account, handed it back with a sovereign, saying: 'There's a sovereign for yourself, and it's your own fault it isn't two. You don't wear out your master's clothes half quick enough. He ought to have had double the amount in the time; it would be worth your while to use a harder brush.'

'Well, I don't know,' said his lordship, smiling; 'I think my brush is a pretty hard one too; his lordship complains of it anyhow.'

'Pooh! Hard! Not a bit of it! Now I'll put you up to a dodge that'll put many a pound in your pocket. You see this piece of wood—now that's roughened on purpose. You take that, and give your master's coat a good scrubbing with it about the elbows and shoulders every day; and give the trousers a touch about the knees, and it will be a good five pounds a year in your pocket. We shan't forget you.'

'You are very kind,' quoth the enlightened

gentleman. 'I will impart your instructions to my valet, though I fear while he remains in my service he will not be able to profit by them, as I shall not trouble you with my custom. I wish you good-day.'

We read in Lord Eldon's Journal: 'The most awkward thing that ever occurred to me was this. Immediately after I was married I was appointed Deputy Professor of Law at Oxford, and the Law Professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read immediately to the students, and which I began without knowing a single word that was in it. It was upon the statute applying to young men running away with maidens. Fancy me reading with about one hundred and fifty boys and young men all giggling at the Professor! Such a tittering audience no one ever had.' The comical coincidence may have been an accidental one; but as the Law Professor must, like the students, have known that his deputy ran away with his Bessie, the chances are against it. The great lawyer was fated to be reminded of the romantic episode of his life. A client whose daughter had been stolen from him, insisted upon the jury being told that a man who could run away with another man's daughter was a rascal and a villain, and deserved to be hanged. 'I cannot say that,' said Scott. 'And why not, Lawyer Scott—why not?' inquired the irate father. 'Because I did it myself!' was the unanswerable reply.

After doing his office for a young couple, a clergyman was inveigled into proposing the health of bride and bridegroom at the wedding breakfast. He wound up a neat little speech by expressing the hope that the result of the union of the happy pair might prove strictly analogous to that of the bride's honoured parents. The groom looked angry, the bride went into hysterics, the bridesmaids blushed and became interested in the pattern of the carpet, the master of the house blew his nose with extraordinary violence, and the speaker sat down wondering at the effect he had created; till his better-informed neighbour whispered that the lady was not the daughter of the host and hostess, but a niece who came to live with them when her mother and father were divorced.

During Mr Gladstone's Premiership, Sir George Pollock called one morning in Downing Street to thank the Prime-minister for making him governor of the Tower. A cabinet council had just assembled; but rather than keep the veteran waiting, Mr Gladstone invited him into the council-chamber and introduced him to his colleagues. Sir George entertained his new acquaintances with a tedious story about a nobleman who had been detected cheating at cards, ending his narration with: 'They turned him out of all the clubs he belonged to; even the Reform would have nothing more to say to him!' A way of proving the enormity of the card-player's offence that must have pleased his hearers amazingly, since all or nearly all of them were members of that famous Liberal club.

The old governor sincerely meant what his words implied. Such is not always the case with utterers of malapropos things. When a note was handed to Dr Fletcher in his pulpit intimating that the presence of a medical gentleman, supposed to be in the church, was urgently required elsewhere,

the preacher read the letter out, and as the doctor was making for the door, fervently ejaculated: 'May the Lord have mercy on his patient!' A Scotch minister exchanging pulpits with a friend one Sunday, was accosted after service by an old woman anxious to know what had become of her 'ain minister.' 'Oh,' said he, 'he is with my people to-day.' 'Indeed, indeed,' said the dame; 'they'll be getting a treat the day!' As flattering a remark as that of the wife of a popular lecturer, who on her lord telling her he was going to lecture at Sheffield, exclaimed, 'I'm so glad; I always hated those Sheffield people.'

Epitaph writers sometimes display a talent for this kind of *double-entendre*. A couple of specimens will suffice. The first from Arbroath, running: 'Here lie the bodies of John, William, Robert, and David Matthews, who all died in the hope of a glorious resurrection—excepting David.' The other from an American burying-ground:

Here lies the mother of children five;
Two are dead and three are alive;
The two that are dead preferring rather
To die with their mother than live with their father.

Although a high authority insists that the lunatic and the lover are of imagination all compact, it would not enter an ordinary lover's head to tell his mistress that loving her was synonymous with madness, as Steele did when he wrote to his dear lovely Prue: 'It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me found me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me;' but fair Mistress Scurlock doubtless took the dubious flattery in as good part as the great animal painter took the king of Portugal's odd greeting: 'Ah, Sir Edwin, I am glad to see you; I'm so fond of beasts.' An unpleasant way of putting the thing was innocently adopted by the New York car-driver, who, blissfully ignorant that his interlocutor was Mr Beecher, replied to that gentleman's query whether he did not think it possible to dispense with running the cars all day on Sunday: 'Yes, sir, I do; but there's no hope for it so long as they keep that Beecher theatre open in Brooklyn; the cars have to run to accommodate that.'

An American newspaper says: 'The enthusiastic choir-master who adopted *Hold the Fort* as a processional hymn, has been dismissed by the minister, who considered it personal when the choir burst forth:

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on!

A similar objection might have been raised to the Maine county commissioners quoting Watts's lines:

Ye sinners round, come view the ground
Where you will shortly lie,

when inviting certain lawyers to inspect the new court-house; although they had less reason to complain than Lord Kenyon and Justice Rooke, who while on circuit, came one Sunday to a little village just as the good folks were going to church; an example the two judges followed. Anxious to shew his appreciation of the unexpected honour, the parish clerk searched for a suitable psalm to sing before the service; and at the proper time

gave out the first two verses of the fifty-eighth psalm, and the congregation sang:

Speak, O ye judges of the earth,
If just your sentence be;
Or must not innocence appeal
To heaven from your decree.
Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Alike by malice swayed;
Your griping hands, by mighty bribes,
To violence betrayed.

Here the congregation awoke to the meaning of what they were singing, and left the clerk and the children to offend the ears of the legal dignitaries with:

To virtue, strangers from the womb,
Their infant steps went wrong;
They prattled slander, and in lies
Employed their lisping tongue.
No serpent of parched Afric's breed
Does ranker poison bear;
The drowsy adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen ear.

The performance unlocked the tongues of the astonished judges at anyrate; and the church-wardens had some difficulty in convincing them that the apparent insult arose out of the stupidity of the well-meaning clerk.

THEODOR MINTROP.

'THE poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, namely, in a love-cause.'

I cannot help recalling Rosalind's words as I look at the photograph before me; the history of its original so completely disproves her saucy speech. In my hand I hold the likeness of a man of forty or thereabouts, with a noble square forehead arching above deep thoughtful eyes, a large beardless face surrounded by a heavy growth of long hair, and a thickset form denoting great personal strength. A superficial observer might call the homely portrait commonplace, and turn to gaze on the more aristocratic faces of his fellow-artists in the photographic album; but a careful scrutiny of the coarse irregular features and the broad brow impresses one with the feeling that this was no ordinary man; that a spirit dwelt within these steady eyes purer and mightier than usually falls to the lot of mortal man. But the closest inspection would still leave much untold. The indomitable energy, the heaven-sent genius, may be traced in his strong features and deep eyes; but the exquisite sensibility, the single-heartedness, the uncomplaining patience, would never be guessed.

But a short time has elapsed since he was one of us, and his story is still ringing in the hearts of his countrymen—a story so pathetic in its poverty and its triumph, so touching in its untimely close.

Theodor Mintrop, the original of the photograph, was born near the village of Werden in Westphalia. From his childhood he had an uncontrollable desire to draw, which brought nothing but censure from his elders, substantial *bauers* and petty farmers, who considered drawing an unpardonable waste of time. But the talent was not to be crushed out. In spite of opposition and discouragement, in spite of his daily hard work on his father's farm, he practised his art whenever he had an opportunity;

at first sketching rough outlines on whitewashed walls, and when he could afford it, buying pencils and paper. In time his fame as an artist spread among the simple peasantry, and even beyond his own limited circle. 'The country Raphael,' he was popularly called; and made a little money occasionally by painting signs for country inns, and pictures of the Virgin and Child for the Catholics. All this time he wrought in the fields at a labourer's usual avocations; and it was a hard horny hand that in his leisure moments wielded the pencil with such surprising genius. He was waiting—waiting patiently till the tide would turn—waiting till the time would come when he could study his art and devote himself wholly to it. And thus he might have spent his entire life, his genius, like an imprisoned bird, hemmed in by sordid cares and toils, if one of these strange coincidences that so often bring the unexpected, had not occurred.

A celebrated artist, seeing some of Mintrop's drawings, was so struck by their merit, that he immediately set out for Werden, found Mintrop at the plough, and carried him back to his house in Düsseldorf, offering him every facility for studying thoroughly his beloved art.

The opportunity had come; but how long the country Raphael had waited for it! Thirty years had he repressed his ambition, and performed the duties of farm-labourer for his father and brother. No wonder a sad weariness can be traced on his features. In Düsseldorf, Mintrop went through the regular course of instruction, beginning at the very lowest class, where he, a man of thirty, sat on the same bench with young lads; but his great genius and intense application soon carried him through the class-rooms. His art had an amount of originality and freshness that seemed to breathe of his free country life at Werden. From his boyhood a great lover of fairy tales, there was a strain of grotesqueness in his works. His father, a man of an original turn of mind, had fostered his passion for the weird homely legends of the German peasantry; and to Theodor, in his imaginative youth, *kobolds* had peeped out of the earth, *nixies* had sung in the rivers. The fame of the country Raphael soon spread in Düsseldorf; art critics acknowledged his wonderful genius, and vied with one another in pointing out the grand simplicity and admirable power of his compositions. How did the untrained peasant, fresh from his rural life, bear all this homage? Simply and meekly. With reverence he regarded the wonderful new life around him, so much more polished, so much pleasanter than his old one; but the dignity of his art and his own self-respect saved him from being overborne by it. But no one guessed that under his homely and somewhat uncouth exterior such an appreciation for all that was fair and good in life existed, as the sequel of his life proved.

Behold him now at perhaps the zenith of his career; having attained the object of his desires, an artistic education; having in a few short years established a fame that many academical pupils of many years' standing had failed to win; surrounded by many friends, living in the home-circle of his first patron and dearest friend in that pleasant city on the Rhine. His future lay fair and unclouded before him, leading him on from triumph to still greater triumph. But inscrutable

are the ways of Providence; God's ways are not man's ways; and the tree that promised such glorious fruit was never to reach maturity.

To the house of Geselschap (the name of the artist who had befriended Mintrop, and in whose house he lived) came one fine summer a young lady-friend. In the free unrestrained home society, Mintrop had much opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with this young girl. He had been learning much of life as well as art since he came to Düsseldorf; but women in a higher rank than the peasants he had for thirty years been familiar with, were ever an object of peculiar interest and intense admiration to him; and the grace and amiability of this stranger soon made a powerful impression on him. For a whole long happy summer this fair young creature lived under the same roof with him, and treated the grave shy man with the playfulness and friendliness of a sister, wholly unaware of the passion she had unwittingly kindled. In short he, the hard-working country Raphael, engrossed in his art, which he pursued for itself, not for money (about which he was one of the most careless of mortals)—he, the rough Westphalian peasant, with hard hands and uncouth figure, had learned to love this gentle maiden, with all the strength of his noble patient heart.

That long happy summer passed, and the young lady returned to her friends. Shortly after, the announcement of her engagement to be married reached Düsseldorf, piercing the true heart that loved her so well. To commemorate her marriage, Mintrop composed a wonderful series of pictures, that will always link her name to his.

The 'Love of King Heinzelmänn' they were called; seventy scenes in all, in which he, in the guise of King Heinzelmänn, following his beloved Johanna through every incident in daily life, protects and helps her as he would fain have done in reality. True to the traditions of his youth, numbers of quaint dwarfs with long beards, pointed caps, and trunk-hose, attend on the commands of their king; who is himself a strange weird vision with a wizened face, pointed cap, and magic wand, tipped by a burning eye. In a burgher household, these droll figures sweep and wash, bake and brew, throwing themselves into many strange contortions, in the service of Anna; the king ever with them, looking sadder and sadder; for as time goes on, a stranger from America falls in love with Johanna and carries her away across the sea. The poor gnome-king loves in vain; and when the day comes that Johanna and her lover sail away, he and his dwarfs stand sadly on the shore (for they may not cross the sea) watching the vessel till it fades from sight.

The fantastic legend is imbued with a strange humanity; and the ugly figure of the gnome-king touches our inmost sensibility with a thrill of pathos. Such was the love of Mintrop—intense, undying, and hopeless! Some things are almost too sad to bear speaking of, and the waste of affection that goes on in this world is one of them. Doubtless there were many girls in Düsseldorf equal to Johanna in every respect; but for Mintrop she was the only one, and yet she was another's.

Three years had passed since Mintrop worked his love into his art—throwing but a thin veil of

grotesqueness over his real feelings; and Johanna returned from afar with her husband. They settled in Westphalia; and Johanna, moved by the memories of old days, proposed that Mintrop should be godfather to their infant daughter. Three years were gone, and Mintrop thought he had conquered his hopeless love; but yet the request startles him, and he requires to struggle for composure before he can determine whether he shall agree to it or not. He goes, finds the comfortable home where his lost love resides, meets her and her husband and the various guests present at the ceremony. The priest comes, and the little soft baby is placed in his arms. He looks at his sleeping god-daughter as he somewhat awkwardly receives her, and the child slowly opens her large eyes, so like her mother's. A thrill runs through Mintrop's veins; all the old feelings, the old hopes and fears, rush through his mind with a force too cruel to be borne. He hastily places the child in its mother's arms, and hurries away from the scene.

Not long after, and Mintrop is dying. Some physical cause, the doctor assigns; but his friends know well what it is. His patient loving heart has borne too much. The intensity of his feelings has snapped the cord of life. As his breath leaves him, he thinks of his other love, his Art, and he sighs: 'Would I might live long enough to finish my work; otherwise, I am ready to die!' And thus the brave gentle spirit went forth to meet its Maker, regretting only that the promise of its youth was not fulfilled—the work not yet completed. Alas, alas, for human love, for human hopes and wishes! My eyes are wet as I trace these concluding lines; and the face in the photograph is hallowed by a strange sad interest.

Theodor Mintrop died at Düsseldorf in July 1870; and his sad story, as given above, speedily found its way into the German newspapers. In autumn 1871, a bronze bust erected to his memory was unveiled in the presence of thousands of spectators; and the poet Emil Rittershaus composed and recited a beautiful poem—a requiem to one who died of a broken heart.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE rumour mentioned in our last *Month* has been verified, and we now know that hydrogen and nitrogen have yielded to the power of the physicist, and that there is no longer, in our part of the universe, any such thing as a permanent gas. After Pictet in Geneva had led the way by liquefying oxygen, Cailletet followed in Paris with the other two; but Pictet has since gone farther, and has obtained liquid hydrogen in considerable quantity, and has produced solid particles of oxygen. In communicating these facts to a scientific body in Paris, Mr Dumas, the eminent chemist, stated to his hearers they might take it for granted that in swallowing a glass of water they were really drinking a metallic oxide.

Dr Angus Smith says in a paper 'On the Examination of Air,' read before the Royal Society, that there ought to be observatories for Chemical Climatology and Meteorology, in which the air

should be systematically examined, 'so as to obtain decidedly those bodies which have from the earliest times been supposed to exist in it, bringing with them, on certain occasions, the worst results.' But the process of examination, as at present carried on, is slow and troublesome; when a sure and easy way is found, then its adoption may become general. Dr Angus Smith is perhaps the first who has taken the subject in hand from this point of view. 'It is the more interesting,' he remarks, 'as he has sufficiently shewn that in the places examined, the organic ammonia has been in intimate relation with the gross death-rate. . . . It may be true that oxygen is the prime mover—producing in man animal life—a favourite idea for a chemist; but it may also be true that minute organisms cause a peculiar class of decomposition connected with mental or other activity, diseased or otherwise.'

Before the telephone has ceased to be a scientific novelty, America sends us news of another novelty called a phonograph. This instrument, the invention of Mr T. A. Edison, makes sound visible, and records it in a permanent form. You speak into a tube, and while doing so you work a handle which causes a cylinder to revolve; the sound of the voice causes a thin disk or diaphragm of metal to vibrate, as in the telephone; the vibrations actuate a steel point which, as it advances and recedes, makes impressions more or less deep in a band of tinfoil wound round the cylinder, and this band of tinfoil becomes the record of what has been spoken. Now comes the wonderful part of the process; for we are told that if the tinfoil so indented be applied to another instrument, called the 'transmitter,' consisting of a hollow tube with a paper diaphragm, then the original sounds will be reproduced, though with somewhat of a metallic tone. Turn the handle of the cylinder and you may have repetitions of the discourse until, in fact, the tinfoil is quite worn out. Casts of the indented tinfoil may, it is said, be taken in plaster of Paris, so that copies of spoken words could be sent to as many persons as may be desired.

This invention seems too questionable to allow of any one, even the inventor, forming an opinion as to its practical value. Fanciful conjectures may of course be made. A fugitive swindler, for example, may be arrested in a foreign city, and held fast until a foil of evidence spoken by one of his confederates might be sent out to convict him. Or a hardy young sheep-farmer in Australia might sing into his tube, puncturing his song on the sheet of foil, fold it neatly up, and send the graven song home to the girl he left behind him; and she, by applying the sheet to her own phonograph might, by proper manipulation, hear the tender ditty as often as she pleased.

While waiting for further developments, we venture to suggest that what is wanted by numbers of intellectual people who find the mechanical action of writing slow and irksome, is, some kind of 'graphy' which will enable them at once to print their thoughts on paper without aid from pen or fingers.

Some months ago we mentioned the little torpedo boat *Lightning*, and her swift steaming, nineteen knots an hour. Her length is eighty-four feet, her width ten feet ten inches; and now we hear that fifteen similar vessels are to be built, and

that the builders promise a speed of twenty-five knots. Experiments have been made which prove that swiftness is an element of safety, for on firing a rifle-bullet through the bottom it was found that the water did not enter. In future it is thought that torpedoes will play an important part in naval warfare; and as has already been mentioned in recent papers in this *Journal*, a School has been established at Portsmouth in which their use is taught theoretically and practically. A further improvement is whispered in certain quarters—a torpedo boat which shall carry on her evolutions under water, and hook on torpedoes to the bottom of an enemy's ship without being discovered. Are we about to see in this a realisation of what has long been a dream among speculative inventors? Is naval warfare, from its hopelessly fatal nature to those engaged, to become an impossibility?

Communications addressed to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, Paris, describe a method for preventing the deposit of soot in chimneys; but as yet no details are published: also an apparatus for stopping runaway horses (in harness), by completely closing the winkers; and a way to deaden the blows of a hammer moved by machinery. In this case, the anvil is supported on a float in a reservoir of water. Another subject is a tramway car in which compressed air is the motive-power, as proved during some months on the line between Courbevoie and Puteaux, and the Round Point in the Champs-Élysées. This car has room for thirty passengers, is served by a conductor, and a mechanic who has entire charge of the machinery, which with a number of iron tubes is all placed between the wheels, under the floor, where it occasions no inconvenience to any one. A powerful air-pump at the starting station, forces air enough into the iron tubes for the journey to and fro, and the car travels smoothly and without noise or smoke, and can be stopped and started more readily than a horse-car. Mr Mékarski, the inventor of this car, has been thanked by the Société for having solved the problem of a locomotive which can be used with safety in crowded streets. Of course there are appliances for regulating the pressure of the air, and for preventing the deposit of hoar-frost in the tubes, consequent on rapid expansion of air; but for a description of these and other particulars we must refer to the *Bulletin* published by the Society.

Mr Coret has invented what he calls a self-acting thermo-signal which by ringing a bell makes known to all within hearing when an axle or any other part of an engine is over-heated. It is a small brass cylinder, containing a system of flexible metal disks, and a dilatable liquid, which is to be fixed to the part liable to over-heating. While all goes well the instrument makes no sign; but as the temperature rises the liquid dilates, forces out a small metal pin at the end of the cylinder, which, as the wheel revolves, strikes a bell, and thereby warns the attendants. Thus the necessity for constantly watching an indicator is avoided.

Other subjects brought before the same Society are—A description of a chimney which does not occasion loss of heat, by Mr Toulet, 38 Avenue de l'Observatoire, Paris—Specimens of harmless colours which may be used with varnish, oil, or water, and are described as durable and remarkably brilliant. They are available for many pur-

poses of decoration, but are specially intended, as they contain no poisonous element, for the colouring of children's toys. These new colours are derived from the substances known to chemists as eosin and fluorescein—And certain manufacturers who have carefully studied the material give an account of the capabilities of jute, from which we gather that by proper preparation of the yarns, remarkable effects of colour, of mottling, of light and shade, and also a velvety appearance can be produced. The process is described as very simple and moderate in cost; so that applications of jute to decorative purposes hitherto not thought of may ere long become available.

It has been found by experiment that aniline black can be made to yield different colours: treated in one way it is a light violet, in another way it is a bluish pink, and in a third way it becomes blue.

Pure butter, as is stated in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society, contains from ninety to ninety-eight per cent. of pure butter fat and a small quantity of water. Its colour should be from yellowish white to reddish yellow, but this depends on the kind of fodder given to the cows, and may be produced by means of beetroot or other plants possessed of colouring properties. The colouring matter may be detected by treating the butter with strong alcohol. The melting-point of pure butter is from thirty to thirty-seven degrees, while artificial butter melts at from twenty-seven to thirty-one degrees. Substances used to increase the bulk and weight of butter are chalk, gypsum, oxide of zinc, starch, and so forth. These neither improve its flavour nor its wholesomeness. The agreeable smell of pure butter, with a slight suggestion of milk, is not easy to imitate by artificial means.

Now that chemists can avail themselves of the spectroscope in their researches, falsifications have but little chance of escaping detection. We learn from the same *Journal* that the colouring matters generally used in the adulteration of wine are—fuchsine, the preparations termed caramels, ammoniacal cochineal, sulphindigotic acid, logwood, the lichen reds, rosaniline, bilberries, cherries, mallows, and the berries of the privet. Most if not all of these matters can be precipitated by chemical treatment, or they may be detected by dialysis. If a cube of gelatine less than an inch square be placed in the wine under experiment, it will be found, after twenty-four or forty-eight hours, stained all through, if artificial colouring matters are present; but if the wine is quite pure, then the natural colouring matter will not have penetrated deeper into the gelatine than one-eighth of an inch. It is worth notice that the natural colour soaks in slowly; the artificial colour quickly.

The *Comptes Rendus* of the Académie des Sciences, Paris, give an account of a patient who, through entire closure of the esophagus or gullet, could get neither food nor liquid into his stomach, and had to undergo the operation of gastrotomy. Through the opening thus made the operator passed different substances and took note of the time they remained in the stomach. Starch, fat, and flesh disappear in from three to four hours; milk is digested in an hour and a half or two hours, and alcohol and water are absorbed in from thirty-five to forty-five minutes. One day a small quantity of pure gastric juice was taken from the

stomach for experiment: it is described as colourless, viscid, yet easily filterable, having little odour, and not putrefying spontaneously. The acidity of the gastric juice varies but slightly whether mixed with food or not, the mean being 1·7 gram of hydrochloric acid to one thousand grams of liquid. 'The quantity of liquid,' we are informed, 'found in the stomach has no influence on its acidity; the latter is almost invariable whether the stomach be nearly empty or very full. Wine and alcohol increase the acidity, while cane-sugar diminishes it. If acid or alkaline liquids are injected into the stomach, the gastric juice reassumes its normal acidity in about one hour. It is more acid during digestion than when digestion is not going on, and the acidity increases towards the end of the process. Since the stomach is generally empty at the end of four hours, and hunger does not supervene till about six hours after a meal, it would seem that hunger does not result solely from emptiness of the stomach.' This last remark is not in accordance with the opinions of other physiologists; but we venture to suggest that in common with the limbs, the stomach needs rest, and finds it in the two hours of quiet above mentioned. We would further remark, that the theory that sugar does not create acid in the stomach is contrary to all ordinary medical teaching, and even of daily experience.

A surgeon in a provincial town in Scotland has achieved a remarkable operation. He cut out from the neck of a patient a diseased portion of the larynx, and inserted an artificial larynx through which the man can speak articulately. This is one of the triumphs of surgery.

We mentioned some time ago that certain practitioners in the United States had succeeded in removing tumours by the application of a current of electricity. Recently the same method has been employed, and with the same success, for the removal of those blemishes from the skin popularly described as 'port-wine stains,' and other excrescences. Care is required in regulating the strength and duration of the current according to the nature of the case; if this be insured, the operation can hardly fail of a successful result. Particulars of cases and their treatment are published in the *New York Medical Journal*.

Pursuing his contributions to meteorology, Professor Loomis of Yale College, Newhaven, U.S., finds that the areas of rainfall in the United States generally assume an oval form, and the oval is not unfrequently a thousand miles long and five hundred broad. He finds too that falls of rain often have great influence in checking the progress of a storm; and that they appear to be subject to some law of duration. For example, some rains last eight hours, some sixteen, some twenty-four; but beyond twenty-four hours the instances are very rare. 'This fact,' he remarks, 'seems to indicate that the causes which produce rain, instead of deriving increased force from the rainfall, rapidly expend themselves and become exhausted. It cannot be explained by supposing that the vapour of the air has all been precipitated, because these cases chiefly occur near the Atlantic coast, where the supply of vapour is inexhaustible. Is there not here an indication that the forces which impart that movement to the air which is requisite to a precipitation of its vapour, become exhausted after a few hours' exercise?' By further

research it is found that during the six months from November to April, violent winds are more than five times as frequent as during the other six months of the year; and that they come from a northern quarter two-and-a-half times more frequently than from a southern quarter. Though Professor Loomis' observations apply to the climate of America, they may be considered with advantage by our own meteorologists.

The President of the Institution of Civil Engineers in his inaugural address took occasion to say, as evidence of the advantages which accrue to a country through the labours of the civil engineer, that the sum authorised to be expended on British railways up to the end of 1876 amounted to seven hundred and forty-two millions; a sum pretty nearly as large as our huge national debt. And from this Mr J. F. Bateman argued, that as in engineering special qualifications, and some of a high order, were required, it would be well if advantage were taken of the numerous public schools in which instruction bearing on engineering is given, whereby young men would have at least some qualification on entering the profession. At the same time it would be a mistake to regard that training as other than preparatory and incomplete. It is by actual outdoor work only, that a man can become an engineer; and engineering work is not to be found at school or college.

Mr Bateman—who by the way will long be remembered for his water-supply of Glasgow—instead of travelling over many topics, confined himself to the great and important question of rainfall and water-supply for the whole kingdom, with a view to proper economy. It is a question which becomes more and more important with the increase of population and consequent multiplication of machinery. When the Metropolitan Board of Works are about to ask parliament for leave to undertake the water-supply of London, the proportions of the question may be assumed to be at their largest; and storage of rainfall and of flood-waters, prevention of pollution, and the best way of obtaining absolutely pure water, together with other topics, will have to be treated with serious consideration.

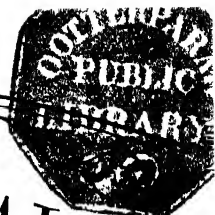
SPRING.

Oh! let me wander hand in hand with Thought
In woodland paths and lone sequestered shades,
What time the sunny banks and mossy glades
With dewy wreaths of early violets wrought,
Into the air their fragrant incense fling,
To greet the triumph of the youthful Spring.
Lo! where she comes! 'scaped from the icy lair
Of hoary Winter; wanton free and fair!
Now smile the heavens again upon the earth,
Bright hill and bosky dell resound with mirth,
And voices full of laughter and wild glee
Shout through the air, pregnant with harmony,
And wake poor sobbing Echo, who replies
With sleeping voice that softly, slowly dies.

ERRATUM.

[The verses which appeared in last month's issue, entitled *The Well-known Spot*, were signed by mistake ASTLEY H. BALDWIN instead of F. G. ELLIOTT. We take this opportunity of rectifying the error.]

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THE GAELIC NUISANCE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

A FEW months ago, in an article entitled 'The Gaelic Nuisance,' we endeavoured to point out the impolicy of fostering Gaelic as the vernacular tongue in the Highlands and Islands. Our observations were variously received. Many approved of the article; by some it was apparently misunderstood. On this latter account, we return to the subject, in the hope of removing such misapprehensions as may happen to exist. This time, at anyrate, we shall take care to be perfectly explicit as to our meaning.

In the article referred to, we offered no objection to the use of Gaelic, provided the young were brought up with a knowledge of English. That was distinctly our contention, and we believe that such is the opinion of all who think seriously on this important question. We therefore repeat in terms on which nothing but perversity can put a wrong construction, that the fostering of Gaelic to the exclusion of English—for it practically comes to that—is a grave error; it is a cruelty which merits exposure and reprobation. Why it is a cruelty is very clear. As previously stated, the use of Gaelic as the only known vernacular, keeps large numbers of poor people ignorant, it usually fixes them to their place of birth, and accordingly excludes them from earning their bread in the general competition of the world. It is very easy for enthusiasts living at a respectful distance to write in glowing terms about the antiquity of Gaelic, about the wonderful beauty of Gaelic poetry, about the philological value of Gaelic phraseology, about the satisfaction of being able to speak Gaelic as well as English. These are not the points in dispute. Let people, if they will, and if they can afford the expense, learn to speak and read Gaelic supplementary to English, just as many of us learn to speak and read French or German. The more languages that can be acquired the better. About that there is no contention. What we deem to be a

scandal and a cruelty is the practice of rearing, or allowing to grow up, groups of children with a knowledge of no other language than Gaelic; the consequence being that they are for the most part condemned to life-long poverty and ignorance. And that is what is done through the mistaken policy of it may be well-meaning sentimentalists and philanthropists, who are seemingly unaware of the misery they are helping to perpetuate. The English language, like the laws and constitution of the country, is a common heritage, in which every child has a claim to be instructed, so that all may be qualified to perform such duties as fall to their lot. Is it not, then, shocking to find groups of old and young scattered about the Highlands and Islands who cannot speak a word of English, and who cannot so much as sign their names? We might almost say they have no more knowledge of newspapers, or of English literature generally, than the lower animals, amidst which in dreary solitudes they hopelessly pass their existence.

The Highlanders have scarcely had justice done to them. They possess characteristics of a noble race. Faithful, honest, and steady in civil life. Valorous as soldiers. Peaceful and law-abiding in a very extraordinary degree. Those among them who by some good fortune quit their native glens and mix with the Lowland population, speedily learn English, and are able to converse as fluently in that language as in their native Gaelic. In fact, wherever they are brought in contact with English-speaking neighbours, they manifest no mental deficiency. In many instances they have attained to eminence. Only where they are habitually neglected, and left in untoward circumstances to vegetate in primitive ignorance, do they shew anything like laziness, and an indifference to improvement. From all we happen to know of the Highlanders, they only need to be put in the way of being cultivated by education and contact with the outer world.

In hinting at educational deficiencies we tread on tender ground. There is an Educational Act applicable to the whole of Scotland, whether the mainland or islands. No spot is exempted from

the operation of a school-board. Although the Act was passed in 1872, it appears from one cause or other that there are districts where no schooling is available, and children are suffered to run about wild. In an article in the *Scotsman* newspaper of January 5, 1878, a correspondent writing on the wretched condition of the Highland 'crofters,' or occupants of small patches of land, refers to the educational deficiencies in the parish of Barvas, on the west coast of Lewis. Here is what he says: 'At present, the children know not a syllable of English; the women and thirty per cent. of the men are as ignorant; and twenty per cent. of the people married cannot sign their marriage papers. One thing certain is that the people are themselves totally unprepared for the good that the Act is expected to do them; and that it will be only by means of vigilant compulsory officers that its full operation will be secured. In the meantime the schools in the parish have not been opened; and ragged boys and girls hang about on the moor all day long herding cattle, or idle near the wayside in companies of threes and fours, holding fast by tethers, at the ends of which small melancholy lambs are grazing.' What a picture of primitive rural life! Education practically non-existent. The compulsory provisions of the School Act in a state of abeyance!

The island of St Kilda, to which we called attention, exhibits a small population with no means of learning English, and who for religious instruction in Gaelic are wholly dependent on the Rev. John McKay, a minister appointed by the Free Church. This worthy individual, who is a bachelor of advanced age, and whom, by mistake, we spoke of as being married, can speak and read English; but with the exception of the imported wife of one of the natives, he is the only individual on the island who can do so, and acts as a general interpreter on the occasion of visits from strangers. There is no school in the island, nor is there any attempt to teach English. Is this a condition of things which commends itself to philanthropists?

In a handsomely printed and illustrated work, *St Kilda Past and Present*, by George Seton, Advocate (Blackwood and Sons), 1878, there is an effective reference to the want of education in the island of St Kilda. 'Probably,' says this observant writer, 'the most beneficial influence that could be brought to bear upon the St Kildans would be of an educational kind. Through the instrumentality of the Harris school-board or otherwise, an energetic effort ought to be made to introduce a systematic course of instruction in English, with the view of the inhabitants enjoying the vast benefits which would inevitably ensue. At present, they are not only cut off from regular communication with the mainland, but in consequence of their ignorance of the language of the United Kingdom, they are debarred from the means of enlarging their minds, and subverting their prejudices, by the perusal of English literature. A recent number of *Chambers's Journal*

—to which every English-speaking section of the globe owes such deep obligations—contains an admirable article, from the pen of the veteran senior editor, on the subject of "The Gaelic Nuisance," to which I venture to call the attention of all who are interested in the future welfare of the inhabitants of St Kilda. The writer points to Galloway on the one hand, and to the Orkney and Shetland Islands on the other, as illustrative examples of the blessings which have flowed from the substitution of English for Gaelic and Norse respectively; and in the course of his remarks he makes special allusion to St Kilda.'

Thanking Mr Seton for this acknowledgment of the correctness of our views, we pass on to a note lately received from a sheriff-substitute in a Highland county. He says: 'Allow me to thank you for your article in the last part of *Chambers's* entitled "The Gaelic Nuisance." I have resided here for several years, and am convinced that the civilisation of the Highlands is impossible so long as Gaelic continues to be the language of the common people. I hope your article will open the eyes of common-sense people to the necessity of abolishing Gaelic as a spoken language, by the substitution of English.'

A gentleman connected by heritage with one of the outer Hebrides, sends us a note, in which, after commenting on the grotesque objections that had been made to our article, he observes: 'We all understand now—though a few may deceive themselves and others—that man is not made for language, but language for man. We Highlanders are determined to adopt the current language, just as we have adopted the current coin of the realm.' This is plain speaking; and we hope that the writer, using the power which his position gives him, will in his own locality see that the children are taught to read and understand English; such, in our opinion, whatever others may think, being only a simple act of justice.

In our former article we alluded to the case of Wales, in which large numbers are as unhappily excluded from a knowledge of the English language as are many of the Gaelic-speaking population of the Highlands. We are glad to see that this deficiency is beginning to attract attention, for reasons similar to those we employ. Recently at a large meeting in connection with the Welsh Church in Chester, presided over by the Bishop of Chester, as reported in *The Times*, Jan. 10, the Dean of Bangor, in speaking of Wales, remarked: 'Wales was in a certain extent backward. In the power of influencing those outside their own country, they were behind England, Scotland, and Ireland, simply because their language excluded them from making their thoughts and views known to those of different nationality. . . He ventured to hope that the day was rapidly approaching when every Welshman would be able to use the English language.' Such a public acknowledgment as this is eminently satisfactory. It shews moral courage in combating

popular prejudice. We should like to see Highland proprietors quite as openly avowing that it was time every Gaelic-speaking child 'was able to use the English language.'

The most conclusive evidence that could be advanced respecting the serious disadvantage of maintaining Gaelic as an exclusively common language is that offered by Mr Simon S. Laurie, the accomplished Professor of Education in the University of Edinburgh, who lately delivered an Address on the subject of Education in the Highlands. According to a newspaper report of his address, he said in reference to the Highlanders: 'One thing needful was to secure for them freedom of locomotion; so that when the pressure on one district became too great, the people might move to another. Without a knowledge of the English language, the country of the Highlander was bound round him as with a brazen wall. He need not try to get out of it, because his native language put him at such a disadvantage with other men that he had no chance against them. . . There was no doubt that the teaching of Gaelic should be subordinate to the teaching of English. If they trained a boy in a Highland school to read, write, and speak Gaelic, what were they to do with him? How would we like to be in that position ourselves? Fancy a boy at the age of fifteen or sixteen able only to point out in Gaelic to a stranger the way he should take; would they not find that he had been miseducated—in fact cut off from being a member of the British Empire altogether? At the same time, while he held that, he was of opinion that they could not teach English to the Highlanders well except through the Gaelic. The Highland children learned very quickly—more quickly than the Lowland children—they could soon read with perfect fluency such a book as McCulloch's *Course of Reading*, and yet not understand a single word; shewing that they would not learn English well except through Gaelic. The aim of the whole teaching should be to make the pupils thoroughly acquainted with English.'

With such a concurrence of evidence, and with the knowledge that there is a School Act of six years' standing, why, it will be asked, are children in the Highlands and Islands still left to remain untaught in the elements of education? That is a question that could perhaps best be answered by the Education Board for Scotland. We can only conjecture that the educational deficiency in various quarters is due to the difficulty, for pecuniary reasons, in establishing and maintaining schools on a proper footing consistently with the obligations of the statute. Mr Laurie mentions that the school-rates press with a severity which in some places is perfectly paralyzing. 'In Shetland, for example, the School Boards were brought to a stand-still. They could not face a rate of four shillings a pound; the same proprietors having to pay not less than four shillings a pound for poor-rate and other burdens besides.' This agrees with what we have privately heard of Shetland, where the rates of one kind or other very nearly swallow up the whole rental

drawn by proprietors. Mr Laurie states emphatically as to this difficulty of school-rates, that 'unless the government paid what was necessary above fifteen-pence per pound, the Highlands and Islands would not have the full benefit of the Act of 1872.'

Evidently, the School Boards, notwithstanding their comprehensive and compulsory powers, are unable to plant and sustain schools in all quarters where required. The difficulty, it is observed, is financial. Let us instance the island of St Kilda. Its inhabitants are said to be seventy-six in number, while the annual rent exigible by the proprietor is somewhere about a hundred pounds, payable in kind. How can the School Board of Harris, with which the island is connected parochially, be expected to build a school and sustain a schoolmaster for the benefit of so small a population, in which there are perhaps only a very few children of school age? To build a school of the ordinary authorised type would cost at least six hundred pounds. And the payment of a teacher with other expenses would amount to one hundred pounds a year. The organisation of a school on this footing would go far beyond what is desirable or what could be asked for from either the state or the ratepayers.

A consideration of the financial difficulty leads to the conviction that something very much less costly than the present school organisation must in many parts of the Highlands be attempted, if the children are to get any education at all. Mr Laurie very properly remarks that children 'would not well learn English except through the Gaelic;' meaning by this, we suppose, that the teacher would require through the agency of Gaelic to explain the meaning of English words. That surely would not be difficult to accomplish; nor would it be unreasonable to establish schools on a much more modest footing than those latterly sanctioned by School Boards. The Scotch were long accustomed to see a very humble class of schools in secluded rural districts. Often, these schools consisted of cottages of not more than two apartments, one of which constituted the dwelling of the teacher. These cottage schools were conducted at an exceedingly small expense, yet they answered their purpose. Neither dignified nor imposing, they were useful. They imparted to the few children in their respective neighbourhoods a knowledge of letters. We are inclined to think that a modification of this kind would solve some existing difficulties as concerns the establishing of schools among the sparse population of the Highlands and Islands. In short, it would be well to legalise a minor or sub-class of schools, to be conducted at a small cost, designed to effect a particular purpose, namely, that of communicating a knowledge of the English language to large numbers of poor children who are at present growing up in ignorance of any spoken tongue but their native Gaelic, and who, in many cases, as is seen, have no education whatever.

We hope the nature of our pleading is no longer misunderstood. It is, that all Gaelic-speaking children may in some shape or other be taught to read and understand the language common to the United Kingdom. There may be some statutory obstacles in the way. There should be none in the light of humanity and common-sense. Perhaps we may return to the subject. Considering

that the welfare of successive generations of helpless beings is concerned, the subject is too momentous to be lightly treated, or to be swept aside by casual gusts of delirious opposition.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XIII.—FATHER AND SON.

SIR SYKES was a weak man, and there are few readier elements of mischief than that of a weak man in a strong place—meaning thereby a position where there is authority to be abused. Some of the world's worst tyrants have been emphatically weak, mere spiteful capricious children grown to man's estate, and indued respectively with all the powers of the purple, the royal *jika*, and the triple tiara. But then the mighty system which they, unworthy, swayed, resembled some gigantic engine put into motion by the idle touch of a truant urchin's hand, and crushing all resistance by the resistless force of its swaying levers and grinding wheels.

A Devonshire baronet, in common with baronets elsewhere, does expect to be to a certain extent the petty autocrat of his own fields and hamlets, to find that there are those who court the great man's smile and tremble at his frown, and to hold rule within strictly constitutional limits over the dwellers on his land and the inmates of his house. The melancholy which had become a part of Sir Sykes Denzil's inner nature, and the indolence which had gradually incrustated him, had prevented the lord of Carbery from asserting in practice the prerogatives which he knew to belong to him in theory. Thus he did not really administer patriarchal justice on his estate, as some hale landlords do. His bailiff decided which labourers should be employed, which dismissed, and what wages should be allotted to crow-boys and weeding-girls. The steward arranged as to the barns to be rebuilt, the repairs to be granted or refused, the rent of whose cottage was to be forgiven, or which arrears were to be sternly exacted. Poachers whom the head-keeper did not like, found Sir Sykes's vicarious wrath make the parish too hot to hold them, while luckier depredators wired hares unpunished.

The part of a *roi fainéant* suited better with Sir Sykes Denzil's languid habits than they did with his tolerably active mind. He was well aware that the lethargy of King Log is always supplemented by the not wholly disinterested activity of King Log's zealous ministers, and had formed frequent resolutions as to taking into his own hands the reins of government and becoming in fact as well as in name the lord of the manor—of six manors indeed, of which Carbery was the chief. These resolutions had never been acted upon; but Sir Sykes had always been able to lay to his soul the flattering unction that it rested with him alone to choose the time for realising them.

The events of the last few weeks had given some rude shocks to the baronet's indolent self-complacency. He had been threatened with consequences of which he, and he alone, could

thoroughly comprehend the direful nature, and he had been forced to a series of compliances, each of which had degraded him in his own eyes. He had borne with the cynic effrontery of the sailor Hold. He had beneath his roof, seated at his table, in constant association with him and his, an unbidden guest. Mr Wilkins he had, through an unlucky chance, encountered, and instantly the fetters of a new vassalage appeared to be fastened on his reluctant limbs. And he owed this fresh humiliation to the misconduct of his own son!

Sir Sykes was very angry as he quitted No. 11 to seek out the chamber in which Jasper lay, so angry that his temper overmastered for the moment both the pleadings of natural affection and the instinct of caution. He laid his hand brusquely on the door of the room which had been pointed out to him as that to which Jasper had been conveyed, and was about to enter, with small regard to the nerves of the invalid within, when he felt a grasp upon his sleeve, and turned to be confronted by the wiry figure, anxious face, and bead-like black eyes of little Dr Aulfus.

'Excuse me, Sir Sykes Denzil, unless I am very much mistaken?' said the doctor, taking off his hat with such an air, that Sir Sykes, irritable as he was, felt compelled to acknowledge the bow. 'Allow me to introduce myself: Dr Aulfus, Benjamin Aulfus, Ph.D., M.D., M.R.C.S. of Heidelberg, Edinburgh, and London respectively. We never chanced, before to-day, Sir Sykes, to come personally into contact, and I regret that the occasion of our first interview should be so sad a one.'

During this speech, the doctor's eyes had taken stock as it were of Sir Sykes's aspect, and had read the signs of anger in his knitted brows and quivering mouth as accurately as a mountain shepherd discerns the portents of the coming storm. Nor was the reason far to seek. Gossip had been busy, of course, with the private affairs of so exalted a family as that which dwelt at Carbery Chase; and Sir Sykes would have been astonished to hear at how many minor tea-tables the surgeon—for, his medical diplomas notwithstanding, Dr Aulfus was consulted nineteen times out of twenty as a general practitioner—had listened while Captain Denzil's debts and his father's displeasure were freely canvassed.

Of the arrival of Mr Wilkins and of the acceptances which the lawyer held, the little man of healing could of course know nothing. But he shrewdly surmised that Jasper had staked all that he could scrape together, and probably more, on the event of the desperate race which he had ridden on that day, and that his pecuniary losses had provoked the indignation of Sir Sykes, already smarting under recent sacrifices.

'You are very good, sir; I shall see my son, and then'—

Sir Sykes had got thus far in his speech, attempting the while to brush past the doctor, when he found himself gently but resolutely repulsed.

'Now, Sir Sykes,' said the little man, interposing his diminutive person between the tall baronet and the door, as some faithful dog might have done, 'pray have patience with me. Captain Denzil is my patient. He has sustained severe injury, the precise extent of which it is impossible yet for science to determine, and I am responsible

for his safety, humanly speaking—the pilot, in fact, with whom it rests to bring him into port. We have just succeeded, by the help of an opiate, in inducing sleep. It will not last long, on account of the smallness of the dose. But it is of the utmost consequence that it should not be broken; and in fact, Sir Sykes, my patient is my patient, and I must protect him even against his own father.’

These last words were uttered in consequence of a renewed attempt on the baronet's part to force a passage, and the persuasive tone in which they were spoken contrasted oddly with the firmness of the doctor's attitude.

‘Really, Mr Aulfus,’ said Sir Sykes, half apologetically, half in dudgeon; but the other cut him short with: ‘Excuse me, Sir Sykes. Dr Aulfus, if you please. It is perhaps the weakness of a professional purist, but I do like to be dubbed a doctor; as your noble neighbour and connection, the Earl, no doubt has a preference for the title of “My Lord.” It has cost me dear enough, sir, that handle to my name; kept me, I may safely say, out of a good four hundred a year of practice I might have had, since old women and heads of families are shy of sending for a regular physician; and that's why such fellows as Lancetter at High Tor, and Druggett the apothecary in Felworth High Street, rattle about the county, feeling pulses and sending out physie, when a man who has more learning in his little finger than— You smile, sir; and indeed I was unduly warm. No selfish love of lucre, believe me, prompted my remarks, but a sincere scorn for the prejudices and gullibility, if the word be not too strong, of our Devonshire Boottians.’

By this time the doctor had succeeded in getting Sir Sykes into a neighbouring room, the door of which stood invitingly open, and thus securing the sleeper against the chance of being rudely awakened from his slumber. The baronet too had employed a minute or two in reflections which shewed him how unseemly was the part which he had been about to play, while some dim consciousness that it was unfair to visit on Jasper the unwelcome recognition and jocular impertinence of Mr Wilkins, began to creep into his perturbed mind.

‘You forget, Dr Aulfus,’ he said mildly enough, ‘that I have as yet heard no details as to the injuries which my son has sustained. They are not, I apprehend, of a very serious or indeed dangerous character?’

‘Umph! Dislocation of right shoulder, now reduced, but attended with much pain; severe contusion on temple; some bad bruises, and complete prostration of nervous system from the stunning blow and violent concussion of spinal cord,’ dryly rejoined the doctor, summing up the facts as though he had been a judge putting the pith of some case before a jury. ‘These are all the results that I know of’— And he paused, hesitating, so that Sir Sykes for the first time felt a genuine twinge of alarm.

‘Have you any suspicion, doctor, that there is something worse than this?’ he asked, drawing his breath more quickly.

‘I don't know. I hope not,’ returned Dr Aulfus thoughtfully. ‘Our knowledge after all is but cramped and bounded. I remember once at sea (I was assistant-surgeon in the navy and

also on board Green's Indiamen, before I graduated in medicine) seeing a look in the face of a young sailor who had fallen from the mizzen shrouds to the deck, very like what I saw, or fancied I saw, in Captain Denzill's face to-day. But that was a fall, compared with which even the accidents of a steeplechase are trifles,’ added the doctor more cheerfully, and with an evident wish to change the subject.

‘It is a mad sport, taken as a form of excitement,’ said Sir Sykes, his resentment beginning to turn itself towards the institution of steeplechasing; ‘worse still, when mere greed actuates the performers, brutal curiosity the spectators.’

‘I quite agree with you, Sir Sykes, quite,’ chimed in the doctor, with a bird-like chirrup of acquiescence. ‘The mob, my dear sir, whether in decent coats or in torn fustian, is animated by much the same spirit which caused the Roman amphitheatre to ring with applause as wild beasts and gladiators, pitted against one another in the arena, stained the sand with’—

Here Captain Prodggers came in on tiptoe to say that Jasper was awake and sensible; that he had twice asked if his father had not yet arrived; and that he, Prodggers, had volunteered to make inquiries, and hearing the sound of voices as he passed the half-closed door, had entered. ‘You, Sir Sykes, I have had the pleasure of meeting once before—at Lord Bivalve's, in Grosvenor Place,’ he said with a bow. ‘Captain Prodggers of the Lancers,’ he added, by way of an introduction. The baronet returned the bow stiffly. He had some recollection of Captain Jack's jolly face beaming across the Bivalve mahogany; but he felt anything but well disposed towards the owner of Norah Creina and the man who had led his son into the present scrape.

‘A friend of my son's, I am aware,’ said Sir Sykes half bitterly.

‘And I am afraid, “Save me from my friends,” is the saying just now uppermost in your mind, Sir Sykes,’ returned Captain Prodggers. ‘But I do assure you that, hard hit in the pocket as I have been in this precious business, I'd sooner have lost the double of my bets, than have seen that poor fellow knocked about as he has been. I'm no chicken, and sentiment don't come natural to me, but I give you my word that had the tumble turned out as bad as I feared it would when first I saw it, I should—never have forgiven myself, that's all.’ Having said which, Jack Prodggers mentioned to the doctor that he should be found when required in the coffee-room, and with another bow to Sir Sykes, withdrew. The baronet, guided by Dr Aulfus, entered the darkened room where Jasper lay.

‘Is that you, sir? I thought you would come,’ said the hurt man from the bed, stretching out his feeble hand, and as Sir Sykes took the thin fingers within his own grasp, his anger, smouldering yet, seemed for the moment to die away, chased by the crowd of early recollections that beset his memory. He could remember Jasper as a lisping child, a quick intelligent boy, unduly indulged and pampered it is true, but bold-fa and free-spoken at an age when many a youngste., far nobler in every quality of heart and head, is sheepish and tongue-tied. In those days father and mother had been proud and fond of the boy, and Jasper's future prosperity had been no unim-

portant element in Sir Sykes's schemes and day-dreams.

'You do not feel much pain now?' asked the baronet gently.

'In my arm and head I do,' said the patient, stirring uneasily.

The doctor, as he adjusted the pillows, smiled hopefully. 'A very good sign that,' he whispered to Sir Sykes; 'better than I had hoped for, after the draught. I think we may pronounce all immediate cause for anxiety to be over.'

'When can he be moved?' asked Sir Sykes, in the same cautious tone.

'To Carbery? I should say, if he goes on as well as he is doing now, to-morrow,' replied Dr Aulfus. 'I will write down some instructions, with which it will be well to comply, for it will be some few days at least before he can resume his former habits of life.'

'What are you two conspiring about?' demanded Jasper, with an invalid's customary peevishness, from the bed. And then Sir Sykes had to resume his seat and to say a few soothing words.

'You'll soon be well, my boy,' he said kindly; 'and sooner back with us at Carbery, under your sisters' good nursing. Dr Aulfus here will, I hope, contrive to come over and give us a call every day till you get your strength again.'

Dr Aulfus said that he should be delighted to attend his patient at Carbery Chase, and indeed he looked radiant as he said it. A physician is, after all, a man, and probably a parent, and little Dr Aulfus had a wife and was the happy donor of six hostages to fortune. He valued the privilege of professional admittance at Carbery very highly, less on account of the emoluments directly derived therefrom, than of the many small people who would augur well of his skill, since beneath a baronet's roof he should prescribe for a baronet's heir.

The brief conversation between Sir Sykes and his son was rendered the less marked because of Jasper's habitual reticence, and of his father's unwillingness to touch on any topic that might prove painful. Thus the lawyer and his bills met with no mention, and the steeplechase would also have been passed over, had not Jasper himself said: 'I told Jack Prodgers I shouldn't go in for cross-country work again, except with the hounds in winter. No fear, sir, of my donning the silk jacket any more, after this sharp lesson of aching bones and empty pockets. Don't be angry, please, though, with poor old Jack. He meant all for the best, he did!'

Sir Sykes replied that he had already had the pleasure of shaking hands with Captain Prodgers, supplemented by a former visit to him in London. 'And soon afterwards, in compliance with the frequent and acceptable motion of the doctor's own hands the result was,' and Captain Jack was recalled in fact as well as in explanation, beside his friend's of six manors indeed, patient dozed or talked in chief. These resolutions upon; but Sir Sykes had said, and the captain's cigar with him alone to choose during his vigil.

The events of the last little doctor's cheery morning visit to his some rude shocks to the bison, Jasper, pale and complacency. He had been armed in a sling, was consequences of which he, a Carbery carriages and

propped with cushions; and under the tender escort of his two sisters, Lucy and Blanche Denzil, was slowly and heedfully conveyed home to Carbery Chase.

OUR SEA AND SALMON FISHERIES.

IN the department of fishing-industries the march of scientific inquiry has already borne good fruit. The influence of the weather, or more properly speaking of the variations of temperature, on the plentifulness or scarcity of our food-fishes, has grown in importance as an element in determining the success or failure of the herring-fishery, for example; and at more than one fishing-station thermometrical observations are daily made by the fishermen, and reported to the meteorological authorities, who in their turn deduce generalisations and laws from the observations thus recorded. Thus the teachings of the formerly despised 'science' are beginning to bear fruit, and to be openly and fully recognised; and in the future, the fisherman, as a result of the generalisations just alluded to, may be able to determine with tolerable accuracy, before setting sail for the fishing-grounds, the chances of a successful or unsuccessful day's labour. Add to this, that, with increased knowledge of the conditions of life, development, and general history of our food-fishes, wise legislation may provide for the protection of these fishes and for the determination of the proper periods for the exercise of the fisher's art, and it will be owned that the gains from a scientific investigation of the fishing-industries are simply incalculable.

For these reasons we have peculiar pleasure in noting the appearance of a small volume, under the title of *Sea Fisheries*, by E. W. H. Holdsworth, and *Salmon Fisheries*, by Archibald Young, Commissioner of Scotch Salmon Fisheries (London: E. Stanford. 1877). The work is produced under the joint authorship of two gentlemen long connected with this important branch of British industry. To Mr E. W. H. Holdsworth has been allotted the task of giving an account of the sea fisheries of Britain; whilst Mr Archibald Young, one of the Commissioners of Scotch Salmon Fisheries, has undertaken the task of giving an account of the interests connected with the capture of the king of fishes. Mr Holdsworth has to do with the salt water, Mr Young chiefly with the fresh.

Within the last sixty or seventy years, the herring fisheries of Scotland, chiefly prosecuted on the north-east coast, have risen to be a most important national industry and source of wealth, the value of the catch in a good year amounting to between two and three millions sterling. Needing no cultivation, the sea yields an annual harvest almost incredible in amount. Of course much capital is embarked; but without the hardihood, the enterprise, and the daring risks encountered by the fishermen, all would be unavailing. It is seen by a late Report, that in the united fisheries of herrings, cod, and ling, in 1876, nearly fifteen thousand boats, decked and undecked, were engaged, the total value of which amounted to upwards of a million sterling. Ever on the outlook for what will advance the interests of the herring fishery, the capitalists engaged in the business have latterly added a fast-sailing steamer

to the fleets of boats; by which means herrings caught at a considerable distance are transferred from the boats to the steamer, rapidly brought into port, and being there properly prepared, are despatched by railway to various parts of the United Kingdom.

Railways, by facilitating transit, have been immensely advantageous to all kinds of fisheries. It might now be said that by this ready means of transit the most inland towns in the country are now as well supplied with fresh fish as towns on the coast; in many cases better. Ice has also played an important part in the transmission of fish to distant places. Salmon being thus preserved till it reaches the market, arrives in the best condition, and is sent to table fresh as when caught. One has only to look at the quantities of beautiful salmon and other fish spread out on marble benches of the fishmongers in any of our larger towns, to see what railways and ice have done for this branch of industry.

Mr Holdsworth expresses strong regret that the prospects of the Irish fisheries are not by any means of a promising kind, as far as the cultivation of the art or industry is concerned. All authorities agree in regarding the coasts of Ireland in most instances as representing fishing-grounds in which stores of wealth lie unheeded and uncared for. This is a state of matters much to be deplored, for the sake of all parties concerned—fishermen, consumers, and the nation at large. Some years ago, when we were in Ireland, we heard it mentioned that much of the fish sold in Dublin was supplied by fishermen from the coast of Wales; and we likewise heard that large quantities of dried white-fish were introduced to Portrush by fishermen from Islay and other western isles of Scotland. Though it is stated that the famine of thirty years ago has had much to do with the depressed state of the Irish fisheries, and that emigration has also affected them, we yet fail to see why, by a little enterprise, the still resident natives should not be able to beat both the Welsh and Scotch out of their own market.

As regards the salmon fisheries, Mr Young leads us into a region which is still in some particulars a field of debate and controversy. There are very few readers, it may be presumed, who are ignorant of the controversies, for instance, which have been carried on concerning the correct answer to the question, 'Are parr the young of salmon?'—a query which Mr Young, along with the great majority of naturalists, answers unhesitatingly in the affirmative. The natural history of the salmon forms the starting-point of all knowledge of the fish, and of the information necessary for determining the conditions under which it may be properly and successfully caught—the terms 'properly' and 'successfully' in this case being taken as including the best interests of the fish and its race, as well as the interests of its human captors. Briefly detailed, the life-history of a salmon may be said to begin with the ascent of the parent-fishes in autumn and early winter to the upper reaches of our rivers for the purpose of depositing their eggs. In each salmon-mother it has been calculated about nine hundred eggs exist for every pound of her weight, and these eggs she deposits in a trench, excavated by aid of the jaw, in the gravelly bed of the stream. Fertilised after being deposited, by the milt of the male parent, the

latter covers the eggs with gravel by means of his fins—the tail-fin being, as far as can be ascertained, the chief agent and means in effecting this necessary action. Such eggs as escape the attack of enemies—and of these, in the shape of aquatic birds and of other fishes, the salmon-ova have more than enough—undergo development, and are hatched in from ninety to one hundred and thirty days.

It would be an interesting study were we to trace the stages through which the young fish becomes evolved from its simple germ, and the wondrous formation of tissues and organs out of the soft jelly-like matter of which the egg is primarily composed. But want of space forbids; and our readers must therefore fancy for themselves the process whereby the hidden artist Nature works through development, and at length shapes out the young salmon, or 'parr.' It may be mentioned in proof of the small proportion borne by the salmon-eggs actually deposited, to those developed, that authorities agree in stating that out of three thousand eggs deposited, scarcely one egg may survive—so terrible is the destruction of young salmon. This fact alone, as Mr Young argues, should tell powerfully as an argument in favour of *artificial* propagation; since out of three thousand eggs which are thus hatched, at least one thousand young fishes may be successfully reared.

The curious fact is noticed that in most if not all broods of salmon, half of the parrs will become 'smolts'—as they are called in their next stage—at the end of a year or so, whilst the other half will not become smolts until after the lapse of two years and more. This incongruity, if we may so term it, has led to the questions, 'Do the parrs become smolts between thirteen and fifteen months after they have left the egg, or at the age of two years and two months?' Both questions may apparently be answered in the affirmative, since each brood exhibits this peculiar feature of some of its members coming to the smolt-stage long before the others. Mr Young remarks on the authority of a salmon-breeder in the north, that about eight per cent. of the salmon hatched by this gentleman became smolts at the end of the first year; about sixty per cent. at the end of the second year; and about thirty-two per cent. at the end of the third year. These facts would seem to indicate that the end of the second year is the most natural period for the assumption of the smolt-guise, which, as distinguished from that of the parr, exhibits a beautiful coat of silvery mail.

The parr, it may be remarked, dies if placed in sea-water, whereas the smolt thrives in the latter element. On reaching the sea, the young smolt may measure from four to five inches. After a residence in the sea of some six or eight weeks, the smolt returns to its river as a 'grilse,' which varies from five to eight or nine pounds in weight, according to the time it has remained in the sea. After returning to its river the grilse spawns, and then returns to the sea. The features of the mature salmon are now apparent, and the fish increases in size after each such annual migration to the sea. Indeed nothing is more extraordinary in the history of the salmon than its rapid increase and growth after these periodical migrations to salt water. Three salmon which weighed ten, eleven and a half, and twelve and a half pounds as they were migrating seawards, were duly marked;

and on being caught six months afterwards when returning to the fresh water, were found to have increased in weight to the extent of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen pounds respectively. Although salmon usually return to the rivers in which they first saw the light, yet it has been ascertained that the practice is not an invariable one. There is no good reason why one river should not suit a salmon as well as another, and in their wide migrations these fishes are exceedingly likely to enter rivers other than their native streams.

One of the most interesting topics touched upon by Mr Young in his observations, is that regarding the relative late or early development of salmon in different Scotch rivers. Prefacing, that a 'clean' salmon is a fish that has been for some time in the sea, it has been generally believed that rivers which issue from a lake are 'early' rivers—or in other words that they are streams which clean salmon will ascend in the early spring. But this idea receives little or no support from facts as they stand. Many early Scotch rivers have no lake heads; whilst many Scotch rivers which run out of or through lakes are late rivers. Mr Frank Buckland thinks a river's 'earliness' in the matter of salmon depends on its proportion of mileage in length to its square mileage of 'catchment'—that is of the land-area from which the river is fed. This, however, seems to us a whimsical theory, and might be disproved by facts. As regards the 'earliness' of rivers, Mr Young's theory is that much depends on temperature; in fact, temperature is known to be the chief cause which regulates the distribution of life in the sea, and there is no one fact, so far as we are aware, which can be said to militate against his views. His theory is, however, being tested by the Scottish Meteorological Society at Inverugie; by the Duke of Richmond, on the Spey; by the Duke of Sutherland, on two early and two late rivers in Sutherlandshire; and by the Tweed Commissioners—the method of testing being by thermometers applied to the fresh water of the rivers, and to the sea near their mouths.

The latter part of the volume under notice is occupied with statements relative to salmon fishery laws and legislation, a subject in which the author is naturally deeply interested, and in which our knowledge of the salmon naturally culminates when the fish is regarded from an economic standpoint. In Scotland, it seems we are far behind England and Ireland in respect that there are no Inspectors of salmon fisheries empowered to make annual inspections and reports on the Scotch salmon fisheries! And this fact becomes the more inexplicable, and the more urgently demands remedy, when we consider that the Scotch fisheries are many times as valuable as those of our English neighbours. Then also, Mr Young has a most justifiable grumble at the fact that, in our statutes, there are very inadequate provisions made for the removal of artificial and natural obstructions in salmon rivers, and for the prevention of pollutions; and no close-time for trout or char. The importance of clearing away natural obstructions to the ascent of the salmon in rivers is well exemplified when it is found that in Scotland no less than 478 miles of river and loch are thus closed against these fishes. No less forcibly shewn is the vexatious fact that

rivers are polluted and rendered unfitted for breeding-streams by means and methods which the River Pollution Commissioners in their Reports declare to be preventable at a moderate cost, without injury to the manufactures with which they are connected.

Besides pollution, two things are especially detrimental to the Scottish salmon fisheries. The first to be mentioned, is the abominable practice of building weirs across rivers in order to send water into mill-lades, and the ignoring of the law that requires that the water shall be periodically diverted into the river again. Certain proprietors, to make the most of their lands, give perpetual leases of ground to manufacturers of one kind or other, with liberty to build a weir and take water to turn their machinery. There may be provisions in the lease as there is in law to the effect that the withdrawal of water shall cease during the night and on Sundays. Such provisions are, however, in many instances neglected, as giving too much trouble. The result is, that the whole river, or very nearly the whole, except in times of flood, is diverted into the mill-lade, whereby trout and salmon are unable to surmount the weir, and are effectually barred from getting to the upper part of the stream. In plain terms, by the selfishness of a proprietor (or a pair of them, one on each side), all who dwell on the river above the weir are deprived of the fish which nature had bountifully assigned to them. Already in these pages we have alluded to a scandalous case of this kind on the Tweed.

The second of the two things which act detrimentally on the Scottish salmon fisheries is the circumstance that certain landed proprietors near the mouths of some rivers possess a right to establish nets for the purpose of catching all the salmon that attempt to go up the stream. We do not contest the legality of their arrangements. We only speak of the cruel way it acts on the rights of all who live in the upper parts of the river, and on whose waters the salmon have bred. While the lower proprietors catch the great bulk of the fish, those higher up get but a miserable remnant. During the whole of the time that the nets are on, the lower proprietors have a practical monopoly of the fishings. Is that at all reasonable? As a consequence, first of the weirs, and second of the netting system of the lower proprietors, there is evoked throughout the upper part of rivers in Scotland, a gloomy and almost vengeful hatred of the existing salmon-fishing system. Of course the higher and middle classes take no part in demonstrating their sense of the injustice that is committed. The lower classes, less scrupulous, and indignant at the rapacity of the weir-owners and lower proprietors, take such salmon as they can get hold of in spawning-time, thus destroying by myriads in embryo what should have been a vast national advantage. Detesting as we do all sorts of poaching and irregularities, we are glad that the Commissioners appointed to investigate the condition of the Scottish salmon fisheries, have laid stress upon the miserable imperfections to which we have ventured to draw attention.

Mr Young informs us that in 1874, as many as 32,180 boxes of Scotch salmon were sent to the London market alone, the estimated value of which might possibly be £321,800. It seems to us, however, a hard case that the great bulk of such valu-

able property should be secured by proprietors at or near the mouths of the several rivers, to the exclusion of those in the upper reaches of the streams, who ought to have an equal right to participate in the annual fish-harvest. Free-trade in salmon-fishing, so much as lies within the limits of strict justice, is still in expectation. We commend the subject to the further consideration of Frank Buckland, Mr Young, and brother-anglers.

RACHEL LINDSAY.

A SOUTH-AUSTRALIAN STORY.

TOWARDS the end of November, about two years ago, I received the following curt note from my brother Donald, who like myself is a sheep-farmer in South Australia. 'MY DEAR JERRY, Lizzie sends her love, and hopes to see you when your shearing is over, as usual. If you'll say what day, I'll fetch you from Ballarat.—Yours affectionately,

DON GARDINER.'

'N.B.—Just begun to wash the wool. Lizzie's sister says she has seen my apparatus at Conolly's, but I don't think it. Ask Conolly.'

Conolly was a neighbour of mine, and he chanced to have brought me Don's letter, and to be lighting his pipe at my elbow while I read it.

'Conolly,' said I, 'do you know any of Mrs Gardiner's sisters? She has an unlimited number, I believe, for I have met a fresh one—sometimes two fresh ones—every Christmas for about half-a-dozen years, and here is still another I never heard of. She appears to be acquainted with you and this neighbourhood'—

'O yes; that's Cinderella,' interrupted Conolly, as he abstracted a bundle of newspapers from our joint post-bag and began to rip the wrapping from them. 'Haven't you seen Cinderella? She was never out of Tasmania, I suppose, until last spring, when she was staying up here with the Macdonalds. The Macdonald girls called her Cinderella because she had always been the one to stay at home and keep house while the others went about. Her proper name is Rachel. O Jerry, Jerry!' he broke out suddenly, laughing in what seemed to me a very offensive manner (my proper name I may mention being Gerald), 'your sister-in-law Lizzie will be too many for you. She won't let you escape this time. She has kept Rachel as her last card.'

'If ever I marry a woman with such a name as that, I hope I shall be a henpecked husband for the rest of my life!' I retorted angrily, seizing a paper-knife and beginning to tear away at the *Australasian*, so as to drown further conversation upon what was a very sore subject.

My brother Donald's wife Lizzie was as good and kind a little woman as ever breathed, but like many young wives in happy circumstances, she was a matchmaker. And being impulsive, effusive, and not quite—what shall I call it? I don't like to say she was not quite a lady, but that would suggest my meaning—she did not pursue her calling with that tact and judgment which its delicate nature required. I need not say more, except that she had a number of spinster sisters,

and one only bachelor relative, who lived all by himself in single-blessedness on his own fine and thriving property, and that I was that male victim. I beg pardon of all the Misses Lindsay for using such a term; I was not a victim as far as *they* were concerned. But I did feel it hard that I should be laughed at wherever I went as the captive knight of half-a-dozen fair ones, when I had never had the choosing of one of them.

When I received the above letter I had just seen my last wool-bale packed on the last bullock-dray and started on its slow journey to Melbourne; and the day after I set off myself on my yearly visit to Don. He was less fortunate in respect of sheep-shearing than I, for living in an exceptionally cool district, where an exceptionally wet and wintry spring had kept everything behindhand, he had still all his troubles to come. I thought of that as I buttoned myself into my Ulster, which I was glad of that cold morning, though Christmas was only a month off; and I reflected that I should be the only unemployed man at the disposal of the household until the shearing was over, and foresaw (as I thought) the consequences. I made up my mind, however, that I would defy Lizzie's machinations in a more systematic manner than heretofore. May I be forgiven for so priggish a determination.

It was midnight before I reached Ballarat, where Don usually met me; but upon this occasion I found a telegram stating that he was too busy to leave his farm, and would send for me next day. So I had one game of pool at the club and went to bed; and next morning enjoyed an hour or two over newly arrived English papers and periodicals, and a solitary lunch; and then the familiar old ramshackle buggy and the beautiful horses Don was famed for made their appearance, and I set off on the last stage of my journey. When I arrived at my destination it was dark and raining heavily; and the groom who opened the stable-gate told me that my brother had not long come up from the wash-place and was interviewing shearers at the hut. I was wet and muddy, so I went straight to my room without even asking for my sister-in-law, who was usually in her nursery at that hour, and proceeded to make myself respectable for dinner. Presently I heard Don about the passages (the house was 'weather-board' and the partitions extremely thin) asking the servants where I was; and then his head and a half-bared neck appeared in the narrow aperture between my door and the door-post.

'Glad to see you, old boy; but I'm too dirty to come in,' said he. 'Seen Lizzie?'

'Not yet.'

'Seen Rachel?'

'Not yet. But I say, old man, would you mind telling me how many *more* sisters you've got?'

'No more,' said Don with a grin. 'She's the last one, and she's the best of them all.'

'Then I hope I may be allowed for once to enjoy the society of one of Lizzie's sisters, in a friendly way,' I grumblingly responded (for I may as well admit that Don and I had had confidences of old on this subject). 'Don't you think you could give Lizzie a notion that I don't mean to get married, or that I've a sweetheart up the country, or something of that sort?'

'Not I,' rejoined my brother, laughing. 'I'm not going to spoil her fun, poor little soul; you're

old enough to take care of yourself.' And with that he went off, whistling cheerfully, to his dressing-room.

When I had completed my toilet, I gathered up some boxes of choice cigars that I had been purchasing in town, and carried them to the door of the adjoining apartment, which had been Don's smoking-room ever since I had known it. To my surprise, the bolt shot sharply as I touched the handle, and I heard a rustle of drapery inside. A housemaid coming along with lamps for the dinner-table called out hastily: 'O sir, that is Miss Rachel's room now. The smoking-room is at the end of the verandah, where Miss Carry slept last year. Mrs Gardiner wished it to be changed because she didn't like the smell of tobacco so near the bedrooms.'

I took back my boxes, thinking no more about it, and went on to the drawing-room, which was full of light and warmth and comfort, as usual, and where I found two of my little nieces sitting demurely on a sofa in their best frocks, ready to rush into my arms. Lizzie came hurrying in after me, rosy and radiant, and with plenty of flounces and colours about her, and gave me her own enthusiastic welcome; and then Don, spruce and perfumed, joined us. Don in his early years had been a dandy, and a little youthful weakness remained in him still. He never came to dinner without rings on his fingers and subtle odours in his clothes; and he was at great pains to keep a pair of Dundreary whiskers accurately adjusted on each side of a closely shaven chin. He had been ten years in the Bush, and had never objected to 'roughing it' in a general way; but he persisted in shaving himself every morning, let what would, happen; which singular habit in an Australian country gentleman very much puzzled his bearded friends. I for one, used to quiz him as well as I knew how, when I saw him swathe his neck in a handkerchief, before going out to his work, if the sun shone too strongly; but I respect his little vanities nowadays, and hope he will keep his white throat and his Dundreary whiskers as long as he lives, bless him. He took one of his little girls on his knee, and questioned me about my station matters and about Conolly's sheep-wash (which was *not* so well furnished with improvements as his own, much to his satisfaction); and Lizzie gave me an account of the development of her respective children since I had seen them last, including the cutting of the baby's teeth; and then the dinner-bell rang.

'Where's Rachel?' inquired Don.

I turned a languid eye upon the door when we heard the sound of a distant rustle, expecting to see one of the smart and smiling damsels I was so used to, and wondering whether this one would be dark or fair. With a slow and quiet step she came along the hall and entered the room, and my heart began suddenly to beat in a very unpleasant manner. She had a delicate, thoughtful, but piquant face, wavy brown hair modestly and becomingly set, and a slight figure daintily dressed in pale blue silk, with a little white lace about throat and arms; and yet she was the image of Marie Antoinette in Delaroche's picture, only with a more majestic dignity of carriage, if that could be, and a more cold and calm disdain upon her face. As soon as I saw her, and felt the exceedingly faint acknowledgment she vouchsafed

when we were formally introduced, I intuitively guessed—with a horrible sense of shame and mortification—that she had overheard what I said to Don in my bedroom through those card-paper walls!

I never thought I should feel so concerned at standing ill with one of Lizzie's sisters as I felt before that evening came to an end. All through dinner I saw, without looking, offended dignity in the poise of her head and the studied repose of her manner, and heard the ring of it in every inflection of her voice, though it was so subtle and delicate that only a guilty conscience could detect it. It was a great deal worse in the evening, when Lizzie began her fussy little contrivances for throwing us together. The poor little woman never had so impracticable and aggravating a sister to manage; and I never met one who attempted to treat me with such open indifference and thinly-veiled contempt. It is unnecessary for me to state the consequences. I began to interest myself in this Miss Lindsay as I had never interested myself in the others. I began to hanker for her good opinion, as I had never hankered for theirs. I longed to set myself straight with her, and beg her forgiveness for a thoughtless insult that I would have given worlds to recall, and to feel that the way was open between us to meet and associate as friends. This longing grew apace as the evening wore on, but the prospect of its gratification grew less and less. Until the little ones were taken away by their nurse she devoted herself to them, telling them stories most of the time in a dark corner, whence merry chatter and ripples of subdued laughter came flowing out to us; but when they were gone, the bright vivacity that was her true characteristic went too, and she became Marie Antoinette again.

With an amiable wish to make things pleasant, Lizzie asked her to pour out the tea; but she merely stood in front of me at the tea-table, with her little nose in the air, and asked me whether I took sugar and cream, in a high clear tone that brought a puzzled wonder into her sister's face and a slow smile to Don's. I came and stood beside her, to take the cups from her hand (her pretty head was about level with the flower in my button-hole), and she tried to ignore me, but could not. Her hands shook slightly and a little angry flush came and went in her face; but I preferred that to having no notice at all. Later on she went to the piano, and sung song after song for the delectation of Lizzie and Don, neither of whom had the hearing ear and the understanding heart to appreciate the pure quality and poetic sweetness of her voice. By this time I was very low-spirited, and I drew away from my host, who was growing sleepy after his hard day's work, and took a chair near her—which of course was a signal to Lizzie to leave the room. As she sung on, forgetful of me and of everything but the poetry awaking in her, and as I studied the pose of her slight figure and half-bent head, and the now dreamy happiness in her face, and listened for the first time after many years to the true translation of a language that I loved, a vague perception dawned in me that there was some latent fellowship between us. And then I felt that Fate had indeed been hard.

The silence of the room was presently brought into strong relief by a deep snore from Don,

whereupon she suddenly rose from the piano and saw that we were virtually alone. 'Good-night, Mr Gardiner,' she said promptly, holding out a somewhat reluctant hand and stiffening back into her unnatural stateliness.

I took it and held it and looked into her face ; and I tried to tell her, as well as plain 'good-night' would do it, that I knew what had happened and wanted her to forgive me. I think she guessed what my look meant, by the sudden crimson flame in her face ; but she walked out of the room with as much dignity as she had first walked into it, without another word.

The early days of December were cold and wet, and the shearing was a protracted and troublesome affair. Don hovered about restlessly, whether in or out of the house, always bothered and anxious, and paying frequent visits to the barometer. The ladies clung to their fireside as if they had been in England ; and I tied myself to Lizzie's apron-string with an abject alacrity that puzzled and charmed her. My opportunities for 'improving the occasion' were many, but somehow I could never turn them to account. The pride of that little maiden was quite beyond my management. Lizzie threw us together ; she left us alone ; she did all that in her lay to further my desires for a reconciliation and an understanding ; but the implacable resentment of the last of the Lindsays towards me for that wretched slip of the tongue was a stone wall I could not climb over. The worst of it was, she did and said nothing tangibly offensive ; and I was precluded by all sorts of considerations from mentioning the subject we were both (and that we both knew we were) thinking of. So matters went on day after day. And before a great many days were past I was over head and ears in love—I may as well say it and have done with it—and began to feel desperate and dangerous. She walked about the house with her grand air, my Queen Marie Antoinette, my little tyrant that I could almost have demolished with a finger and thumb ; and I, standing six feet three in my stockings, had to acknowledge that she was invincible as well as unmerciful. Unregenerate savage as I was, I had faint longings now and then to take her by those slender shoulders, and shake her.

There were times when she became her sweet self, and could not help it though she tried ; and these times were born of music. She and I both loved music with that special love that nature permits to a few people ; but to no one else in the house did the 'heaven-born maid' present attractions. Don, hard at work all day, could go to sleep after dinner in his arm-chair ; and Lizzie, after her manner, could go out of the room in the middle of the most charming song. Then, when we were singing together, or when she was gentle and gracious with the spirit of melody in her, then was the oil thrown upon my troubled waters. At times such as these it flashed across me that she was aware of it.

At length on one of these occasions I made a dash at her guarded citadel ; I will not say in what words, but with the blundering foolishness that I suppose characterises all implied aspirations ; albeit with sufficient plainness to leave no chance of being misunderstood ; and then I had indeed to bite the dust for once in my life. She had been singing *Ruth* with the most touching pathos and

abandonment—'Where thou goest I will go, and there will I be buried'—and I could not stand it. Don was in the room, but snoring in that comfortable undertone which denoted a sound and quiet slumber. She stood with her back to the piano, and the sheet of music trembling and rustling in her hands, watching his nodding head in the distance, and turning her delicate profile to my view.

'No ; I will not,' she half whispered with haughty rapidity. 'You should have known I would not. I do not particularly want to marry anybody,' she added, flashing round upon me with her crimson face ; 'but I will never marry you. I made up my mind to that long ago.'

Everybody knows how, in the supremely solemn moments of one's life, one is apt to be assailed with most incongruously ludicrous ideas. In spite of my bitter mortification at her reply, an absurd rhyme that I had heard somewhere, flashed into my head :

Do not be like Nancy Baxter,
Who refused a man before he'd axed her.

I believe she saw the ghost of a smile that might have hovered round my eyes when I begged to know why she had made up her mind never to marry me ; and that made her savage.

'Because you think I came here to be made love to,' she retorted, with all the concentrated contempt that her sweet face and voice could hold. 'You think Lizzie and I have been plotting to catch you—you think we wanted to inveigle you into marrying me ! I know what you are going to say'—as I rose and seized her hands, to stop her—'but it is not the truth. I *heard* you'—lifting her angry eyes, now wet with unshed tears, to mine—'I heard you, with my own ears, tell Don to warn Lizzie beforehand that you did not want to be married.'

'I know you did,' I replied, tightening my hold of her hands, while she made feeble efforts to get away ; 'and I wish my tongue had been cut out before I could have insulted you and her like that. Forgive me, Rachel ; I have been punished enough.'

'I cannot,' she answered, still panting with her excitement. 'I should be ashamed of myself if I could take a man who had even *thought* of me like that.'

Two tears began to trickle from her eyes, and a little hysterical catch in her breath betrayed to me that her defiant courage was failing her. I would not let her go. Love and shame and a resentful disappointment made me a little savage too.

'I never *did* think of you like that,' I said sternly ; 'and you know it. I must hold you till I clear myself—I cannot bear it'—

A log tumbled in the grate, and Don woke up. She caught away her hands and sped out of the room ; and I walked through a French window into the cool summer night, too full of wrath and love to speak to anybody.

This was how we stood when at last (on Saturday, the 18th of December) the true Christmas weather came, and we found ourselves in the hot afternoon alone on the croquet-lawn—alone for the first time since my stormy wooing was interrupted. Don being still busy in the sheep-yards and shearing-shed, I had been playing singly against Lizzie and her ; and now Lizzie had been called

away to the nursery to consult with a needle-woman who was at work there. We were both anxious (though for very different reasons) to leave off playing when our chaperon had departed; but it was not easy to do so in the middle of a game, especially as she had instructed her partner to play for both of them until she returned. So we knocked the balls about for a few minutes in embarrassed silence, and then had an altercation as to which hoop Lizzie had been through; and then we both got a little huffy, and played, first with indifference, and then with a malicious energy, which resulted at last in my sending her partner's ball into the thickest Portugal laurels in the shrubbery.

'Oh, I beg your pardon!' I exclaimed with compunction, as she solemnly marched off to look for it. 'Let me find it for you.'

'Do not trouble yourself,' she replied sharply; and immediately dashed in between the laurel and a very prickly rose-bush, whose long sprays caught her muslin dress and tore it. I saw her straw-hat amongst the big dark branches, and her little hand searching under them for a moment or two; then she started up suddenly with a quick cry, and bounded into the path again.

'What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself,' I asked anxiously.

Her hat fell to the ground, and she stood before me with the blazing sun on her pretty head, and a wide-eyed horror in her face. 'Wait a minute for me!' she panted breathlessly; 'I want you to help me—I have been bitten.' Before I could collect my senses to understand what she meant, she had sped like a flash of light into the house; and dashing into the laurel bush, I saw what had happened. A big black snake was gliding away from the spot where she had been kneeling.

What was to be done? I stood still for a moment paralysed; then I sent up a hurried prayer for help, and simultaneously 'cooeyed' three or four times with all the force of a powerful pair of lungs, for Don at the wool-shed. Then I hurried after her, and met her coming through the door of my brother's dressing-room with one of his razors in her hand. Her face was white and set as she seized my hand and hurried me into the smoking-room, which was near us, and turned the key in the lock. I knew what she wanted; and I set my teeth in an agony that no words could express, and which I can never think of now without a shudder.

'Look!' she said piteously, with a little sob in her throat; and I looked, and saw one of the fingers of her left hand tied round tightly with a piece of string below the first joint, and the end of it already livid and swollen and shewing the unmistakable punctures of the snake's fangs. She laid her other hand on my arm, and looked up at me with a beseeching face that nearly unmanned me.

'Help me!' she whispered eagerly; 'now—now; before the others come!' And she held out the razor, open and shining. 'It is no use to suck it—it only wastes time,' as I seized her finger and put it in my mouth. 'Don't, don't! I want to be on the safe side. I don't want to die! O pray, pray help me!'—now sobbing passionately—'or else I must try to do it myself. I won't cry out; I won't mind it. I will turn my head away.'

She laid her finger on the edge of the table, and I took the razor from her, and with all the courage I could muster, excised the wounded part. She bore the cruel operation without a murmur.

An hour afterwards the commotion in the house was over, but the shadow of death was on it. Rachel was in her bed, white and faint and breathing heavily, twitching with weak fingers at the bedclothes, and staring with dull eyes into the sad faces around her. I knelt in my room close by with my head on my outspread arms, weeping like a child as if my heart would break, and listening to the creaking of the doctor's boots and the whisking of skirts and whispering of awed voices on the other side of the thin wall. There was nothing else that I was privileged to do, now that I had done that dreadful thing which they told me might be the saving of her precious life.

As the twilight fell, the voices in the sick-room took a louder and more cheerful tone; and presently one of them called softly: 'Jerry, I want you.' Lizzie met me in the passage with a tremulous tear-stained smiling face. 'The doctor says she will be all right now, and that she has to thank you for it,' she whispered. 'Don't stay here any longer; go and have a cigar with Don.'

I seized her hand and kissed it, and looked at her with my wet eyes full of foolish emotion, too glad for speech; and the brightening intelligence of her countenance was curious to note. 'I thought you didn't care for each other,' she said archly; 'but,' she added drily, 'I suppose I was mistaken.'

'Don't suppose anything, Lizzie, there's a good girl. But let me know when I may see her,' I replied earnestly.

'All right—I understand—I'll let you know,' she said, nodding her head vigorously with an air of mystery and importance; and then I went, not to have a cigar with Don, but to walk about the dark garden alleys, alone with my thoughts.

Our patient improved steadily all night, so much so that the family assembled at breakfast as usual. Then a great hunt was made for the snake (at Lizzie's instigation, on the children's behalf), which lasted a long while and was wholly unsuccessful. Then church-time came, and the buggy was ordered to take the servants and the little girls to church; and the hot day wore on. Towards evening, as I was loafing about the garden, Lizzie came running across the croquet lawn—where the balls and mallets were still lying about as we had left them, though it *was* Sunday—and told me that Rachel was up and dressed, and that she chanced to be alone in the drawing-room.

I stole in to her in the twilight with my heart beating fast; and for a few moments she did not notice me. She was standing by the open piano, small and white and weak, with a shawl wrapped round her, gazing at the silent key-board, with tears running down her face. No one could look less like Delarochette's Marie Antoinette than she looked then.

I took three long steps and reached her side; she gave a great start and turned round to meet me. 'I shall not again be able to play to you for a long while!' she said, looking up at me for sympathy in this new trouble with her soft wet eyes.

When she said that—instead of making me the little speech I had expected, thanking me for

saving her life—I put out my arms. And though we said no word, we forgave one another.

And how pleased Lizzie was when she saw the last of the Lindsays transferred to my unworthy self.

IRRIGATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE irrigation of lands by water-channels connected with rivers is accepted as an important means of agricultural development in countries subject to protracted droughts, where rain falls only at distant and uncertain intervals. The irrigation caused by the periodic overflow of the Nile is a noted case in point. But for the annual overflow, temporarily deluging the land for a foot or two, Lower Egypt would be barren instead of a scene of fertility. In a country like England, where there is, generally speaking, too much moisture, the chief consideration is to dry the land sufficiently by draining, instead of flooding it with water; the lesson being thus taught that as regards the culture of soils every country must act according to circumstances. In India, also in Ceylon, there are some remarkable instances of the value of irrigation, and in these countries much more of the same kind requires to be done to avert the horrors of lengthened drought and famine. On this subject, we propose to say a few words regarding large tracts in Southern Africa, which are very much in the condition of those parts of Egypt fertilised by the waters of the Nile.

We speak first of the river Oliphant, which falls into the sea on the west of Cape Colony, and which has various important affluents. The land through which these streams flow is of a most desolate character—broad belts of sand, interspersed with low scrubby bush, swelling into moderate hills, with rugged mountains for a background. Upon the country in the lower part of the Oliphant River rains have no appreciable effect; but when the soil is thoroughly soaked by the overflow of the streams, after the periodical inundations, and then covered by the deposit brought down by the floods from the upper districts, its fertility is wonderful. The average yield is more than a hundredfold. The quantity of land of this character along the Lower Oliphant alone was estimated by the government surveyor in 1859 as eight thousand seven hundred acres.

Thus, like Egypt with its Nile inundations, those districts of Cape Colony—otherwise almost barren—are annually fertilised. But unlike Egypt, the country is unprovided with any means for utilising to the full extent the advantages thus conferred. No appliances are prepared for the purpose of storing the water thus brought down; no artificial channels are cut for directing it and spreading it over a large area; and when the short rainy season has passed, the inhabitants are content to sit down and wait for the next 'periodical.'

A characteristic story is told by a colonist who visited the locality some years ago: 'I strolled along the banks of the river, and was much struck with the extremely fertile appearance of the soil, and the very little which had been done for turn-

ing it to account. It seemed as if the Creator had done everything for the country, and man nothing. Scarcely any rain had fallen for some time past, and the river had not overflowed its banks for more than a year. The stocks of grain and vegetables were getting very low. The farmer was complaining much about the long protracted drought; and when he had finished, I took the liberty of pointing out how he could, by leading out the stream for the purposes of irrigation, or by fixing a pump to be propelled by wind, on the river's bank, secure an abundant supply independent of the weather. He seemed to listen with some interest to the development of my plans; and I began to hope that he had decided upon doing something to relieve himself of the difficulty; but eventually, after turning round and scrutinising the whole horizon in the direction of the river's source, as if in search of some favourable symptom, he yawned heavily, and merely observed in Dutch: "Oh, it will rain some day!"

Of the Zout or Holle River, the most northerly of the tributaries of the Oliphant, Mr P. Fletcher, the government surveyor, says: 'By its arteries it brings together the rich karroo soil of the Hantam and Hardeveld and the rich sandy soil of Bushmanland. The best crop of oats I have seen in Africa was in the deposit of this "periodical." Other portions are of a very saline character. At a rough guess, I believe that in many spots a dam might be constructed three or four feet high, and a couple of hundred feet long, which would flood several hundred acres, thereby rendering them richly arable. I have measured some of last year's "slick" two feet deep; this, of course, was under the most favourable circumstances; but by the use of dams, the deposit might be regulated, the fresh slick might be allowed to deposit to its full extent, so that in a few years the lands would be out of the reach of ordinary floods, if desirable that they should be so. By this system of irrigation, even the most saline basin would become available to agriculture, and about nine or ten thousand acres on the banks of this one periodical river might be brought under cultivation, which would even excel the richest soil in the "Boland" (upper country).

Several tributaries to the Zout River have extensive karroo deposits; some of their basins reaching to nearly one mile in breadth, and their fall being so little, that, standing in their delta, a person cannot sometimes judge with the eye which direction water would flow. Their water-course, which winds through the middle of the deposit, is always well defined, and shews a longitudinal section of the plain. Except in ordinary heavy rains, those channels carry off all the water without overflowing, while a few pounds would leave them in a condition to produce fifty, eighty, or even one hundred-fold. Such is the nature of several tributaries of the Hartbeeste River. I have not seen the latter, but have been more than once informed that it has in some places a deposit of five miles in breadth, that when it does overflow, there is abundance of grass for all the cattle that visit that quarter. If this description of the Hartbeeste River be correct, the products it may be able to yield either in the form of grain or pasture for cattle would appear to most people fabulous. We have here, and not here only, but over an extensive portion of the whole colony,

the richest soil in the world lying at present for two-thirds of the year utterly unoccupied, waste and worthless.'

The Hartebeeste is the last principal tributary, from the south, of the Orange River, and rises in the same chain of hills as the Tanqua, one of the tributaries of the Oliphant—namely, the Roggeveld Berg, receiving affluent streams from the south-east and south-west, draining in fact nearly the whole of the central northern part of the colony. This district is at present almost neglected. The chain of hills in fact, which runs from east to west across the centre of the colony, cuts off the northern half from the mass of the colonists, notwithstanding the fact that here is the most fertile land in South Africa.

The Zak, as the upper part of the Hartebeeste is called, is another instance of the wonderful effects upon the soil of periodical inundations. The following particulars are given in Mr Noble's book on *Cape Colony*. In the dry season these streams are comparatively small, and often a mere succession of pools; but after rains they run briskly, and where level with the banks, overflow and soak the adjacent flats. In many places so very even is the country that they may be said to have no defined channel, and form extensive sheets of water a few inches deep. The Zak River at two hundred and fifty miles from its source thus varies in breadth from one to four miles; and further on from Onderste Doorns to Leeuwenkop it widens as much as ten miles. Along its course is the most valuable part of Great Bushmanland. Water can be obtained in its bed even when dry, and its valley generally affords pasture to cattle during both the winter and summer months. After floods, there are extensive alluvial bottoms on each side of it, where agricultural products of every kind might be raised. These are now commonly used by the squatters as sowing lands, without any labour or trouble beyond scratching in the seed. One overflowing of the soil is sufficient to insure a crop even although no rain should fall afterwards. The returns are something marvellous, especially those of wheat.

In 1859 the number of Europeans settled on the irrigable portion of the Oliphant was estimated at one hundred and twenty souls. When there was an overflow of the river, they were active enough; day and night they worked incessantly; the sun and the moon alike witnessed that they did not eat the bread of idleness. But talk to them of improvements in the way of artificial irrigation by dams or pumps, and they ridiculed the idea. Such was the description given at that time; and such, with very little alteration, is an accurate statement of affairs now. The population of Calvinia and Clanwilliam, the two districts drained by the Oliphant River, was in 1875, 15,856, of whom only 2046 were classed as 'urban.' These figures of course include the natives as well as the settlers; but they represent an enormous advance in population since 1859. It is probable that if measures were taken to secure the permanence of the advantages which are now only temporarily enjoyed, the population and wealth of the districts would rapidly increase.

Of the fertility of the soil without any attempt at cultivation, there are abundant evidences. A sandy plain apparently as barren as the Sahara itself is suddenly transformed into an expanse of

waving grass for hundreds of miles, so soon as the annual rains occur. This 'twaa-grass' or Bushman grass is an excellent fodder for horses and cattle, which thrive and grow fat upon it in a few weeks: even when dried up in the winter it is better feeding than any available green pasture. The natives scratch in their seeds and leave them to ripen, which they do without the least attention, and whether the country is visited by drought after the summer rains or not.

The principal drawback to the complete cultivation of the lands is the absence of roads or water-carriage. The Orange River, though a magnificent stream, and navigable in certain parts of its course, is blocked by narrow gorges, shallows, falls, and other impediments, and is useless as a water-way. In time probably, it may be made available, by means of inter-communicating canals to enable the rapids, &c. to be passed; but at present the community must look to the extension of roads and railways for the means of fully utilising the produce which would be raised if a ready market could be found. In this respect a decided step has already been taken. A railway of ninety miles in length has been constructed from Port Nolloth on the north-west coast, in Namaqualand, to the upper mining districts, its terminus being at Ookiep. On the most difficult portion of the route the cost has been very little more than a thousand pounds a mile for this distance; and it might be extended further eastward at a still less cost, to the great advantage of the country drained by the Hartebeeste. Another railway, or a good system of roadways, is wanted to open up the Oliphant water-shed; and with these means of carrying away the produce—all that is necessary—the immense natural resources of the district would be fully developed. In the Fraserburgh district, where the Upper Zak river rises, substantial houses, springs, wells, and dams have already been constructed, and plantations and gardens are being extended; but then from Fraserburgh excellent roads run east and west; and the railway to Cape Town comes as far as Beaufort, situated sixty or seventy miles south-east.

Finally, in Great Bushmanland, diamonds have been found; but there are far greater and more permanent sources of wealth than diamond-fields. Sheep and oxen can be raised, and their wool and hides turned to profitable account. Wheat, grapes, and vegetables of all kinds will grow in abundance. In fact, for pastoral and agricultural qualities the country is unsurpassed. Here then is a field for the enterprising emigrant from our own country. Capital alone is wanting for its development; and capital however small, judiciously expended, must be at once remunerative. We are glad to be able to add that an Act has been passed by the Cape Parliament for granting facilities to landowners for obtaining by loan or otherwise the means of improving their lands by irrigation or other similar permanent works.

Other districts prove how the colonists have succeeded in turning what was, more really than Great Bushmanland or the Lower Oliphant can be said to be, a 'howling desert' into valuable farms, by opening up springs, making dams, forming irrigation channels, and planting trees where no trees existed, and where water was only an occasional and very ephemeral visitor. There is no reason indeed why the 'Nile lands of South

Africa' should not rival in productiveness the great 'world's wonder' in the north of the continent; after which, from natural circumstances, they have been not inaptly named.

ALBATROSS NOTES.

FAR out in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, often two thousand miles and more from the nearest land, sails the albatross in its graceful and powerful flight; now following in the wake of the ship, to catch any chance morsel that may have fallen from the cook's waste-basket; now skimming along the water, and occasionally snapping up some small ocean-waif from the crest of a wave; or with a few vigorous strokes of its broad wings, gliding easily round and round the vessel, though she may be going at the rate of a dozen knots an hour.

No passenger to southern lands can have failed to note the extraordinary powers of flight of this magnificent bird, and the wonderful ease with which it sweeps for some minutes together through the air on expanded motionless pinions, rising and falling slightly, and taking advantage of the gravity of its own body and the angle at which the wind strikes its feathered sails to prolong the course of its flight with the least possible effort. Seldom, except in very calm weather, may it be seen to alight upon the water, from which it rises with difficulty, running for some distance along the surface. The ends of the wings clear of the water, it turns towards the breeze, and rises into the air in a gentle curve, in exactly the same manner as a paper kite. That the albatross follows a ship for many days in succession, sleeping at night upon the water, and coming up with her in the morning, there can be no doubt. We have watched them for several consecutive evenings during fine weather, in the latitude of the trade-winds, settling down on the water at sundown, and preening their feathers, until they became mere specks in the field of the telescope; but they were with us again in the morning soon after sunrise; some strangers among them perhaps, but several which, from some peculiarity of marking, we knew to be our companions of the day before. In one instance, a conspicuous mark had been made by a pistol-bullet in the wing of an old brown-headed and curiously pied bird, by which he could be identified beyond doubt. The second or third flight-feather had been shot away, leaving a clearly defined gap in the wing as it came between the light and the eye; and this bird followed us for three days after having been fired at, though we had been sailing an average of nearly eight knots an hour. One of the most striking examples of their endurance on the wing, however, is the fact, which we have more than once observed, that the same birds which had been unweariedly following us in the day, accompanied us throughout the whole of the succeeding night, as could be easily verified by the light of the moon.

It is a not uncommon practice with passengers to endeavour to catch these noble birds by a bait fastened to a hook and buoyed with corks. That such a cruel practice should ever be tolerated, even 'to relieve the monotony of the voyage,' is to us inconceivable, and can only be accounted for as the last resource of a brutally morbid fancy.

The albatross is essentially the scavenger of the ocean, and we doubt whether it makes any attempt to capture living fish unless when very hungry, for we have seen flying-fish rising in quantities while the albatrosses made no attempt to catch them. That the nautilus is sometimes eaten is evident, for we have taken it from the stomach; but the chief food is dead fish and other refuse. In the South Atlantic we passed the dead body of a small whale, on and around which were at least a hundred of these birds, either gorged or gorging themselves with the blubber; and guns discharged at them failed to induce many of them to take wing. We had on one occasion an opportunity of observing how rapidly these birds collect about a carcase. Like vultures or ravens, when an animal dies they discover it very speedily, and flock to the scene of the banquet. On a hot still evening in the South Atlantic a horse died, and when cast overboard next morning, the gases already formed by decomposition enabled it to float. The few albatrosses in our company immediately settled down upon it; but in less than an hour we could see through the telescope a great cloud of the birds on the sea and hovering round the unexpected prize, the almost entire absence of wind having kept us within two or three miles of the spot. It may be that the (usually) white plumage enables stragglers, far out of human ken, to see their fellows gathering in the neighbourhood of food; others again from still more remote distances may see them, and so on; until stragglers over hundreds of miles of space may be gathered to one common rendezvous.

The greater part of the year is passed by them at a distance from land; but they flock to barren and almost inaccessible rocks to breed. There the female lays her one dirty-white egg in a slight depression upon the bare earth, the sitters being frequently so close together that it is difficult to walk without touching them. They are totally indifferent to the presence of man, and merely indicate their resent of his intrusion into their nursery by snapping at him as he passes. The parents share the labour of incubation and rearing the young, and when this is over, they all go seawards together, and silence and solitude once more reign where all had lately been clamorous and busy life.

The range of the albatross is very considerable, and it may be met with to the extreme limits of the temperate zones of both hemispheres, in the South Atlantic and North and South Pacific Oceans, both at sea and near headlands and isolated rocks. During the months of May and June in the northern, and the months of November and December in the southern hemisphere these rocks are tenanted by countless numbers of albatrosses and their smaller brown relations, known to sailors under the name of 'Mollymawks.' No one who has visited an albatross nursery will readily forget the scene. Placidly sitting upon the one precious egg is the parent, male or female as the case may be; and as far as the eye can reach

over the surface. the rock is crowded with the sitters, indifferent to the presence of the human visitor. They know nothing of man's destructive nature, and they fear him not. Many of them have never seen that curious biped before, and those which have chanced to see him on his ships and to have suffered from his guns, are more likely to have then regarded him as a part of the white-sailed monster which traversed their ocean domain, than a separate creature; and fail to recognise him as he 'molests their ancient solitary reign.'

While viewing the interminable white forms thus crouching upon the earth, above wheel in graceful circles hundreds of their mates, sending congratulations in a hoarse piping voice to those beneath on the progress of the all-important business of rearing the family. Here and there sit callow uncouth nestlings; and from seawards come the parents to discharge the contents of their maws into the insatiable stomachs of the expectant young. Now and again one of the 'bread-winners' of the family swoops past the observer on its twelve feet of outspread wings, so near that he feels the shock of the divided air, and can realise the immense strength of the muscles which propel the creature, who, however, is a coward in spite of his size; for the skua gull, a bird many times smaller than himself, will often attack him and compel him to disgorge the product of his last foraging expedition.

As soon as the albatross has reared its young, a penguin frequently takes possession of the deserted nest, and in the very cradle of a bird destined to traverse the ocean on unwearied wings lies a nestling whose wings will never develop into anything more than a pair of paddles! Great numbers of albatrosses are caught by the natives of the North Pacific coasts, who use the inflated intestines as floats for their fishing-nets, and barter the hollow wing-bones with traders for the European markets—these bones being familiar to us as pipe-stems. The large webbed feet when inflated make good tobacco-pouches. We have also seen the quills of the flight-fathers converted into floats for roach-fishing; and many a Thames angler patiently watches from his chair in the punt a feather which has probably helped to carry its former owner over the length and breadth of the Pacific.

A NOVEL LIFE-BOAT.

Mr J. Manes of Fourth Avenue, Newhaven, Connecticut, has invented a new kind of life-boat which seems to possess features worthy of notice. 'His boat consists of a hollow globe of metal or wood, ballasted at the bottom, so that it will always right itself immediately on touching the water, and can never capsize even in the roughest sea. It has compartments for water, medical stores and provisions, bull's-eyes to let in the light, a door for ingress and egress, a porthole for hoisting signals to the mast, comfortable seats all around the inside for the passengers, and a double hollow mast for supplying fresh air, and for carrying off that which has become vitiated. On the outside of the Globe boat runs a gallery, for the use of sailors in rowing, hoisting sail, discharging rockets, or steering. Of course the cases would be very rare when rowing, sailing, or steer-

ing would be required, but in case of need, all three could be easily managed.'

In such a boat—which is like a large buoy fitted with a mast—the passengers would be protected from rain and wind, and consequently to a great extent from cold. This seems to us to be a very important point, as many a shipwrecked person escapes drowning only to perish from exposure to the weather. Mr Manes suggests that a propeller might be attached to the boat to be worked by a crank turned by the passengers on the inside. It is calculated that a boat twelve feet in diameter would carry about fifty passengers, and that it could be carried on deck or hung over the stern on davits, in either of which positions it might be used as a cabin during the voyage; and further, if hung on a universal point like a compass, it would retain its equilibrium no matter what the motion of the ship might be, thus affording a safe retreat for persons subject to sea-sickness.

A W A'.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF JEANIE, A FAVOURITE CHILD, AGED SEVEN YEARS.

THOU 'RT lyin' cauld an' still, my bonnie bonnie;
The dew's o' death lie heavy on thy broo;
Thy sunny smile nae mair will thrill this bosom;
Thy sweet blue een are dark an' sightless noo!

Hushed is thy fairy tread, my bonnie bonnie;
Thy lips sae rosy red, I'll kiss nae mair.
O heavy thocht, that dims this ee wi' sadness!
O heart that fain wad break, wi' anguish sair!

I cry thy name in vain, my bonnie bonnie;
For aye thy form, thy dear-loved form I see;
O face sae fair! O locks o' golden splendour!
O guileless heart, that fondly throbb'd for me!

A dreary blank is mine, my bonnie bonnie;
Nae mair thy merry voice will cheer my ha';
An' eerie stillness fills the darksome dwelling,
Since thou, my sweetest flower, wert ta'en awa'!

The angels cam' for thee, my bonnie bonnie,
As saftly flicker'd oot life's feeble flame:
The tender Shepherd took thee to His bosom,
An' left me wi' a lanely, lanely hame!

But oh! thou 'rt wi' the blest, my bonnie bonnie,
Where pain will rend thy gentle breist nae mair;
Oh, when this weary heart lays down its sorrow,
My ain wee lassie, may I meet thee there!

JAMES SMITH.

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- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
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IN THE GLOAMING.

To us Northerners few expressions convey such a sense of peace and beauty as this of 'in the gloaming.' The twilight hour has had its singers and idealisers ever since poetry found a voice and made itself a power over men; and so long as human nature is as it is now—impressionable, yearning, influenced by the mystery of nature and the sacredness of beauty—so long will the tenderness of the gloaming find its answering echo in the soul, and the sweet influences of the hour be repeated in the depth of the emotions and the purity of the thoughts.

Between the light and the dark—or as we have it in our dear old local tongue, 'twixt the gloamin' an' the mirk'—what a world of precious memories and holy suggestions lies enshrined! The French *entre chien et loup* (between dog and wolf) is a poor equivalent for our 'gloaming;' and going farther south the thing is as absent as the expression. To be sure the sweet Ave Maria of the evening is to the pious Catholic all that the twilight is to us; when the church bells ring out the hour for prayer, and the sign that the day's work is done, and the hurrying crowd stands for a moment hushed, with uplifted hands and reverent faces raised to heaven, each man bare-headed as he says his prayer, calling on Madonna to help him and his. But in the fervid countries which lie in the sunshine from winter to autumn and from dawn to dark, there is no gloaming as we have it. The sun goes down in a cloudless glory of burnished gold or blazing red, of sullen purple or of pearly opalescence; and then comes darkness swift and sudden as the overflowing of a tidal river; but of the soft gray luminous twilight—of that lingering after-glow of sky and air which we Northerners know and love—there is not a trace. Just as with the people themselves it is brilliant youth and glorious maturity, but for the most part an old age without dignity or charm. Nothing is so rare in southern climates as to see an old woman with that noble yet tender majesty, that gloaming of the mind and body, which makes

so many among us as beautiful in their own way at seventy as they were at twenty. They fade as suddenly as their twilight; and the splendour of the day dies into the blackness of the night with scarce a trace of that calm, soft, peaceful period when it is still light enough for active life and loving duties, after the fervour of the noon has gone and before the dead dark has come.

The gloaming is the hour for some of the dearest circumstances of life; when heart grows nearer to heart, and there seems to be almost another sense granted for the perception of spiritual things. It is the hour when young lovers wander through the green lanes between the hawthorn and the clematis, while the nightingale sings in the high elm-tree, and the white moths flit by like winged ghosts or float like snow-flakes in the dusk. Or if it is in the winter-time, they sit in the bay of the window half hidden by the curtains, half revealed by the dying light, as is their own love. They have no need of speech. Nature and the gloaming are the voices between them which whisper in sigh and o'ercome all that the one longs to tell and the other yearns to hear; and the silence of their lips is the truest eloquence of their hearts. In the full blaze of daylight that silence would be oppressive or chilling. It would tell either too much or not enough; but in the twilight, when speech would be intrusive and commonplace, the mute influences of the hour are the best expressions of the soul. In meadow and wood and garden the scents of flowers and sprouting leaves, of moss and ferns and bark and bud, are more fragrant now than in the freshness of even the early dawn—that childhood of the day! They too come like the voices of Nature, telling softly secrets which the day cannot reveal. Everything is dreamy, indeterminate, and full of possibilities not yet realised. The moon is only a disc of unsubstantial vapour hanging softly in the sky, where the sunset tones still linger; the stars are faint uncertain points scarcely visible through the quivering chromatic haze; but gradually all this mystery will sharpen into the confessed beauty of the night, when the pale pure splendour of the

moon, the glorious brightness of the stars, will take the place of the gloaming. As yet it is all softened colour and chastened tenderness; all silence yet eloquence; and the young lovers wandering by the scent-d hedges, or sitting in the bay of the window—there in the soft glow of the twilight, while the ruddy firelight floods the rest of the room—are in that perfect harmony with the circumstances round them of which the other name is happiness. Yes, the gloaming is the hour of love, as which of us does not know who has ever loved at all! Look back over the lapse of years, and see now what you saw then. You are walking on that broad path up the lone fell-side. The young bracken is sending out its rich scents, mixed with the odour of thyme and the sweetness of the golden gorse; the swallows are wheeling for their last rapid flights; the honing rooks are straggling wearily to the elms; the lark is singing faintly in his descent; and the honey-laden bees fly heavily to their hives. Do you not remember the thoughts, the emotions which made life for you at that moment a heavenly poem such as an angel might have written? Do you not remember the love which swelled your heart, and lifted it up from earth to the very footstool of God? Never can you forget the exquisite delight, the unfathomable revelations of that hour! It was in the gloaming when you told your love and knew that you were beloved, when the rack and the pain of doubt were finally set to rest, and the joy of certainty was established! That hour shaped your life for weal—alas! sometimes for woe to follow after! But in all the woe of the loss, you have the imperishable weal of the gain, and are richer by the love that you gave as well as by that which you received—by the memories that will never die, and the emotions which you can never forget!

The gloaming is the children's hour, when mamma sings sweet songs, or plays for them brisk and lively music, to which they dance like shadowy sprites in and out from the dusk to the light. Or what is still dearer, she gathers them all close about her, the elder ones touching her knees, clinging to her shoulders, while the little one of all is in her arms half asleep in a cloud of fairy dreams of vague delight, as its curly head rests on her bosom, and the sweet soft voice lulls its senses into a state of enchantment, to which no opiate of after-time gives aught that is like. Then she tells them stirring tales of bold knights and lovely ladies, and how faith and courage conquered all the dangers that beset them, and brought them to good issues through evil paths. Or in a lower voice, she speaks to them of the great God in heaven, who through all His supreme might and majesty, can condescend even to the wants of a little child; and she tells them of the sinless angels; and of that dear Lord who came on the earth to save weak men from the consequences of their own wilful wickedness. She speaks to them of His purity, His love, His tenderness, and of the pattern left us in His life, by which we may all walk if we will. And to the end of their lives they remember those lessons of the quiet gloaming. One may go out into wild lands and live there with graceless men and Godless companions; but in the midst of all the evil which surrounds him, the mother's words spoken when he was a little lad at her knee, come back like cool rains in the parching

drought; and the crust of carelessness and something worse breaks from his soul as memory leads him back into what was the truest and holiest Church of his youth. Or the girl—she who now sits with her big blue eyes fixed on her mother, shining with pitying tears for the sorrows of the divine Son of Man, for the trials of suffering saint and heroic martyr—when she is thrown into the great world of fashion and dissipation to become a 'leader of society,' surrounded by temptations of all kinds—she too will remember this hour, and all that she learned and felt at her mother's side. She will turn back to the holy lessons of piety and humility, of modesty and honour, taught her then by one who fulfilled those lessons in her own life; and she will be strengthened to meet her dangers from the memory of those pure defences. The mother's influence never wholly dies; and never is that influence more powerfully exerted, its traces more deeply engraved than in the gloaming, when the sweet, sad Bible stories are told in a low and loving voice, till the whole heart is stirred, and the deepest recesses of spiritual consciousness are reached.

The gloaming is the hour of the highest thoughts of which we may be capable; the hour when the poet sings his song in his own heart before he has written down the words on paper; when the painter sees his picture completed by the divine artistry of the imagination before he has set his palette or sketched in the outline; when the unformed and chaotic thought long floating in the brain, clears itself from the mists and takes definite shape, soon to become embodied in creation. The youth dreams of that splendid achievement which is to win the great game of fortune; he sees himself going up for his degree in advance of the rest, cheered by his companions, congratulated by the 'dons' as he comes out Double-first, or the Senior Wrangler of his year. Or he is pleading before the judge at a very early stage in his legal career, and winning the most important cause of the term—winning it by sheer hard work and strength of brain—with 'silk' and perhaps the woollack to follow. Or he is in the House arguing for humanity against statecraft, for justice against oppression, for truth against falsehood, and carrying the majority with him—making men's hearts to burn within them by reason of his eloquence, his daring, and the intrinsic justice of his cause, for the first time indubitably proved by him. Or he has written his book, and wakes to find himself famous, the world lifting its cap to him in recognition of his success, and the critics united in praise, with not a surly note of blame in all the pack. Or he has painted his heroic picture—his art of the highest, his theme the most heroic—and the Royal Academy opens its doors with a clang to let him through. Or he has built his cathedral, and is not ashamed to look up at the lines of the old Abbey. Or he has invented his new engine, discovered his new planet, demonstrated the hidden law which so many suspect and no one has proved. It is the hour for all these grand dreams of ambition, all these fairy tales of hope; and if impossible at times to realise, yet they are good for the young mind to entertain; as it is good for the young athlete to try his strength against superior forces, and for the young bowman to aim higher than he can strike.

It is the hour when greatness, yet inchoate and

undeveloped, grows within its husk—the seed-time of future excellence through the fermentation of thought. There must be intervals of preparation, and this is one of them. The quiet spell of the gloaming, when the fairest visions are seen, the boldest wishes framed, the loftiest points reached—how useful it is if taken as the spring-board for the true leap—harmful enough if accepted as sufficient in itself; as if the hope, the wish, the incoherent intention were enough, and realisation always put off till the morrow, did not count. For there is ever the danger that day-dreaming should become a habit, and that a man should be contented with fashioning a thought in his brain without caring to embody it in deed. But there is always danger of misuse in all things; and the fear of falling is no bad help towards keeping one's footing firm when the path is slippery and the way-marks treacherous.

The gloaming is the hour for quiet retrospection of the hours that are past, for fearless onlooking to those which are to come, and for closer communing with God and one's own soul. The day is flowing into the night through the golden gate of the twilight, just as fervid youth and fragrant womanhood, the strength of manhood and the leader's power, are passing through the calm rest of old age into the stillness of death. In the gloaming, the soul seems to see the right value and the true shapes of things more clearly than it did when the sun was high, and the eyes were dazzled with its shine and the blood fevered with its heat. Then passion was strong, and with passion, self-will, false aims, false beliefs—and disappointment as the shadow lying behind. If the power was there to create, to resist, to combat, to subdue, so also was the bitter smart and the cruel blow. And there was the inevitable deception of the senses. Then the sunlight fell on the stagnant waters of the deadly swamp and turned them into lakes of purest gold, which a wise man would spend his time well to seek and his strength to possess. Now in the twilight the false shine has faded from the low-lying pools, and the dank and deadly mists creep up to mark both their place and quality. If only he had known the truth of things in time! If only he had not believed that marsh-lands were living lakes of golden waters, which a man would do well to give his life to gain!

In the daytime, clouds obscured the sun, so that the impatient and sore-hearted said in his bitterness that the god had turned his face from the earth and from him, and that to-morrow's glory would never rise. Now in the gloaming the hope of that morrow has already lessened in anticipation the evil done by the clouds of to-day, and trust and hope come in the place of sorrow and despair. The worst has been—make room now for the better. No more false seeming and no more blinding by the deceived and flattered senses; no more misdirection of energy, and taking for pure and beautiful waters of life deadly morass and stagnant marsh. The gloaming of life sets a man straight not only with himself but with things, and gives him a truer knowledge than he ever had before. He stands full face to the west and looks into the light, which now he can bear, and which he no longer finds bewildering or blinding. That time of tumult and passion, of heat and strife, through which he has passed, how glad he is to leave it all behind him while waiting, watching for the quiet

peace of the night through the tender softness of the gloaming! How near and yet how far off seem to him the unfulfilled hopes of the morning, the mistaken endeavour of the noon, the hard labour and fierce struggle of the day! If he had only known in time the things which were best for him, how differently he would have acted—and now: God's will be done, and God pardon all his sins! He must take things as they stand, trusting in the unfailing mercy; for if repentance is good, regret is vain, and the gloaming is for peace, not strife.

Slowly the last rays of the sun fade out of the sky, and the lingering light as slowly follows. The world lies hushed as a tired sleeper, and the moon and the stars come out as watchers—as signs too of other worlds and other lives. But the old man sitting pale and peaceful in the house-porch knows now what he no longer sees; for the gloaming of his life has passed into the deep stillness of something beyond, as the day has flowed into the night, and both lie in the hollow of God's right hand.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SHARING OF THE SPOIL.

THE name of Mr Enoch Wilkins, Solicitor in the High Court of Chancery, and Attorney-at-law, before, according to the polite legal fiction, the Queen herself at Westminster, was deeply inscribed, in fat black engraved characters, on a gleaming brass plate which formed the chief adornment of the dark-green door of his City office. If this brass plate really did gleam, as it did, like a piece of burnished gold, its refulgence was due to unremitting exertions on the part of the office lad, whose oburgations were frequent as at unholy matutinal hours he plied the obdurate metal with rotstone, oiled flannels, and chamois leather. For the atmosphere of St Nicholas Poultry (so named from the hideous effigy of a begrimed saint, mottled by frost and blackened by soot, which yet decorated the low-browed doorway of a damp little church hard by) was not conducive to brilliancy, whether of glass, brass, or paint, being heavily charged, on the average of days, with tainted air, foul moisture, and subdivided carbon, with rust, dust, and mildew. Nevertheless Mr Wilkins, who was a master to be obeyed, contrived that his plate-glass windows should flash back whatever rays of light the pitying sun might deign to direct on so dismal a region, girt in and stifled by a wilderness of courts, lanes, streets, and yards, and also that door-handles and bell-pulls should be shining and spotless as a sovereign new-minted, the door-step a slab of unsullied stone, and passage, staircase, and offices as trim and clean as the floors of some lavender-scented farmhouse among the cabbage roses of Cheshire. These praiseworthy results were not attained without labour, sustained and oft renewed, on the part of Mrs Flanagan, the so-called laundress, whose washing was effected by the vigorous application of scrubbing-brush and Bath-brick; of a melancholy window-cleaner from Eastcheap, whose bread was earned by perpetual acrobatic feats on narrow sills and outside ledges; and of the office lad already mentioned, whose main duties, though he called himself a clerk, were those of keeping the externals of his master's place of business at the utmost pitch of polish.

In very truth, although there was a messenger, fleet of foot and cunning in threading his way through the labyrinthine intricacies of the City, always perched on a leather-covered stool in the antechamber, to supplement the services of the office lad, Mr Wilkins had no clerk. A great deal of his business was transacted by word of mouth; he answered his own letters; and when much of the scribe's work became requisite, some civic law stationer would send in one or two red-eyed men in mouldy black, with finger-nails indelibly stained by the ink that had become their owners' element, and a sufficient quantity of draught folio paper would be covered with legal copperplate.

The outer office was neatness itself, from the bright fire-irons in the fender to the maps on the wall and the rulers and pewter inkstands on the desks. And the inner room, where the lawyer himself gave audience, was almost cheerful, with its well-brushed Turkey carpet, sound furniture, well-stored book-shelves, and general aspect of snug comfort. There were those who wondered that Mr Wilkins, whose reputation did not rank very high in the learned confraternity to which he belonged, should so pointedly have deviated from the tradition which almost prescribes dirt and squalor and darkness for the surroundings of those who live by the law. There were, not very far off, most respectable firms, the name of whose titled employers was Legion, yet through whose cobwebbed panes was filtered the feeble light by which their bewildered clients stumbled among ragged carpets and rickety furniture to reach the well-known beehive chair. But Mr Wilkins was a man capable of attending to his own interests, and probably he had found out what best chimed with the prejudices of those for whose custom he angled.

There was nothing in the room itself to shew that it was a lawyer's office. It might have been that of a surveyor or a promoter of companies, for there was nothing on the walls but a set of good maps and four or five excellent engravings. Not a deed-box, not a safe, was to be seen, and if there were law-books on the shelves they held their place unobtrusively amongst other well-bound volumes. Mr Wilkins sitting in his usual place, with one elbow resting on the table before him, seemed to be indulging in a reverie of no distasteful character, to judge by the smile that rested on his coarse mouth as he softly tapped his front teeth with the mother-of-pearl handle of a penknife, as though beating time to his thoughts. At last, warned by the striking of the office clock, the hour-hand of which pointed to eleven, Mr Wilkins shook off his preoccupation of mind, and rang the hand-bell at his elbow.

The office lad, who called himself a clerk, was prompt in answering the tinkling summons of his employer.

'Any one been here yet?' demanded the lawyer. 'Touchwood and Bowser's articulated clerk with notice of new trial in case of Green (in holy orders) v. Gripson—the bill-stealing case, you know, sir, that the country parson chose to go to a jury about.'

'Ah, yes,' rejoined Mr Wilkins, again tapping his front teeth with the pearl-handled knife, while a look of intense amusement overspread his face. 'Wants another shot at the enemy, does he, the Rev. James Green! It was grand to see him in the witness-box, indignantly insisting on

the fact that not one sixpence ever reached him in return for his promissory-note despatched per post, on the faith of Mr Gripson's advertisement and fair words. Then some Mr Jenks, a total stranger, happens to give valuable consideration, at third or fourth hand, for the stamped paper with the clergyman's signature, and, Rev. Green objecting to cash up, gets a *fi. fa.*—a neat contraction of *fi. ri. facias*, which, as we lawyers know, is a term which directs an execution to be levied on the goods of a debtor, ha, ha!—has it backed in Wiltshire, and sells up every bed and chest of drawers in the vicarage. Mr Green brings an action against Gripson, who is comfortably out of the way, but retains me. We traverse everything, demur to everything, put in counter pleas and rebutters, change the venue, and play Old Gooseberry with the too confiding Green, whose counsel elects to be nonsuited. Now, like a Briton, he is ready for us again.'

Mr Wilkins laughed, and the juvenile clerk re-echoed the laugh. Sharp practice, such as that so lovingly narrated by the attorney, apparently for lack of a better audience, was congenial to the mind of this keen-witted young acolyte of Themis, with whom the proverbial distinction between Law and Equity seemed to be very clearly defined.

'Nobody else called?' asked Mr Wilkins.

'Yes. Stout sporting-looking gent, who said he'd make shift, when I told him you had stepped out to the Master's chambers, to come again to-morrow. Name of Prior,' returned the youth.

'Ah, Nat the bookmaker, wanting to know how near the wind he may sail without getting into the sweep-net of a criminal indictment,' said the lawyer placidly. 'Nothing else, hey?'

'Only Mr Isaacs of Bowline Court, Thames Street, sent round to say he would look in between eleven and twelve,' was the reply.

'I'll see him and any gentleman he may bring with him,' rejoined Mr Wilkins, taking up the newspaper, as the office lad retired; but in five minutes returned, ushering in three gentlemen, whose hooked noses, full red lips, jet-black hair, and sloe-black eyes gave them a strong family resemblance. They were old acquaintances doubtless, for the greeting which they received from Mr Wilkins was a familiar one.

'How do, Moss? How goes it, Braham, my buck? You're all right, Isaacs, I can see for myself.'

Nothing could well be more unlike what, during the regency of the late King George IV., was called a buck than was Mr Braham, who was simply a corpulent Jew, ineffably greasy in appearance, and who wore a faded olive-green greatcoat that might have passed for a medieval gabardine, and carried an empty blue bag over his left arm. Mr Moss, his junior by some years, was better dressed, but his raven locks fell upon a shirt collar of dubious whiteness, and his dingy finger-nails were in unpleasant contrast with the splendour of the heavy rings he wore, and of the huge emerald in his satin necktie. The youngest of the three, Mr Isaacs, a hawk-eyed little man, bejewelled and florid of attire, was by far in dress and person the least unclean of the three.

There was a little conversation as to weather and other general topics, and then Braham the senior of the three Hebrews pulled out a watch as round and almost as big as a golden turnip,

and compared it with the office clock. 'Letsh get along,' he said genially: 'bushiness, bushiness, my dears, waitsh for no man.'

'You're right, Uncle Jacob,' chimed in Mr Moss, who could scarcely have been, otherwise than figuratively and in oriental fashion, the nephew of his stout kinsman, but who was certainly a Jew of a much more modern pattern. He, at anyrate, coquetted with soap and water, and had discarded the shibboleth in his speech; but it might be doubted whether the elder Israelite, for all his repellent exterior, was not the better fellow of the two.

'Business by all means,' cheerily responded Mr Wilkins. 'We've done it together before to-day, and we'll do it again, I hope, gentlemen, for many a day yet to come. It is a very pleasant occasion on which we now assemble—nothing less, if I may say so, than the dividing of the profits, the sharing of the spoil.'

There was a hearty laugh.

'Sharing of the shpoil!' chuckled elderly but still vigorous Mr Braham. 'What a boy he ish, thish Wilkinsh, what a boy he ish!'

'And now for it,' said Mr Wilkins, rustling over a bundle of papers that lay before him. 'Here we have it in black and white, worth all the patter and palaver in the world. These are the baronet's first and second letters, the second inclosing an uncommonly stiff cheque. Here are Captain Denzil's bills—pretty bits of kites they are, renewed here and renewed there—and here are our old agreements, notes, and memoranda, duplicates of which I've no doubt are in all your pockets. Pass them round, Isaacs, and take a good look at them first. You're an attorney, you know, and that's why you're here, though I don't believe, my friend, that you "pull off" a clear five hundred out of the haul.'

'Yesh, yesh, he'sh an attorney, ash Wilkinsh saysh,' said Mr Braham, whose laughter was very ready, as that of fat people often is; 'and sho we have him here. Shet a thief to catch a'—

Here a warning kick or other practical exhortation to caution on the part of his kinsman appeared to cut short the over-fluency of the bulky Hebrew, and he became as mute as a mouse, while Mr Isaacs read aloud in a high shrill voice the contents of Sir Sykes Denzil's letters and also a brief summary which Mr Wilkins had prepared.

There was some discussion, but there really was not room for much. Here was no compromise, no handing over of so many shillings in the pound. Sir Sykes Denzil had paid his son's liabilities without the abatement of a guinea. Mr Braham was to receive what he called 'shix thousand odd'; Mr Moss, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two; four hundred and thirty were for Mr Isaacs; and the residue was for Enoch Wilkins, Esquire, gentleman.

It was a strange sight when the rolls of bank-notes were produced, to see the actual partition of the Bank of England's promises to pay, the vulture beaks bending over the crisp paper, the wary inspection of water-mark and number and signature, and the stuffing of pocket-books and cramming of purses and stowing away of what seemed to be regarded rather as plunder than as lawful gains. Two odd things during this transaction were to be noticed—first, that Mr Braham, who was incomparably the shabbiest Jew

present, met with deference on every hand save from irreverent Wilkins; and secondly, that all the Jews seemed to take up their money grudgingly, like hounds that have chopped their fox in covert.

'Well done, Shir Shykesh!' exclaimed the heavy Hebrew with the green gabardine and the blue bag. 'If they wash all of hish short, there might be the moneysh, but there wouldn't be the fun!'

'We'll drink Sir Sykes' health, at anyrate,' briskly put in Mr Wilkins.—'Sims!' and he tinkled the office hand-bell as he spoke, 'glasses and cork-screw.'

It was good amber-hued sherry, none of your modern abominations, but a real Spanish vintage, long mellowed in its dusty bin, that gurgled into the glasses under the careful handling of Mr Wilkins. The Hebrews sipped, appraised—where could be found judges so critical!—and drank.

'I'm shorry for the poor young man,' said Mr Braham, in a sort of outburst of sentiment, at mention of Captain Denzil's name.

'So that he gets his victuals,' remarked the Jew attorney curtly, 'I don't see why he's to be pitied.'

'It ish a shelling out!' was the mild rejoinder of the stout Israelite with the blue bag, who seemed to be by far the softest-hearted of the company. 'Of courshe, when I thought he would do me, I didn't care; but now I remember he didn't get much, not above sheven-fifty cash. All the resht wash pictures, wine—not like yoursh, Wilkinsh—cigars, and opera-tickets.'

'He went through the mill, I suppose,' said Mr Moss, 'as others have done before him, and others will do after him; eh, Uncle Jacob!'

'Eh, eh, grisht to the mill!' chuckled the stout proprietor of the empty blue bag; and the quartette of confederates soon separated.

Mr Wilkins, left alone, purred contentedly as he poured out and tossed off another glass of the sherry so deservedly lauded, and then, rising from his chair, took down a Baronetage, bound in pink and gold, and fluttered over the leaves until his finger rested on the words: 'Denzil, Sir Sykes; of Carbery Chase, county Devon; of Threephram Lodge, Yorkshire; Ermine Moat, Durham; and Malpas Wold, Cheshire, succeeded his father, Sir Harbottle Denzil, August 18—; married, May 18—; formerly in the army, and attained the rank of Major. Is a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Devonshire. Unsuccessfully contested the county at the election of 18—.'

'To think,' said the attorney, stroking the book with his fleshy hand, 'how much one can read between the lines of these plausible announcements, almost as blandly eulogistic as the inscriptions which chronicle on their tombstones fond wives, faultless husbands, and parents worthy to be immortalised by Plutarch! How trippingly the name of that needy old reprobate Sir Harbottle rolls off the tongue. He to be described as of Threephram and Malpas! Say, rather, of any foreign lodging or foreign jail, of the Isle of Man while it was yet a sanctuary for the debtor, of the Rules of the King's Bench. But Carbery is very genuine anyhow.'

Mr Wilkins paused for a moment, and then mused: 'I could spoil your little game, Sir Sykes—spoil it in a moment, and compel you to exchange your D. L.'s uniform of scarlet and gold for—never mind what! So long as the goose lays the

golden eggs, it would not be the part of a wise man to twist her neck.' Having said which, Mr Wilkins brushed his coat, drew on his gloves, and taking up his hat, sallied out. 'Taxing office; back in an hour,' he said to the office lad as he went out. 'If I am detained, you need not wait for me after two o'clock.'

'Ten to four, he don't shew up,' said the youth, who was accustomed to the professional figments which served to beguile credulous clients, but who congratulated himself at the prospect of a speedy release from duty. 'If the governor doesn't put in an appearance by 1.30, I'll make myself scarce, or my name is not Sims!'

Meanwhile, Mr Wilkins made his way through the jostling crowd that roared and seethed among the busy streets of the City, until he reached an office, resplendent with plate-glass and French-polished mahogany, in Cornhill, on the door of which was inscribed, 'Bales and Beales, Stock and Share Brokers.'

There were a good many customers in the outer office, a few of whom were quiet men of business, while the others, nearly half of whom were anxious-eyed ladies who had reached middle life, seemed flushed and ill at ease as they perused and reperused the written and printed memoranda with which they all seemed to be provided, and glanced impatiently at the ornamental clock on its gilded bracket. The lawyer, as an *habitué* of the place, sent in his name, and gained speedy admittance to the inner den, where Mr Bales himself, tall, thin, and with a thatch of bushy eyebrows projecting in pent-house fashion over his steady blue eyes, held out a cool white hand to be grasped by the hot red hand of Mr Wilkins.

The head of the firm of Bales and Beales was pre-eminently a cool man, and nothing could be in stronger contrast than was his unimpassioned bearing and the flutter and flurry of his customers.

'How about my Turks?' unceremoniously demanded Mr Wilkins. 'Of course I know they're down again—confound them!'

'The fall continues. They have receded, let me see, two and seven-eighths since this morning,' returned the broker, pointing to the official bulletin in its frame on the wall beside him. 'Probably they are falling as we speak, for the Bourses of Paris, Amsterdam, and Vienna opened heavily.'

'Well, you are a Job's comforter, Bales,' said the lawyer, wiping his heated brow. 'Will this sort of thing go on, hey? Shall I sell, or stick to my colours like a Briton? Can't you give a fellow your advice?'

'I never advise,' answered Mr Bales, with his cold smile. 'Life would be a burden to me if I did. I prefer to lay the facts before those who do me the favour to come to me, leaving to their unbiassed judgment the course to pursue. Here are some Stock Exchange telegrams, part of which you will see presently, no doubt, in the evening papers. They help to explain the rush on the part of the public to sell out.'

The attorney took the half-dozen square pieces of hastily printed paper, yet damp from the press, some of them, which Mr Bales courteously proffered him, and at a glance mastered their contents.

'Can rascally fabrications like this,' asked the attorney, in a glow of something like honest

indignation, 'impose upon the veriest gull in Christendom?'

'Ah!' answered the unmoved Mr Bales, scrutinising the despatch which his irate client held between his finger and thumb, 'you mean the rumour about the sale of the six Turkish ironclads to the Russian government? Popular credulity, my dear sir, would swallow more than that. You have overlooked the other telegram, which mentions that Adamaponlos and Nikopolos, the Greek bankers of Galata, have declined to advance to the Porte at twenty per cent. the wherewithal to meet the next coupon of the Debt. That report has more weight with business-men than the nautical one. Will you give me instructions to sell?'

'No; but to buy!' rapped out Mr Wilkins, with suddenness. 'There must come a reaction soon. I'll take another ten thousand of the Imperial Ottomans. I know what you would say, Bales,' he added irritably: 'the cash I left on deposit won't cover the margin. Here'—and he produced the bank-notes that had fallen to his share in the division of that day—'are funds, and to spare.'

As the lawyer quitted the stock-broker's office he muttered between his set teeth: 'I stand to win; but at anyrate I know of back-play of a safer sort. Sir Sykes Denzil of Carbery, you are a sponge well worth the squeezing!'

SENSATIONAL REPORTING.

SCARCELY a week passes in which the newspaper press is not the medium of attracting the attention of the public to a *cause célèbre* of one kind or another. Crimes of brutal violence, of gross immorality, of wholesale fraud, have been so terribly prevalent of late, that we might almost believe that civilisation and crime are going hand in hand; certainly the horrors of the latter go a considerable way towards neutralising the blessings of the former, and cause us to pause in our self-congratulation upon the progress and enlightenment of the age in which we live. At but too frequent intervals some villain is held up before the public, and becomes, so to speak, fashionable for the period over which his trial extends.

Every class of society provides its recruits now and again for the ranks of the infamous, and no matter to which stratum the criminal belongs, one newspaper or another is sure to be ready to report—with a minuteness which could not be more detailed if it were inspired by personal animosity—every stage and incident of his crime, and if procurable and sufficiently sensational, to supply an epitome of his antecedent career.

When the influence of the press is properly taken into consideration, the responsibility of writing for it is a very serious one. To many thousands even in great centres of human life like London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Edinburgh, the daily paper is almost the sole intellectual food sought for and within reach; and when we further consider the immense circulation of some of our newspapers, nearly approaching a quarter of a million a day, and when we think that each copy becomes the centre of an ever-increasing circle of information, we may reasonably assert that the penny paper, once held in contempt, is one of the most potent agents for good or evil which our generation possesses; and in proportion to the influ-

ence which it exerts, is the necessity of that influence being exerted in a right direction. So far as regards politics, theology, and social problems, each paper may legitimately represent a particular party or sect, and inculcate its particular views; but upon certain broad principles of morality, and as far as regards general rules for the inculcation and protection of public morals, there ought to be no difference of opinion at all.

Without question, the newspapers of our day are animated by a laudable desire to act for the moral as well as material welfare of the people, and we could not accuse any one of them of voluntarily inserting matter having a tendency subversive to morality; but as to what is and what is not calculated to taint the public mind, the opinion of the press seems to be very undecided. Particularly is this the case with regard to the record of crime, which it is part of their duty to publish. It is unquestionably advisable that the public should be informed of every crime that is discovered; but the scope of the information to be given becomes a matter for careful consideration, and upon which some difference of opinion may reasonably be expected to exist.

What, it may be asked, is the object of a public report of the trial of a criminal? Presumably that by the knowledge of what has occurred the public may be on their guard against similar crimes, and that the story of detection and punishment may act as a deterrent; the first of these objects applying more particularly to what we may call the respectable classes, and the latter to the criminal, vicious, or viciously disposed. The story of crime should legitimately produce in the public mind a sense of indignation against the criminal, of pity for the victim, of personal caution; the criminal should not be considered a sort of social scapegoat, and the indignation should not be Pharisaical, but should have its origin in an abhorrence of the crime rather than of the criminal. To the viciously inclined the story of detected crime should be a warning and a deterrent, both on the score of fear of detection as also upon higher moral considerations. The history of crime or of a criminal career is invariably pitiable enough; but it is possible in some instances to invest it with a spurious interest, and even a sort of meretricious brilliance which is calculated to work an immense amount of harm among a certain class of people.

The principal object of a newspaper report nowadays would seem to be to present the public with an exciting and dramatic narrative, rather than a calm, unimpassioned statement of facts; to write, in short, rather for their amusement than information. Undoubtedly few things increase the sale of a newspaper more than a graphic account of heart-rending 'Scenes in Court,' and the demeanour, for instance, of ladies who have been accommodated with seats on the bench! a style of reporting which seems to us to be little short of a breach of trust, inasmuch as it is pandering to that which it ought to suppress.

It may be said that in criminal cases it is well that the public should have the fullest possible details of the proceedings, so that they may follow them closely, and perhaps aid in the administration of justice; but as public comment upon cases *still under trial* is not recognised, the value of full reports is nullified so far as this con-

sideration is concerned. But if a judge, a man of eminent experience in human nature, learned in the law, and accustomed to the consideration of every variety of evidence; and twelve jurymen, well meaning, unprejudiced, of business habits and unimpassioned judgment, cannot be trusted to decide a case upon its merits, surely it would be unreasonable to suppose that the outside public could do better, reading as they do simply in print the words which may have had their significance increased immeasurably in either direction by the tone in which they were uttered, by the bearing of the speaker, and the voluntary or involuntary gestures which may have accompanied them.

When we read detailed accounts of the appearance of prisoners, verbatim reports of their most insignificant utterances; when we are given details of their meals; when we are told that one prisoner is dressed with scrupulous care, and that the affection existing between two other prisoners was very apparent to those in court; when we have a picture of the judge passing sentence amidst sobbing women; when piquant details of past careers are dragged to light, and the various amiable or vicious points commented upon, although having absolutely no bearing whatever upon the case under consideration—then we cannot avoid the conclusion that the main object of all the report is to sell the paper. It would be impossible to give the public such information regarding the demeanour and tone of witnesses or prisoners as to enable them to form a really just and reliable idea; while it is quite possible and a very frequent practice to be just graphic enough to make the public fancy that they are in a position not only to criticise and speculate, but to dogmatise, and even to protest vehemently against the verdict of a jury and the sentence of a judge, deliberately given after a long and careful inquiry, in which the prisoner had the benefit of counsel learned in every intricacy and subtlety of the law. The practice of giving detailed descriptions of the personal appearance and social habits of criminals, which are now acknowledged features of newspaper reporting, has a tendency to invest the prisoners with something of a meretricious glory, which ought to be condemned by all properly minded people.

If crime has been committed, it is surely injurious to the public morals to write or publish anything calculated to elicit misplaced sympathy, and it is a poor trade to pander to morbid curiosity. If people fairly appreciated not only the wickedness and horror of crime, but its almost invariable meanness, pettiness, and misery, its feverish restlessness, its ever-haunting dread of detection—crime would be robbed of much of its semi-heroic character, and would cease to prove so attractive a bait to those who gloat over its every detail. It is common to speak of 'great' criminals as distinguished from the vulgar herd; but there is never anything great in crime. Graphic pens pandering to vulgar curiosity may produce a passing interest of even absorbing intensity; the crime and the criminal may form a nine days' wonder; but the end comes; and as soon as the convict dress is donned, the erstwhile man is degraded into a mere automaton, a mere numeral, and is utterly dead to the outside world; while if the scaffold should be his destined finale, the only

thing which survives the wretched criminal is his infamy.

Sensational reporting pays, for papers with a reputation for 'Special' descriptions are at a premium whenever there is a *cause célèbre* before the public; but it is eminently prejudicial to public morality. The remedy rests solely with the proprietors, on whom lies also the responsibility of purveying garbage to an unhappily large section of readers; but until public opinion forces upon them the fact that they are deliberately lowering themselves to the level of the vendors of 'Penny Dreadful' literature, sensational reporting of criminal trials is likely to flourish, inoculating the public mind with an unwholesome craving for details which should be banished from the pale of discussion among people with any pretensions to refinement, good taste, or common decency.

THE BONE-CAVE INSCRIPTION.

THE pleasant town of Q—, among its other attractions, possesses a bone-cave. The cave, situated in a little valley close by the sea, had not long been discovered to contain bones before it was invaded by an army of geologists, who dug deep holes in the floor, and unearched the remains of prehistoric fires, of ancient knives and needles, and of even a man's jaw buried in stalagmite. And every year the fashionable people of Q— made an excursion into the windings of the cavern, under the guidance of gnome-like guides with torches.

Within a certain period of its modern history, the Q— bone-cave, like the sacred caves of India, had a high-priest, an exponent of its mysteries. He did not, however, dwell in its recesses, but in a smart villa overlooking Q— Bay. He was a local celebrity, and the most active member of a committee appointed to examine the cavern. The cavern was his hobby, and as it was of tolerably uniform temperature, there was no time of year when he did not take delight in exploring its mysteries. Every fresh discovery was a joy to Mr Grope; and though a sceptical few laughed at him, and even called some of his flint knives in question, his researches had thrown much light on geology and archaeology. One thing alone was wanting—he had found no dates in the cave. There were dates and inscriptions in caves belonging to other places, and he did not like Q— to be behind them.

Prefacing, for the benefit of the reader, that *stalactite* is the substance that hangs to the roof of caverns, like icicles, and *stalagmite* the substance that has fallen to the floor, a concretion of carbonate of lime—we proceed with the story. One day, as Mr Grope was examining a wall in one of the passages, he thought he detected a weakness in the rock, and working at it with his great hammer he found that it speedily crumbled away. Soon he had made a hole through which he was able to pass, and presently he stood in a small apartment full of large stalagmitic blocks, and with a very moderate amount of water dripping from the roof. As he flashed his lantern about, his keen eye caught sight of artificial markings on the smooth

surface of one of the blocks. His heart leaped within him. Here of a certainty was at last an inscription which, composed of several well-formed letters carved on the block but interrupted by breaks, ran as follows:

F . . l . . . to . . . Nor.
Capt T . . ck
r . . m 20 Br
15 . . 71 k . . to ret

Mr Grope carefully copied the interesting record into his note-book. He looked about for more inscriptions, but this was apparently the only one; however, there might be other unexplored caverns beyond. At present he must devote himself to deciphering these letters. He had a clue in the date 1571, for though there was a break between the '15' and the '71,' it was only caused by a slight inequality in the block.

That evening, in the seclusion of his study, he devoted himself with ardour to the inscription. He did not doubt that it was intended for abbreviated Latin. In the sixteenth century every one who could write knew Latin, and wrote Latin too when he or she wished to be succinct. There were, it is true, only scraps of words on which to proceed, but this circumstance did but occasion a pleasing exercise of Mr Grope's ingenuity. The conquest would have been too easy had the words been given at length. The very uncertainty had in it that excitement which is dear to the hearts of all true antiquaries.

Before he thoroughly set to his task, Mr Grope balanced in his mind whether he should treat the inscription as private or political. He inclined to the political aspect. If it were private, nothing could be made of it, and it was unlikely that a gentleman should carve his personal remarks in the depths of a subterranean cave. No doubt the letters referred to public matters. For a moment Mr Grope could not recollect who reigned in England in 1571; for though he took a great interest in history, he was somewhat oblivious about dates. Soon, however, a vision of Queen Elizabeth in ruff and farthingale rose before him, and then he attacked the first line in good earnest.

F . . l . . . to . . . Nor.

Now it seemed clear as noonday that Nor was the first syllable of a proper name, or at least the name of a place; for Mr Grope remembered that in the sixteenth century it was not the custom to begin every noun with a capital letter, as it was in the eighteenth. Could it refer to Norwich? Norwich was a long way from Q—; but the gentleman in the cave might have been mixed up in a conspiracy which embraced the capture of several towns. Mr Grope took down Mr Froude's *History of England*, and turned over the pages referring to Elizabeth's reign in search of names beginning with Nor. Then a great light broke upon him, and he wondered that he had not remembered his history better. The name of Norfolk occurred several times in connection with what Mr Froude calls the 'Ridolfi Plot,' and the 'Ridolfi Plot' was going on in 1571. The course of his investigation seemed to flow almost too smoothly now. He soon found that the first line ran: 'Fallete tollite Norfolk' (Betray and take Norfolk); whence it was evi-

dent that the man in the cave had played false to all parties, and after engaging in the conspiracy, had leagued with some fellow-conspirators to betray their chief, the unhappy Duke who preceded Mary of Scotland to the scaffold instead of sharing her throne. 'Betray and take Norfolk!' It was not good Latin certainly, but good enough for an inscription where there were so many breaks, which imagination could fill up with the elegances of language; and the morality was characteristic of the sixteenth century.

The second line of the inscription puzzled Mr Grope more.

Capt T . . ck

The two words composing it were carved in larger letters, and stood by themselves, as if specially important. 'Capt' of course meant *caput*, a head, and might hint at the approaching loss of Norfolk's own; but the 'T . . ck' puzzled Mr Grope sorely, and was evidently another cognomen. It puzzled him so much that he resolved to finish the remainder of the inscription

r . . m 20 Br

first, and see if it threw any light on the subject.

The '20' evidently indicated the day of the month; but to what month could 'r . . m' refer? Could it mean *rosarum mensis*—the month of roses? Might not a poetical conspirator thus paraphrase the month of June? Norfolk certainly was not beheaded till June 1572; but it was possible that a fellow-plotter might have decided on betraying him a full year before that date. 'Br' perhaps stood for *brevi*, by way of urging that the deed should be accomplished summarily; and 1571 spoke for itself. The 'k' which followed might be either a small or a capital 'k,' but Mr Grope concluded that it was the initial of another proper name; and he had soon persuaded himself that the sentence 'K . . to ret' ran: 'K— tollite retinete,' and was intended as an injunction to take and retain K—. Who or what K— was did not much signify, since there was no doubt about Norfolk.

It was the second line which continued to puzzle Mr Grope. He brooded over it when he went to bed, and could not sleep because of it; but in the small-hours of the morning, that season of daring inspirations, it flashed across him that 'Capt T . . ck' meant neither more nor less than 'Caput Turci,' a Turk's head. 'The man may have written *k* for *i* by inadvertence. But why should a Turk's head be written about in the cave near Q—?' It struck Mr Grope that the battle of Lepanto had been fought in 1571, and that the conspirator might be alluding to an invasion of England which was to take place, when the Turk's head should be figuratively cut off. On the following morning, a Dictionary of Dates accompanied the ham and toast on Mr Grope's breakfast-table; and he ascertained that the battle of Lepanto had been fought in October, whereas he had decided that the inscription was written in June, and that it had something to do with English refugees and the Turkish fleet. This interpretation certainly gave a wider and more European interest to the writing in the Q— bone-cave. But on further consideration, it seemed to Mr Grope that he would hardly be able to maintain it in printed controversy with the

learned. The Turk's head was pitchforked with so much abruptness among the directions to secure Norfolk and K—, that unless it were supposed to be a watchword among the conspirators, it seemed impossible to dovetail it in.

The antiquary did not go out that morning; he retired to his study and reflected on the difficulties of the Turk's head. At last another light came in upon him, reminding him that there were many inns in the country with the sign of the Saracen's Head, relics of the medieval time when the Saracens were the bugbears of Europe. Very likely there had been inns called the Turk's Head in the sixteenth century, when Europe was always in terror of the Turks, and Mr Grope even fancied that he remembered seeing one with that sign in a village in the east of England. Looked at in this new light, the meaning of the inscription appeared to be: 'Betray and take Norfolk at the "Turk's Head" inn, on the 20th of June 1571, with all possible haste. Take and retain K—.'

Writing this out at full length, Mr Grope read it over with fond pride. He had thoughts of sending a letter on the subject to that scientific paper the *Minerva* at once, but prudence intervened, and he determined that he would first consult Sir H— T—, the great archæologist, whom he had helped to lionise at Q—. It would be as well to say, when he wrote to the *Minerva*, that his friend Sir H— T— agreed with him as to the solution of the mystery; and he accordingly despatched a full account of the matter to the great man. That evening Mr Grope dined out, and could not refrain from imparting his triumph to a select circle of his acquaintances. Mr Grope was generally admitted to be the most intellectual resident at Q—. If a strange fish was caught in the bay, a strange fossil found in a quarry, or a coin dug up in a field, it was always referred to Mr Grope; and there were only one or two people who ever presumed to smile at his conclusions. And now when Mr Grope dilated on the conspirator and the inscription in the newly-found cavern, addressing in his drawing tones the small audience in the drawing-room after dinner—for he had kept the sensation for the benefit of the ladies—no one arose to dispute his explanation. The conspirator's mention of the month of roses was especially attractive and convincing.

But it came to pass that Sir H— T— was not quite convinced. That savant thought it not impossible that the inscription might have something to do with the Ridolfi Plot, as the date was 1571; but as to the rest he differed from Mr Grope, courteously but decidedly. He did not believe in the Latin, and especially in Mr Grope's Latin. He did not believe in the poetic paraphrase of June. He had read a good deal of sixteenth-century correspondence, and had never found a conspirator or any one else who spoke of June as the month of roses. 'Nor' might stand for Norfolk, though such was not Sir H— T—'s opinion. Did Mr Grope think that the inscription was either partly or wholly written in cipher?

To say that Mr Grope was not disappointed, would not be adhering to the truth. He had arranged the matter in his mind, and had foreseen a triumphant career for his inscription among the archæologists and historians. It seemed impos-

sible that Sir H—— could doubt such inevitable conclusions. The whole thing, as Mr Grope made it out, had fitted together like a Chinese puzzle. Yes, he almost resolved to persevere in his own view. To hold a controversy with Sir H—— T—— might make him nearly as great a man as Sir H—— himself. But he felt in his heart that no one would side with the Turk's Head and the month of roses when Sir H—— was against them. Mr Grope was convinced of the truth of his own interpretation; but he would collect another possible meaning or two, and while pronouncing in favour of the first, submit the others to the learned public. After all, the idea of a cipher opened out a pleasing vista of conjecture. Much conjecture there must of course be, when conspirators would write in disjointed fragments. In the Ridolfi Plot he possessed at least a basis of operations.

It so happened that our antiquarian friend had some acquaintance with a gentleman who was now searching the archives at Simancas for facts to confirm a favourite theory, and who had on one occasion dined with him at Q——; and to him Mr Grope now conceived the happy thought of writing, with a request that he would send him a few of the ciphers used by Philip II. and his correspondents. In due time he received the keys of five or six ciphers, inclosed in a courteous note. The historian himself had sympathy with Mr Grope's efforts in the cause of archæological science, and had besides, a lively recollection of Mr Grope's '47 port.

And now Mr Grope spent a long morning in his study with the ciphers before him, labouring to make them fit in with the inscription. If cipher really had been used, it seemed probable that English would have been used also. On this assumption, therefore, he proceeded; but the first few keys which he applied unlocked nothing but sheer nonsense. The next especially attracted Mr Grope, inasmuch as the historian told him that it had been used by Mary Queen of Scots. He had reserved it as his last hope; and on further investigation he found that in this cipher, London was termed Norway, and thus written plainly without further disguise. With regard to words which were not proper names, the fifth and sixth letters from the one intended *were used alternately*. When Mr Grope applied this key to the inscription, he came to the conclusion that it suited it admirably, with the exception of that unfortunate second line, which had puzzled him so much before. He really thought, that as those two words 'Capt T...ck,' were written in larger letters than the others, and conspicuously placed by themselves, they might be actually put down as a watchword; Why not, after all, 'Caput Turci?' The rest of the inscription he transposed as follows:

h . . . r yu Lon
w . . . s 20 gw
1571 p yu wky.

The sequence of letters was not kept up in the second 'yu,' the fifth being used where the sixth ought to be; but as the word was apparently the second person plural, Mr Grope thought it probable that the conspirator would not be particular in his counting where so small a word was concerned. It is convenient in such matters to allow for a

little negligence. In its new aspect Mr Grope saw the inscription thus:

hurry you Londonwards
with speed twenty great wagons
1571. pay you weekly.

Mr Grope's head now absolutely ached with his efforts, and he drew his hand down his long gray beard with a feeling of relief as he leaned back in his chair. He nevertheless believed that this last labour was in a measure thrown away, and that the first solution was the right one. Still there was an air of probability about that 'pay you weekly,' a matter-of-fact air such as he remembered to have observed when reading a printed volume of *Domestic State Papers*; and it would sound well to have tried five ciphers on the inscription and found a possible solution at last. That same day Mr Grope wrote at length to the *Minerva*, describing his discovery of the new cavern and the inscription, and giving his two explanations. For himself, he said, he believed in the Latin version, though he was aware that he had the disadvantage of differing from his learned friend Sir H—— T——. In deference to that gentleman's opinion, he had compared the writing with many ciphers in use in the sixteenth century, and now submitted the result to the attention of the scientific world.

The learned were only too willing to discuss it, and several letters on the subject appeared in the next number of the *Minerva*. One gentleman approved the deciphered version; others proposed solutions of their own, much more absurd than any which Mr Grope had thought of. Next week a letter from Sir H—— T—— himself was printed, in which he expressed his opinion in favour of Mr Grope's second explanation. Mr Grope and his new cavern had become famous. The intellectual world at Q—— itself was greatly impressed with the erudition of his researches. Fashion and science ran into each other a good deal at Q——; and there were some needlessly pretty toilets among the party of friends whom Mr Grope conducted to visit the muddy recesses of his new cavern. There was also a geologist, but he rather despised the inscription as being too recent, and talked chiefly about eyeless fish. The young ladies, knowing little of either the Duke of Norfolk or the eyeless fish, explored the gloomy recesses, and filled them with the sounds of laughter and fun. Only one young lady observed to her companions: 'I shouldn't wonder if Mr Grope is wrong after all.'

A few days later the antiquary met at an evening party, the son of an old inhabitant of Q——, who had been dead for some years, but whom Mr Grope had formerly known. He had known the son too, who was now a Fellow of his college. He was a little blunt, bullet-headed man, and when presently the subject of the Q—— bone-cave came up, he said what he thought without any preface.

'I fancy, Mr Grope, you're wrong about that inscription after all. I suppose you never heard my father speak of old Truck the smuggler?'

'No; I did not,' said Mr Grope, concealing his feelings, which were not of the most comfortable description.

'Old Truck the smuggling captain,' continued the little man, 'used that cave pretty freely.'

That was before the geologists had appropriated it, and the barrier was put up. I should not wonder if he sometimes wrote hints to his friends on the walls.'

'But I should not imagine that your father knew any one who lived in 1571,' said Mr Grope.

'Ah! but is the 1571 a date at all? That's the question,' said the Fellow. 'My father took an interest in that old sinner, and saw something of Truck in his last days in the cottage. The sea has encroached now and washed most of it away. And Truck left him his curiosities—stuffed birds and china, and his old order-books and log-books. I'll look them out. I would lay a wager that he wrote that inscription.'

'It will take very strong evidence to make that believed,' said Mr Grope. Nevertheless he felt uneasy, and heartily wished that the Fellow had not happened to take the matter up. Meanwhile the Fellow searched for Truck's relics, which were now in the possession of his brother; and the next morning saw him in Mr Grope's study together with an antique volume, not bound in 'brass and wild boar's hide,' but in dilapidated leather, with a musty-fusty odour half a century old. With a sinking heart, Mr Grope felt, when first he looked at it, that the historical grandeur of his inscription was about to fall to the ground.

'This was Truck's note-book,' said the Fellow. 'Look here, Mr Grope.' And there, on the first page, written in a manner which implied that the paper had been rather greasy from the first, were the words 'Capt Truck.'

'And the cave at Q—— is mentioned pretty often among his hieroglyphics,' said the ruthless Fellow, turning over the dirty pages. "Directions to be left in the Q—— cave." I expect there are others there besides the inscription you found. Look here; don't you think this must be the identical one?' And he pointed to some lines which ran obliquely across a page: 'Directions left for Scroggs. Follow to Normandy. Rum 20, brandy 15, 71 kegs to return.'

Mr Grope stood stricken to the soul, but not a muscle of his face moved. He silently compared this newest discovery with the copy he had made in his note-book, in the first flush of his hopes.

There was no denying that this was the true solution of the mystery, and that the Ridolfi Plot was nowhere. It was singular that neither he himself, nor Sir H—— T——, nor the other gentlemen who had written on the subject, had thought of the possibility of the man in the cave using straightforward English. At least Mr Grope erred in good company; but still he felt that he should have to bear most of the ridicule, as the originator of the historical theory, and the investigator who had attacked the smuggler's prosaic inscription with five ciphers used by queens and princes in the sixteenth century. However, he was determined not to shew his chagrin, and even asked the Fellow to dine with him that evening.

Mr Grope wrote honourably to the *Minerva* to explain the true state of the case. He acknowledged that further research proved both himself and his friend Sir H—— T—— to be mistaken on the subject of the writing in the cave at Q——. Then he mentioned Truck and the smugglers, and gave the new interpretation, not without a groan as he wrote 'rum' where formerly he had written '*rosarum mensis*.' He also communicated with Sir H——

on the subject, and Sir H—— dryly replied that he wondered the writing should look as if it were three hundred years old, when it was really only sixty or seventy. No more was said about it in the *Minerva*. And as to the Q—— people, of course they politely refrained from letting Mr Grope see that they laughed at him, all except a bluff old personage who exclaimed: 'So your conspirator against Queen Elizabeth turned out to be an old smuggler after all!'

The wounds of Mr Grope's vanity began to heal in time. They smarted somewhat when the course of winter lectures at the Q—— Athenæum was opened, for he had intended to hold forth triumphantly on the bone-cave and the historical inscription. And they bled afresh in the following spring when the annual fashionable pilgrimage to the cave took place. Still the high-priest has not deserted the temple, for Mr Grope is not easily put down; and he often repairs to his old subterranean haunts and picks up bones and flint implements. But the entrance to the new cavern containing the inscription has been mysteriously filled up again; and the gnome who is the nominal custodian of the cave whispers to a subordinate official of the Q—— Athenæum: 'Twas Mr Grope, he closed it 'imself, I'll warrant. You see, he couldn't abide it, after that there mistake of 'is that they laughed at so. Smugglers 'iding there; and Mr Grope, he takes the writin' for summut to do with grand folks that lived three 'undred year ago!'

Poor Mr Grope! That was all that came of the inscription in the Q—— bone-cave.

THE 'HEARTS OF OAK' SOCIETY.

ONE of the oldest and perhaps the largest of the Friendly Societies for the benefit of the operative classes, is the 'Hearts of Oak,' which at the present time numbers over eighty thousand members, and has a reserve fund of nearly a quarter of a million. Such extraordinarily large proportions has this society of late years assumed, and so widespread is its influence and usefulness, that we feel sure a short account of its origin and working system will not be without interest, and maybe profit to the reader.

Thirty-five years ago—in 1842—the 'Hearts of Oak Benefit Society' was started at the *Bird-in-Hand* Tavern, Long Acre, London. Of its history for the next twenty years little can be said, save that, although its progress was not anything remarkable, it worked steadily and honestly at the object it had in view, and thus firmly established itself, if it did not produce any extraordinary success. In 1863 the number of members had reached eight thousand, a circumstance which rendered a removal to more commodious premises necessary; and these were purchased freehold in Greek Street, Soho. Notwithstanding, however, this increase of business the amount transacted was not considered by the promoters of the society in satisfactory proportion to the justifiable expectations of such an undertaking, the total number of members having in 1865 only reached ten thousand, and this was attributed to the result of bad administration on the part of the existing management. A change was made in consequence; when the present form of government was inaugurated, which had at once the beneficial effect of

materially increasing the society's business. So perceptible and rapid indeed was the progress of the 'Hearts of Oak' after this event, that in the year 1874 another removal had to be undertaken; and for this purpose, noble premises in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, W., were bought and adapted at a cost of twenty thousand pounds, and have since served for all the business requirements of the society.

Having said so much for the history of the 'Hearts of Oak,' let us now briefly turn to the main features and working of the system pursued by this huge benefit society.

The predominating principle upon which the system acts seems to be a complete reliance upon actual merits and on them alone. As a consequence, a total absence of all external show and attraction will be found in the administration of the society. It clings to the term 'society' in opposition to 'club' with a most jealous tenacity, although we confess to seeing very little difference between the strictly lexical significance of the two words. Mr Marshall, the able secretary to the society, is of a different opinion, however, and holds that the associations which are respectively bound up with each term differ considerably; a club being generally looked upon as a meeting for social purposes, held as a rule at a public-house. 'It involves,' he goes on to say, 'the glass, the pipe, the song, and other incidents of what is called good-fellowship; and also in many cases regalia, processions, dinners, suppers, and other devices for wasting money and weaning men from their homes and their families.' Whether such 'incidents' are the associations attached alone to a club or not, it is not necessary here to determine, it being sufficient to know that at all events the 'Hearts of Oak' does not rely upon any of these things—although it is common to think that only by such inducements and attractions can the working classes be brought into habits and ways of thrift and saving—and in so doing, the society is a standing contradiction to all such opinions. It has never had to resort to any such extraneous aid. It does not make use of either public-houses or lodges; it indulges in no dinners or suppers, no regalia or processions, no pipe, glass, or song; it employs no agents, canvassers, or collectors; and it spends no money in commission nor yet in advertisements, generally so indispensable an aid to institutions of all kinds. Notwithstanding all this, the 'Hearts of Oak' has of late years admitted more new members than the increase shewn by the Odd-fellows, who possess lodges and branches in every part of the civilised world.

As already stated, the society now numbers more than eighty thousand members, and these are formed into divisions of one thousand each; and each of these divisions holds a meeting at the society's house once every month for the transaction of business, &c. Every candidate for membership must earn not less than twenty-two shillings per week, and his age must not be more than thirty-six; while before election he has of course to satisfy the committee upon certain points relating to himself and (if married) his wife, and has finally to be generally approved of by them. There are certain trades and occupations which are considered dangerous and injurious by the society, and persons belonging thereto are therefore held ineligible for membership. Each member has to

pay on entrance a fee of two shillings and sixpence if under thirty-two years of age; and three shillings and sixpence if over that age and under thirty-six, the highest limit for admittance. The periodical contributions amount to about nine shillings and sixpence each member per quarter; this sum having been found, however, rather more than the total average payment for the last six years. The separate items consist of two and twopence a month to the society's stock; and at each quarterly meeting an equal proportion of the claims met by the society during the preceding quarter on account of the various benefits (not including sickness) it has during that period conferred. In fact, each quarter every member is required to clear the books of all demands. After having belonged to the society for twelve calendar months, a member who up to that time has paid all his contributions, can by the payment of an additional fee of two shillings and sixpence, become what is termed a *free member*, such members having the right to participate in all the benefits which the society affords.

The benefits offered by the 'Hearts of Oak' are: (1) Sick-pay at the rate of eighteen shillings a week to *free members* for twenty-six weeks; and should the illness continue beyond that period, half that amount for a further twenty-six weeks; after which the sick member becomes entitled to relief from further contributions, and to a pension payable at a rate in accordance with the length of his membership. *Non-free members* participate in this benefit, but of course on a smaller scale, which, however, is very liberal. (2) Funeral benefits; being the allowance of a sum of ten pounds on the death of a *free member's* wife, and double that amount to the survivors of a *free member* upon his death. Certain proportionate rates are granted on the death of a *non-free member*, half such rates being allowed in the event of such a member's wife dying. (3) Lying-in benefit; which is the grant of a sum of thirty shillings on the confinement of a *free member's* wife; the marriage and birth certificates, duly signed, requiring of course to be produced on such occasions. And (4) Loss by fire; being a compensation allowance of not more than fifteen pounds in the case of any *free member's* tools or implements of trade getting destroyed or damaged by fire. There are besides these some miscellaneous benefits to which *free members* are entitled, such as allowances for imprisonment for debt contracted under circumstances that are in a sense justifiable, or allowances to help towards defraying the cost of a substitute to *free members* who are drawn and liable to serve in the militia.

These benefits seem to anticipate the chief emergencies that may happen in the course of one's life, as well as providing for the expenses always attendant upon death; and the allowances made in respect of them are, it must be admitted, very liberal, and are doubtless the means of causing so many poor persons to save in this simple manner against the occurrence of such untoward incidents.

The success of the 'Hearts of Oak' is largely due, however, to other causes. Principally, we think, it may be attributed to the great economy in its management; as, for instance, it saves a large sum by the fact of its not being what is commonly known as a 'collecting society.' On

the contrary, the members bring or send their money quite of their own accord; the consequence being that, while the managerial expenses of some collecting societies vary from 25 to 70 per cent. on the annual income, the expenses of the 'Hearts of Oak' amount only to $3\frac{1}{4}$ or 4 per cent.

Another favourable point in the system pursued by this society is, that all members pay alike. Technically of course this must be considered unscientific, but in the aggregate the system is found to pay; just as the same charge for a telegram whether it be to Aberdeen or to the next street is also unscientific, but practically answers well. The great argument in favour of the system seems to be the fact that it promotes business—and what more is wanted? Our large insurance companies report about one thousand policies as good work for one year; whereas the 'Hearts of Oak' on its system reports over sixteen thousand new members during the same period. On some such system as this it were not impossible, we think, for the whole life-insurance business of the city of London to be done by one well-conducted office; in which case the insured would certainly derive one great benefit—namely, that of having to pay very much less, perhaps only one-half of the usual premium.

Another counterpoise to the disadvantage of charging all members alike is, that a lying-in benefit of thirty shillings—as already shewn—is allowed. To young men this has a great attraction; and the result is that the average age of joining the society is only twenty-seven. So rapid indeed has been the growth of the 'Hearts of Oak,' that an average age of the whole society, which ten years ago was nearly thirty-four years, is now only about thirty-three years.

One other circumstance which we fancy may have something to do with the success of the society is worth mentioning—it is the business-like manner in which the system adopted is carried out. Perfect discipline among the members is maintained, and a strict adherence to the rules that have been made enforced. Every infraction of a rule is promptly visited by the imposition of a fine on the offending member; and so stringent is the society in this respect, that the amount which annually accrues under this head is very large. In the accounts of the 'Hearts of Oak' for 1876 we notice that this item reaches the large sum of L.6949, 13s. 6d.; which not only served to defray the year's expenses of the society (namely, L.5819, 9s. 7d.), but left a balance of L.1130, 3s. 11d. It can hardly be considered as exactly any merit of the society that it is thus able to pay its expenses; yet there stands the fact, whatever we may think of it. It is only fair, however, to state that the greater part of this large amount arises from a fine of ninepence imposed upon members who fail to clear the books by their quarterly night. This is levied more as a sort of interest for a month's longer use of the money; and it is a striking instance of innate want of thrift on the part of the working classes, that so many are willing to pay ninepence for the use of ten shillings for the month, rather than arrange to be prompt in their payments. The revenue derived from this fine alone is about four thousand pounds a year. It is a curious fact too, that of the total number of members on the books at any one time, it is always found that just one-third will not pay at the quarter, and have there-

fore to be fined. In thus deferring their payments, these members are the means of allowing both the monthly and quarterly payments being reserved entirely for the purposes of the benefits already enumerated, and for profit; under which head the surplus now amounts to forty thousand pounds per annum; in point of fact, the cost of management has always been paid for by these miscellaneous receipts. This substantial advantage is probably caused unwittingly on the members' part, but it is not the less felt or beneficial for all that.

Having briefly pointed out the main features and benefits of the 'Hearts of Oak,' it only remains for us to add one word as to the great usefulness of such societies. Notwithstanding the great success of the Post-office savings-banks and such other banks as are intended for the deposit of small sums, it is our belief that they are not so conducive to permanent saving and thrift among the poorer classes as may be supposed. The number of deposits in the postal banks in any one year is no doubt very great; but on the other hand, the number of withdrawals is also great; and from this fact we infer that the larger part of the sums placed there is more for the sake of temporary safety than with any view of permanent saving. Hence then the great usefulness of societies which yield ultimate benefits for present contributions. As already pointed out, the difficulty of persuading the poorer classes to save in this manner is by no means great; and once, therefore, a working man has become a member of such a society, he knows he must pay regularly; which when he becomes accustomed to it, he only feels as a natural duty, like the house-rent he has to pay, or any other such tax. A further advantage of societies too is, that his contributions cannot be regained, except indeed at a considerable loss; but in the savings-banks it is always at his own discretion to draw out his deposits; a discretion often not very wisely used. In this comparison, however, it is by no means our wish to suggest the slightest disparagement of savings-banks, which in their way are most useful to all who are really anxious to lay by. We have only desired to show more forcibly the benefits of societies like the 'Hearts of Oak,' that thereby those whom it may concern may be induced—if they have not already done so—to become members.

THE DALESFOLK.

BEFORE the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine revolutionised our manner of living, there existed among the hills and dales of the Lake countries a little community which had its own peculiar manners, laws, and customs, and which was something unique in its way, for it seemed to be a kind of republic existing in the midst of a great empire. The people were what are now called peasant proprietors, but in Cumberland and Westmoreland they have always been named 'statesmen.' A few of these ancient land-owners still exist, and their tenure of the land which they possess is not feudal but allodial, in so far as that they acquired their estates at a very remote period, either by establishing themselves on unoccupied lands like the 'settlers' in Australia or America, or by conquering previous possessors. Several of these statesmen possess estates which have descended

uninterruptedly in their families since the time of Richard II., and always as 'customary freeholds'; while one family, the Holms of Mardale, have inherited their land in unbroken succession since the year 1060, when a certain John Holme came from Norway and settled in the district.

When James II. came to the throne he set up a claim to all those small estates, on the plea that the statesmen were merely tenants of the crown. But his claim was met by the sturdy Dalesfolk in a manner which he little expected. They met to the number of two thousand, at a place called Ratten Heath, and publicly declared that 'they had won their lands by the sword, and by the sword they would keep them.'

Owing to the smallness of the estates, there was not sufficient employment in farm-work at all times for a statesman and his family, and carding, spinning, and weaving formed the employment for the winter months. The men carded, and the women spun the wool yielded by the previous clipping. Nearly every household had its weaving-shop, where one or two looms were kept, and many of the men were able to weave the cloth which served for their own wear and that of their families. The linsey-woolsey dresses worn by the women were homespun, and they also manufactured linen for domestic purposes.

The process of preparing the cloth was a curious one, and deserves mention. After a web of woollen cloth was turned out of the loom, it was taken to the 'beck' or stream and soaked in the water; then it was placed on a flat stone called the 'batting-stone' and well pounded with a wooden mallet. This primitive operation served instead of the elaborate processes through which woollen cloth now passes at the fuller's mill.

The costume of the Dalesmen was rather picturesque, being composed of homespun fleeces of white or black, with occasionally a mixture of the two colours to save the expense of dyeing. This homely material, which is still made in some parts of Scotland and Ireland, has lately become fashionable, and is pronounced to be superior for country wear to the most finished products of our steam-looms. The coats were ornamented with brass buttons, as were also the waistcoats, which were made open in front to shew a frilled shirt-breast. Knee-breeches were the fashion for centuries, and these were worn without braces, which are quite a modern invention. Those used on Sundays or holidays had a knot of ribbon and four or five bright buttons at the knee, and those who could afford it had them made of buckskin. Their stockings, which were of course a conspicuous part of their dress, were also made from their own wool, the colour being either blue or gray. Clogs were their ordinary 'shoon,' but when dressed in holiday costume they had low shoes fastened with buckles, which were often of silver.

At the present day this picturesque costume is nearly obsolete, but some of the old Dalesmen still adhere to the fashion of their youth. About five

or six years ago a few of them happened to meet at Grasmere Fair and stood chatting together for some time without noticing what many other persons were remarking, namely, that all of them were dressed in the old costume. When they did notice it they all agreed that it was a somewhat singular coincidence, and a proper occasion for a friendly glass in honour of 'auld lang syne.' They were the connecting link between the old times and the new, and would probably be the last of the Dalesfolk to wear the costume of the bygone age.

The dress of the Daleswomen was not less primitive than that of the men. They wore homespun linsey-woolsey petticoats and gowns, a blue linen apron completing their attire. The statesman's daughter who first communicated to her native place a knowledge of the glories of printed calico is said to have created a great sensation, and was more than a nine days' wonder. The clogs worn by the women were pointed at the toes and were clasped with brass instead of iron. Their bonnets were made of pasteboard covered with black silk, and in shape resembled a coal-scuttle, with the front projecting about a foot beyond the face of the wearer.

The houses of the Dalesfolk were not of the most comfortable kind, and were similar to those which exist at the present day in many of the southern counties of England. Badly constructed with rough-hewn stones, and joined with clay instead of mortar, they did not always shelter the inmates from the 'cauld blast'; while it was no uncommon thing for the roofs to be in such a state that when a snow-storm took place in the night, people in bed would often find several inches of snow on their bed-clothes the next morning. The wood used in the construction of the houses was oak; doors, floors, and window-frames being all of that sturdy material. The beams were made of whole trees roughly squared, while the smaller rafters and joists were split. Most of these old buildings had a porch before the outer door, the latter being of massive oak, two planks thick, and fastened together with wooden pegs (for the carpenters in those days used very few nails), which were put in parallel rows about three or four inches apart and left projecting about three-quarters of an inch on the outside. About six hundred of these pegs were used in its construction, and the making of them occupied as much time as it would take to make a dozen doors in our busier times. A degree of sanctity was, however, attached to a door by these simple folk, and certain charms to be used only at the threshold are remembered even now in the Dales.

In dwellings of the usual size there were not more than three rooms on the ground floor, namely the living-apartment, the dairy, and the parlour, the last being generally used as the bedroom of the master and mistress. In some cases there was an out-kitchen, but not in all.

Long after the use of coal and fire-grates became general throughout England these people still continued to burn peat and wood upon the open hearth, and it was not until half the present century had elapsed that, railway communication making coal cheaper, and the increased value of

labour making peat dearer, coal finally triumphed and open fire-places gave place to grates. The old chimneys had no flues, and were very wide at the bottom, gradually contracting towards the top, and in these chimneys hams, legs of beef, slices of bacon, and whole carcases of mutton were hung up to dry for winter consumption.

The food of the Dalesmen was confined almost wholly to the simple products of their own farms. They consumed a large portion of animal food, and as sheep and cattle were in the best condition for slaughtering in autumn, it was then that the Dalesfolk stocked their wide chimneys with a supply of meat for the winter and spring. Tea, coffee, and wheaten bread were very little known in the Dales; oatcake (Anglicè), or 'haver-bread' as it was termed, being used. The people brewed their own beer and drank it at nearly every meal. Such, with milk, butter, and cheese, was the food of these honest folk, and they seemed to have thriven well on it. When tea, coffee, and sugar came into general use, an old Dalesman remarked that he wondered 'what t' warl' wod cum tew after a bit when fowk nooadays couldn't git their breakfast without hevvin stuff fra baith East and West Indies.'

Until the middle of last century the roads of the two counties were in a wretched state; and instead of wheeled carriages, pack-horses and in some cases sledges were used for conveying things from one place to another. There is an old man now living in Grasmere whose grandmother could remember the present church bells being brought thither by sledges along the old road over the top of White Moss, then the main road between Ambleside and Grasmere. A man and his wife often rode to market together on the same horse, the woman sitting behind on what was called a pillion. But the Dalesfolk were not very particular as to their turn-out, for a piece of turf dried and cut into the proper shape often served them as a saddle. Other saddles were pads of straw; and on market-days, after business was over, such of the farmers as were convivially disposed stayed on at the public-house or inn, holding a 'crack' and drinking till a late hour; and while a spree of this kind was going on, it often happened that the poor hungry horses would break loose and eat up all the straw pads, thus leaving their owners to ride home bareback!

The Dalesfolk were rather superstitious; and there is an old story in the local records about the way in which the first lime was introduced to the district. It was carried on the back of a horse, and as they neared Borrowdale a thunder-storm came on, and the lime in the sack began to smoke. Thinking the sack was on fire, the man in charge went and filled his hat with water from a ditch, and threw it into the sack. As this made things worse, he grew terribly alarmed, and thinking the Evil One had something to do with it, he pitched the lime into the ditch, and leaping on to the horse, galloped home as fast as he could go.

Ploughing was attended with hard labour to those employed, and it required at least three men and three horses to work one plough. The horses were yoked one before another, and it was as much as one man could do to drive them. A second man held the plough-beam down, to prevent the plough from slipping out of the earth; while it was the work of a third to guide the

whole concern, this part of the business requiring the most skill. Sometimes a fourth man was employed with pick and spade to turn up the places missed by the plough. Very little skill or labour was expended in the making of the implement, and it was nothing unusual for a tree growing in the morning to be cut down during the day, and made into a plough, with which a good stroke of work was done before night.

These good people worked much harder than their descendants of the present day. Their hours of labour were much longer, and much of what they did by hand is now done by machinery. Though ignorant and unrefined, they were honest and hospitable, and possessed a great deal of sound shrewd common-sense. In those days many of them followed several handicrafts, for the division of labour was not such as it is now; and a remarkable instance of this diversified ability is to be found in the life of the man who was the parish priest of Wordsworth's poem, *The Excursion*. This worthy man—whose history we have slightly alluded to in an article in this *Journal* on the Lake Country—was the son of a poor statesman, and was the youngest of twelve. At the age of seventeen he became a village schoolmaster, and a little later both minister and schoolmaster. Before and after school-hours he laboured at manual occupation, rising between three and four in the summer, and working in the fields with the scythe or sickle. He ploughed, he planted, tended sheep, or clipped and salved, all for hire; wrote his own sermons, and did his duty at chapel twice on Sundays. In all these labours he excelled. In winter-time he occupied himself in reading, writing his own sermons, spinning, and making his own clothes and those of his family, knitting and mending his own stockings, and making his own shoes, the leather of which was of his own tanning. In his walks he never neglected to gather and bring home the wool from the hedges. He was also the physician and lawyer of his parishioners; drew up their wills, conveyances, bonds, &c., wrote all their letters, and settled their accounts, and often went to market with sheep or wool for the farmers.

He married a respectable maid-servant, who brought him forty pounds; and shortly afterwards he became curate of Seathwaite, where he lived and officiated for sixty-seven years. We are told that when his family wanted cloth, he often took the spinning-wheel into the school-room, where he also kept a cradle—of course of his own making. Not unfrequently the wheel, the cradle, and the scholars all claiming his attention at the same moment, taxed the ingenuity of this wonderful man to keep them all going. To all these attainments Mr Walker—or 'Wonderful Walker,' as he was called—also added a knowledge of fossils and plants, and a 'habit' of observing the stars and winds. In summer he also collected various insects, and by his entertaining descriptions of them amused and instructed his children. After a long and extremely useful, nay we might say heroic life, which extended over nearly the whole of the last century (he having been born in 1709), this remarkable Dalesman died on the 25th of June 1802, in the ninety-third year of his age. In the course of his life he had, besides bringing up and settling in life a family of twelve children,

amassed the sum of two thousand pounds, the result of marvellous industry and self-denial.

The chapel where this celebrated man entered upon his sacred duties was the smallest in the Dales, the poet Wordsworth, Mr Walker's biographer, describing it as scarcely larger than many of the fragments of rock lying near it. Most of these small chapelries were presided over by 'readers,' men who generally exercised the trades of clogger, tailor, and butter-print maker, in order to eke out their small stipend. The livings were not worth more than two or three pounds a year, and the ministers were dependent upon the voluntary contributions of their parishioners. Their stipends, beside the small money-payment mentioned above, comprised 'clothes yearly and whittlegate.' The former meant one suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes, and one pair of clogs; and the latter, two or three weeks' victuals at each house according to the ability of the inhabitants, which was settled among themselves; so that the minister could 'go his course' as regularly as the sun, and complete it annually. Few houses having more than one or two knives, he was obliged to carry his own knife or 'whittle.' He marched from house to house, and as master of the flock, had the elbow-chair at the table-head. Some remarkable scenes were often the result of this droll arrangement, and many good stories are current with reference to it. A story is told in Whythburn of a minister who had but two sermons, which he preached in turn. The walls of the chapel were at that time unplastered, and the sermons were usually placed in a hole in the wall behind the pulpit. On Sunday, before the service began, some wag pushed the sermons so far into the hole that they could not be got out with the hand. When the time for the sermon had arrived, the minister tried in vain to get them out. He then turned to the congregation and said that he could touch them with his forefinger, but couldn't get his thumb in to grasp them. 'But however,' said he, 'I will read you a chapter of Job instead, and that's worth both of them put together!'

There was a curious custom at one time in the Dales of holding market at the church. Meat and all kinds of things were displayed at the church doors, and it often happened that people would make their bargains first and hang their goods over the backs of their seats. Though such practices have long been discontinued, there are still people living who have heard the clerk give out in the churchyard the advertisements of the several sales which were to be held in the neighbourhood. One good custom there was, however, which might be often practised now with advantage in small towns and villages, namely, that of the churchwardens going round the village during divine service and driving all the loungers into church.

The Dalesfolk had their sports too, the chief of which was the one for which Cumberland and Westmoreland have ever been famous, namely wrestling. They were also keen hunters; and until quite a recent period a few couples of hounds were kept in every dale, and when the presence of a fox was betrayed by a missing lamb or a decimated hen-roost, all the dogs and nearly all the men in the parish entered in pursuit of the depredator, and were seldom balked by their victim.

Some songs that were in vogue in the Dales a hundred years ago are still sung, chiefly at fairs by itinerant ballad-mongers. Some of the tunes are very antique, as for instance, *St Dunstan's Hunt's Up*, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as lost and forgotten, but which is still played on the fiddle every Christmas-eve. The festivals held from time to time in the Dales were such as were very common in all parts of 'Merrie England' when our forefathers worked hard, and money was much scarcer than it is now. That they worked harder on the whole is a thing which admits of two opinions; but one thing is certain, namely, that their work was of a steady, careful, easy-going kind, whilst now it is all bustle and drive, in the endeavour to cram into a few fleeting hours as much as they could do in a whole week. Such as we find the world, however, we must put up with it, content, like them, to keep pegging away, and meeting the storms and buffetings of life with the same courageous spirit which enabled them to add their mite towards the honour, glory, and welfare of our common country.

A SPRING MORNING.

WHEN sparrows in the brightening sun
Chirped blithe of summer half-begun
And sure to prosper—over-bold
With rifled stores of crocus gold—
When lilacs fresh with morning rain
Tapped laughing at my window pane,
And soft with coming warmth and good
Mild breezes shook the leafy wood:

Then, ere the first delight was spent,
Adown the sunny slope I went,
Until the narrowing path across,
Soft shadows flickered on the moss
Of beechen buds that burst their sheath,
And twining tendrils, while beneath,
Where twisted roots made hollows meet,
Grew budding primrose at my feet.

There all the riddles of a life
Which vexes me with aimless strife;
The broken thoughts, that not with pain
Nor patience ere will meet again,
Were laid aside, nay, seemed to drop
As, when loud jarring voices stop,
The waves of silence rise, and spread,
And meet in circles overhead.

How life might grow I seemed to guess;
Life knowing no uneasy stress
Of partial increase; strong in growth,
Yet ever perfect, dawning truth
Which swayed each hour that took its flight
An added empire of light,
That neither cloud nor mist might stay,
Slow brightening to the perfect day.

Though autumn hours will come again,
And leafless branches drip with rain
On sodden moss, yet having seen,
I keep my faith: each spring-tide green—
When drooping life puts off its gloom,
And burned roots bear scented bloom—
With tender prophecy makes sure
My heart to labour and endure.

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STORY OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

A PASSING sigh of regret has noted the recent demise, at the good old age of eighty-six, of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Seldom has it been our lot to record in the pages of this *Journal* the story of one whose genius was of so wild and fantastic a character as that of this veteran artist, who won his maiden fame in the days of George III., and has passed away in the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria.

George Cruikshank, who was of Scotch parentage, was born in London on September 27, 1792. His father was an artist of the caricature order, contemporary with Gilray; and his elder brother Robert was a draughtsman who, though of no great ability, had a strong Cruikshankian manner about him. George began to sketch at a very early age; and at the commencement of the present century he got a living by making etchings for the booksellers. His father had originally intended to train up his son for the stage; but perceiving that his inclinations lay in quite another direction, he allowed him to cultivate those artistic talents which were afterwards to be a source of delight to himself and to the public. In 1805 the lad sketched Lord Nelson's funeral car; and his illustrations of the 'O. P.' riots at Covent Garden Theatre in 1809 attracted considerable attention at the time. Some of his earliest sketches depict characters who were the centre of interest at that period, but whose names have now quite an ancient ring about them.

Before the reign of George III. was over, the young artist had made a conspicuous name as a caricaturist and comic designer. His first designs were in connection with cheap songs and children's books; and after that he furnished political caricatures to the *Scourge* and other satirical publications, besides doing a good deal of work for Mr Hone's books and periodicals during several years. Indeed this famous publisher was the first to perceive the talents of the artist, and to introduce his rather eccentric sketches to the public. It is related of the young Cruikshank that, having

a desire to follow art in the higher department, he endeavoured on one occasion to study at the Academy. The schools at that period were restricted in space and much crowded. On sending up to Fuseli his figure in plaster, the Professor returned the characteristic but discouraging answer: 'He may come, but he will have to fight for a seat.' Cruikshank never repeated his attempt to enter the Academy, although he afterwards became an exhibitor. His pencil was ever enlisted on the side of suffering and against oppression, and it is therefore not surprising to find that the cause of the ill-used Queen Caroline was greatly benefited by its scathing satire. Some special hits were made by the artist on this occasion, for it was a subject on which the public mind was very much excited, and one design which was entitled 'The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder' ran through fifty editions.

In 1830, when the government had determined to suppress the agitation for parliamentary reform, Cruikshank, at the request of his old patron Hone, produced some political illustrations, which are said to have convulsed with laughter the ministry at whom they were directed, and to whom they did incalculable damage. One of these, called 'The Political House that Jack Built,' was particularly good, and within a very short time one hundred thousand copies of it were sold. A few years later George abandoned political caricature and gave himself up to the illustration of works of humour and fancy, to the exposure of passing follies in dress and social manners, and to grave and often tragic moralising on the vices of mankind.

In the year 1821 he illustrated—and indeed originated—the celebrated 'Life in London' of Pierce Egan, a work better known by the title of 'Tom and Jerry.' The book was published in sheets and enjoyed an enormous success, establishing the name of George Cruikshank as the first comic artist of the day. The plates for this work were in *aquatint*, and though not in Cruikshank's best manner, they exhibited that variety of observation and marvellous fullness of

detail for which the designer was always remarkable. The letterpress of the work was, however, written in too free a manner for the moral intention with which the plates were drawn; and offended at the gross use to which his illustrations were applied, the great artist retired from the engagement before the work was completed.

It was related to the writer of this article by Cruikshank himself that, when a very young man, he was one day engaged in hastily sketching a work of rather questionable character. While he was doing it, his mother and another lady entered the room, and he quickly hid the sketch away. The act, however, so disturbed him that he resolved never to allow his pencil to produce any work in the future at which a virtuous woman could not look without a blush. The pure moral tone of all his works attests how well he kept so noble a resolve.

From 1823 down to many years later, George Cruikshank was the most highly esteemed of English book illustrators. Work poured in upon him at a prodigious rate; but being a man of singular energy and tireless industry, he was always equal to the demand. His designs for 'Italian Tales,' 'Grimm's German Stories,' the 'Wild Legend of Peter Schlemihl the Shadowless Man,' 'Baron Munchausen,' and Sir Walter Scott's 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' are amongst his best and highest works. He also illustrated some of Washington Irving's works of fiction, Fielding and Smollett's books, beside Maxwell's graphic history of the 'Irish Rebellion.' It would, however, be impossible, in this brief notice of his life, to mention one tithe of the works that have emanated from the untiring pencil of this remarkable man. But the generation which is passing away cannot fail to remember his celebrated 'Mornings at Bow Street,' a series of sketches which depicted and ruthlessly exposed the dark and savage side of London life.

The genius of Charles Dickens, as we formerly had occasion to remark, received invaluable assistance from Cruikshank's pencil, which illustrated the first writings of the young author, and thus paved the way for him to a larger audience than he might otherwise have had. In the first month of 1837 appeared the opening number of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' edited by 'Boz' (Charles Dickens), then in the flush of his 'Pickwick' success, and illustrated by Cruikshank. In the second number of the 'Miscellany,' Dickens commenced 'Oliver Twist,' a work not only illustrated by Cruikshank, but for which the latter it appears had himself supplied, unwittingly, some of the characters.

George used to say that he had drawn the figures of 'Fagin,' 'Bill Sikes and his Dog,' 'Nancy,' the 'Artful Dodger,' and 'Charley Bates' before 'Oliver Twist' was written; and that Dickens seeing the sketches one day shortly after the commencement of the story, determined to change his plot, and instead of keeping Oliver in the country, resolved to bring him to town, and throw him (with entire innocence) into the company of thieves. 'Fagin' was sketched from a rascally old Jew whom Cruikshank had observed in the neighbourhood of Saffron Hill, and whom he watched and 'studied' for several weeks. The artist had also conceived the terrible face of 'Fagin in the Condemned Cell' as he sits gnawing his nails, in the curious acci-

dental way we lately narrated to our readers. He had been working at the subject for some days without satisfying himself; when sitting up in bed one morning with his hands on his chin and his fingers in his mouth, he saw his face in the glass, and at once exclaimed: '*That's it! that's the face I want!*'

Nobody who has seen the sketches to 'Oliver Twist' can ever forget them, and two at least of the series are perfect *chefs-d'œuvre* of genius, namely the death of Sikes on the roof of the old house at the river-side, and the despair of Fagin in his cell. In fact some of Cruikshank's best work in the delineation of low and depraved life and the squalid picturesqueness of criminal haunts, appeared in the above-named book. His illustrations to Harrison Ainsworth's works were also for the most part charming specimens of what may be appropriately termed the 'Cruikshankian' art. At the same time he sketched the designs for some of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' as they appeared from time to time in the 'Miscellany.' In 1841 he set up on his own account a monthly periodical called the 'Omnibus,' of which Laman Blanchard was the editor; and subsequently joined Mr Ainsworth in the magazine which that gentleman had started in his own name; the great artist, in a series of splendid plates of the highest conception, illustrating the 'Miser's Daughter' and other works from the pen of the proprietor. For several years Cruikshank had been publishing a 'Comic Almanac,' which was a great favourite with the public, and was always brimming full of fun and prodigal invention. In 1863 a 'Cruikshank Gallery' was opened at Exeter Hall, in which were exhibited a great number of his works, extending over a period of sixty years. The exhibition originated from a desire on the artist's part to shew the public that they were all done by the same hand, and that he was not, in fact, *his own grandfather*; some people having asserted that the author of his later works was the grandson of the man who had sketched the earliest ones.

He will perhaps be remembered most affectionately by the great industrial portion of the people as the apostle as well as the artist of temperance. Perceiving drunkenness to be the national vice, he depicted its horrors from the studio, and denounced its woes from the platform. It was about the year 1845 that he joined the teetotalers; and in 1847 he brought out a set of plates called 'The Bottle,' a kind of 'Drunkard's Progress,' in eight designs, executed in glypography with remarkable power and tragic intensity, not unlike some of the works of Hogarth. The success of these extraordinary engravings was enormous. Dramas were founded on the story at the minor theatres, and the several tableaux were reproduced on the stage. He soon published a sequel to 'The Bottle,' and did a great deal of work for the temperance societies; but it was observed that his style suffered somewhat by the contraction of his ideas and sympathies, and his reputation declined amongst the general public in proportion to the increase of his popularity amongst the teetotalers. He remained, however, the staunch friend and ally of the temperance leaders up to the day of his death; and he used to say that for years before he became a total abstainer he was the enemy of drunkenness with his pencil, but that

later experience had taught him that precept without example was of little avail. There is no doubt that, though the good he was able to do by persuading others to whom drink was a positive injury, brought great satisfaction to his mind, it alienated from him to a great extent the friendship, to their loss, of his former companions. But to know his duty was for George Cruikshank to do it, and nobly did he stand by the cause which he had espoused. His advocacy of temperance is also said to have been a great pecuniary loss to him; and the writer of this article remembers having heard him say, a few years since, that he had lost a commission to paint the portrait of a nobleman, because somebody had told the latter that since George Cruikshank had become a teetotaler he had lost all his talent! The hearty laugh which accompanied the recital of the story rings in the writer's ears still.

Perhaps his greatest work in the cause of temperance, as it is certainly his most extraordinary one, is the large oil-painting called 'The Worship of Bacchus,' which now hangs in the National Gallery. It represents the various phases of our national drinking system, from the child in its cradle to the man's descent to the grave. There are many hundreds of figures depicted on the canvas, engaged in all the different customs of so-called civilised life; and the sad lesson it reads is well deserving the attention of all who love their country, and would prefer to witness its increased prosperity rather than its decline. Cruikshank had the honour of describing the picture to Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor in 1863; and since then it has been exhibited in all the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. Finally, it was presented by the teetotalers to the nation, having been purchased from the artist by means of a subscription. The time spent in the preparation of this work must have been very great, indeed it might well have been the study of an ordinary lifetime. An engraving of the picture was published some time ago, in which all the figures were outlined by the painter and finished by Mr Mottram.

In his own way, George Cruikshank was a philanthropist, and to the end of his life it was his proud boast that he put a stop to hanging for forging bank-notes. The story, as told by himself, is so interesting, that we need not apologise for placing it before our readers. He lived in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; and on his returning from the Bank of England one morning he was horrified at seeing several persons, two of whom were women, hanging on the gibbet in front of Newgate. On his making inquiries as to the nature of their crime, he was told that they had been put to death for forging *one-pound* Bank of England notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had such an effect upon him, that he hurried home, determined, if possible, to put a stop to such wholesale destruction of life.

Cruikshank was well acquainted with the habits of the low class of society in London at that time, as it had been necessary for him to study them in the furtherance of his art, and he knew well that it was most likely that the poor women in question were simply the unconscious instruments of the miscreants who forged the notes, and had been induced by them to tender the false money to some

publican or other. In a few minutes after his arrival at his residence he had designed and sketched a 'Bank-note not to be Imitated.' Shortly afterwards, William Hone the publisher called on him, and seeing the sketch lying on the table, he was much struck with it.

'What are you going to do with this, George?' he asked.

'To publish it,' replied the artist.

'Will you let me have it?' inquired Hone.

'Willingly,' said Cruikshank; and making an etching of it there and then, he gave it to Hone, and it was published; the result being, that 'I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged afterwards for passing forged one-pound Bank of England notes.'

In 1863 he published an amusing pamphlet against the belief in ghosts, illustrated by some weird fantastic sketches on wood. But his public appearances now became less frequent. During the later years of his life he gave considerable attention to oil-painting, and he used greatly to regret that he had not received a more artistic education, stating that when he first saw the cartoons of Raphael he felt overpowered by a sort of shame at his own comparative deficiencies. He has, however, left some good specimens of his power in oil in 'Tam o' Shanter,' 'A Runaway Knock,' and 'Disturbing the Congregation;' the last-named having been bought by the late Prince Consort, and afterwards engraved. The design of the Bruce Memorial, which has been so much admired, was also from the pencil of George Cruikshank; and the last contribution from his pen to the public press was a letter on this subject.

His personal appearance was no less remarkable than his works. Rather below middle stature, and thick-set, with a rather sharp Roman nose, piercing eyes, a mouth full of lurking humour, and wild elf-locks flowing about his face, he at once attracted attention as a man of genius, energy, and character. He was always famous for great courage and spirit, which added to his muscular power, made him very capable of holding his own everywhere.

Though accustomed to depict life in its shadier phases, Cruikshank was of a naturally joyous disposition. In social life his humour was inimitable; and his readiness to add to the amusement of his host and his host's guests was only equalled by the unique way in which he played the part of actor, singer, and dancer. The fact of his being a teetotaler in no way interfered with his honest natural merry nature; with old and young alike he was a deserved favourite. Young folks were especially fond of the dear old man. Dining with some other guests at the London house of a friend of the writer's some five-and-twenty years ago, Mr Cruikshank, when asked to favour the company with a song, struck up the comic ditty of *Billy Taylor*, that brisk young fellow, and danced an accompaniment, much to the amusement of the good folks present. 'Not so bad for one of your teetotalers,' quoth the veteran as he returned to his seat.

In his earlier years he ventured alone into the worst dens of criminal London, and since he had grown old he actually captured a burglar in his own house and with his own hands. In many ways he contributed to the public amusement and

the public good; and during the later years of his life he was in receipt of a government pension, for though he helped to make fortunes for others, he made very little money for himself. He was a Volunteer so far back as 1801: and in our own days he commanded a regiment of citizen soldiers of teetotal principles.

There is on view at the Westminster Aquarium at the present time a splendid collection of Cruikshank's works, each of which is a study in itself, while the whole, consisting of about five hundred sketches, forms a unique monument to his skill and genius.

As an artist he will be certain of lasting fame, for he managed his lights and shades with a skill akin to Rembrandt, while his delineation of low life in its every phase was marvellous. His illustrations to fairy and goblin stories were also beyond praise, as they could not be surpassed in strangeness and elfin oddity; and in this respect he was popular with young and old. His sketches must be innumerable, for he was, like all true men of genius, a great worker, and he must have toiled unceasingly through at least *seventy* years of his long life. He was attacked with bronchitis a few weeks previous to his death, yet with great care he was actually enabled to recover from this disease; but alas! only to succumb to an older complaint from which he had been free for years. He died painlessly, on the evening of the first of February last, at his residence in Hampstead Road, London; and while to comparatively few was given the inestimable privilege of the great artist's friendship, the grief of a nation for his loss attests the universality of his fame.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XV.—THE STOLEN LETTER.

JASTER DENZIL, his arm, bruised and crushed as it had been beneath the weight of the fallen horse, still needing the support of a sling, and his pallid cheek and dim eye telling that he had not wholly regained his strength, lounged among the cushions of a sofa in what was called the White Room at Carbery. This room, which owed its name to the colour of its panelled walls, sparsely relieved by mouldings of gold and pale blue, overlooked the park and adjoined the billiard-room; and Jasper, with an invalid's caprice, had chosen it for his especial apartment during the period of his compulsory confinement to the house.

Time hung more heavily than ever on the captain's hands since his accident had cut him off from his ordinary habits of life. Of intellectual resources he had few indeed, being one of those men (and they are numerous amongst us) to whom reading is a weariness of spirit, and thinking a laborious mental process, and who undergo tortures of boredom when thrown helpless into that worst of all company—their own. His sisters' affection, his sisters' innocent anxiety to anticipate his wishes and soothe his pain, bored him more than it touched him. He was not of a tender moral fibre, and barely tolerated at best those of his own blood and name. He would very much have preferred, as a nurse bluff Jack Prodgers, to Blanche and Lucy. With Prodgers he had topics and interests in common; the minds of the two captains ran nearly in identical grooves; whereas

his sisters did not fathom his nature or partake his tastes. So dreary was the existence to which this once brilliant cavalry officer was now condemned, that he had actually come to look forward with a sort of languid excitement to the professional visits of little Dr Aulfus from Pebworth, whose gig, to the great disgust of Mr Lancetter, the High Tor surgeon, was daily to be seen traversing the carriage-drive of Carbery Chase. With his father, Jasper's dealings were coldly decorous, no fondness and no trust existing on either side. Sir Sykes had announced to Jasper that his debts—of which the baronet, through a chance interview with Mr Wilkins the attorney from London, had been made aware—had been paid in full.

'I must ask you, Jasper,' Sir Sykes had said, 'for two assurances: one to the effect that no more secret liabilities exist to start up at unexpected moments; and the other, that you will never again ride a steeplechase.'

'For my own sake, sir, I'll promise you that last willingly enough,' said Jasper, with a sickly smile. 'I didn't use to mind that kind of thing; but I suppose I am not so young in constitution as I was, and don't come up to time so readily. And as for more snakes in the grass, such as those which that impudent cur Wilkins wheedled me into signing, for his own benefit and that of his worthy allies, I give you my word there's not one. Some fresh tailor or liveryman may send a bill in one day. A gentleman can't always be quite sure as to how many new coats and hired broughams may be totted up against him by those harpies at the West End; but that is all. I should have won a hatful of money the other day if anybody but Hanger had been on The Smasher's back, when that savage brute rushed at the wall; but I don't owe any, except a hundred and fifty which Prodgers lent me, and every farthing of which I paid to the bookmakers before the race, in hope of receiving it back with a tidy sum to boot.'

Sir Sykes had forthwith inclosed a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds to Captain Prodgers, with a very frigid acknowledgment of the accommodation offered to his son.

'I could wish that you had other friends, other pursuits too,' he said coldly to Jasper. 'However, I will not lecture. You are of an age to select your own associates.'

Captain Denzil then, being on terms of chilling civility with his father, and an uncongenial companion for his sisters, yielded himself the more readily to the singular fascination which Ruth Willis could, when she chose, exert. Sir Sykes's ward had a remarkable power of pleasing when it suited her to please. She had at the first conciliated the servants at Carbery—no slight feat, considering the dull weight of stolid prejudice which she had to encounter—and had won the regard of the baronet's two daughters. Then Lucy and Blanche had felt the ardour of their early girlish friendship for the Indian orphan cool perceptibly, perhaps because the latter no longer gave herself the same pains to win their suffrages. And now she laid herself out to be agreeable to Jasper. Nothing could be more natural or befitting than that a young lady, under deep obligations to the master of the house, should shew her gratitude by doing little acts of kindness to her guardian's son when a prisoner; and without any apparent effort or design, Ruth seemed to appropriate the invalid

as her own. She talked to him—she was by far better informed than the average of her sex and age, and had a rare tact which taught her when to speak, and of what—and she read to him. A more fastidious listener than Jasper might have been charmed with that sweet untiring voice, so admirably modulated that it assumed the tone most suited to the subject-matter, be it what it might. The captain, whose boast it was, that with the exception of racing calendars and cavalry manuals, he had not opened a book since he left school, cared for nothing but newspapers, and especially newspapers of a sporting turn, and such literature is not generally very inviting to a feminine student; but Miss Willis shewed no symptoms of weariness as she retailed to her hearer the cream of the turf intelligence.

‘I don’t half like her. There are times when I could almost say, I hate her!’ thought Jasper to himself once and again; ‘but she’s clever, and has something about her which I don’t understand, for she never bores a fellow.’

It was a burning day in early August. The windows of the White Room were open, and the heavy hum of the bees, as they loaded themselves with the plunder of the blossoms that clustered so thickly without, had in itself a drowsy potency. Jasper, overcome by heat and lassitude, had fallen asleep among his cushions, and Ruth Willis, who had been reading to him, laid down the paper and slipped softly from the room, closing the door behind her. She met no one, either, on her way to her own chamber or as, having donned her garden hat and jacket, she descended the stairs. It was her practice on most fine days to leave the house for a solitary ramble either in the park or among the woods that sloped down to the river.

It was Ruth’s custom, when thus she sallied forth alone, to take with her a book, which she could read when seated on some granite boulder against which the swift stream chafed in vain, or amidst the gnarled roots of the ancient trees in the Chase. Nor did she, like the majority of young ladies, consider nothing worth her study save the contents of the last green box of novels from a London circulating library, preferring often the perusal of the quaint pretty old books that are usually allowed to sleep unmolested on their shelves, here the verses of a forgotten poet, there perhaps some idyl unsurpassed in its simple sweetness of thought and diction.

With works of this description, well chosen once but now voted obsolete, the library at Carbery Chase was richly stored; and Sir Sykes had willingly given to his ward the permission which she asked, to have free access to its treasures. He himself spent most of his time while within doors in this same library, and there Ruth fully expected to find him, when she entered it, accounted for her walk. She had in her hand a tiny tome, bound in tawny leather, and with a faded coat of arms, on which might still be deciphered the De Vere wyverns stamped upon the cover. To replace this and to select another volume, she should have to pass Sir Sykes’s writing-table, in front of the great stained glass window; but he would merely look up with a nod and smile as the small slender form of his ward flitted by.

Sir Sykes, however, contrary to his habit at that hour, was not in the library. He must but

recently have quitted it, however, for the ink in the pen that he had laid aside was yet wet, and the note which he had been engaged in writing was unfinished. On a desk which occupied the right-hand corner of the writing-table, a large old desk, the queer inlaid-work of which, in ivory and tortoise-shell, had probably been that of some Chinese or Hindu mechanic, lay an open letter, the bluish paper and formal penmanship of which suggested the idea of business. Now, it may seem trite to say that a regard for the sanctity of another person’s correspondence is not merely innate in every honourable mind, but so strongly inculcated upon us by education and example, that there are many who are capable of actual crime, yet who would be degraded in their own esteem by any prying into what was meant to meet no eyes but those of the legitimate recipient. Yet Ruth Willis, the instant that she perceived herself to be alone in the room, unhesitatingly drew near to the table and took a brief survey of what lay upon it. As she caught a glimpse of the letter, her very breathing seemed to stop, and a strange glittering light came into her large eyes, and a crimson flush mantled in her pale cheek.

‘I must have it!’ she exclaimed passionately. ‘At any risk I must know all, must realise the extent of the danger, and whence it threatens. There is not a moment to lose!’

Quick as thought the girl snatched up the letter from the desk on which it lay, and darted towards the French window nearest to the now empty fire-place. The window stood open. As she neared it, she heard a man’s tread in the passage, a man’s hand upon the door of the library. To avoid detection, her only chance was in her own promptitude and coolness. She had but just time to pass through the opening and to conceal herself among the rose-trees and flowering shrubs, before Sir Sykes entered the room that she had so lately left. She thrust the letter into her pocket and cowered down close to the wall, terror in her eyes and quick-moving lips, for she knew but too well that in such a case as this no social subterfuge, no fair seeming excuse could avail her.

From her lair among the fragrant bushes Ruth could see the baronet tossing over the papers that lay neatly arranged on his table, then hurrying to and fro in evident excitement. That he was seeking for the missing letter was clear.

‘Sooner or later,’ she murmured to herself, ‘he must remember the window, and should he but see me, all is lost. In such a plight, boldness is safest.’

With a stealthy swiftness which had something feline in it, Ruth Willis made her way past shrubs and sheltering trees and black hedges of aged yew, trimmed, for generations past, by the gardener’s shears. There were men at work among the lawns and flower-beds, men at work too among the hot-houses and conservatories. It would not be well, should suspicion be rife and inquiry active, that these men should have seen her. There was one place, however, where the trees of the garden overhung the fence dividing it from the park, and here there was a wicket, seldom used. To reach it she had to traverse one short stretch of greensward exposed to the observation of the under-gardeners at their work. Watching for a favourable moment, Ruth glided across the dangerous piece of open ground, unseen by those who were busy at that

mowing and rolling, and weeding and pruning, which never seems to be finished in a rich man's pleasure. With the speed of a hunted deer she threaded her way amidst the trees, opened the gate, and skirting the southern angle of the park, fled through the new plantations to her favourite resort, the woods beside the river.

No more peaceful and few prettier spots could easily have been found than that which Ruth now sought, a place where the swift stream, rushing down from its birthplace among the Dartmoor heights to end its short career in the blue sea—of which, between the interlacing boughs, a view could here and there be obtained—brawled among the red rocks that half choked up the deep and narrow ravine. A welcome coolness seemed to arise from where the spray of the pellucid water was sprinkled over boulders worn smooth by time; and clefts where the delicate lady-fern and many another dainty frond grew thickly. But Ruth Willis for once was blind to the beauty of the scene, deaf to the silvery music of the stream among the pebbles or to the carol of the birds. With dilated eyes and lips compressed, but with trembling fingers, she drew forth the stolen letter, and beneath the shadow of the overhanging boughs, eagerly, almost fiercely, read and re-read the words that it contained.

FIRES IN AMERICA.

THE exceeding dryness of the atmosphere in the United States produces such an inflammability in buildings, that when a fire breaks out it proceeds with surprising velocity. Owing to this circumstance Americans have organised the most perfect system in the world of extinguishing fires, though all their efforts are often in vain. A stranger in New York or Boston would be astonished at the immense uproar caused by an outbreak of fire. Bells are rung, gongs sounded, and steam fire-engines rush along the streets regardless of everything. The unaccustomed stranger is apt to make a run of it when he sees the engines coming; the American simply steps on to the 'side-walk' or into a 'store' for a moment. It is provided by the city government that 'the officers and men, with their teams and apparatus, shall have the right of way while going to a fire, through any street, lane, or alley,' &c.; and most unreservedly do the said officers and men make use of this permission. If any old woman's stall is at the corner of a street round which the steamers must go, there is no help for it; over it goes. If a buggy is left standing at a corner, the owner must not be surprised if but three wheels are left on it when he returns. Accidents of this latter kind, however, are rare; people recognise and yield willingly the right of way; and the quicker the engines go to a fire, the better pleased everybody is. It is quite a point of rivalry among the firemen who shall get the first water on a fire, and is mentioned always in the report of the engineer.

This is how it looks from the outside; but the greater part of those who see the engines go to a fire have no idea of the inner working of the system. All they know is that when there is a fire the engines go and put it out. We shall

therefore now proceed to shew, first, the means for communicating alarms of fire; and second, the means for extinguishing fires when discovered.

There are in Boston (Mass.), which we may take as an example of a well-protected city, about two hundred and thirty-five alarm-boxes, which are small iron boxes placed at street corners, on public buildings, and in any convenient and necessary locality. Each box is connected by two wires with the head office at the City Hall, and has its number painted in red, and a notice stating where the key is kept, which is generally the nearest house. The authorities usually confide the key to some person whose premises are open all night, such as the proprietor of an hotel, an apothecary, or a doctor. When the box is opened, nothing is seen but a small hook at the top, the interior being concealed by another iron lid. Under this second lid is a steel cylinder with pieces of ebony let into its circumference to correspond with the number of the box. This cylinder is connected with one of the telegraph wires; and a steel spring which presses against it, with the other. When the hook is pulled down a clock-work arrangement causes the cylinder to revolve four times; the steel spring consequently passes over the entire surface of the cylinder four times, and contact is broken at the points where the spring touches only the non-conducting ebony. For instance, if the circumference of the cylinder in box 125 could be unrolled, it would present an appearance something like this: I II IIII. Let us now follow the wires to the top of the City Hall, where, night and day, sits an operator watching the recording instrument. Here in a small room are numerous electrical instruments of all sorts, gongs, switches, keys, levers, and wires. In an attic overhead are the batteries. As soon as a box is opened and 'pulled' a bell strikes, and a recording instrument in front turns out a slip of paper, on which is printed the box number; thus

would mean box 125. It prints this four times—the number of revolutions made by the cylinder in the box—to avoid any error.

On the other side of the operator are three clock faces bearing numerals from one to nine, and a pointer. The one to the right is for the units, the middle one for the tens, the one to the left for the hundreds. Under them is a lever working horizontally. Immediately the operator receives the box number, he sets these pointers to correspond with it—namely, the left one he puts at 1, the middle at 2, the right one at 5—thus making 125—and then moves the lever underneath.

Now let us see what is the result of this manœuvring. Wires connect these machines with various church bells and gongs in all parts of the city, which ring out the alarm as the operator moves the lever. There are thirty-eight such bells in Boston. When there is a church bell in the neighbourhood, the fire department affixes an electrical hammer to it; if, however, there is no public bell in the right place, a large gong is erected. The machine at City Hall is automatic when once started, and causes the bells to sound the alarm three times as follows. For box 125 they would strike once; then a pause and strike twice; another pause and strike five times; then a much longer pause and repeat twice. For box 218 they strike

2—1—8, always sounding the number three times with intervals between. So quickly is all this managed that in half a minute after a person opens and 'pulls' a box he hears the bells begin to respond.

In case that the engines which go on the first alarm are not sufficiently numerous to extinguish the fire, a second alarm is given by the operator striking ten blows on the bells, which brings several more engines. If the fire is very serious, a third alarm brings still more engines with hose and ladder companies. This is given by striking twelve blows twice. If the conflagration is becoming very serious indeed, the entire fire department is summoned by striking twelve blows three times. This, of course, very rarely happens. Indeed so efficient are the men and apparatus, that even a second alarm is quite unusual. The second and third alarms are communicated to the City Hall operator by simply 'pulling' the same box a second and third time; or if the pulling apparatus should have been destroyed at an early stage of the fire, by transmitting a request by a Morse telegraph key, which is placed in every box for the use of the employees when out testing the circuits. Every one knows the number of the box situated near to his residence or place of business; so, if awakened by the bells in the night, he simply counts the box number, and if it is not near him, turns over and goes to sleep again reassured; whilst if it chance to be his number, he is at once ready to render any assistance.

The fire telegraph is also made use of by the city authorities for calling out the police or the military in case of a disturbance, and also for informing the parents who send their children to the public schools when there is to be no class, on account of bad weather or other reasons. Each of these circumstances has its special number. There is also a gong placed in every police station, which is struck directly from the boxes, and it frequently happens that the police have a flaming building barricaded by a rope, before the engines arrive.

Next, the means for extinguishing fires when discovered. In the city of Boston there are twenty-nine steam fire-engines in actual service, and seven held in reserve; eight chemical engines, throwing water impregnated with soda and sulphuric acid, which also serves as the motive-power; one steam self-propelling engine; one fire-boat to defend the water-front of the city; nearly forty hose-carriages, about seventy thousand feet of hose, and twelve hook and ladder companies; besides other apparatus of various kinds, such as hand-engines, coal-wagons, sleighs for carrying the hose in winter, and several aerial ladders. The engines weigh from seven to nine thousand pounds, and cost about a thousand pounds each.

One of the most interesting features in the American fire-system is the extreme ingenuity that is exercised to insure the speedy arrival of the apparatus at a fire. As has been said, in less than a minute after the alarm-box has been pulled the bells are ringing out the alarm all over the city; and—incredible as it may seem—sometimes in *ten seconds* after the alarm is rung, the engines have left their stations with steam up and every one prepared for work! Perhaps the best way to give a general idea of how this wonderful celerity

is attained is to describe the interior arrangements of an engine-house.

Usually an engine and a hose-carriage are kept in one house. This is a two-story building with a small tower or look-out. In the cellar are kept the steam-heaters and coal; on the first floor in front are the engine and hose-carriage, at the back the stables; on the second floor the sleeping-room of the men, their smoking and reading room, and a small tool-shop. There is a sort of wooden tunnel running up by the side of the stairs from the cellar to the top of the house, in which are hung the lengths of spare hose. In the front of the building is a large gateway, kept closed, for the entrance and exit of the engine. The engine stands facing the door, and by the side of it the hose-carriage. The firemen's helmets and coats are hung on these; and in the engine the materials for getting up the fire are laid at the bottom; and close by is a sort of tow-torch soaked in oil, which is lighted and thrown on the fire by the engineman when they start. So inflammable is the material laid in the engine-furnace that the fire is lighted instantaneously. Coming up through the floor, and connecting with two pipes at the rear of the engine, are two tubes from the steam-heater mentioned above. This is simply a small boiler by which the boiler of the fire-engine is kept filled night and day with hot water, so that steam is up immediately after the fire is lighted. By the side of the engine is a large gong, on which the alarm is sounded by the same current that causes the strokes on the bells outside. Under this is a lever holding back a powerful spring, which, when released, opens the stable-doors without any attention from the firemen!

There are three horses—two for the engine, and one for the hose-carriage. They are kept in small stalls, and face the door of the house, with the door of the stall just in front of them, so that when the door is opened, the horses, on stepping out, stand by the side of the engine in readiness to be harnessed. And not only this, but the horses, without exception, are so well trained, that the instant the door is opened they run out and stand by the side of the engine-pole. They are always completely harnessed, and their harness is so constructed that in order to attach them to the engine only the joining of a few snap-hooks is necessary.

One fireman is always on patrol on the 'floor,' whose duty it is to count and register the alarm; another is on patrol in the neighbourhood. They sleep with everything on but their coat and boots, and each has a distinct place assigned to him, which he takes on the striking of an alarm. So the gong strikes, the stable-doors open, the horses rush out, the men tumble down-stairs from their rooms above, the horses are harnessed; and if the alarm calls for them, the doors are thrown open, and they are gone, occasionally, as was said, in ten or twelve seconds from the striking of the alarm.

The city of Boston is divided into ten fire districts, and each district placed under the charge of an assistant-engineer. Usually about five or six engines, with their accompanying hose-carriages, two hook and ladder companies, a coal-wagon, and one of the wagons of the protective brigade—carrying tarpaulins and rubber blankets, to protect property from injury by water, supported by the insurance companies—go to every fire. The entire force of the Fire department in 1876 was

six hundred and sixty-seven men, controlled by three fire commissioners, one nominated by the mayor, and confirmed by the city council every year.

Such are the means possessed by a city of rather more than four hundred thousand inhabitants for protection against fire; and with such a splendid system and such a force of men and machines, it is difficult to understand how a fire could attain such awful proportions as that of 1872, when the loss amounted to four millions sterling.

Boston always took great pride and felt much confidence in her granite-fronted places of business, but her recent fire has relieved her of that misplaced confidence. The blocks of granite crumbled away, cracked and fell apart, and even exploded. Of course this was an exceptionally great heat, but one sees fewer warehouses fronted with granite now than before the fire.

Even during so terrible a calamity as this fire the characteristic wit of the American did not desert him. No sooner were the flames extinguished in the burnt district, than the occupiers of the premises put up notices on their lots stating their present residences and future plans. Usually, in the larger cities of the United States, a value is put upon time of which we have no conception in England. When a house is burnt down in London or Edinburgh, half a year may elapse before arrangements are made to build it up again. On the morning after a fire in New York, we were amused in observing that workmen were already engaged in preparations for a new building. Owing to this species of energy in the American people, the two half-destroyed cities of Boston and Chicago are built up again, handsomer and stronger than ever. And still the work of improving the fire department goes on. There are in the newspapers almost daily accounts of the trial of new engines, improved ladders, longer fire-escapes, and surer fire-extinguishing compounds, and nothing is spared in checking the tyranny of what has been so aptly termed a 'good servant but bad master.'

MONSIEUR HOULOT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—YESTERDAY—BONDAGE.

I WAS sitting one day looking disconsolately out of window at a landscape almost blotted out by rain and mist, a landscape almost hatefully familiar to me. My mind was as cheerless as the prospect, as blank as the sheet of paper stretched before me to receive its impressions. I looked on that sheet of paper with disgust, with loathing. There was no idea in my head, and I felt that anything I might attempt to write would turn out meaningless verbiage. But my invisible task-masters were behind me—I heard the crack of their many-thonged whips—I saw Messrs Butcher and Baker sitting joyfully on the car which was destined to crush me if I once slackened the rope.

Yes, I was a writer; neither a successful one nor the reverse. I made a living by it, but it was an irregular living. Sometimes I was comparatively rich, at others I was superlatively poor. At the date of which I write I was decidedly in the latter condition. In purse and in health I was at the lowest of low-water; one reacted on

the other; my poverty increased my physical weakness, which in its turn prevented any effective effort to fill the exchequer. Everything I wrote somehow missed fire. A rest and a change might have set me up. I had no means of taking either. Nor was I the only sufferer in the house. My wife was ill and depressed; the children were out of health. Everything was out of gear.

Under these doleful conditions I was sitting in a sort of comatose state, brooding over all the uncomfortable possibilities of existence or non-existence—without a friend to take counsel with, or even an acquaintance who might help to move the stagnant waters of life—when I was aroused by the unwonted sound of wheels. A fly drove up to the gate, horse and driver shivering and dripping with wet. The man jumped down and rang the bell. The servant brought up a card: 'Mrs Collingwood Dawson.'

I knew the name well enough. Dawson was a successful writer of fiction, a man whose novels were in demand at all the circulating libraries. But what could his better-half want with me? Time would shew. The lady entered.

Mrs Collingwood Dawson was a pleasant-looking woman of uncertain age, not much over thirty probably, and certainly under forty, with dark luminous eyes and an expressive face.

'It is rather bold of me,' she said, 'to come here and take you by storm, without introduction or anything. I can only plead the fellowship of the craft.'

I replied in an embarrassed way with some meaningless commonplace; and after a few preliminary civilities, she came to the real purpose of her visit.

'My husband is,' she said, 'a very ill-used man. Everybody is worrying him to write this and that and the other. If he had a dozen pairs of hands he could keep them going. Unfortunately, he is a sad invalid, and is really incapable of undertaking more than the little he has in hand.'

I expressed a decent grief at the ill-health of Mr Collingwood Dawson.

'I have long been urging him,' she went on, 'to take a partner, a coadjutor, a *collaborateur*, some one who will relieve him from the laborious part of the business, who will work in his style and on his ideas, and whose work should in effect be his, and appear under his name.'

'You will have difficulty,' said I, 'in finding a competent person who would be willing to sacrifice his literary identity.'

'Yes; there is a difficulty certainly; but I have taken the liberty of hoping that you would help us to obviate it. You are yet young comparatively, and have ample time hereafter to gather a crop of bays on your own account.'

'What induced you, madam, to think of me in the matter?'

'Simply a study of what you have written, the style of which seemed suitable to our purpose. If I am offending you, say so, and I will apologise, and go no further.'

I replied that I was willing to hear her offer; that I had no opinion of literary partnerships, but that my means would not allow me to reject point-blank any advantageous proposal.

'There is nothing derogatory at all, you will acknowledge, in working on other people's lines; the greatest authors have done it.'

'Oh, if I can do it honestly, I shall have no scruples on any other score.'

'Is there any difference between working for us and say for a magazine which publishes your work anonymously? Or in writing under a *nom de plume*. If there is any deceit in the matter, it rests with us, not with you. But if it be a deceit, then all the old masters were cheats, when they sold as their own, pictures which were in parts done by their scholars, or sculptors who sell as their work, statues of which all the rough work has been done by pupils or workmen. No, indeed; it is your own pride that stands in the way. And pride you know is a sin, and ought to be repented of.'

'Well,' I said, 'let me hear the terms.'

The terms were liberal enough. A certain sum per sheet at a higher rate than I could earn elsewhere, and with the certainty of a market for all I wrote, which at that time I did not possess. But the bait which finally took me was the offer of an immediate cheque for fifty pounds on account and to bind the transaction.

I took counsel of my wife.

'Can you hesitate?' she said. 'Here we hardly know where to look for to-morrow's food, and you are offered a certain income and fifty pounds as earnest-money.'

I closed with the offer and accepted the retaining fee; and I felt as Dr Faustus might have done when he sold his soul to the Evil One.

Mrs Collingwood Dawson seemed pleased at my compliance, and sketched out to me the part she wished me to take. We were to manufacture novels solely—about three a year. The plot was to be drawn out for me with indications of the points to be worked out. I was to fill in dialogue and description. The 'author' was to be at liberty to add, cut out, amend, and put in finishing touches.

'I shall give you,' she said, 'a packet which I have left in the fly, containing the various works of my husband. Read them over critically, and adapt your style to his. I know you are a skilful workman, and will have no difficulty in the matter.'

Business over, my employer joined our family dinner. She was bright and cheerful, and her gaiety was infectious. My wife was charmed with her; the children could not make enough of her. Her presence had all the effect upon me of sparkling wine. When she was gone, I sat down to read Mr Dawson's works with as little appetite for their perusal as a grocer has for figs. But I was surprised to find that though uneven in quality and often carelessly written, there were abundant traces of a vivid imagination, and an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart in morbid and unhealthy developments. These qualities, I may say, appeared only by fits and starts, and were overlaid by a good deal of very commonplace work. The strong point of his fiction, and that which gained, no doubt, the approval of the public, was the plot. His plots were always ingenious and well combined, and kept the interest going to the very fall of the curtain.

Time passed on. I got fairly to work on my new business. I had no fault to find with my employers, and they on their part seemed well satisfied with my services. I had as much work as

I could manage; but I found it much easier than of old, inasmuch as I had definite lines to work upon and a distinct object in view. Then the payment was regular, and in virtue of that, our household assumed an aspect of comfort and tranquillity to which it had long been a stranger. As it was no longer necessary for me to live within reach of London, I determined to carry out a plan that had been in my head for some time, and settle for a while in some quiet place in Normandy, where one could have good air, repose, and tranquillity, without the appalling dullness that mantles over an English country town.

All this time I had never seen Mr Collingwood Dawson, and the only address I knew was at his chambers in the Temple; but all business matters were arranged with a Mr Smith, who, I understood, was his agent. My removal involved only a trifling extra cost in postage, and I had work on hand that would keep me going for several months.

We settled in a pleasant picturesque little town on the banks of the Seine, and after giving myself a few weeks' holiday, to make acquaintance with the neighbourhood, I began to plod on steadily at my task.

I had just despatched a parcel of manuscript, and was strolling homewards from the post-office along the quay, when I stopped to watch some people fishing from the steps that lead down to the water-side. The tide was low, the evening tranquil. The setting sun was blinking over the edge of the wood-crowned heights behind; but all this side of the view was in shadow, while the aspens and poplars on the further bank were glowing in golden light. A little brook that escapes into the river hereabouts through a conduit of stone was splashing and bubbling merrily. In the eddy formed by the brook and the big river were swimming the light floats of the fishermen, every now and then pulled down, more often by some drowning weed or twig, but sometimes by a fish, whose eager darts from side to side, and struggles as it was hauled in by main force, afforded great amusement and excitement to some half-dozen boys.

A more than commonly vigorous pluck at one of the floats, and a strenuous tug at the line belonging to it, which made the rod curve and wave under its strain, shewed that a big fish had been hooked. The sensation among the spectators was great. It is always an awkward matter to land a fish of any size when the river-bank is perpendicular and there is no landing-net. Our friends here, however, were not disposed to create unnecessary difficulties. A companion of the successful fisherman seized the line and began to haul it in hand over hand. It is a capital way this if everything holds and the fish is hooked beyond possibility of release. In this case, however, although the line was pulled in vigorously, all of a sudden the resistance ceased and the hook came naked home. The baffled fisherman bowed and smiled politely at his friend. It was a little *contre-temps* inseparable from the amusement of fishing.

'Clumsy!' growled a voice close to my elbow in good English. I turned round quite startled, for there were no English residents in the town, and the accents of my native tongue were becoming unfamiliar. A man stood by my side of somewhat

strange appearance. He was short and thick-set, and had a massive strongly marked face, with bushy overhanging eyebrows, a heavy gray moustache, and stubbly beard of only a few weeks' growth. His arms were folded, the left one over the other; but as he changed his position, I saw that he had lost his right hand, and that its place was supplied with an iron hook. He was dressed in a blouse made of some kind of coarse blanket-stuff of a huge cheque pattern, trousers of dirty-white flannel, stuffed into boots that came half-way up his calf. A Turkey-red handkerchief was twisted carelessly round his throat, there being no sign of any shirt beneath; and a bonnet of the Glengarry shape was cocked rather fiercely on his head. In his hand he held a packet of whity-brown paper, made up as it seemed for transmission by post. I could not help seeing that the packet was addressed 'London' in a bold rough hand.

He seemed to wince at the look full of curiosity that I gave him. His face, which had been lighted up with interest in watching the progress of the fishing, now turned dull and dark. He went off at a short shambling trot in the direction of the post-office, and I saw no more of him just then.

I was not long, however, in finding out something about him. His name it seemed was Houlot, and although eccentric, he was inoffensive, and was on the whole rather respected by the townspeople. He was a *savant*—a character, in their eyes, that excused a good deal of moroseness and roughness of manner. He had resided in the neighbourhood for some years, and occupied a single room in a house upon the hill overlooking the town. Here he lived—hermit-fashion—keeping no domestic, buying his own provisions in the market and cooking them himself. His kitchen, however, I was given to understand, was the least important part of his establishment; and the juice of the grape or of the apple, or of the potato haply, distilled into strong waters, formed the chief of his diet. For many weeks at a time he would scarcely stir from his room, only coming out when his bottle of brandy was empty, or on market-days to buy provisions. After this period of seclusion, he would be seen walking about the country with a pipe in his mouth, a thick oaken stick under his arm, and a book in his solitary hand, still morose and unsociable. There was yet a third stage, during which he would haunt the cafés and wine-shops, drinking a good deal, and chatting away with all comers. At these times he was apt to get quarrelsome, and he was known in consequence to be on bad terms with the inspector of police.

I daresay that if I had chosen to apply to the last-named functionary, I should have got still more ample information; but there was nothing to justify me in pushing inquiry any further. It was generally thought that Houlot was English in origin; but his French was not distinguishable as that of a foreigner, and he spoke German as well as he did English.

A week or two afterwards I met Monsieur Houlot walking on the heights overlooking the Seine, with his pipe and stick, and with his nose in a tattered volume. I raised my hat in passing; but he turned his head away with a scowl, and did not return my salute. Decidedly, I said to myself, he is English.

One morning the postman brought me a registered letter containing a remittance from England, and placed before me his book to receive my signature. When I had signed, he handed me a letter; but it was not for me, it was for M. Houlot; and yet, curiously enough, the address was in the handwriting of Mr Smith, the business agent of Collingwood Dawson, from whom I was expecting a remittance.

'Ah, I have given you the wrong letter,' said the postman. 'They are both just alike, and I have made a mistake; pardon, Monsieur;' and he handed me a similar letter addressed to myself.

I noticed that from this date Houlot seemed to assume his third stage of habits—that in which he haunted the cafés and wine-shops. Every one agreed that he was much less inaccessible at such times, and could even make casual acquaintance with strangers. I had a great desire to know more about him, and took a little pains to throw myself in his way. I ascertained that he usually spent his afternoons in one particular café—the *Café Cujus*—thus called from the name of its proprietor; and I made a point of taking coffee there every day at the hour at which he was usually to be met with. But I did not advance my purpose by that. He would bury his head in the *Journal de Rouen*, turn his back persistently upon me, and leave the café at the earliest possible moment.

'You will come and visit us this evening?' said Mademoiselle Cujus graciously to me one day, as I paid my score at the counter of the elegant little platform whence she dispensed her various tinctures. 'We shall have a very genteel concert to-night.'

Mademoiselle is a charming little French-woman, with a piquant retroussé nose, a full and softly rounded chin, and dark eyes with a veiled fire about them, most attractive. She wears the prettiest little boots in the world, and is always charmingly dressed. It is difficult to refuse Mademoiselle Cujus anything, and I undertook to be present at the concert. Admission was free, and thus I did not commit myself to any great outlay.

When I entered the café that evening, I found it well filled with a miscellaneous but respectable company. Everybody is talking, coffee-cups and glasses are clinking, dominoes are rattling. At one end of the room, on an extemporised platform, formed of a few rough boards, the prima-donna, a rather bony lady in a very low dress, stands with a roll of music in her hand, and surveys the company in a somewhat dissatisfied way. She has cleared her throat once or twice, and the pianist bangs out an opening chord or two. Her voice is a little husky—perhaps with the singing of anthems; but she has plenty of confidence and 'go' about her, and the wit to please her audience.

When the rattle of applause that greeted the end of the lady's song had ceased, there followed a comic man dressed as a peasant, carrying a tobacco-pipe, which he was always trying, though ineffectually, to light with a match from his trousers-pocket. He counterfeits the Norman peasant in a state of semi-intoxication excellently well, and his song is much applauded and called for again.

'Yah!' growled a voice behind me in an angry tone; and looking round I saw M. Houlot standing by the doorway, his thick stick under

his arm. He seemed to be a little obscure in his faculties, and to have resented the last performance as a personal insult to himself. His brows were knitted, and his eyes gleamed angrily whilst he grasped the thin end of his stick in a menacing way. Mademoiselle Cujus saw him at the same moment as myself, and descended quickly from her Olympus to appease him, laying her hand upon his arm as if to beg him to retire. He shook it roughly off; and Mademoiselle looked imploringly at me, as being the only one of the company who had noticed this little scene. At the sight of beauty in distress I at once came forward. I took Houlot kindly, but firmly by the arm, and led him out into the kitchen at the back, where, among the many brightly shining vessels of tin and copper, we endeavoured to pacify him and explain matters.

No one could possibly withstand the winning ways of Miss Cujus. Houlot was appeased, and went quietly out into the street. I had had enough of the concert, and followed him. He lurched a little in his gait, and every now and then stopped and looked fiercely round at the stars overhead, as if he objected to their winking at him in the manner they did. I accosted him once more, and in English, saying that I understood that he spoke the language perfectly, and would he favour me with his company for half an hour. He made no reply at first, but wrinkled his brows and puckered his lips.

'Come along!' he said at last with a suddenness that startled me. 'Let me have a talk with you, then.'

I occupied a furnished house, with a little pavilion in the garden looking out on the river, which I used as my writing and smoking room; and to this pavilion I took my friend and called for lights and cognac. He seemed restless and disturbed at the idea of being my guest. He would not sit down, but as soon as he had swallowed a glass of brandy he grasped his stick once more to take his departure.

'If you would like any English books,' I said, 'I have some magazines and so on.'

He shook his head. 'I never read English; I have read none for ten years,' he said. 'I like to get things at first-hand; so that if I want to know anything, I go to the Germans; if I want to feel anything, to the French. But what have you here?' taking up a book. It was a volume of Dawson's last novel, which had been sent over to me.

'Hum!' he cried. 'Is this a good author?'

'A popular one,' I replied, modestly remembering the share I had, if not in his fame, at least in his fortunes.

'I'll take this, if you'll let me have it,' he said.

'Take the three volumes.'

'No; I'll only take one. I don't suppose I shall get through the first chapter.'

Next day, however, he came back to borrow the second volume, and the day after the third. I felt a little flattered that a work in which I had taken so good a share had the power to captivate such a dour and sullen soul.

'What do you think of it?' I said, when he brought back the last volume. He was standing leaning against the doorway with his stick under his arm. He would never sit down; he seemed to have made a vow against it.

'Think of it?' he cried. 'Why, it is my own—my own story!'

'Yours!' I said astonished. 'How do you make that out?'

'It is mine! the framework, the skeleton of it. Some fool has been at work upon it and taken out all the beauties of it! The burning fiery dialogue, the magnificent glowing descriptions, all are gone, and in their stead some ass has filled it all up with pulp!'

This was pleasant for me to hear. My blood boiled with indignation, but I was obliged to smother my rage and put on a sickly smile. 'You must be mistaken,' I said. 'How could he possibly have got hold of your story?'

'How? He must have got it from a man named Smith, to whom I sent it. Write? Yes, I have written ever since I was breeched! It is a disease with me; I can't help it. Romances, novels, all that trash!'

'And you send what you write to London?'

Houlot nodded. But he seemed all at once to have repented of his freedom of speech, and took refuge in his usual taciturnity. Then once more hugging his stick, he started off at his usual shambling trot.

THE CAT—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

CRUEL and treacherous, a lover of the night and darkness, the cat, with its distrustful gaze and marked attachment to localities, was very naturally the animal selected, in the middle ages of superstition and witchcraft, to represent the familiar companion, in which was embodied the evil spirit supposed to attend all those who practised the black art in former times. Long before this time, however, as some people are probably aware, the cat was one of the most highly favoured animals living; petted, pampered, carefully protected, and actually worshipped by the then most civilised people in the world, the ancient Egyptians. How this reverence came to be paid to the cat in particular by this extraordinary people it is quite impossible to determine; but by some it is supposed to have originated from the benefits conferred on mankind by its destruction of vermin and reptiles; at anyrate, if the Egyptian cats were as useful as they are represented to have been, the care taken of them is easily accounted for. Though it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile trained their cats not only to hunt game but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted on walls at Thebes and on a stone now in the British Museum, afford proof of the Egyptian cat's services in this respect. In one of these representations Puss is depicted in the act of seizing a bird that has been brought down by the marksman in the boat; while in the other scene, as the sport has not begun, the cats are seen in the boat ready for their work. Thus it appears from these ancient illustrations of field and other sports, that the Egyptians were able to train their domestic cats to act in the same way as our modern retriever dogs do.

It is generally supposed that nothing will induce

a cat to enter water; but this is clearly a fallacy, like many other popular notions about the animal world. The tiger is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in quest of prey, or to effect its escape from some enemy. As cats are exceedingly fond of fish, they will often drag them alive out of their native element whenever they get the chance. They have even been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered; and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish-pond, during the spawning season especially. Again, a cat will take the water in the pursuit of a rat, a fact that was proved by a friend of ours a few years ago. On one occasion being accompanied by one of his pets, a rat was started, which the cat not only pursued, but chased into the water close by, eventually swimming to an island some little distance from the bank, where it remained a short time and then swam back again.

Diana or Pasht, as that goddess was called in Egypt, was the tutelary deity of cats. Various reasons are assigned for this curious selection of the cat as the animal worthy of being dedicated to the moon. We find that according to Plutarch, the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but an emblem of it; and that a figure of a cat was fixed on a sistrum to denote the moon, just as a figure of a frog on a ring denoted a man in embryo. And further, it was supposed that the pupils of a cat's eyes always dilated as the moon got towards the full, and then decreased as the moon waned again. This has been given by some as the reason why cats were held sacred to the goddess Diana.

As before stated, the Egyptians treated these animals with unusual care and attention during their lifetime; hence it is not surprising to find that the death of a cat was regarded as a family misfortune, in consequence of which the household went into mourning. Their regret for the defunct cat was displayed then by the curious custom of shaving off the eyebrows before attending the funeral, which they invariably conducted with great pomp. Previous to interment, the bodies of these pets were embalmed, and then, when it was possible, conveyed to the city of Bubastis, where they were placed in the temples sacred to Pasht.

The wilful destruction of a cat in Egypt is looked upon as a very serious offence even now; but in the good old days (for cats) at Bubastis the offence, even supposing it to have been accidental, was punished with prompt severity. The unfortunate offender, as in the case of a Roman soldier whose story is told by Diodorus, was taken prisoner, tried, condemned, and sentenced—to death. Puss had fine times of it in those early years of superstition and animal worship; but unfortunately for her, other people formed very different notions concerning her character and occu-

pations generally; for in the middle ages cats got the reputation of being the only animals that ill-famed old women could induce to live in their houses; consequently they naturally became associated with witchcraft and all that was diabolical and uncanny by the credulous people of those times. In the Isle of Thanet a carving still exists on one of the *misereres* of the church which represents an ugly old woman sitting in a chair and holding a distaff in her hand, while two cats sit close to her, one of them indeed in the chair itself, looking as if it wished to spring on to her shoulder. It seems, however, that old women did not monopolise the cats even in those days, for it is known that in the thirteenth century one of the rules of the English convents was, that the nuns should keep no other 'beast' but a cat; hence we may infer that cats were looked upon more favourably by the religious orders than by the people generally.

The cat has been connected with many curious superstitions in various parts of the world. In some localities, for instance, it is believed that witches in the shape of cats are in the habit of roaming about the roofs of the houses during the month of February; hence they are promptly shot. In Germany also a similar notion prevails respecting black cats; in consequence of which they are never allowed to go near the cradles of young children; though it is not easy to understand why the young should be more exposed to danger from these supposititious witches than those more advanced in years. But numerous instances might be given of the incredible nonsense that has been believed, and is believed still in some places about the diabolical attributes of the cat, especially a black one. In Sicily, where the cat is looked upon as sacred to St Martha, there is a superstition that any one who wilfully or accidentally kills a cat will be punished by the serious retribution of seven years' unhappiness. So if any credit is attached to this, the life of Puss in Sicily must be as secure from harm as in the palmy days of Egyptian cat-worship. In Hungary there is a curious superstition that before a cat can become a good mouser it must be stolen. The familiar nursery story of Whittington and his Cat, as well as the favourite children's fable of Puss in Boots, can be traced some hundreds of years back.

It is perhaps an unfortunate thing that the habits of cats are not more carefully observed, as it is by no means certain that their peculiarities are fully understood. By some their intelligence is very much underrated, and they are often looked upon as lazy uninteresting animals, only to be tolerated in a house so long as they devote themselves to nocturnal raids against mice or rats, as the case may be. However, they cannot be put on a par with the dog, for as far as present as well as past experience shews, the cat, with certain honourable exceptions, is neither as useful, as faithful, nor as intelligent as our canine friend.

The dog knows its owner, and will always make itself comfortable in any place that the owner chooses to take it, provided he is there himself. The cat, on the other hand, knows its owner's house and furniture, attaches itself to them, and seldom troubles itself at all about the presence or absence of its owner; hence the great difficulty of removing cats from one home to another. Sometimes they may be induced to take kindly to new quarters, but very rarely. If Puss be taken to a strange house, it will first of all examine and smell every article of furniture in the rooms it is allowed to enter; if it finds the same things that it has been accustomed to, perhaps the discovery may reconcile it to remain; but if all is strange, the creature exhibits symptoms of positive distress, and will even make efforts to return to the old home; and this may perhaps account for the stories told of Egyptian cats rushing back into blazing houses after they had been once brought out of them with difficulty; for it has been gravely asserted that the Egyptian cats preferred to perish with their homes when fires broke out, rather than abandon them.

Some years ago *The Times* gave an account of a remarkable incident, illustrating in a striking way the sagacity and kindness of a dog; the account had appeared in two other newspapers, but we have not the means of verifying it. A cat named Dick was one day enjoying a meal of scraps, when a needle and thread became entangled in his dinner; the poor animal unconsciously partook of these adjuncts, which stuck in his throat. Carlo, a dog on very friendly terms with Dick, observed that something was wrong, hurried up to him, and seemed to receive some kind of communication from him. The dog and the cat became physician and patient. Carlo commenced operations by licking Dick's neck, the cat holding its head a little aside to give Carlo a fair chance. This licking operation continued with short intervals of rest for nearly twenty-four hours, Carlo occasionally pausing to press his tongue against his friend's neck, as if trying to find some sharp-pointed instrument thrust from the inside to the outside. At length Carlo was seen, his whole body quivering with excitement, trying to catch something with his teeth. In this he succeeded. Giving a sudden jerk, he pulled the needle through the hide of the cat, where it hung by the thread which still held it from the inside. A by-stander then finished the surgical operation by drawing out the thread; and Carlo looked as if he were saying: 'See what I did!'

We have just been told of a very remarkable instance of intelligence displayed by a cat belonging to one of our contributors. After having waited in vain outside a rat's hole for the appearance of the occupant, puss hit upon the plan of 'drawing' her prey, by *fetching a piece of meat and placing it near the hole as a bait*, after which she hid behind a box and waited for results. Whether the bait took or not, we are not informed, but the wily scheme deserved success.

For the following instances of affection and sagacity in cats, we are indebted to a lady correspondent.

'Last October,' she says, 'I was staying a few days with a friend in a small country village not many miles from Edinburgh. One morning I was about to leave my bedroom, and had just opened the window, when I saw a large yellow cat wandering about in the grass which surrounded the house. The creature had a timid scared look, as if not much in the habit of associating with human beings. I spoke to it in a tone of encouragement, however; on hearing which it leaped up on the window-sill and began to purr in a friendly way. I told my friend the lady of the house about the cat, when she gave me the following account of it. "This poor animal belonged to my deceased father. It came to our house a very small kitten, and was accustomed from time to time to receive food from my father's hand, with now and then a little caress or kindly word. But my father was not a cat-fancier, and as a general rule did not take any great notice of the creature. About a year and a half ago my father grew seriously ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, died. During his illness the cat went up and down stairs like a distracted creature, refusing food, and mewing again and again in a mournful way. Sometimes it came into the sick-room, and jumped on the bed; but its master was too ill to notice it, and it went away with a disappointed look. When all was over, and the last attentions had been paid to my father, and all was quiet in the death-chamber, the poor cat came in and took up its position on the bed at his feet. From this place nothing would induce the creature to move; and feeling astonished at its fidelity and affection, we let it lie during the day; though strange to say, it manifested a desire to leave the room at night, returning always about nine in the morning, and if the door was shut, mewing till it gained admittance. On the funeral-day, the faithful creature did not seem to understand the absence of its master; it left the room upon the removal of the body; but the first thing we saw when the mourners returned was the poor pussie lying at the door of the chamber. It was long," said the lady in conclusion, "before the affectionate animal recovered its usual sprightliness; and I would not like anything to happen to a creature which has testified such a strong affection for one so dear to me."

Another story is as follows: 'A cousin of mine had a cat which had just brought into the world some fine healthy kittens. According to the usual custom on these occasions, some of the kittens were drowned, while two were retained for the mother to rear. These were kept in a compartment of an old kitchen table or "dresser." This snug retreat had a little door which was kept closed by means of a bolt. One day a young visitor desired to see the kittens, which were accordingly taken to the drawing-room by one of the daughters of the house. During the absence of the kittens, the cat, which had been in the garden, came into the kitchen, and went as usual to repose beside her little ones. She looked into the dresser, and finding no kittens there, "*clashed*" to the door in a rage, and left the kitchen, her tail thick with indignation! This fact was told me by one of the young ladies of the household, who was busy in the kitchen at the time and saw the whole thing. The cat's furious manner of slamming the door resembled so closely

an irate housewife's way of doing so, that my informant was exceedingly amused, and regarded the cat henceforth as a sort of wonder!

SPECIMENS OF HINDU ENGLISH.

AMONG the great changes which are now passing over our gigantic dependencies in the Indian peninsula, not the least noteworthy is the rapid spread of a knowledge of the English language among the native population. In certain districts of the Madras Presidency, this knowledge of English may almost be said to be extending like wild-fire. The English civil officer riding through a native village will sometimes be greeted with a 'Good-morning, sar,' from a small boy whose sole costume may be a string tied round the waist, and whose English education may have extended no further than a few such interjectional phrases. But among the school-boys, college lads, and a heterogeneous collection of half-taught young men in search of employment, we meet with most extraordinary feats in the use of our language. A well-known story is told of a native clerk who, being detained at home by a boil, wrote to his employer to say that he could not attend his duties 'owing to the suffering caused by one boil as per margin.' And in the margin of his letter was delineated with accuracy the form and appearance of the offending growth!

The following was the amusing though pertinent answer of a student in the University of Madras to a question about earthquakes and volcanic action: 'A month or two ago, says the *Times*, a violent eruption of an unusual kind took place in Peru and Chili in South America; smokes, flames, and hot melted matter were thrown with great violence on the neighbouring districts from the hollow tops of the volcanic mountains. Thousands of people of all orders and sexes were destroyed. When this was the case an abominable earthquake took its part. Magnificent houses, huge piles, largest trees, splendid temples, different kinds of people with their relatives, and even large mountains were swallowed up and goes on.'

The letters of native applicants for employment are often couched in most comical terms. The writer once received a letter from a clerk who thought he had not received the promotion he deserved. The missive began: 'HONORED SIR—Fathomless is the sea of troubles in which I sail for 1 year.' This mixture of poetic fervour and numerical accuracy is unique of its kind. The following petition speaks for itself; the style is common enough; but the writer is glad to say that it is the only instance he has known of such an offer of apostasy as is here disclosed; the proper names are suppressed: 'The humble petition of — most respectfully sheweth; I am a Tanjorean [that is, native of Tanjore]. My name is —. My age is 20. I came here to my uncle's house. My uncle is the Police Inspector of —. I want to be a Christian. There are two Police Inspectors are vacant. Please recommend me to be one of these Inspectors. As soon as I received the Inspector's employment, at once you may take me in Christian. There is no a single doubt at all. If you want to see me tell a word to your Head Constable. . . . I heard that you are mild, simplicity, and probity. I don't know to write

more than this to you. Please excuse me if you find any mistakes. Shall ever pray.—I am your most obedient and humble servant, —.'

The next letter was sent by a clever hard-working native clerk who had fallen ill. The signature alone is in his own handwriting, and the letter was probably dictated to a friend. 'MOST HONORED SIR—I have been suffering from severest fever and bile for the last 10 days and I am quite unable to move or to do anything. I lay quite prostrate on my bed senseless (now and then)—continually painting—my sight fails—not a drop of water I drank—no food—and having been under imminent danger day before yesterday, my lucid intervals are very few, dangerous symptoms frequently appear and I am not sure whether I will be able to see the days before me—My case is very doubtful, precarious and dangerous. I therefore most humbly pray that your Honor will be most graciously pleased to grant one month's privilege leave. . . . I beg to remain, —.'

The following petition reads somewhat as though Lord Dundreary had helped to compose it. It is from a pleader or attorney in a petty civil court applying for the post of cashier in a government treasury. Such cashiers have to give security in a considerable sum for the due performance of their duties, and as a precaution against fraud. It is this security (£500) which is meant by the word 'bail' in the petition. 'MOST HONoured SIR—This application is with great humility presented to your honour by —. The gazette reads that such as have a wish to find themselves suffered to occupy the room of cashier, now in vacancy, should undergo a greatly advanced bail of Rupees 5000. He is appointed a pleader on the 11th D. day 1869, and by the civil judge in character with his petitionally implored request, and he attends since the heresaid down to the present age very punctually indeed his dearly bought post. . . . He is, here he does very hopefully indeed state, ready no matter at any while to give the here-demanded bail, Rs. 5000. Your humble and very punctual petitioner implores your of course very widely diffused charity to point to him his most humbly requested employ, or otherwise, if ever so, any other one not far below it. Your honour's petitioner in requital and in duty bound very closely, will perhaps never add even a second, while to diligence without bending his whole heart to pray to the universal God to take care of and to cherish, your honour together with all your family members for ever and anon. He remains very affectionately truly yours, humble waiter, —.'

The following curious epistle was addressed to an officer holding an important post. It is hardly necessary to add that he was neither Duke nor Lord. It will be observed that the writer does not directly ask for monetary aid to relieve him from his difficulties, but simply his 'Lordship's' protection, and as a relief to his own feelings and troubles. 'MY LORD DUKE—I have the honor to inform to your Lordship's information that I will always obey your Lordship's order ten thousand times do not be angry my Lord Duke upon me. I beg that your Lordship that should excuse my faults it is my duty to get your Lordship's favor ten thousand times excuse my all faults my Lord Duke. I am much fearfull I am very poor men my poor family requires to your Lordship's favor. My family is

very poor family. I got a Mother Grandmother Daughterinlaw and my family &c. I had a debt twenty-five thousand Rupees. I am suffering much trouble for debtors. I believe that you are my father and mother for my part only I want your Lordship's kind favour. If your Lordships be angry or even little angry immediately I and my family must die at once, certainly it is my opinion I have no protector but your Lordship. If your Lordships angry I must die at once. I am much fearfull. If I had your Lordship's favor It is quite enough for me. You are Governor I am poor men. If your Lordship be angry upon me it is quite my misfortune and my family therefore do not be angry. This is not Government memorial. I thought that your Lordship is my father and mother for my part therefore I have written all my poor affairs to your gracious informations. Hereafter I never write any letter to your Lordship nor I did not require any answer. only remember me with kindness it is ten thousand profits for me. excuse the trouble I have given your Lordships most valuable time. I have, &c. . . . P.S. I beg your Lordship will continue your favor towards me and my family. Protect my Lord Duke. This is not memorial only for your Lordships Gracious information. Protect me my Lord. This is First Mistake. Excuse me my Lord, hereafter I never do any mistakes. I remain, &c. —'

Some years ago a great flood carried away a fine bridge over the river Tambrapurni, near the chief town of the province of Tinnevely. This bridge had been built some thirty years before by a rich native gentleman named Sulochana Mudaliar, to whom a memorial was erected at one of the approaches to the bridge. The magistrate and collector—as the ruler of the province is termed—by dint of great exertions raised in subscriptions about seven thousand pounds; a sum sufficient to pay for the restoration of the bridge. When the work was at last completed, a grand opening ceremony took place, which gave occasion for a number of poetic effusions in Tamil and in English by native aspirants. The translation from the Tamil is the work of a native, and the following is the reply of a great feudal landholder, who had been invited to attend the opening ceremony: 'MY DEAR SIR—I received your affectionate ticket wanting my company on the occasion of the reopening of Sulochana Mudaliar's bridge on the 2d December. I was quite pleased to come down for the occasion but I regret to inform you that I and — are prevented from coming from being a little sick. You will I humbly trust possibly forgive me.—I beg to remain, Sir, Yours most obediently, —'

Extract from a translation of a Tamil poem :

Who is to judge of the might of Mr —. He and Messrs — and — of the eminent Tinnevely District have had the pleasure of constructing the bridge so as to be praised by the world and allowed the people to pass over it freely. May they live for ever.

The bridge fell down in the evening of Sunday, 18th November 1869. By the noise of which I swooned away and trouble came also.

How can I describe your pains O Mr —. You worked as diligently at the words of Mr — as the swinging of a swing and constructed the bridge with success and very soon and completed it within the fixed time. You beauty! . . .

I have sung upon you in my adversity and hunger. I pray you eminent men to place your mercy upon me at your pleasure.

While you are all occupying this eminent world with great fame, I undergo troubles like bees that tumbled down in honey. What can I do. Cause some employment to be given me without failure through the hand of — with certainty.

We will conclude with a specimen of female composition in the form of a letter sent home by a good old nurse or ayah named Martha, who had accompanied her employers to England in charge of a baby, and who had then been sent back to her native village in India. Both in its sentiment and diction the missive is extremely touching.

'To the Presens of — and — most Respected and Honored sheweth The under Signed your Honor's obediend The Mortha Ayah with due Respectfully Begg to in form you about my considerations which I hope will meet of your honor's kideest approvall. Respected Master and Mistrs I and my Relations are all well By thanks of God and Faver of your Honor's while in this Time I hope you will be all right By thanks of All mighty's. This Poor and Obediend servend wrote a letter to your honor when I came to — I hope you may Receive it, I am doing Nothing Since I left you by the Reason of no any Respected Place to work. here is great Chalaras in this year and all so .Greatest Famine. 3 mesures of Rice per a Rupee [between three and four times the usual price]. I hope Dear Baby will speek and Walk at this Time I am very angshes to see her and I lovely Thousan kisses to the Dear Baby, Respected Madam will you kindly send me the Picture of the Baby's to keep with me as you Promist me. I humbly begs you to say my meny Thanks to the Mr and Mrs — and the childrens of them. Please tell my thanks to Miss Lysa and Miss Looois [servants Eliza and Louise]. I hope I can see you very soon Back in this Place. Therefore I humbly Begg to Remain Most Honored Madam and Sir Yours truly most obediend servent Mortha Ayah. Misis — she looking to get me a Employemend anywhere. They are all well. The Dobin [a favourite horse called Dobbin] he all right. Madam That this Poor widdowe was Very much hapy at the Lost Year By your Exalend honor's kindness. But this new year I pased very miserably.'

CURIOUS CASES OF SLEEP-WALKING.

On the above curious subject a retired naval officer obligingly sends us the following notes.

One bright moonlight night I was on deck, as was frequently my wont, chatting with the lieutenant of the middle watch. It was nearly calm, the ship making little way through the water, and the moon's light nearly as bright as day. We were together leaning over the capstan, chatting away, when W—— suddenly exclaimed: 'Look! H——, at that sentry,' and pointing to the quarter-deck marine who was pacing slowly backwards and forwards on the lee-side of the deck.

'Well,' I replied, after watching him somewhat inattentively as he passed once or twice on his regular beat, 'what of him?'

'Why, don't you see he is fast asleep? Take a good look at him when he next passes.'

I did so, and found W—— was right. The man, although pacing and turning regularly at the usual distance, was fast asleep with his eyes closed.

When next the man passed, W—— stepped quickly and noiselessly to his side, and pacing with him, gently disengaged the bunch of keys which were his special charge—being the keys of the spirit-room, shell-rooms, store-rooms, &c.—from the fingers of his left hand to which they were suspended by a small chain; he then removed the bayonet from his other hand, and laid it and the keys on the capstan head. After letting him take another turn or two, W—— suddenly called 'Sentry!'

'Sir?' replied the man, instantly stopping and facing round as he came to the 'attention.'

'Why, you were fast asleep, sentry.'

'No, sir.'

'But I say you were.'

'No, sir. I assure you I was not.'

'You were not, eh? Well, where are the keys?'

The man instantly brought up his hand to shew them, as he supposed; but to his confusion the hand was empty.

'Where is your bayonet?' continued W——.

The poor fellow brought forward his other hand, but that was empty also. But the puzzled look of astonishment he put on was more than we could stand; both burst out laughing; and when the keys and bayonet were pointed out to him lying on the capstan, the poor fellow was perfectly dumfounded. W—— was too merry over the joke, however, to punish the man, and he escaped with a warning not to fall asleep again.

Sentries and look-outs must be very liable to fall asleep from the very nature of their monotonous pacing, and this may in some degree account for the facility with which sentries have at times been surprised and secured before they could give an alarm. In this instance, the most curious fact, I think, was the regularity with which the man continued to pace his distances and turn at the right moment. I have known other instances of sentries and others walking in their sleep, though the end has not always been so pleasant to the victims. In one case, the quarter-deck sentry, in the middle of the night, crashed down the ward-room hatchway with musket and fixed bayonet, with a rattling that startled us all out of our cabins. The fellow fell on his back upon the top of the mess-table, but not much the worse for his exploit. On another occasion a messenger boy paid us a visit in the night: he fell upon a chair, which he smashed to pieces, but the sleeper escaped unhurt.

These can hardly be considered true cases of somnambulism, but shew how men may continue their occupations when overcome by sleep. Nothing but seeing his bayonet and the keys lying on the capstan could have ever convinced the marine that he had been sleeping; no mere assertion to that effect would ever have influenced him.

POURING OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

The idea expressed in the above heading, though commonly held to be of sacred origin, or as merely a poetical manner of expressing a commonplace occurrence, may nevertheless be taken literally

as well as figuratively, it being, as a matter of fact, a saying which has satisfactory groundwork in natural facts. It was recently stated in evidence before the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Herring Fisheries of Scotland, that the practice of pouring a quantity of oil from a boat on to the surface of the sea during heavy weather had the immediate effect of calming the waters and relieving the boat from the danger of heavy broken water. 'But,' added one of the witnesses, 'although the oil has this effect for a time, the sea becomes rougher afterwards, and so the advantage of adopting the plan is practically not very great.' It is more than probable that this latter statement can be explained by the law of comparisons. The oil cast out on the weather-side of the boat effectually assuages the violence of the waves, which instead of breaking over it, glide smoothly under it. Presently the film of oil becomes dispersed, and the waves, again unchecked, appear, by comparison with the late calm, to be still more formidable. A fresh dose of oil would, however, again prove advantageous, but the experiment is seldom repeated, and so the efficacy of the remedy is called into question. The best way of adopting it is to throw overboard a barrel or skin filled with oil, and pierced in two places, to allow of the gradual escape of the contents. This reservoir should be secured by a rope, and kept on the weather-side of the boat, and renewed as often as necessary. The plan is frequently adopted, with the best results, by native boatmen in the Persian Gulf and in parts of the Indian Ocean, where sudden squalls are apt to spring up.

LOVE UNSUNG.

GLIDE on, sweet purling stream,
And mingle with the sea;
Adown each glen thy waters gleam,
In merry dance and froe.
Sing on, sweet bird! the blue expanse
Of heaven's vault is thine;
O lap thy soul into a trance;
Pour forth thy song divine;
But I must not give forth my strain;
I love a maid, but love in vain.

The blithesome bird that haunts the vale
Will bear but half her grief;
She floats her sorrow on the gale,
And gives her soul relief;
The meanest floweret on the field
Basks in the noonday sun;
And every creature hath a rest,
When daily toil is done;
I to myself make bootless moan,
And bear my burden all alone.

A grief that links two hearts in bliss,
Is but a hidden treasure;
What's but a thorn when singly borne,
When shared becomes a pleasure;
The finer feelings of the soul
Are known by mutual union;
Each spirit hath its counterpart,
With whom to hold communion;
But she is gone, and leaves with me
The rest of the unsleeping sea.

E. P.

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TOBY.

TOBY was a sheep of middling size, lightly built, finely limbed, as agile as a deer, with dark intelligent gazelle-like eyes, and a small pair of neatly curled horns, with the points protruding about an inch from his forehead. His colour was white except on the face, which was slightly darker.

As an old sailor I wish to say something of Toby's history. I was on board the good brig *Reliance* of Arbroath, bound from Cork to Galatz, on the left bank of the Danube. All went well with the little ship until she reached the Grecian Archipelago, and here she was detained by adverse winds and contrary currents, making the passage through the islands both a dangerous and a difficult one. When the mariners at length reached Tenedos, it was found that the current from the Dardanelles was running out like a mill-stream, which made it impossible to proceed; and accordingly the anchor was cast, the jolly-boat was lowered, and the captain took the opportunity of going on shore for fresh water, of which they were scarce. Having filled his casks, it was only natural for a sailor to long to treat himself to a mess of fresh meat as well as water. He accordingly strolled away through the little town; but soon found that butchers were as yet unknown in Tenedos. Presently, however, a man came up with a sheep, which the captain at once purchased for five shillings. This was Toby, with whom, his casks of water, and a large basket of ripe fruit, the skipper returned to his vessel. There happened to be on board this ship a large and rather useless half-bred Newfoundland. This dog was the very first to receive the attentions of Master Toby, for no sooner had he placed foot on the deck, than he ran full tilt at the poor Newfoundland, hitting him square on the ribs and banishing almost every bit of breath from his body. 'Only a sheep,' thought the dog, and flew at Toby at once. But Toby was too nimble to be caught, and he planted his blows with such force and precision, that at last the poor dog was fain to take to his heels, howling

with pain, and closely pursued by Toby. The dog only escaped by getting out on to the bowsprit, where of course Toby could not follow, but quietly lay down in a safe place to wait and watch for him.

This first adventure shewed that Toby was no ordinary sheep. How he had been trained to act an independent part no one could tell. His education, certainly, had not been neglected. That same evening the captain was strolling on the quarter-deck eating a bunch of grapes, when Toby came up to him, and standing on one end, planted his fore-feet on his shoulders, and looked into his face, as much as to say: 'I'll have some of those, please.'

And he was not disappointed, for the captain amicably went shares with Toby. Toby appeared so grateful for even little favours, and so attached to his new master, that Captain Brown had not the heart to kill him. He would rather, he thought, go without fresh meat all his life. So Toby was installed as ship's pet. Ill-fared it then with the poor Newfoundland; he was so battered and cowed, that for dear life's sake he dared not leave his kennel even to take his food. It was determined, therefore, to put an end to the poor fellow's misery, and he was accordingly shot. This may seem cruel, but it was kind in the main.

Now there was on board the *Reliance* an old Irish cook. One morning soon after the arrival of Toby, Paddy, who had a round bald pate, he it remembered, was bending down over a wooden platter cleaning the vegetables for dinner, when Toby took the liberty of insinuating his woolly nose to help himself. The cook naturally enough struck Toby on the snout with the flat of the knife and went on with his work. Toby backed astern at once; a blow he never could and never did receive without taking vengeance. Besides, he imagined, no doubt, that holding down his bald head as he did, the cook was desirous of trying the strength of their respective skulls. When he had backed astern sufficiently for his purpose, Toby gave a spring: the two heads came into violent

collision, and down rolled poor Paddy on the deck. Then Toby coolly finished all the vegetables, and walked off as if nothing had happened out of the usual.

Toby's hatred of the whole canine race was invincible. One day when the captain and his pet were taking their usual walk on the promenade, there came on shore the skipper of a Falmouth ship, accompanied by a very large formidable-looking dog. And the dog only resembled his master, as you observe dogs usually do. As soon as he saw Toby he commenced to set his feet upon him; but Toby had seen him coming and was quite on guard; so a long and fierce battle ensued, in which Toby was slightly wounded and the dog's head was severely cut. Quite a multitude had assembled to witness the fight, and the ships' riggings were alive with sailors. At one time the brutal owner of the dog, seeing his pet getting worsted, attempted to assist him; but the crowd would have pitched him neck and crop into the river, had he not desisted. At last both dog and sheep were exhausted, and drew off, as if by mutual consent. The dog seated himself close to the outer edge of the platform, which was about three feet higher than the river's bank, and Toby went, as he was wont to do, and stood between his master's legs, resting his head fondly on the captain's clasped hands, but never took his eyes off the foe. Just then a dog on board one of the ships happened to bark, and the Falmouth dog looked round. This was Toby's chance, and he did not miss it or his enemy either. He was upon him like a bolt from a catapult. One furious blow knocked the dog off the platform, next moment Toby had leaped on top of him, and was chasing the yelling animal towards his own ship. There is no doubt Toby would have crossed the plank and followed him on board, had not his feet slipped and precipitated him into the river. A few minutes afterwards, when Toby, dripping with wet, returned to the platform to look for his master, he was greeted with ringing cheers; and many was the piastre spent in treating our woolly friend to fruit. Toby was the hero of Galatz from that hour; but the Falmouth dog never ventured on shore again, and his master as seldom as possible.

On her downward voyage, when the vessel reached Sulina, at the mouth of the river, it became necessary to lighten her in order to get her over the bar. This took some time, and Toby's master frequently had to go on shore; but Toby himself was not permitted to accompany him, on account of the filth and muddiness of the place. When the captain wished to return he came down to the river-side and bailed the ship to send a boat. And poor Toby was always on the watch for his master if no one else was. He used to place his fore-feet on the bulwarks and bleat loudly towards the shore, as much as to say: 'I see you, master, and you'll have a boat in a brace of shakes.' Then if no one was on deck, Toby would at once proceed to rouse all hands fore and aft. If the mate Mr Gilbert pretended to be asleep on a locker, he would fairly roll him off on to the deck.

Toby was revengeful to a degree, and if any one struck him, he would wait his chance, even if for days, to pay him out with interest in his own coin. He was at first very jealous of two little pigs which were bought as companions to him; but latterly he grew fond of them, and as

they soon got very fat, Toby used to roll them along the deck like a couple of foot-balls. There were two parties on board that Toby did not like, or rather that he liked to annoy whenever he got the chance, namely the cook and the cat. He used to cheat the former and chase the latter on every possible occasion. If his master took pussy and sat down with him on his knee, Toby would at once commence to strike it off with his head. Finding that she was so soft and yielding that this did not hurt her, he would then lift his fore-foot and attempt to strike her down with that; failing in that, he would bite viciously at her; and if the captain laughed at him, then all Toby's vengeance would be wreaked on his master. But after a little scene like this, the sheep would always come and coax for forgiveness. Our hero was taught a great many tricks, among others to leap backward and forward through a life-buoy. When his hay and fresh provisions went done, Toby would eat pea-soup, invariably slobbering all his face in so doing, and even pick a bone like a dog. He was likewise very fond of boiled rice, and his drink was water, although he preferred porter and ale; but while allowing him a reasonable quantity of beer, the captain never encouraged him in the bad habit, the sailors had taught him, of chewing tobacco.

It is supposed that some animals have a prescience of coming storms. Toby used to go regularly to the bulwarks every night, and placing his feet against them snuff all around him. If content, he would go and lie down and fall fast asleep; but it was a sure sign of bad weather coming before morning when Toby kept wandering by his master's side and would not go to rest.

One day Captain Brown was going up the steps of the Custom-house, when he found that not only Toby but Toby's two pigs were following close at his heels. He turned round to drive them all back; but Toby never thought for a moment that his master meant that he should return.

'It is these two awkward creatures of pigs,' thought Toby, 'that master can't bear the sight of.'

So Toby went to work at once, and first rolled one piggie down-stairs, then went up and rolled the other piggie down-stairs; but the one piggie always got to the top of the stair again by the time his brother piggie was rolled down to the bottom. Thinking that as far as appearances went, Toby had his work cut out for the next half-hour, his master entered the Custom-house. But Toby and his friends soon found some more congenial employment; and when Captain Brown returned, he found them all together in an outer room, dancing about with the remains of a new mat about their necks, which they had just succeeded in tearing to pieces.

Their practical jokes cost the captain some money one way or another.

One day the three friends made a combined attack on a woman, who was carrying a young pig in a sack; this little pig happened to squeak, when Toby and his pigs went to the rescue. They tore the woman's dress to atoms and delivered the little pig. Toby was very much addicted to describing the arc of a circle; that was all very good when it was merely a fence he was flying over, but when it happened that a window was in the centre of the arc, then it came rather hard on the captain's pocket.

In order to enable him to pick up a little after his long voyage, Toby was sent to country lodgings at a farmer's. But barely a week had elapsed when the farmer sent him back again with his compliments, saying that he would not keep him for his weight in gold. He led the farmer's sheep into all sorts of mischief that they had never dreamed of before, and had defied the dogs, and half-killed one or two of them.

Toby returned like himself, for when he saw his master in the distance he bleated aloud for joy, and flew towards him like a wild thing, dragging the poor boy in the mud behind him.

Toby was taken on board a vessel which was carrying out emigrants to New York, and was constantly employed all day in driving the steerage passengers off the quarter-deck. He never hurt the children, however, but contented himself by tumbling them along the deck and stealing their bread and butter.

From New York Toby went to St Stephens. There a dog flew out and bit Captain Brown in the leg. It was a dear bite, however, for the dog, for Toby caught it in the act and hardly left life enough in it to crawl away. At St Stephens Toby was shorn, the weather being oppressively hot. No greater insult could have been offered him. His anger and chagrin were quite ludicrous to witness. He examined himself a dozen times, and every time he looked round and saw his naked back he tried to run away from himself. But when his master, highly amused at his antics, attempted to add insult to injury, by pointing his finger at him and laughing him to scorn, Toby's wrath knew no bounds, and he attacked the captain on the spot. He managed, however, to elude the blow, and Toby walked on shore in a pet. Whether it was that he was ashamed of his ridiculous appearance, or of attempting to strike his kind master in anger, cannot be known, but for three days and nights Toby never appeared, and the captain was very wretched indeed. But when he did return, he was so exceedingly penitent and so loving and coaxing that he was forgiven on the spot.

When Toby arrived with his vessel in Queen's Dock, Liverpool, on a rainy morning, some nice fresh hay was brought on board. This was a great treat for our pet, and after he had eaten his fill, he thought he could not do better than sleep among it, which thought he immediately transmuted to action, covering himself all up except the head. By-and-by the owner of the ship came on board, and taking a survey of things in general he spied Toby's head.

'Hollo!' he said, 'what's that?' striking Toby's nose with his umbrella. 'Stuffed, isn't it?'

Stuffed or not stuffed, there was a body behind it—as the owner soon knew to his cost—and a spirit that never brooked a blow, for next moment he found himself lying on his back with his legs wagging in the air in the most expressive manner, while Toby stood triumphantly over him waiting to repeat the dose if required.

The following anecdote shews Toby's reasoning powers. He was standing one day near the dock-yard foreman's house, when the dinner bell rang, and just at the same time a servant came out with a piece of bread for Toby. Every day after this, as soon as the same bell rang—'That calls me,' said Toby to himself, and off he would trot to

the foreman's door. If the door was not at once opened he used to knock with his head; and he would knock and knock again until the servant, for peace-sake, presented him with a slice of bread.

And now Toby's tale draws near its close. The owner never forgave that blow, and one day coming by chance across the following entry in the ship's books, 'Tenedos—to one sheep, 5s.,' he immediately claimed Toby as his rightful property. It was all in vain that the captain begged hard for his poor pet, and even offered ten times his nominal value for him. The owner was deaf to all entreaties and obdurate. So the two friends were parted. Toby was sent a long way into the country to Carnoustie, in Forfarshire, to amuse some of the owner's children, who were at school there. But the sequel shews how very deeply and dearly even a sheep can love a kind-hearted master. After the captain left him, poor Toby refused all food and died of grief in one week's time.

'I have had many pets,' says Captain Brown, 'but only one Toby.'

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XVI.—LIFTS A CORNER OF THE MASK.

RUTH WILLIS bending forward, her gloved fingers clasped upon the open letter that she held, and her pale face on fire, as it were, with eager passion, seemed sadly out of tune with the still beauty of that silvan spot, where first the crystal Start, freed from its moorland cradle, gushed forth as a real river, although of puny dimensions, bearing its watery tribute to the sea. Above, arched the feathery larch, the slender hazel, and the tapering ash. Branches of the mountain-ash projected like the stone frettings of some medieval belfrey. The clear sweet warble of mavis and merle came throbbing softly to the ear from the dim green heart of the summer woodlands. The letter which she had purloined—the theft may have been prompted by the impulse of the moment, and it is charitable to hope that such deeds were new to her—was now hers, to peruse at her leisure. She read it then, did Ruth Willis, again and again, slowly and deliberately, scanning and weighing every word, as though she had been a student of the cuneiform character, puzzling out Babylonian tablets by the aid of vague and tentative keys to the long-dead language of which they bore the impress.

The letter ran thus:

8 BOND'S CHAMBERS,
ST NICHOLAS POULTNEY, LONDON.

DEAR SIR SYKES—It might be as well perhaps that we should come to an understanding at once respecting the business on which I spoke to you at the *De Vere Arms* some days since. I do not know whether you are aware that I hold evidence substantiating the entire circumstances of the case, which I could at any time reveal. I will mention no names of place or person, since this is unwelcome to you; but in return for my consideration for your interests, and for those whose prosperity and good name are now knit up in yours, I consider myself to possess a claim upon your confidence. I therefore permit myself to think that as your legal adviser I could conduct your affairs so that you should be under no apprehension for the future, provided

always that the entire management (professionally) of your estate and property should be placed in my hands. This, after due consideration, I think would be the most expedient manner of settling matters for the advantage of all parties concerned.

Trusting that you may see this arrangement in the same light as myself, and that it may meet with your approval, as the only means of arriving at a definitive understanding, I shall await your reply. I beg to remain, my dear sir, very obediently and faithfully yours,

ENOCH WILKINS, *Solicitor.*

Such was the letter which Sir Sykes Denzil had unguardedly left upon his library table; and it may be admitted that a more impudent epistle has rarely been addressed to a gentleman of equal station to that of the proprietor of Carbery. It was difficult at first sight to believe that a demand so audacious in itself, and so offensively urged, could be intended as anything else than a sorry jest. Yet that the writer was quite in earnest, nay more, that he felt himself assured of not craving in vain for the coveted boon, was palpable to so attentive a critic as was Ruth Willis.

'If any man had dared to write thus to me,' she said, slowly hissing out the words between her half-shut teeth, 'and I had filled the position held by yonder pompous dolt, I would have—ay, given him cause to repent it.'

And the lurid light that glimmered in her dark eyes, and the hardening of her shrewd pale face until it seemed as though of chiselled marble rather than sentient flesh, and the swift and sudden gesture with which she raised and shook her clenched hand, as though it held a dagger—these signs were the revelation of a fierce and unscrupulous nature, kept down by the pressure of circumstances, but ready at pinch of need to flame forth, as the hot lava bubbles and seethes beneath the crust of cold ashes in which the vines of the Italian peasant have struck root.

Again and with deliberate care did the baronet's ward read the letter through. Then she refolded it and replaced it in her pocket, and then consulted her watch. Only a few minutes had as yet elapsed since her escape—for it was little else—from the mansion.

'I must not go back as yet,' she said thoughtfully. 'By this time the whole household will be astir like a hive of angry bees, if, as is all but certain, Sir Sykes has not had self-control enough to keep his own counsel as to the loss he has sustained. He should have burned this choice epistle the moment he had made himself master of its purport; but he is of that order of men who treasure up the very proofs that sooner or later overwhelm them with a weight of silent evidence. Was it not the learned forger, silver-tongued, plausible Dr Dodd, who was left alone with the fatal document that brought him to the gallows, alone in a room where a brisk fire was blazing? One flash of mother-wit, one motion of the hand, and nothing but a heap of tinder would have remained to bear witness of the fraud. But no! The doomed wretch waited passive for the hangman's fingers to adjust the hempen noose about his miserable neck. So would not I!'

Again the girl glanced impatiently at her watch. 'How Time lags!' she exclaimed petulantly,

as she marked the slow crawling of the thin black minute-hand around the dial; 'heeding nothing, influenced by nothing, inexorable in his measured pace. It is a pain to such as I am to be forced to loiter here inactive, when there is a foe to cope with, a peril to avert.'

She said no more, but paced restlessly to and fro along the river-bank, beneath the arching boughs, with somewhat of the air and tread of a caged panther wearing away the sullen hours of captivity behind the restraining bars. Her very step had in it somewhat of the liteness which we notice in the movements of the savage, and the working of her keen features told how deeply her busy brain was pondering on the events of the day. Ruth's face, when once it was withdrawn from the observation of others, was a singularly expressive one. When she had left the room wherein Jasper had fallen asleep among his pillows, the countenance of Sir Sykes's ward had been eloquent with weariness and contempt. Now it told of resentment restrained, but only in part restrained, by a caution that was rather of habit than of instinct.

'An hour more! yet an hour,' said the girl at length, again looking at her watch, and then she stood leaning against the tough stem of a quivering mountain-ash that almost overhung the brawling torrent. She still kept in her left hand the book which she had had with her when entering the library at Carbery; but even had not the volume been one which she had lately perused, she was in no mood for reading. Manifestly her mind was shaping out some desperate resolution.

'I will do it!' she said at last, lifting her head with a defiant glitter in her lustrous eyes; 'before I sleep it shall be written. I know and gauge beforehand the risk of such a course; know too that I am loosening my own grasp on the helm if I invite another to aid me. But that is better than to be foiled at the outset, and after weeks spent in this self-schooling, and in the sickening task of cajoling a shallow, knavish egotist, such as the future Sir Jasper will be until his dying day. Let those look to it who for their own schemes venture to cross my path!'

The hour, however slowly it might appear to pass in the estimation of one whose nerves were on fire with excitement, nevertheless did wear itself out, and there was an end of waiting. With tranquil step and unruffled brow, Sir Sykes's ward returned to her guardian's house, to find, as she had anticipated, confusion and dismay prevalent there; the servants sullen or clamorous, the baronet's daughters distressed, and Sir Sykes himself in a state of feverish suspicion, which almost made him forget the traditions of good-breeding.

'Do you, Miss Willis, know anything of this?' he asked half rudely, the instant that he caught sight of his ward.

'I—know of what?' returned Ruth innocently, as she lifted her eyes, with a startled look, to his.

'You forget, papa,' said Lucy Denzil, almost indignantly, 'that Ruth has heard of nothing. She was away from the house all the time.'

'Yes, yes; I beg pardon of course,' exclaimed the baronet reddening, but still fixing his eyes searchingly on the placid face of his ward.

The Indian orphan bore his scrutiny with an admirable composure. Her lower lip trembled a little, as was natural, when she turned towards

Lucy. 'Pray do tell me,' she said, 'what has happened? for it really does seem as though I had been unfortunate enough to make Sir Sykes angry with me.'

'Papa has lost a letter—a letter of importance,' said Lucy, blushing as she spoke; 'and as the servants deny all knowledge of it, and its loss—'

'Say theft, not loss!' interrupted the baronet with unwonted harshness. 'I make no doubt that the letter was stolen from my desk in the library, on which I had left it for but some two minutes, while I went to speak with my son in the White Room. The French window nearest to the fireplace was open, giving an easy means of entry, as of egress, for the purloiner of this letter, who must have been on the watch for an opportunity of surprising my secrets—that is to say,' stammered Sir Sykes, who felt the imprudence of these last words—'of basely prying into my private correspondence.'

'Are you quite, quite sure, papa dear,' pleaded Blanche, 'that you left the letter there, instead of bestowing it in some safe place for safe keeping, which may afterwards have escaped your memory, and will presently be recollected? Such things have happened often and often, even to the most methodical, and'—

'There, there, my girl!' broke in the baronet peevishly. 'Have I not heard that argument repeated *ad nauseam* by every man and maid that I have questioned; and is it not the stock answer to all inquiries after missing trinkets or valuables unaccounted for? I grant that I can prove nothing. If I could'—

He did not complete the sentence, but crushing down the wrath that almost choked his voice, turned away. Nothing, at this unpleasant conjuncture, could be in better taste, or more simple, than Ruth's demeanour. She began to cry. It was the first time since the day of her arrival that any one at Carbery had seen her in tears, and now both Blanche and Lucy came kindly to kiss her and console her with whispered entreaties to excuse Sir Sykes for an indiscriminate anger which there was much to palliate. But Ruth soon dried her eyes, and going up to her guardian laid her hand upon his arm and looked up timidly in his face.

'Let me be useful,' she said. 'Let me help in hunting high and low for this letter; pray, pray do, dear Sir Sykes, you who have been so very, very kind to me since I have been here.'

Nothing could be prettier. And Sir Sykes, though in his present irritable condition he actually shuddered at her light touch upon his arm, as though he had been in contact with a snake, was compelled to say a word or two of apology.

'I am greatly annoyed,' he said awkwardly, 'and have been unjust and inhospitable, I fear, and must ask you to forget my rudeness. I am best alone.'

Sir Sykes therefore withdrew, and for some time was seen no more; while Jasper, who had been an amused spectator of the turmoil, sauntered back to the White Room, muttering as he went: 'Lucky, rather, that this child had so perfect an alibi, or the governor would have tried, convicted, and sentenced his only son and heir as the light-fingered captor of his lost property. A new sensation, it strikes me, that of injured innocence. And talking of that—how nicely Miss Ruth, be

she who she may, played her part—not one bit overdone—it was perfect! We breathe here an atmosphere of mystery; but it will be strange if, when I am all right again, I do not make a push to get at the governor's secret, whatever it may be.'

The letter, it need hardly be said, remained undiscovered by the volunteer searchers who undertook the quest of it; but gradually the indignant household became more calm, and the general voice confirmed the comfortable opinion, that Sir Sykes had unwittingly locked up the missing document in some desk or drawer, whence it would one day be satisfactorily extracted.

CURIOUS RESEARCHES INTO HUMAN CHARACTER.

THERE can be little doubt that the domain of mental science is being invaded on more than one side by the sciences which deal more especially with the material world and with the physical universe around us. When physiologists discovered that the force or impulse which travels along a nerve, which originates in the brain, and which represents the transformation of thought into action, is nearly allied to the electrical force—now one of man's most useful and obedient ministers—one avenue to the domain of mind was opened up. And when physiologists, through the aid of delicate apparatus, were actually enabled to measure the rate at which this nerve-force travels along the nerve-fibres, it may again be said that physical science was encroaching on the domain of mind, being in a certain sense thus enabled to measure the rapidity of thought.

A study, exemplifying in a more than ordinary degree the application of the methods of physical science to the explanation of states of mind, was brought under the notice of the members of the British Association at the last meeting of that body. In the department of Anthropology, or the science investigating the physical and mental constitution of the races of man, Mr Francis Galton, as president of this section, devoted his address to an exposition of the classification or arrangement of groups of men, according to their habits of mind, and their physiognomy.

Of the curious and absorbing nature of such a study nothing need be said. Lavater's method of pursuing the study of character through the investigation of the features of the human face has long been known. But Lavater's system is on the whole much too loose and elementary to be regarded as satisfactory by modern scientists, whose repudiation of phrenology as a system capable of explaining the exact disposition of the brain functions, has unquestionably affected Lavater's method also. Mr Galton refers at the outset of his address to the fact we have already alluded to—namely, that physiologists have determined the rate at which nerve-force, representing a sensation or impulse of thought and action, travels along the nerves. The common phrase 'as quick as thought' is found to be by no means so applicable as is generally supposed, especially when it is discovered that thought or nervous impulse, as compared with light or electricity, appears as a veritable laggard. For whilst light travels at the rate of many thou-

sands of miles—about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles according to the latest researches—in a second of time, nerve-force in man passes along his nerves at a rate varying from one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty to two hundred feet per second. Or, to use Mr Galton's words, nerve-force is 'far from instantaneous' in its action, and has 'indeed no higher velocity than that of a railway express train.'

As we could naturally suppose from a consideration of this fact, small animals presenting us with a limited distance for nerve-force to travel, will avoid rapid blows and shift for themselves in the struggle for existence at a much quicker rate than large animals. Take two extreme cases in illustration of this fact. A mouse hears a suspicious or threatening sound, and at once, so to speak, accommodates its actions and movements to its protection. The ear of the mouse, as one of its 'gateways of knowledge,' is situated so close to the brain that the interval which elapses between the reception of the sound by the ear, or between its transmission as an impulse to the brain and the issue of a command or second impulse from the brain to the muscles of the body for the purpose of movement, is too short to be perfectly appreciated by the observer. In a whale, on the contrary, which may attain a length of eighty feet, a much longer interval will elapse before action of body follows on nervous impulse, seeing that the nerve-impulse has a longer distance to travel. Assuming that in such animals as the whales the nerve-action travels at the rate of seventy or eighty feet per second, it follows that in a large whale which has been struck near the tail by a harpoon, a second or so will elapse before the impulse is transmitted to the brain, whilst another second will pass before the second impulse is sent from the brain to put the muscles of the tail in action for the purpose of retaliating upon the harpooner. In such a case it is assumed that the brain of the animal will be the nervous centre or station at which information is received, and from which instructions are in turn telegraphed to the various organs and parts of the body. In the actual details of the case, however, it is probable that the spinal marrow of the animal or some part of it would act as the 'head-office' for receiving and issuing commands. We know that a headless frog will wipe off with one foot a drop of vinegar that has been placed on the other, and in the absence of the brain we thus assume that the spinal cord may act as a nerve-centre.

Doubtless the spinal marrow discharges this function naturally; and in view of this latter supposition, the interval between the reception of a blow and the muscular actions of an animal would be of less duration than in the case we have just supposed, where the brain is regarded as the central station of the nervous system. As an eminent authority in physical science has remarked, 'the interval required for the kindling of consciousness would probably more than suffice for the destruction of the brain by lightning, or even by a rifle-bullet. Before the organ (that is, the brain) can arrange itself, it may therefore be destroyed, and in such a case we may safely conclude that death is painless.'

But confining ourselves to the domain of human thought, it seems perfectly clear that the differences between persons of different temperament are

in reality referable in great part to the varying rates at which nervous impulses are transmitted through the nerves, and to or from the brain. The difference between a person of phlegmatic disposition and a person of sanguine temperament, may thus be properly enough referred to the varying rates with which sensations and feelings are appreciated and acted upon. Disposition or temperament thus becomes referred, secondarily, to the manner in which and aptitude with which nerves receive and transmit impressions. Primarily, of course, we must refer the exact causes of the quicker or slower transmission of impulses to the constitution of the individual who exhibits them.

Mr Galton gives a very interesting example of the differences to be observed between various individuals in the respects just noted, by a reference to a practice common amongst astronomers. He says: 'It is a well-known fact that different observers make different estimates of the exact moment of the occurrence of any event. There is,' he continues, 'a common astronomical observation in which the moment has to be recorded at which a star that is travelling athwart the field of view of a fixed telescope, crosses the fine vertical wire by which that field of view is intersected. In making this observation it is found that some observers are over-sanguine and anticipate the event, whilst others are sluggish, and allow the event to pass by before they succeed in noting it.' This tendency of each individual is clearly not the result either of inexperience or carelessness, since, as astronomers well know, 'it is a persistent characteristic of each individual, however practised in the art of making observations or however attentive he may be.' And so accustomed indeed are astronomers to these differences in observers, that a definite and standing phrase—that of the 'personal equation'—is used in that science to express the difference between the time of a man's noting the event and that of its actual occurrence. Every assistant in an observatory has his 'personal equation' duly ascertained, and has this correction applied to each of his observations. This most interesting fact relates exact or mathematical science in the most curious manner to the mental character of an individual. Mr Galton, however, does not rest merely with the announcement of this latter result. He goes much further in his theoretical inquiry, and suggests that peculiarities in the respect just noted might be found to be related to special points in the conformation of the body. Thus could the 'personal equations' of astronomers be related to the height of body, age, colour of hair and eyes, weight, and temperament, some valuable facts might be deduced regarding the union of definite characters to form a special constitution.

Some other methods may be cited of estimating the differences between various temperaments in appreciating sensations and in acting upon them. If a person is prepared to give an instantaneous opinion as to the colour of a certain signal—black or white—but is unaware of the particular colour which is to be exhibited, and if he is further instructed to press a stop with his right hand for the one colour and a left-hand stop for the other, the act of judgment necessary to determine the particular stop in each instance, is found to occupy an appreciable interval. This is parti-

cularly the case if a single signal has been previously shewn, and the observer's quickness of sight has been tested and calculated by his pressing a single stop whenever he saw the object. The comparison between the interval elapsing between the mere sensation of sight and the act of pressing the stop in the latter case, and the interval which elapses when the observer has to make up his mind as to the difference between two signals, is seen to be very marked.

Setting thus before his mind a certain number of tests of individual temperament and character such as have been illustrated, the observer may next proceed to the task of discovering whether persons who exhibit similar qualities of mind in these experiments, can be proved to be related to each other in other particulars of their physical or mental disposition. Mr Galton has ingeniously suggested that by an arrangement of mirrors, four views of a person's head might be taken at once, and would thus afford an ordinary photographic portrait, a portrait of a three-quarter face, a profile view, and a figure of the top of the head respectively. Such a series of views would present all the aspects required for a comparison of the general as well as special contour of the head of the individual with the heads of others photographed in like manner.

Our author, whose researches on the heredity of men of genius and the transmission from one generation to another of qualities belonging to the highest development of man's estate, are well known, turned his attention to the opposite phase of human life and character, and investigated in an avowedly casual, but still important manner, the likenesses and differences between members of the criminal classes of England. The social and practical importance of a study such as the present may be readily estimated. There are few persons who have not considered the bearings and influence of criminal antecedents upon the offenders of the present day. Although to a very large extent our temperaments and dispositions are of our own making, and are susceptible of the favouring influences of education and moral training, there can be no doubt of the truth of the converse remark, that to a very great extent the traits of character we inherit from our parents exercise an undeniable influence over us for weal or for woe. If, therefore, through research in the direction we have indicated, it can be shewn that criminality runs in types, our notions of criminal responsibility, and our ideas regarding the punishment, deterrent and otherwise, of the criminal classes, must be affected and ameliorated thereby.

That criminality, like moral greatness, 'runs in the blood,' there can be no doubt. It would in fact be a most unwonted violation of the commonest law of nature, were we to find the children of criminals free from the moral taints of their parents. As physical disease is transmissible, and as the conditions regulating its descent are now tolerably well ascertained, so moral infirmities pass from one generation to another, and the 'law of likeness' is thus seen to hold true of mind as well as of body. Numerous instances might be cited of the transmission of criminal traits of character, often of very marked and special kind. Dr Despine, a continental writer, gives one very remarkable case illustrating the transmission from one generation to another of an extraordinary

tendency to thieve and steal. The subjects of the memoir in question were a family named *Chrétien*, of which the common ancestor, so to speak, *Jean Chrétien* by name, had three sons, *Pierre*, *Thomas*, and *Jean-Baptiste*. *Pierre* in his turn had one son, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life for robbery and murder. *Thomas* had two sons, one of whom was condemned to a like sentence for murder; the other being sentenced to death for a like crime. Of the children of *Jean-Baptiste*, one son (*Jean-François*) married one *Marie Tauré*, who came of a family noted for their tendency to the crime of incendiarism. Seven children were born to this couple with avowedly criminal antecedents on both sides. Of these, one son, *Jean-François*, named after his father, died in prison after undergoing various sentences for robberies. Another son, *Benoist*, was killed by falling off a house-roof which he had scaled in the act of theft; and a third son, '*Clain*' by nickname, after being convicted of several robberies, died at the age of twenty-five. *Victor*, a fourth son, was also a criminal; *Marie-Reine*, a daughter, died in prison—as also did her sister *Marie-Rose*—whither both had been sent for theft. The remaining daughter *Victorine*, married a man named *Lemarre*, the son of this couple being sentenced to death for robbery and murder.

This hideous and sad record of whole generations being impelled, as it were, hereditarily to crime, is paralleled by the case of the notorious *Jukes*-family, whose doings are still matters of comment amongst the legal and police authorities of New York. A long and carefully compiled pedigree of this family shews the sad but striking fact, that in the course of seven generations no fewer than five hundred and forty individuals of *Jukes* blood were included amongst the criminal and pauper classes. The account appears in the Thirty-first Annual Report of the Prison Association of New York (1876); and the results of an investigation into the history of the fifth generation alone, may be shortly referred to in the present instance as presenting us with a companion case to that of the somewhat inaptly named *Chrétien* family. This fifth generation of the *Jukes* tribe sprang from the eldest of the five daughters of the common ancestor of the race. One hundred and three individuals are included in this generation; thirty-eight of these coming through an illegitimate grand-daughter, and eighty-five through legitimate grand-children. The great majority of the females consorted with criminals: sixteen of the thirty-eight have been convicted—one nine times—some of heinous crimes: eleven are paupers and led dissolute or criminal lives: four were inveterate drunkards: the history of three is unknown; and a small minority of four are known to have lived respectable and honest lives. Of the eighty-five legitimate descendants, only five were incorrigible criminals, and only some thirteen were paupers or dissolute. *Jukes* himself, the founder of this prolific criminal community, was born about 1730, and is described as a curious unsteady man of gipsy descent, but apparently without deliberately bad or intently vicious instincts. Through unfavourable marriages, the undecided character of the father ripened into the criminal traits of his descendants. The moral surroundings being of the worst description, the beginnings of criminality

became intensified, and hence arose naturally, and as time passed, the graver symptoms of diseased morality and criminal disposition.

The data upon which a true classification of criminals may be founded are as yet few and imperfect, but Mr Galton mentions it as a hopeful fact, that physiognomy and the general contour of the head can be shewn to afford valuable evidence of the grouping of criminals into classes. This method of investigation, however, it must be noted, is by no means a return to the old standing of phrenology, which, as all readers know, boasts its ability to mark out the surface of the brain itself into a large number of different faculties. The most that anthropologists would contend for, according to the data laid down, is, that certain general types of head and face are peculiar to certain types of criminals. Physical conformation of a general kind becomes thus in a general manner related to the mental type.

The practical outcome of such a subject may be readily found in the ultimate attention which morality, education, and the state itself, may give to the reclaiming of youthful criminals and to the fostering, from an early period in their history, of those tendencies of good which even the most degraded may be shewn to possess. If it be true that we are largely the products of past time, and that our physical and mental constitutions are in great measure woven for us and independently of us, it is none the less a stable fact, that there exists a margin of free-will, which, however limited in extent, may be made in the criminal and debased, and under proper training and encouragement, the foundation of a new and better life.

MONSIEUR HOULOT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—TO-DAY—TROUBLE.

WINTER came and passed away without anything happening to break the even tenor of existence. Spring came, and with spring the appearance of a new novel of Mr Collingwood Dawson. Having had a considerable share in its manufacture, I felt naturally anxious to know the result of its appearance. I had an encouraging note from Mrs Collingwood Dawson: 'Much liked—goes off very well:' and I saw from the advertisements in the papers that the notices of the press were generally favourable. At the head of them all was the following extract from the *Hebdomadal Review*: 'High capacity—very good—many readers—enticing interest.' Tributes of appreciation that were valuable from a periodical rarely given to praise overmuch any one unconnected with the house it represents.

Soon after I had another note from my employer: 'I am coming over to confer with you on literary and other matters; please make all necessary arrangements. I shall be accompanied by a female friend, but not, alas, by Mr Collingwood Dawson!'

The steamer that plies the Lower Seine in the summer months, came puffing up the river one fine breezy morning, and dropped into a little boat that put off to meet her, two female passengers, a quantity of boxes, and a little white dog. I recognised my expected visitors, and hastened

down to the landing-place to meet them. I explained that my house was not big enough to take them in; but that I had secured rooms at the hotel close by, and that my wife and I hoped to have as much of their society as they could give us.

After they had settled down in their new abode, Mrs Collingwood Dawson came over to see me, and was shewn into the pavilion.

'I am in a good deal of doubt and difficulty,' she said; 'and I have come to ask your opinion and discuss matters with you. But as it is no use putting half-confidence in you, and your opinion will be of little good unless you know fully all the circumstances of the case, I mean to tell you everything; and will first begin, if you please, and if it does not bore you too much, with a little sketch of my life.'

I assured her that I should have great pleasure in listening to her, as anything connected with her was of interest to me.

'I am,' she began, 'the daughter of an official of the old India House; and my father, who had held a good position there, and enjoyed a good income, left at his death no other provision for his widow and only child, myself, but the pensions to which we were entitled—a very handsome one indeed for my mother; and for myself some seventy pounds a year, which ceased at my marriage. He had been during his lifetime very fond of good society, especially literary society; and thus from early years I had been acquainted with many people who followed that profession. Consequently it is not surprising that I tried to add to an income sufficiently narrow by literary work, although I confess that I had no particular talent, and certainly no enthusiasm for the task, and met with little success. In this way I became acquainted with several publishers and many authors; among others was my first husband. He was a man of great intellectual power and force of will, but quite without any ballast of judgment or common-sense. Still I was very much enthralled by his influence, and he having formed a violent passion for me, insisted on marrying me. Young and ill-advised, I gave way to his impetuosity, and married we were. I soon had cause to repent the hasty step. He had been a man of most irregular habits; and after a brief period of devotion to me, he resumed them. Our household became a scene of constant jars and quarrels; he wearied out my life, and I must have wearied out his. The beautiful soul that I thought I had recognised as enshrined in his somewhat ill-formed and stunted figure, had no existence for me. He was malignant and detestable, utterly—most utterly.'

Her voice trembled with anger at the retrospect, whilst her eyes filled with indignant tears.

'It was an ill-assorted match evidently,' I said. 'But why did you not agree to separate?'

'I shrank from mentioning such a thing; with all his faults, I believed that he was still at the bottom devotedly attached to me. Besides, such a step is always distressing and compromising. No; I went on bearing my troubles, not silently indeed, for I have too much spirit, I confess, to make a meek and uncomplaining wife; but I bore them anyhow, although I confess that any affection I ever had for him had been lost in the embroilments of our married life. You may think that I was to blame, and that if there were a real

attachment on his part towards me, I ought to have been able to manage him; but I tell you no! There was a certain malignity in his nature that made him spiteful and tormenting even to those whom he loved. Anyhow, life was a sorrowful burden to me whilst he was with me.'

She rose, looking quite overcome by the recital of her troubles. Her eyes were filled with tears; her hands trembled nervously, as she raised them to press the hair back from her forehead. I murmured a few words expressive of sympathy and good-will.

'Well!' she said, sitting down and wiping her eyes with a pretty embroidered handkerchief; 'not to dwell upon my troubles. I was at last relieved from the hateful knot by his death—a death I believe he contrived in a way that should leave me in as cruel and doubtful a position as possible. He left home one day without giving me any intimation that he would stay away—that was his general practice—or leaving me any money to carry on the household expenses. And the next thing I heard of him was from a little village on the coast, that he had been drowned while bathing. I believe that he committed suicide. I ascertained that he had been informing himself most minutely of the set of the tides and currents about the coast, and with fiendish ingenuity had taken to the water at a time when the tide was certain to carry his body far out to sea.'

'But what object could he have had in that, madam?'

'Don't you see? The pension which I had lost in marrying revived on my widowhood. But he had contrived that his body should never be found. In vain I applied to the authorities to renew my pension. There had been several cases of attempted personation and fraud about these pensions, and they utterly refused to renew mine without absolute proof of my husband's death. This I was unable to afford to their satisfaction, his body never having been discovered. Still the circumstantial evidence was most strong, and I was advised to bring an action in the way of a petition of right. A circumstance, however, occurred,' said the widow with a slight blush, 'which rendered such a step unnecessary.'

'Ah! I see,' I cried; 'you married again?'

'Yes; and this time my venture was more fortunate. My second husband was an officer in the army, frank and free and brave. No young couple could have been happier. But alas! we were neither of us prudent in the management of our affairs. We had small means in the present, but great expectations, and we were too sanguine to think of the possibility of disappointment. Life became a series of feasts and fêtes. My husband sold out of the army, and we lived gaily enough on the proceeds of his commission, till that was all gone, and we saw ourselves brought to the verge of ruin. I must tell you that my husband was also of a literary turn, and wrote military sketches and so on, that brought in a little money, but nothing substantial.

'We had one resource still left—the house in which we lived; it had been my mother's, and at her death she left it to me. It was a pretty little house in the neighbourhood of St John's Wood; but it was leasehold only, and the lease had not more than ten years to run. We had found it under these circumstances impossible to mortgage

our interest. We might have sold the lease; and that with the furniture, which had also been my mother's, would have realised five or six hundred pounds. But when that was gone, where should we look for shelter? Charles's great expectations'—

'Pardon me for interrupting you. You have mentioned your husband's Christian name: it will make your narrative clearer if you tell me also his surname.'

'Collingwood was his name—Charles Collingwood.'

'And the name of the first one was Dawson?'

'You have guessed rightly. To continue. Charles's great expectations had all come to a bad end. A rich relative, who had brought him up for his heir, took a great dislike to me, and cut him out of his will, for no reason in the world but that he had married me, and that we were very poor. When he died, and we found this out, it seemed that the world had come to an end for us. What was to be done? Live in the most niggardly way we might, but we could not live on nothing. First we began to sell the less essential parts of our belongings. We lived on old china for three months; and then we began on our paintings. We had some good ones by English artists, which my father had left behind him, and these kept us for a while. But this was like burning the planks of the ship to keep the engines going. Charles had tried hard for employment in the meantime. For the governorship of a colony; for a consulship; the post of adjutant of militia; the same thing in a Volunteer regiment; for the chief-constableness of a large town; for the management of a brewery; and ever so many things besides. All of no use.

'We must take in washing,' said Charles; 'and I will become a second Mantilini, and turn the mangle.'

'Lodgers were our next thought, and that seemed more feasible. Then some one advised us to let our house furnished. We put an advertisement in the papers, and by great good luck we had an offer for the whole of the house at once. Six guineas a week for May, June, and July. We made up our minds to take cheap lodgings somewhere on the coast, and spend only half our weekly six guineas, which would thus last us six months instead of three. As we were packing up our belongings and storing away the packages in the lumber-room, Charles stumbled over a lot of old boxes, from which arose a cloud of dust.

'What are these old things?' he cried.

'I don't know anything about them. They were my first husband's books and papers.'

'Books, eh?' said Charles. 'Let's have a look at 'em;' and broke open one of the boxes. This, however, turned out to be full of packets of manuscripts. Charles made a wry face over them, but he took out a packet and began to read it. I went on with the work. I had everything to do then, I must tell you, for we had dismissed our servants, and lived in the house by ourselves with only a char-woman to help—quite in picnic style.

'Well dinner-time came, and Charles, who was still up-stairs reading his manuscript, brought it down with him and laid it beside his plate, and went on again reading directly after dinner.

'I tell you what it is, old woman,' he said, as we went to bed, 'I feel muddled with it all, and rather as if I'd been supping off pork chops

and Welsh-rabbit; but there's something in that fellow's writings, only they are coarse, decidedly coarse."

'But I am tiring you,' said Mrs Collingwood, looking up with a smile.

'Not at all. I am highly interested. Go on, please.'

'We went away to the sea-side, and Charles took several packets of manuscript with him to amuse him, as he said, during the long days.

"Do you know," he said to me one evening, "I think one could make something out of these things. If we cut out the objectionable passages which I expect were in the way of their publication"—

"My dear Charles," I said, "these were his religion, and he would not have touched a word for worlds to make them more acceptable."

"And died a martyr to the faith, eh?" said Charles. "Well, I shan't be so very particular. There's enough for a three-volume novel here, and I shall expurgate it and try its luck."

'Charles was never much of a penman, but I was a neat quick writer, and thus the copying fell upon me. Charlie did the botching and patching, and dictated as I copied. But what a task it was! I am sure the mere writing of it was worth all we were destined to get for it, let alone the author's work and our amendments. Then we got a lot of the most taking three-volume novels from the library, and counted the words and lines, so as to get ours about the right length. It was finished at last, just as our house became vacant; and as soon as we got back to town I took it to a publisher. It was agreed that I was to do all this part of the work, for my poor Charlie used to say that if anything happened to him, I should find the use of these habits of business.' Here she paused.

I coughed doubtfully. My knowledge of human nature led me to attribute the arrangement to shyness and laziness on his part. I did not, however, venture to disturb Mrs Collingwood's illusions.

She resumed: 'To our surprise and joy, after a delay of not more than three or four months, we heard from the publishers accepting our novel. We did not get any large sum for it, it is true, but it was highly thought of, and was to be well advertised; and that was the chief point. Whenever the author was inquired for, I gave out that he was my husband, but that he was an invalid. Charlie really was poorly at the time,' she said blushing. 'Ah, you shake your head; but in these days, my dear M——, it is necessary to be *ruse* as well as clever.'

'But why not have given it out as the work of a deceased author?'

'Ah, that would never have done! A publisher takes a first novel because he hopes for another and a better. Of what use is it to puff the one golden egg of a dead goose? No; we were right there—events have shewn it. Well, our novel was, as you know, a success. It went off like wild-fire, and our publishers fed the flame adroitly by issuing one edition after another—all of the same impression. All this time we were at work upon another, which also went down, although not so much relished as the first. I think we had purified it a little too much. Avoiding this error in a third, we again made a hit. Our fortune was now made and publishers were at our feet. But we were in this strait: we had come to an end of our finished

works; all that were left now were mere sketches and outlines, many too vague, and others too extravagant to be of much use to us. Charles had good judgment and some critical power, but he had no creative faculty, neither had I. Happily we did not deceive ourselves on this point. The question to be solved was how to supply the want. To Charles the idea first suggested itself of trying to secure assistance from outside. It was quite evident that it would be useless to think of any person well known in the world of letters. We set ourselves to study the more obscure literature of the day.'

I bowed politely, but with some inward mortification.

'Oh, don't think *you* are in question now,' said the lady with an arch smile; 'wait to the end of the story. My husband came home one day in a state of great excitement. He had in his pocket a copy of the *Weekly Dredger*, which contained an instalment of a serial story just commenced.

"Read that," he cried. When I had finished: "Now, what do you think?"

'But I was trembling all over with terror.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"O Charles!" I said, "if I did not know it was impossible, I should say that no one but my late husband could have written this."

'So strongly was I penetrated with this idea, that for a long time I forbade him to make any inquiry after the author. At last we were so pressed to supply another novel that I consented that he should make inquiries. The story in the *Weekly Dredger*, we found, had become so grotesque and bizarre, that finally the editor brought it to an abrupt close himself, refusing to take any more of it; and he made no difficulty whatever about telling our business agent in confidence the name of the writer. I must tell you we had found it necessary to employ an agent, Mr Smith, who has served us faithfully enough, but who was never permitted to see my husband. Well, Charles wrote cautiously to the author of this queer story, who, it seemed, lived in France; asking him to send specimens of his stories, and specifying the quantity required for possible publication, with his terms. We had in reply a pile of manuscript. Judge of the relief I felt when I found that the handwriting was quite unfamiliar to me. His terms were so low that we had no difficulty in undertaking to accept all his work. For some seventy pounds a year we secured everything he wrote. A great deal of the stuff was utterly useless to us, but every now and then he gave us the framework of a powerful story. Well, all of a sudden he turns sulky and refuses to send any more. Charlie would have found some one to supply his place, no doubt. But now I come to the great misfortune of my life!—with faltering voice—"the death of my dear husband."

'Your husband dead!' I cried, quite unprepared for the announcement.

'Yes, he is dead; and unhappy me, I have not been able to mourn his loss except in secret and with precautions. The funeral even was conducted with as much caution as if he had been a felon, and we had been ashamed of having to own that he had belonged to us. And he was the kindest, most affectionate—'

'But it was his own wish,' she went on after a pause. 'He planned out everything. You see

that although our writings—compilations should I call them?' she said with a faint attempt at a smile—'brought us in a nice income, yet we were pleasure-loving people, and had always been accustomed to plenty of society, and we had saved nothing out of it. We have two children, a boy at Rugby, and a daughter at an expensive school; and there is poor Charlie's sister, the lady who accompanies me, and she has no one else to depend upon but me. Besides, as Charlie urged before he died: "I am not Collingwood Dawson," he said; "why should my death be the cause of his? Keep him alive, old woman, to be a support to you and the children and Fizzie." Those were almost his last words, dear brave fellow!' She rose and left the room, overcome by uncontrollable emotion.

My thoughts, after Mrs Collingwood quitted me, were rather of a serious turn. I reflected that my own interests were bound up in the same cause, and that my own livelihood hung very much upon keeping up Mr Collingwood Dawson as a going concern. It was too late to go back now. If I had gained experience I had lost connection. My own place had been filled up. Mr Collingwood Dawson had become as necessary to me as to the widow and her family. Still the idea of a person who never died, who enjoyed a sort of corporate existence, or like the living Buddha, transferred his identity from one body to another, a being who could go on writing novels and publishing them till the crack of doom, struck one with a kind of awe.

As a relief to the troubled current of my thoughts I took up a newspaper which Mrs Collingwood had brought with her. It was the *Helldomadal Review*, the number containing the review of Collingwood Dawson's last novel. I turned to the page with a kind of pleased excitement, for the short abstract that I had seen in the advertisement, as you have seen, was calculated to give me the impression that the critique was an appreciative one. It was so short that I have no scruple in giving it *in extenso*: 'If it be necessary, and we suppose it is, that silly ill-educated people should be supplied with the morbid trash suited to their high capacity, there is no reason why Mr Collingwood Dawson should not cater for their wants. We can say of his novel that it is very good stuff of the kind. The pity is that there should be so many readers for this kind of stuff. We only hope that young ladies of the class who find Mr Dawson's compilations acceptable, will not be unduly led away from the paramount claims of seam and gusset and band by the enticing interest of his story.'

Satire like this does not hit very hard, however, and my only feeling after the first disappointment was of amusement at the ingenuity that had been able to extract the sting from it and secure the latent honey. One word, however, seemed dangerous—'compilations.' Was it possible that the critic had discovered the composite nature of Mr Collingwood Dawson?

'Can you lend me five pounds?' said a gruff voice behind me. I turned and saw the squat figure of M. Houlot close to my chair.

It was an embarrassing question. There was nothing in M. Houlot's appearance to invite confidence—at all events to the extent of five pounds. At the same time, M. Houlot had in my mind loomed into considerable importance, for since I

had heard Mrs Collingwood's story, I had identified him with the third portion of Mr Collingwood Dawson.

'Oh, if it requires consideration, don't think about it,' said Houlot roughly. 'I won't trouble you.'

'Stop a minute,' I replied; 'wait. I don't know whether I have the money. I must ask my wife.'

'Oh, you are one of the wretched slaves of a petticoat, are you?' said Houlot with a rasping laugh. 'I should have thought you had lived through *that* stage of your development.'

'As she will be the principal sufferer if the money should not be returned, she is entitled to a voice in the matter.'

'Look here! If it comes to asking your wife, I'll withdraw my request. I know what that means, well enough. But if you are afraid of not getting your money back, I'll give you security.—What security? Why, manuscripts worth ten, twenty pounds. I should say, if I were some people—of priceless value.'

'Ah!' I said to myself, 'there is Houlot, who has quarrelled with his bread-and-butter, and now he comes to me to borrow money to go on with. Would it not be better to send for Mrs Collingwood, to see if this is really the man who supplies her with her plots; and if so, to make the peace between them, and get him to continue the supply?'

Mrs Collingwood saved me the trouble of sending for her. I saw her coming across the garden to the pavilion. She was composed now and cheerful; she led one of my girls by the hand, and was telling her a story, I fancy, in which the child seemed uncommonly interested.

Houlot was standing leaning against the mantel-piece with his back to the doorway, and under his arm his stick, which he was rubbing with the point of his hook, as was his custom when vexed. I saw Mrs Collingwood coming in at the doorway—door and windows were wide open. All of a sudden her face whitened all over, and she tottered backwards. I ran to her assistance; but when I reached the garden, she had already disappeared within the house.

'Am I a hobgoblin, that I frighten people?' said Houlot savagely, coming to the door. 'Where's that woman who ran away?'

I made no reply; and he went off rubbing his stick with the iron hook, apparently in a very evil temper.

'I want that money particularly. I want to go to England and expose this Collingwood Dawson, to strip him of his borrowed plumes, and shew the British public what a daw this fellow is whom they admire. Come; give me this five pounds, and let me go.'

'I can't say anything more to you just now,' I replied. 'I will let you know to-morrow.'

'That will lose me two days; I want to start to-morrow.'

'I can't help it. I can't let you have the money now.'

Houlot saw that I was in some flurry and confusion, and thought probably that I was afraid of him, and that by bullying me a little he should get what he wanted.

'Come now!' he cried; 'go and get me that money. I know what I know, and I am not to be stopped for a paltry five-pound note.'

My reply was to shew him the door. He scowled at me, fingered his stick as if he had a mind to hit me, thought better of it seemingly, and went out growling inarticulately.

'Where is he, that man?' cried Mrs Collingwood meeting me in the doorway of the house, looking quite livid with fear. 'What do you know of him? Where does he come from?'

'He is your correspondent, the author of your plots.'

'Ah, then is he my husband!' she cried in a voice that, though low and subdued, was full of anguish. 'What a wretched being am I, to have seen him!'

'It would have been worse still had he seen you,' I muttered. 'Come, Mrs Collingwood—come into the garden, into the open air; you will be better there. Take my arm; keep up your heart; all will be well yet.'

'Where is he? where is he?' was all she could say.

'He is gone; you are quite safe.'

We began to pace up and down the garden together, she wringing her hands and writhing with pain and emotion.

'Do consider,' I said, 'that he has kept out of the way all these years, and that he is not likely to trouble you now.'

'Oh! I can't bear to think. The children—poor Charlie, what will become of us all?'

'The children will take no harm,' I said, 'if you act prudently. All will be well; and your late husband is out of the reach of any trouble.'

'Ah yes, poor Charlie! I wish I had died with him. Even now he may be reproaching me! How dreadful, dreadful it all is!'

I could not give her much consolation; for besides these troubles of the heart, other and less manageable difficulties I saw were impending.

At the first blush it was impossible to say what would become of us all in this imbroglio. Certainly if any one were entitled to be considered Collingwood Dawson, it was the man who had originated the works by which he had obtained his fame. On the other hand, he would never have had any success himself. No publisher would have looked twice at books which were so violent and coarse. All the labour and pains that had been taken in bringing his writings into an acceptable form, were they to go for nothing? And was it to be allowed that a man who had thrown off all ties and abandoned his place in the world, should resume them when other people had made them worth possessing? It seemed not; and yet the law would be on his side.

There was only one consoling feature in the position—the man had no money. He could not move without that; and if he had been able to obtain it from any other source, he would hardly have come to borrow from a stranger; but this was a very frail barrier after all. He might, if he were determined to get back to England, find his way to the nearest port, and get passed home by the consul as a distressed British subject. Why he had not gone over to England when he first discovered the use that had been made of his talents, was probably because he waited to complete some work he had in hand, which might serve as an introduction to the publishers, and a sort of voucher for his claim.

Was there, however, no possibility of mistake?

Was it perfectly certain that this was the missing husband? Mrs Collingwood had no hope that there was any error. She knew him perfectly. It was impossible that there should be two such people in the world together, identical in mind and in person. That his handwriting had so completely changed, seemed to her unaccountable; but it did not move her faith in his identity. And an explanation was soon found for this; for he had lost his right hand since his flight, and consequently wrote with his left.

I said just now that I could give Mrs Collingwood no comfort; but there was one thing that bound us all together and insured sympathy between us: we were so to speak all in the same boat. Our livelihood depended upon keeping up the integrity of Collingwood Dawson.

A MOORLAND WEDDING.

It was in the month of June last year, when the days were about their longest, that the scattered dwellers in the upland parish of L—— were excited by the intimation of a marriage in one of their glens. Among a sparse population an event of this sort necessarily happens but rarely, and as a consequence when it does happen it comes attended by much more 'pomp and circumstance' than would otherwise accompany it. As an angel sent by some gracious fate, it stirs the stagnant pool of existence, and revives hearts that may have drooped through dreary days of solitude. The people who have participated in it are livelier in their talk and wear a blither aspect for days and weeks afterwards.

A breeze was blowing through the bright June sunlight, and the shadows of a few clouds were moving quietly across the hills, when about three o'clock in the afternoon I set out on foot for the scene of the marriage that has been referred to. The point from which I started lay upon the highest tract of cultivated land at the head of a prettily wooded valley, and I had to walk seven miles by mountain-side and glen before reaching the cottage that was my destination. For the first portion of the way there is an excellent cart-road—excellent for a hill-country whose pastoral-bred pedestrians do not greatly need roads; but after some three miles have been got over the traveller finds himself almost literally at large among the mountains, with but a feeble indication of a foot-track along the brow of a deep ravine, and a mountain stream below.

Continuing my course, the glen began to expand again, and its slopes to lose their covering of brushwood. A strip of level verdure, broadening as I ascended, stretched on each side of the water; and after following several windings of the stream without any change in the character of its banks, the moorland cottage that I was in search of lay before me.

The first thing I observed was an animated crowd of people streaming out of the door two and two, and setting off from an elevation that stood some distance to the right. On arriving at the cottage I learned that these were the bride's people gone to meet the party of the bridegroom, and to take part in 'running the broose,' which is a foot-race among the young lads for the bride's-maid's handkerchief. Herself the goal, the bride's-maid, fluttering in white and scarlet, had ascended

to a knoll before the cottage, and some time afterwards held up a silk handkerchief to the eyes of the expectant runners.

I fancy there are few spectacles that produce in one's mind a stronger sense of savage freedom than that of civilised human beings let loose, coatless, vestless, bonnetless, to race among the hills. In less than two minutes from their starting on the homeward race they had sunk out of view at the foot of the highest hill, and when they hailed in sight again, they were much more widely scattered than at the beginning. Two or three in the rear had already dropped out of the race; but those in the front seemed to be still running with energy and determination. Once or twice again we lost them in the hollows, and each time they reappeared we could notice that their number was gradually getting smaller; so that by the time the leader swept across the stream in front of us, all other competitors had given up the contest as hopeless. A cheer broke forth as he struggled up the knoll panting and bemired to clutch the coveted prize, which, with similar ones thus gained, I find it is a great ambition among the young men in some districts to accumulate. The winner of the 'broose' was a tall and finely formed youth of fair complexion; with clear blue eyes and well-cut features.

As soon as the stragglers had come forward, followed by the bridegroom and his man, amid tremendous cheering, the marriage ceremony was proceeded with in the kitchen. It was a long low-roofed apartment, with innumerable shoulders of mutton in all the stages towards ham, depending from the rafters. The bride was led out of an anteroom, resting on her father's arm. He was a rather oldish man, with the history of a good many troubles plainly written upon his face. The bride was a broad-shouldered, brown-visaged, and gray-eyed maiden of about four-and-twenty; and her future husband, a loose-limbed, amiable-looking youth in a lavender necktie and fiery red hair, looked possibly a year or two younger. The service was performed by a Presbyterian clergyman, and was accordingly a short one. Immediately it was over there was a multitudinous shaking of hands with the happy couple. It was interesting to note the various phraseologies in which the numerous guests severally expressed their good wishes; all the degrees of feelings from that of ordinary regard to the most ebullient affection, being apparently represented.

While this process was going forward, the mother of the bride, a sallow-faced person with kindly black eyes, and gray hair smoothed neatly across her brow, took up a position by the fire to advance arrangements for the tea. You could see that the good woman was greatly excited and confused. Probably she had never had so many people under her humble roof before; and there were 'grand folk' among them too, the surrounding farmers and their families, for whose (comparatively) delicate palates she was quite unaccustomed to prepare food. Every now and then while proceeding with her duties, she would catch up the corner of her ample white apron, and wiping the perspiration from her forehead, would draw a long sigh, as of sadness or fatigue. The movements of the company around her seemed to attract her but little; all the evening she wore a preoccupied expression, and it was evident that she had within

her mind a picture of her own, on which her thoughts were dwelling. But what the scene was that was calling her away from the merriment of the hour I possessed no means of ascertaining; and the reader is at liberty to fill up this blank in the narrative as best delights his fancy.

A portion of the company now seated itself at a heavily laden tea-table that was laid out in an adjoining chamber; and here let me remark that as Scottish weddings are celebrated in the afternoon or evening, the entertainment known by the English as the *déjeûner*, is unknown to their northern neighbours. But there are few such teas served in cities or even in Lowland dwellings as had been that night prepared for us. The result of a good week's labour of several women in carrying, boiling, and baking, seemed to be placed upon the board. Let the reader remember that it was in Scotland that this wedding took place, and he will appreciate the bill of fare the better. It was by no means a much varied one, but the several articles had been provided in unlimited supply. Fresh baked scones lined each side of the table in castellated rows; platefuls of dark-coloured 'braxy' ham, cut from the mutton that hung on the rafters, stood in between them, with here and there a pile of thick cut, deeply buttered bread. There were also buns, 'cookies,' biscuits, and gimcracks, that must have been carried painfully over miles of moorland; and raised majestically at the head of the table was a little white bride-cake surmounted by a solitary flag.

When the company had crushed themselves into seats around the table, and were just going to operate upon the braxy, a big-boned, bleached-looking old man was furtively led on to the end of a bench that had been placed near the door. I soon discovered that, after the minister, this was for the time being the most important of the invited assembly. He was in fact no less a personage than the fiddler, and was, as he ought to have been, in keeping with the character of the traditionary musician, almost stone-blind. This Demodocus had been led hither from his dwelling five miles over the hills by a little boy, his grandson, who had fair hair, and wore faded velvet and corduroys. The heartiness with which the veteran musician laid in a store of victual against the labour of a long night's fiddling, was a most refreshing sight. He was a long-faced, heavy-jawed man, and had rusty gray hair that fell unkempt upon a much worn velvet collar. A large scarlet cotton handkerchief was twisted carelessly about his neck, and came down in a loose fold upon his breast. He wore an aspect of silent passive misfortune; and as you looked at him it was difficult to imagine music dwelling in his soul, how much soever it might dwell in his fiddle.

As soon as the tea was ended, or rather this first instalment of it, he was guided to an elevated seat that had been prepared for him in a corner of the kitchen, where he began scraping and preluding with his fiddle. To many of the lads and lasses this was the first intimation of the musician's presence; and it was the signal for a little preliminary coquetry with the eyes, while it lit up their honest faces with blushes and expectant smiles.

A Scottish wedding without a dance is next door to no wedding at all, so little time was lost in

stepping to the floor. There were Scotch reels, country-dances, and polkas, and now and then a quadrille was decorously walked through by the two or three young farmers and their sweethearts. But unquestionably the Scotch reel was the favourite, and maintained the precedence throughout the whole of the entertainment. As most readers doubtless know, this is a lively and stirring dance, that permits a good deal of jumping and stamping, and is admirably adapted to the social requirements of a warm-hearted and excitable people. Whether its popularity in Scotland has anything to do with the Celtic origin of the inhabitants, I do not take upon me to suggest; but certain it is, that after seeing it performed, as on the present occasion, with all the vivacity that belongs to it, you would not think of associating it with a grave and solemn-minded race. To the uninitiated onlooker it is nothing but an indistinguishable confusion; in which he may observe that there is a great deal of bobbing with the head and shuffling with the feet, and that it is in nowise adapted to a staid person of fashion. Nevertheless it stood in high favour on the present occasion, and seemed to please abundantly the agile young persons who performed in it. What matter to them though it should be unfashionable! They had come to this wedding to enjoy themselves; and much as the horrid crew in 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk' despised foreign cotillions, so did these children of hills and valleys stick to their native reels and country-dances.

After a time, when the music had begun to work in his soul, and he had been set athinking upon 'the brave days of old,' you would notice a reverend senior bravely leading out some gay and handsome maiden, and challenging another gray-headed veteran to face him in the dance. These exhibitions of pluck and spirit in the fathers uniformly evoked hearty plaudits from the company; and some one would call out to 'Archie,' the fiddler, 'to put his best foot foremost this time.' Archie had by this time got worked into a state of considerable energy and enthusiasm, and was in some respects quite a different character from that of two hours ago at the tea-table. The colour had travelled back to his old withered cheek, and his features looked a deal more soft and flexible; his face and form seemed much more indicative of life; youth seemed to be coming back to him at the call of his own fiddle. It was interesting to observe as he became enthusiastic in his fiddling, how sympathetic was his every motion. How his rickety old legs crossed and bobbed up and down; the body in a tremble, and constant movement in the shoulders; while the head was perpetual motion, now hanging down upon his breast, now erect and turning on its socket, now thrown backwards, and such eyes as were in it—poor 'ruined orbs'—directed restlessly towards the ceiling. Archie's *tout ensemble* was a visible embodiment of the doctrine that music incites to motion.

Music has charms to stir the savage breast

covered the use that 'tooth' it. Now and then the was probably because La while, and seated in benches work he had in hand, he listened in silence to a song, introduction to the published, young shepherd, with for his claim.

sh, sang *My Hielan' Hills*,
Was there, however, nottle man recited out of a

corner very slyly, *Rabbin Tamson's Smiddy*. The *Laird o' Cockpen*, *Why Left I my Hame?* and *Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut*, were also given; the last named being received with great enthusiasm. There was little culpable indulgence in whisky that I observed. This may have been owing to the judicious arrangements of the host for refreshing his guests during the evening with the national 'toddy' instead of the more potent undiluted spirit. Several times a tray was handed round, bearing piles of bread-and-cheese, and a large jug full of the resuscitating beverage; and though the latter in some cases was a little freely partaken of, there was no unseemly manifestation of its effects.

And thus, through the warm hours of that summer's night, with lonely hills listening in their dreams, the wedding festival of the shepherd's daughter glided merrily along. The sun had been already near two hours climbing up the east, and the pale morning light had once more shot its rays into many a glen and hollow, when these mountain merry-makers ceased their saturnalia. The evening before, they had assembled for the feast trim, fresh, rosy, and buoyant; and when the 'garish day' sent his mocking light through the narrow window-panes and shone upon the forms of the dancers, they looked rosy and buoyant still. The smoothness had departed from their hair and the aspect of freshness from their garments; frills and ribbons had been dragged awry; but the colour was as fresh in their cheeks, and their eyes were quite as lustrous as when eight hours before they had stamped and bobbed and 'hooch'd' through their first Scotch reel. The most of them would tramp their half-dozen miles and more back over the hills, and go through the usual labours of the day with hardly a symptom of fatigue.

When all had come out of the cottage, and immediately before the separation, about three-fourths of the party congregating on the little knoll before the door where the bride's-maid had stood with the handkerchief on the previous evening, sent forth a long-drawn, far-reverberating cheer. Then followed a tumultuous shaking of hands, with many a kindly spoken farewell; and then finally they departed, each group on its own path, for their wide-scattered farms and cottages. Some days would pass during which the memory of the wedding would be continually in their thoughts, forming a mental picture that gave them solace in the midst of outward dreariness. But gradually the lines of the picture would lose their vividness, and it would be less frequently recurred to by the fancy, less fervently yearned after by the heart. Emotions that had been stirred by that night's entertainment would after a while subside again; the old duties would present themselves anew, calling for the old labour and attention; and harmony would be again established between the inward life and the outward circumstances.

The newly married couple had arranged to stay at the cottage till the afternoon, and then to set out for their future home, which lay in the adjoining parish, and about ten miles away. That parish in its whole extent was high-lying and pastoral; and therefore the dwelling to which they were going would be in every way as lonely as the one from which they were departing. From what I had noticed of the bride's mother, she would undoubtedly feel melancholy over the

losing of her daughter, the last that had remained with her out of five; and I can think of her that afternoon, when the two young people had left her, slipping out to the door, and having shaded her eyes with her hand, taking a far look at them as they passed out of her sight among the hills. Then she would walk pensively back into her now dull-looking kitchen, and perhaps ponder with some sadness about becoming old. The bride and bridegroom would arrive at their abode in the gray hours of the evening, where some relative would be waiting to receive them. It would be such another cottage as the one we have been visiting; and there, in the wide wilderness, untamed nature on every side of them, they would settle down to await the domesticities that fate might send.

Is there not something almost awe-striking in the thought of civilised human beings settling down to face perhaps half a century of life in solitudes like these, all unconscious of the mighty pulse-beats of the world they dwell in? It is to be presumed that this red-haired Briton who has just led home his bride across ten miles of moorland, possesses a fair share of practical energy and some fragments of intellect; he has the faculty of loving his fellow-men and of gaining happiness, perhaps also wisdom, from hours of bright social intercourse. If he were now planted amid stimulating circumstances, a fine moral nature might possibly be developed by the time his years were through. But immured in this mountain fastness, away from human din, his mind will probably never be unfolded to the least self-conscious effort; and he will leave life at seventy little advanced in intellectual attainment on what he was at twenty-five. For although Nature is an open book, teeming over with wise and great lessons, it is only after toiling through initiatory stages of culture that we can intelligently read her book, or even believe that it exists. The unlettered shepherd nestling in her shaggy bosom, unless she has gifted him with genius, rarely dreams of the truths that she is symbolically publishing around him. And I think of the future life of him whose marriage we have been celebrating as something far different from that of a home-bred philosopher or poet. Performing his simple pastoral duties with honesty of purpose, I can still imagine his life to be monotonous, irksome, and stagnant; having in it many hours of idleness unilluminated by neighbourly greetings or the mystic gleams of intelligent research. As he goes his rounds in summer-time, he will see the wide stillness of morning upon the hills; in winter he will have to battle with the fury of the storm. The gloaming will find him cultivating an unfruitful garden, or gathering hay out of morasses for his cow, or sitting over his peat-fire knitting homespun stockings or reading legends of the Covenanters. Now and then a distant neighbour, leading a life as lonely as himself, or some wandering angler, will drop in upon him, and be treated to a hospitable meal. But he will hardly see another face the whole year through, except perchance on Sunday—until the 'clipping' season comes round, when he will be called away, now in one direction now in another, to days of social labour.

Some day, let us hope, a wee body will appear upon his hearth—his own offspring, to be loved, nourished, and instructed; and then probably there

will come another and another till a considerable family is grouped around him. The care and training of these children will be a kind of education to himself. The nursing of them will not fail to develop the womanliness of the wife. Let us hope that she may have much of a mother's happiness and little of a mother's sorrow, and that rosy health will be ever upon her hearth! May her boys grow up broad-shouldered and manly; may her girls be handsome, modest, and fair; and some day or other, a quarter of a century hence, may there be another moorland wedding, when those of us who have assisted at the present one, fiddler and dancers, writer and readers, shall be wearing away or perhaps gathered to 'the land o' the leal.'

EGG-CULTURE.

WHY do we import seven or eight hundred million eggs every year, and pay two millions and a half sterling for them? The answer is, that the demand for eggs is steadily increasing, while the home produce is either lessening or stationary in amount.

Why the home supply does not advance with the increase of demand, is a question that calls for a little attention to the commercial aspects of farming. So many small holdings have been absorbed by large farms, that many a cottage housewife has been withdrawn from rural life who would otherwise have reared cottage poultry; neither the allotment-holder nor the artisan has range and space enough for rearing eggs to advantage.

In a trade journal called *The Grocer*, in which much information concerning the provision trades is given, the following remarks occur: 'If a due attention to details were given in this country, the stock of fowls which roam about the farmyard and gather corn from the thrashing, instead of being a mere adjunct and perquisite of the servants, would return sufficient to discharge the rental of many a small holding. Such, we have understood, has been the case where the experiment has been fairly tried; and once this becomes an established notion, our own supplies will increase in a greater ratio than they do at present. According to a competent authority, at this time—what with improved native and imported varieties—we possess the best stock of egg-layers in the world. In no country is the management of our best poultry-yards excelled. These should serve as a model for the rest; to bring up the wholesale results to their true national importance, all we require is an extension of the taste for poultry-farming amongst those who earn their living on the land.'

The real new-laid eggs of home produce are comparatively few. Their excellence is best appreciated by obtaining them at country farm-houses. The small farmers who do not take nor send their eggs to open market sell them to country shopkeepers, or barter them for other commodities. Many cottagers contrive to keep a few fowls; and where there is no pig, these fowls act as scavengers, consuming the scraps of the family, the outside cabbage-leaves, peelings of boiled potatoes, &c.; if the fowls are supplied

with a little corn, they will lay a good many eggs. This desultory mode of leaving poultry to find their food as best they may is, however, quite a mistake, and can never be adequately remunerative. Fowls, to pay, must be well looked after, and systematically fed and housed.

Ireland used to supply England with a considerable number of eggs, and perhaps may continue so to do; but statistical details of the trade between the two portions of the United Kingdom are not now published. About thirty years ago, fifty million eggs were annually shipped from Dublin alone to London and Liverpool, value about a hundred and twenty thousand pounds; the supply obtained from all Ireland very much exceeded this amount. Mr Weld, in his description of Roscommon about that period, noticed some of the features of the egg-trade in the rural districts of Ireland: 'The eggs are collected from the cottages for several miles round by runners, boys nine years old and upwards, each of whom has a regular beat which he goes over daily, bearing back the produce of his toil carefully stored in a small hand-basket. I have frequently met with these boys on their rounds; and the caution necessary for bringing their brittle ware with safety seemed to have communicated an air of business and steadiness to their manner unusual to the ordinary volatile habits of children in Ireland.'

But as we have said, a large supply from abroad has become a necessity; and the characteristics of this supply are worth knowing; because they shew that the trade can be conducted profitably without having recourse to artificial incubation or hatching—a system which has at times had many advocates in England.

The importation of French eggs into this country has increased in an almost incredible degree, owing in part to the facilities afforded by the commercial treaty between England and France. It has risen from about a hundred and fifty million to six or seven hundred million eggs annually, since the year 1860; while the value per thousand has also increased, until at length our importers pay at least two millions and a half sterling for the yearly import. The eggs are brought over chiefly in steamers, and landed at Southampton, Folkestone, Arundel, Newhaven, and Shoreham.

The egg-culture in France is almost exclusively confined to small farmers, who carry it on in a vigorous and commercial spirit, chiefly in Burgundy, Normandy, and Picardy. Every village has its weekly market, to which farmers and their wives bring their produce, in preference to selling at the farmyard to itinerant dealers. A merchant will sometimes buy twenty thousand eggs at one market; he takes them to his warehouse, where they are sorted and packed, and possibly sent off the same day to Paris or to London. According to the conditions required by the buyers, the eggs are sometimes counted, sometimes 'sized' by passing them through a ring, sometimes bought in bulk. In many of the north-west districts of France, poultry villages send almost their whole supply of eggs to England, from Calais, Cherbourg, and Honfleur, packed in cases containing from six hundred to twelve hundred each. Nearly all continental countries producing sufficient eggs for their own supply, the export from France is almost entirely to England. It is found that the buck-

wheat districts are those in which most eggs are reared—possibly a useful hint to English rearers.

The production of eggs for market is one thing, and the hatching of them another. We do not here go into the question of hatching, though much that is interesting could be written on the subject. It is enough to say that all the ingenious plans that have been set on foot for the artificial hatching and rearing of poultry have broken down through the costliness of the arrangements and management. Those who have tried any of these plans have arrived at the conclusion that both eggs and poultry can only be produced on a cheap scale by farmers or cottagers. And this opinion stands to reason. About farmyards and cottages in rural districts, hens can pick up food that would otherwise be wasted. Besides, let it be kept in mind, that hens like to roam about scratching for seeds, worms, and particles of lime to furnish material out of which the shells of their eggs are formed. If kept in confinement, exceeding care is required to supply the creatures with such requisites as their maternal instincts seem to require. What we suggest is, that cottagers, farmers, and others possessing sufficient scope for keeping poultry, should go far more largely into the business of egg-culture than they do at present. Why should they allow the great egg-supply for this country to be in the hands of others? The answer, we fear, is, that our farming classes generally look down contemptuously on the supplying of eggs for market. It is too small an affair to invite consideration. Small! Two millions and a half of money annually carried off by the French. Is that a trade to be treated with indifference?

We hear much of women's work, and of how young ladies should employ themselves. Here is something, at all events, for farmers' wives and daughters to set their face to without the slightest derogation of rank or character. Let them take up in real earnest the culture of fowls, if only for the sake of the eggs which on a great and remunerative scale may be produced. Those farmers' wives who already appropriate part of their leisure to this occupation deserve all honour; and we honour them accordingly.

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY J. PITMAN (WHO DIED 1825).

ENCIRCLED thus by those you love,
May each successive Birthday prove
A source of new delight, nor cast
A single shade upon the past.

Thus ever may thy placid brow
And playful smile bespeak, as now
The peace that cheers thy gentle breast,
And bids thee still in hope be blest.

And thus may each revolving year
Still leave thy cheek without a tear;
Still Virtue strew thy flowery way
With sweets that never know decay.

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ASHORE IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.

THE corvette *Lyre*, one of Her Majesty's vessels, is to be imagined as lying at anchor off the mouth of the river Langhat, in the Straits of Malacca, a long heavy ground-swell rolling her lazily from side to side, as though even the sea found the climate too trying for much exertion. It is a glorious scene which lies before us: a white beech curtained with brilliant foliage, above which rises Parcelar Hill, a cone-shaped mountain, with its steep sides covered with dense jungle; but on board, the pitiless sun is pouring down his cloudless rays, making the pitch bubble out of the seams of the deck even through the double awning which is spread overhead. It is one o'clock in the afternoon, the dinner hour, and the officers, clad in white tunics and helmets, are listlessly lounging in long chairs abaft the mizzen-mast; while on the fore-castle, blue-jackets and marines are in little groups smoking, and some who find even that amusement too hot, are stretched about the deck sleeping or reading. Suddenly there is a slight stir among them, and the shrill whistle of a boatswain's mate is heard, followed by a hoarse bellow at the hatchway: 'D'ye hear there? A seining-party will leave the ship at four bells [two o'clock]. All you as wish to go give your names to the master-at-arms. Away there, first cutters and dingey boys! Lower your boats!'

While the crews thus named are preparing their boats for the expedition, volunteers in plenty are sending in their names; for a seining, or in other words a fishing-party, which involves a run on shore and a sort of picnic on the beach, is always popular on board a man-of-war. At this time too, we had been nearly a month at sea, and our store of fresh meat in the wardroom having soon been exhausted, we had been living on the ship's provisions for a fortnight past; and H.M.'s salt beef (generally though disrespectfully known as 'salt horse'), never very popular at any time, had become extremely distasteful to our palates, though our Chinese cooks had exhausted their science and our patience in inventing new

methods of cooking the obnoxious article. I may mention here that the *Lyre* formed part of a squadron which had assembled in the Straits for the suppression of piracy, for the inhabitants of the Malay states have an interesting custom, handed down from remote ages, of making indiscriminate war on each other. The British government, not taking the view that this was a wise dispensation of Providence for getting rid of a useless race by mutual extermination, instead of leaving them to settle their disputes like the famous Kilkenny cats, resolved to put down this lawless state of affairs with a strong hand; so some of the powers that be, arranged a scheme for sweeping the rivers of the piratical craft which infested them.

The plan was beautifully simple and efficacious in theory: part of the squadron was to ascend a branch of the Salangore River, and drive all the boats they should find there round to the Langhat River, where the remainder, of which the captain of the *Lyre* had command, was to catch them. It ought to have been a success; but somehow or other the ungrateful pirates declined to come out of their hiding-places and be captured; and after spending a fortnight at anchor without making a single haul, our only duty being to send a detachment occasionally to relieve the guard at a stockade we had taken, we began to get tired of the cruise and the invariable 'salt horse,' boiled, fried, or devilled, that formed the 'standing part' of every meal; so that any proposal to break the monotony of our daily grind, such as this seining-party promised, was eagerly welcomed both by officers and men.

At two o'clock a heavily laden cutter left the ship, towing the dingey, with the large seine-net which is supplied to every man of war, coiled up in it. Some of the older hands have taken a spare shift of clothes, for a great deal of rough dirty work may be expected, and a wise man likes to be prepared for emergencies; but the majority have been content with putting on the oldest suits they can find. As we have no chart in the boat, we find some difficulty in approaching the

shore, as a long reef runs off it, on which the heavy cutter strikes again and again as we pull up and down looking for a passage. 'Jump out there, half-a-dozen hands, and look for deep water,' sings out the lieutenant in command of the party; and directly a number of men are overboard, glad to cool themselves from the blazing heat and they wade and splash about in all directions, till the sudden disappearance of one man, amidst the laughter of the rest, announces that he has found the channel rather suddenly; and pulling in his direction, the boat reaches the shore without difficulty.

Not a promising place for a cast where we are landing—the mouth of a deep rapid river, with steep banks of mud, behind which is a narrow belt of sand and bushes and then a dense jungle; but the dingey—a handy little boat—which has been sent to reconnoitre, returns with a report of a shelving sandy beach a few hundred yards away, which will just suit our purpose. So, telling off a few hands with axes to cut down wood and light a fire—a very necessary precaution when men are wet through—the remainder, after anchoring the cutter in the river, march off to the spot where the dingey is paying out the seine so as to inclose a large space of water. Long ropes are fastened to each end of the net, one of which is already held on shore, and the dingey soon brings in the other. Now comes the real hard work, as the heavy net is slowly and laboriously hauled to land, the two ends being gradually brought together by the direction of the experienced fishermen in charge. As the centre part of the net approaches, the excitement becomes great; and some of the men, regardless of sharks and alligators, swim behind, splashing water to frighten back the fish who are endeavouring to leap over the barrier which separates them from freedom. Then, amidst the cheery notes of a fishing chorus, most of us wading up to our waists in water, the purse or bulge of the net is run high and dry on the sand, and we eagerly examine our spoil. A curious collection they are, and many of them no use for cooking or any other purpose that we can tell. There are crabs of all sizes and brilliant colours, with claws out of all proportion to the size of their bodies, which immediately make their presence felt by severely nipping the bare legs and feet of the men nearest to them, of course much to the amusement of the rest of the party.

Another peril to the unwary are the cat-fish, unpleasant creatures, that have a playful knack of darting their poisonous spines into the flesh of any one incautiously touching them, thereby causing excruciating agony for some little time. Then come some little round fish, that have a very peculiar habit of swelling themselves out when touched, until they actually burst as it were with their own importance. I am not naturalist enough to tell the name of this peculiar fish, but the men used to call them 'beadles.' These and many others are thrown back into the

sea as unfit for food; but even after this wholesale rejection, we have several buckets of good eatable fish, which are sent off to the fire, which is now blazing brightly on the strip of sand at the mouth of the river. A question now arises as to who shall be cook, and one of the men is promptly chosen by the others, and placed in charge of the fish. There is a joke about selecting this particular individual. Some months previously, in the course of a chaffing-match with the wardroom cook's mate, he had made a retort so peculiarly cutting that the enraged knight of the gridiron applied an *argumentum ad hominem* in the shape of a saucepan, which laid him on the deck with a broken head; so whenever there was a question of cooking to be done after this, he was invariably selected for the office, as the others said he must have gone deeply into the subject.

We make cast after cast now, and fill all our spare buckets with fish, getting rather tired ourselves with the exertion of hauling a heavy net, up to our necks in water; till the night comes on apace, and we edge off towards the fire, making a final cast in front of it, as the glare attracts the fish in great numbers. We have become satiated with sport by this time; so the net is coiled up in the dingey, and all hands draw round the blazing fire; those that have taken the precaution to bring dry clothes now donning them; and the others, who have been less prudent, drying themselves in the grateful heat.

It is a strangely picturesque scene; the flickering blaze of the fire lighting up the groups of men stretched on the sand in various attitudes of negligent ease, their bare muscular limbs contrasting in almost startling whiteness with their bearded faces, bronzed almost black with exposure to the tropical sun. Some are drinking the scalding hot tea, which is now passed round in pannikins; while others are toasting fish, spitted on a stick for want of a more elaborate apparatus, and served up on a biscuit; a few grains of powder from the cartridges—which had been brought in case of an attack, supplying the place of salt, which had of course been forgotten. Our hunger is too great after our arduous exertions to notice any little defects in the cooking, and a hearty meal is enjoyed by all. Soon a pleasant odour of tobacco arises, as a circle is formed round a glorious fire, and a measure of grog is handed round by a corporal to each man. This latter luxury is supplied by the officers, who have in turn been indebted to the men for the tea which they had hospitably pressed on them.

'Now, my lads, for a song,' says the officer in command; and after some little demur as to who shall commence, a man strikes up an old sea-song describing the wreck of the *Ramilies*, near Plymouth, a number of verses with a chorus to each:

With close-reefed tops'ls neatly spread,
She sought for to weather the old Rame Head.

A fine effect is produced as the chorus is taken

up by thirty deep voices, many of the men, with a sailor's natural aptitude for music, singing the second and bass; and the unusual volume of sound drowns for a moment the deafening noises of the beasts and insects that are holding their usual nocturnal concert in the neighbouring jungle.

'Well done the starboard watch!' says a man when the song is concluded. 'Now the port.' And soon another song begins:

'Twas in Cawsand Bay lying,
With the Blue-Peter flying,
And all hands aboard for the anchor to weigh,
There came a young lady,
As fair as a May-day,
And modestly hailing, this damsel did say—

I forget the exact words that the lady made use of, though the quaint phraseology much amused me at the time, but I remember that she wanted her true love, a seaman on board; but the captain declined her request, although

He said with emotion,
'What son of the ocean
But would his assistance to Ellen afford.'

In the climax, however, the lady unexpectedly turned the tables in her favour, for

Out of her pocket she hauls his discharge!

Chorus—

For out of her pocket she hauls his discharge!

Song followed song after this, the crackling of the roaring fire and the ceaseless din of the jungle forming an obligato accompaniment, which somehow seemed appropriate to the occasion, till a gun from the distant ship warned us that our time was up. Hereupon the officer in charge sent a couple of hands to haul in the cutter, which had been left at anchor in the river. Easier said than done, however, seeing that after a prolonged absence they returned, looking somewhat alarmed, and reported that they could not find the boat anywhere. This caused rather a commotion among the party, which a whisper of 'Pirates' did not diminish; so a rush was made for the rifles; and thus armed we marched to the beach; but not a sign of the boat could be found. There was just a chance that she had broken adrift; so the dingey was quickly manned and shoved off in search; but almost directly a loud shout announced that the cutter had been found full of water and apparently sinking. A number of men swam off to her at once; but the steep banks prevented our hauling her up; and we had just time, by dint of hard work, to remove her sails, oars, &c., when she sank, leaving us to our resources on the sand.

Our position looked unpleasant enough now, thus cast away in a piratical district; and besides, the gathering clouds to windward, of inky blackness, foretold to our experienced eyes that one of the violent squalls of wind and rain called Sumatras, which are of daily occurrence at this season, would soon be upon us. Seamen, however, are the handiest of mortals; and in a surprisingly short space of time a tent was rigged from the boats' sails and spars, under which we all huddled from the storm, which was now in full strength. How the rain did come down! As if the very flood-gates of heaven were open! And how the furious wind shook our frail tent till we expected every

moment to have it down about our ears. The situation was becoming every moment the more trying, as with sails soaked through, we were subjected to the full brunt of the awful drench. In spite of the trenches that we had dug in the sand with our oars to serve as water-ways, we were soon lying in a pool of water.

Strange to say, however, this was found rather a relief from the cold breeze, and many men proceeded to deepen their beds so as to immerse the whole body in water. Of the two elements the water was found to be the warmer! All the mosquitoes within hail had of course made their rendezvous in our tent; and even worse than they, the abominable sand-flies commenced their assaults with such zeal that nothing was to be heard but slaps and anathemas, bestowed with great impartiality. Strange to say, many men actually slept calmly through all the din; but most of us kept awake, singing and smoking; and so the wretched night passed away till the last touch was given to our misery by seeing the fire put out by an unusually heavy squall and rain. To supplement even the last touch, a cruel stop was put to our smoking, as our matches had become soaked and useless. Our pipe was literally put out; and as the last drop of grog had been served out, we had to content ourselves with singing and yarning till the first faint streaks of dawn appeared and the rain ceased.

What miserable, bedraggled creatures we were when the morning sun broke bright and cloudless on the beach, our dripping clothes stained with mud and sand, and our faces so swollen with bites that it was with difficulty we could recognise each other! However it did not do to stand and shiver—that is an absurdity which Jack has never been guilty of—so one party set to work trying to light a fire with the help of a cartridge (a futile endeavour, everything being so soaked); while others endeavoured to launch the cutter, which was lying high and dry on the mud, a large hole in her bottom explaining the hitherto unaccountable mystery of her sinking. Our ingenuity was fully taxed in our attempts to again wed the somewhat unwieldy craft to the water; but Jack's resources seem never to fail him, as with many an ingenious artifice we at length succeed in patching the leak and floating the cutter.

We were hungry enough by this time to eat anything; but it was no use piping to breakfast, for we had no food; and even had we caught some more fish, they were no use without a fire, and all attempts to create even a spark had been in vain. So we sauntered about the beach or tried to penetrate the jungle; in the latter case getting well bitten for our pains by the red ants, till our eyes were gladdened by the sight of two boats pulling in our direction from the ship. This was lucky, for we had just decided on risking the passage in the cutter. It was a long time before the boats could reach us, for they too had a difficulty in finding the channel; but at last they pulled into the river and landed with some provisions. Oh, how enjoyable was that glass of rum! How precious the matches wherewith to rekindle the beloved baccy! Even the raw pork was pleasant enough to our hungry stomachs. But after we had lit our pipes, we forgot all our troubles, and expressed our willingness to remain another night and have some more fun. It was not to be, however. Our relief brought us orders to return

aboard immediately ; and in another hour we found ourselves alongside the ship, receiving the congratulations and chaff of our shipmates, and after all none the worse for our seining-party.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XVII.—AT OLD PLUGGER'S.

LONDON boarding-houses being regulated by no statute law, and as little liable to the supervision of the police and the interference of the Right Honourable, the Secretary of State for the Home Department as are other free commercial concerns, are very much harder to classify than are London hotels, inns, and public-houses. Their very exterior, which is decorated by no gaudy signs or gold-lettered inscriptions relative to viands, neat wines or cordials, might cause them to be mistaken for schools, workshops, or private dwellings. Even when a brass plate on the door bears the name of Bloss or Grewer or Pawkins—people who keep boarding-houses do appear, for some inscrutable reason, to parade the oddest patronymics—nobody not enlightened enough to know who Pawkins, Bloss, or Grewer may be, would gather much information from the laconic announcement. In all London there was not, taking one place with another, a much queerer boarding-house than one which stood on the Southwark or Surrey side of the Thames, and so nearly opposite to the Tower that the gaunt turrets of the grim old fortress were always (save in a fog of peculiar density) visible from its upper windows. This boarding-house, at the corner of what was called Dampier's Row, was very solidly built, chiefly as it would seem, of the massive timbers of ships dissected in the breakers' yards close by ; and with its bow-windows and bulging outline, seemed to stand hard by the water's edge, like some sturdy collier craft that had accidentally got stranded and was trying to accustom itself to life ashore. This particular boarding-house, the green door of which bore no distinguishing mark, was known in the neighbourhood and far along the river below bridge, as 'Old Plugger's.'

Whether there was a Plugger still in existence or not, it may be surmised that the original and veteran possessor of that name had enjoyed a widespread connection among mariners, for most of the present inmates of the house were seafaring persons. Most, but not all. And of the nautical boarders at Plugger's none were common seamen. The title of 'Captain' was in as constant requisition within its weather-bleached porch, overgrown with scarlet-runners, as it could possibly be at a military club farther west. Two-thirds of the swarthy, restless-eyed customers claimed to have a right to that honorary prefix, or at the least to have been 'officers' of one branch or another of the mercantile marine. The remainder, apparently attracted to the spot by the smell of the tar and paint from the neighbouring wharfs, or by the sight of the forest of masts that rose up between them and the Middlesex shore, or by congenial company, had much to say as to gulches and placers and auriferous river-bars, and gold-dust which, after months of toil and hunger, had been fooled away in a week's mad revel ; and colossal fortunes that could infallibly be realised by any one who had a pitiful thousand pounds at

command, and would be guided by sound advice as to its investment.

It was not a cheap boarding-house, according to the tariff of such establishments, this one of Old Plugger's. Rivals and humbler imitators held it in respect, for it was a thriving concern. Its rooms seldom stood empty for long, and its frequenters somehow found the wherewithal to pay their score. It was not a noisy place ; by no means comparable to the riotous dens about Tiger Bay and elsewhere, or to the sailors' public at Wapping or Rotherhithe ; but now and then there was a din from within it, a shouting of hoarse voices, a trampling of heavy feet, a crashing of woodwork or of glass, and then silence. And if just then a patrol of the police happened to be passing down the main street, and some one said that the disturbance was at Old Plugger's, the sergeant would shake his head as meaningly as Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*. But nobody seemed to care to inquire too curiously into the nature of the altercation in what was euphemistically known, among the trades-folk of the vicinity, as the captains' boarding-house.

It was, as has been said with reference to contemporary events at Carbery, sultry August weather, and if it was hot even on the spurs of breezy Dartmoor, assuredly it was hotter in the east of London. The strong sun brought out with great effect the combined perfumes of pitch and paint, of gas refuse and train-oil, of tide-mud and fried flat-fish, of old tarpaulins, rotten timber, and animal and vegetable refuse, never so pungent as beside the Thames. Society, gasping for air of purer quality than that town-made article which during the season and the parliamentary session it had respired perforce, had left London. But the captains who patronised Plugger's bore the loss of Society with philosophical equanimity, and were content to incur, by stopping where they were, a reputation for being wholly unfashionable.

A controversy might have been waged with reference to Old Plugger's as to which was the back and which the front of that hospitable mansion. The main-door certainly opened on the street, or rather row, named in honour of Dampier, and by the position of a main-door that of a house-front is commonly to be determined. But then Plugger's turned all its smiles, all its attractions towards the river. The best rooms were on that side, with their bow-windows and lumbering balconies ; and there was even a narrow strip of garden, where snails ran riot among the neglected cabbages and tall sunflowers, and where the half of an old boat, set on end and festooned with sweet-pea and the inevitable scarlet-runner, did duty for an arbour, perilously near to the wash and ripple of the flood-tide.

In the broad wooden balcony that projected from the low first-floor of Plugger's and in part overhung this delectable garden, were some six or seven men in their shirt sleeves mostly, for coolness' sake, but otherwise not ill clad. Through the open bow-windows of the long room of which the balcony was an appendage, glimpses might be caught of some ten or twelve other customers, very similar in garb and bearing to those outside. It was early as yet, and breakfast—as betokened by the empty cups, empty bottles, and confusion of knives and forks and dirty plates—was already over. Some of the company were smoking a solemn morning pipe of

the yard-long 'churchwarden' variety, affected by sea-going persons when on shore; two seated at a round-table were engaged in a game at cards; and one copper-visaged and gray-haired captain, with a glass of steaming rum-and-water at his elbow, sat on the flat top of the wooden balustrade itself, and alternately swept the waters with the aid of a gleaming brass-bound telescope, or glanced critically at the cards and the players. In all this there was nothing to distinguish Plugger's from many another long-shore boarding-house, wherein mates and skippers take their spell of rest, as it were, between the hardships of the last voyage and those of the next; and those who have seen much of men of this class are aware how much of sterling worth is apt to underlie the harmless peculiarities traditional to the calling. But a physiognomist who should have, himself unseen, accompanied some Asmodeus bent on taking a bird's-eye view of the company, could scarcely have failed to draw his own deductions from the countenances thus beheld. There were faces there in plenty which would have seemed in keeping with their surroundings had they been seen above the bulwarks of a long, black-hulled schooner, rakish as to her masts, and clean and sharp as to her run and cut-water, beating to windward off the Isle of Pines, or within sight of the mountain mass of Cuba. There were others, newly shaven, that would have harmonised well with a shaggy beard and tattered cabbage-palm hat, surmounting the red shirt and pistol-studded belt of the Australian bushranger. And again, others which might be conceived to have been tanned to their mahogany hue by the reflection of the sun from the tawny surface of some African river, where, behind the mangrove swamp, might be seen the cane-thatched top of the barracoont, where the cargo of 'live ebony' lay shackled. A very dangerous set of scamps, unless their looks belied them, were the bulk of Plugger's patrons, and the more dangerous perhaps because they were not reckless—because they knew how to abstain from the overdose of liquor that sets the brain afloat and loosens the tongue.

'Let me tell yew, mister, yew'd be riddled, yew would, like any catamount treed, ef yew played thet sorter game in Georgia, whar I war raised, yew would,' suddenly exclaimed one of the card-players, whose nasal drawl would of itself have revealed his nationality. 'Thet's three times I've seen yew try to pass the king.'

'Don't cry afore you're hurt,' retorted his adversary, whose air and tone were those of a sailor, and whose muscular wrists, emerging from shirt-cuffs linked by heavy sleeve-buttons of silver, were ornamented by mermaids and anchors and true-lovers' knots in blue tattooing of the true salt-water pattern. 'Guess this child wasn't born last week, shipmate! Haven't I sported the paste-board at New York with Dead Rabbits; at New Orleans with Plug-uglies; and in California with fellows that stuck the points of their bowies in the table afore they set to a hand at poker! You're a nice hand to tax a man with cheating, you, with two court cards up your sleeve now!'

The American, who was spare and lightly built, compared with the opposite player, scowled as he thrust his bony right hand into an inner pocket of the loose coat which he alone of all the

occupants of the balcony wore. It may have been for the concealment of the cards alluded to; it may have been to get a grasp of some hidden weapon. The latter was the supposition that the most commended itself to the other gamester.

'Shew your hand, Sam Barks!' he said roughly, grasping a Dutch bottle, probably containing Schiedam, which stood in company with two glasses on the table, 'or I'—

'Belay there, you brace of babies!' interrupted the copper-visaged captain, thrusting his flashing telescope and his metallic face betwixt the disputants. 'Dog don't eat dog, my mates! I always was agin play between friends.—Sam, my lad, you won't make much out of Captain Hold.—Dick, my Trojan, you'll not find the American quite as green as spinach. Draw your stakes, my heroes, and let's shake hands and have a drink all round, for the renewal of friendship!' And this singular specimen of a peacemaker flourished his glass, swallowed its contents, and rattled the teaspoon against its sides until this substitute for a bell attracted the notice of a watchful attendant, wearing a striped cotton jacket, such as cabin-boys in hot latitudes affect.

'Threc grogs, steward, and a goodish squeeze of lemon in mine, d'ye hear?' called out he of the copper countenance; and the dark-skinned mulatto lad who was called 'steward,' as factotums in *The Traveller's Rest* were called Deputy, nodded his woolly head, and was not long in bringing the desired refreshment. The kettle must have been kept always boiling, even on hot August mornings, at Plugger's, so ready was the supply of steaming spirits and water.

'Ah! my boys,' said the venerable founder of the feast, as he took a second sip at the potent liquor, 'here's a blue blazing day for ye—puts me in mind, and you too mayhap, of a morning in the doldrums, where sun is sun, and the very sea seems to simmer like a can of hot broth. I'd like to smell blue water again, I would. I'd an offer, Monday, to command a decentish brig, West Ingies and Demerary way; regular molasses wagon; but old as I am, I'd rather have another bout in the South Seas. Black-birding for the Fiji and Queensland labour market is about the best sport a man can have, since they spoiled the fun we used to have off the West Coast.'

'Ay, but that game's pretty near played out too,' answered Hold meditatively. 'Why, you yourself, Captain Grincher, lost your schooner that the man-o'-war captured off the Solomons, and were tried at Sydney for what the government fellows called kidnapping. No; give me Chinese waters, and a handy crew aboard a bit of a fast-sailing lorcha to'—

'Gentlemen, gentlemen!' broke in the American, now in a good temper; 'allow me to say it air a pity to see men of your talents a-huddling of 'em into corners wheer they'll fail of their just reward. Now, listen, ef I could but get together a few spirited citizens and, mind ye, the handful of coin necessary for preliminary expenses, this child could point the place where lies, in fourteen fathom water, the treasure-ship *Happy Land* that left San Francisco, bound for New York, in the fall of '49, and never was heard of more. She had the value, in dust and bars, of'—

But the precise amount, of the golden freight which, on board the *Happy Land*, awaited the

bold explorers who should reach that sunken vessel, is not destined to be set down in these pages, for the coloured steward at this juncture appeared holding a letter between his dusky finger and thumb. 'For Cap'n Hold,' said the mulatto; and Hold, recognising the handwriting, jumped to his feet in a trice, and snatched rather than received the envelope which the dark Ganymede of Plugger's held out to him; and tearing it open, read as follows: 'Come, and come at once. There is no time to lose. Something has occurred—something which makes your presence necessary. Come by noonday train. I will be at the park gate to the north soon after ten o'clock. Meet me there.' The letter was signed 'Ruth Willis.'

Hold's mind was instantly made up. 'I must heave anchor in a hurry,' he said, as he thrust back the letter into his pocket. 'So good-bye, Grincher; and good-bye, Barks!' and without further delay, he withdrew to prepare for the journey to Carbery. To pay his reckoning, to push some needful articles into a bag, and to consign his sea-chest to the custody of the authorities of Plugger's, well used to similar trusts, took but half an hour; and when the mid-day train started for the west of England it carried with it a second-class passenger, whose only luggage was a black bag, and who could easily have been mistaken for a man-o-war's man bound for Plymouth, there to rejoin one of those *Hornets* or *Monkeys* which have superseded the *Arellusas* and *Hermiones* of the past.

Arrived at the station most convenient for his purpose, Hold trudged sturdily on until he reached his old quarters at *The Traveller's Rest*, where he installed his bag in one of those single-bedded rooms which were always at the service of so solvent a customer as Mr Hold, who, while inland and among shore-going folks, dropped his titular distinction of captain. After supper, the fresh arrival at *The Rest* sallied forth, and making his way to Carbery, waited, pacing softly to and fro, under the shelter of the park wall.

CHAPTER XVIII.—UNDER THE PARK WALL.

All through that August day which witnessed the hurried journey of Mr Richard Hold, master mariner, from the river-side bowers of Plugger's to the silvan shades of *The Traveller's Rest*, Sir Sykes Denzil's ward was in a state of feverish agitation, which it was hard for even her to conceal from those about her. We may fairly own that women surpass us in the social diplomacy which they study from the cradle almost, and that their powers of suppressing what they feel—not seldom from a noble motive—are greater than ours. All of us must have wondered, as we read the marvellous narratives of such prisoners as Trenck and Latude, at the patient ingenuity that could contrive rope-ladders out of the flax thread of shirts, files out of scraps of rusty iron, tools from any fragment of metal that came to hand. None the less should we be astonished at the power of dissembling evinced by the captives on the watch for the propitious moment to break prison.

What Ruth dreaded above all other things was what a woman always does dread, the scrutiny of her own sex. That men are credulous, careless, prone to give credit to the shallowest excuse, readily hoodwinked, and easy to pacify, has been

an article of faith with Eve's daughters since prehistoric times. The real spy to be feared, the real censor before whom to tremble, is decidedly feminine, in the estimation of women who have anything to hide. Ruth therefore devoted her whole attention to keeping up a brave outside before the eyes of her guardian's daughters, Blanche and Lucy, two as honestly unsuspicious girls as could be met with in all Devonshire.

But as all *a priori* reasoning is tainted with the fatal flaw of bad logic, Ruth forgot Jasper Denzil, still shut up in the house on account of his recent accident, and whose crooked mind had not much to do save to employ itself in fathoming the crooked ways of others. Now a man, if circumstances coerce him to limit his powers of observation to the narrow sphere of domesticity, is capable of becoming a spy more formidable than women would readily admit. If he sees less, he reasons more cogently as to what he does see, and he has the further advantage of being an unsuspected scout from whom no danger is anticipated.

Jasper Denzil had excellent reasons for the profound mistrust with which he regarded the Indian orphan. The very presence beneath his father's roof of such a one as Ruth was in itself a standing puzzle and challenge to his curiosity. That she was Hold's sister, the sister of a coarse-mannered adventurer of humble birth, was what the captain could not bring himself to believe. For Ruth seemed innately a lady. Either she must have had the advantages of gentle nurture and education, or as an actress in the never-ending social drama she displayed consummate skill. But whatever might have been her birth (and there were times when he was tempted to fancy that in her he saw that young sister of his own, long dead, the date of whose decease was supposed to coincide with that of the sad mood which had become habitual to Sir Sykes), Jasper with just cause regarded her as a most artful person.

The ex-cavalry officer remembered well enough that interview between Sir Sykes and Hold, at which he had played the part of an unsuspected audience. The demand to which his father had acceded was that Sir Sykes should receive in a false character Hold's sister as an inmate of Carbery. True the seafaring fellow—smuggler, pirate, or whatever he might be—had laughed mockingly, and had spoken in strangely ironical accents when dictating to the baronet on this subject. But be she who she might, Ruth must be either an accomplished schemer or the willing instrument of others, or she would not have been where she was.

It may have been a petty malice, suited to his feline nature, that caused Jasper on that particular night to remain down-stairs later than usual, causing his sisters also to defer their retiring to rest for an extra half-hour. They kept early hours at Carbery as a rule, as rich people, in the profound dullness of the dignified ease which is not enlivened by guests, are sometimes apt to do. Sir Sykes, who always stayed long enough in the drawing-room to sip his coffee, was the first to disappear; but no one save himself and his valet knew when he left the library for his bedroom. When the captain was in health it was his custom to spend an hour or two in trying rare combinations of skill and luck among the ivory balls in

the billiard-room; but since the steeplechase he had been glad to retire unfashionably early.

It was because he fancied that Miss Willis was impatiently awaiting the moment for separating for the night, that Jasper chose to delay it; but at length the time came when the good-nights had been exchanged, and the drawing-room was abandoned. Captain Denzil's room, which adjoined the picture-gallery on the first-floor, was immediately beneath that occupied by the Indian orphan. Repeatedly, after he reached it, did Jasper fancy that he heard a light swift step overhead, as if Sir Sykes's ward were hurrying to and fro; and then his sharpened ear caught the sound of a stealthy tread upon the oaken staircase.

Extinguishing the lights for the time being, Captain Denzil threw open his window, which overlooked the park; and by the time his eyes grew somewhat accustomed to the darkness, he saw, or thought he saw, a female form glide from under the black shadow of the giant sycamores and flit bat-like away through the solitary gloom.

'If it were not for this provoking arm,' said the captain, who was still, despite the skilful care of worthy little Dr Aulus from Pebworth, suffering less from his hurts than from the Nemesis that dogs the steps of the hard-liver, 'I'd win the odd trick to-night. But if I can't follow to see who it is that she meets, at anyrate I shall get a second peep at yonder ingenious creature when she comes back. A rare moonless night it is for such an errand!'

Jasper's eyes had not deceived him. It was Ruth whose slight figure had passed away into the deepening shadows of the night, crossing the park towards its northern boundary, which abutted upon the broken country leading to the royal forest, treeless, but none the less in sound law the forest of Dartmoor. It was so dark that even one better accustomed to the locality might have failed to keep to the right course among narrow and grass-grown paths, many of them trodden by no human foot, but by the cloven hoofs of the deer trooping down to pool or pasture.

Yet Ruth threaded her devious way past holt and thicket, past pond and hollow, almost as well as the oldest keeper on the estate would have done, and presently gained the gate which, as has been already remarked, stood always open on the northern side of the park, corresponding to that on the southern or seaward side, for, as has been said, the public had an ancient right or user to traverse Carbery Chase. But as a right of ingress for men might imply a right of egress for deer, some zigzag arrangement of iron bars had been set up, screen-like, at either extremity of the footpath, and this effectually restrained the roving propensities of the antlered herd within.

'So—you are late, Ruth! I have kicked about here, till I began to think you'd thrown me over. No wonder, living among fine folks, that you're getting to care little how long a rough fellow like yours to command is kept on the look-out.'

Such was the surly greeting of the stout sailor-like man whom Ruth found irritably pacing to and fro under the lee of the wall.

'I could not come, brother, one moment earlier without arousing suspicion that might be the ruin of us both,' answered the girl steadily, but in a conciliatory tone. 'And what, after all,

signify a few minutes more or less of expectation, compared with a life of constant effort, constant watchfulness, and the sense of depending on one's self alone in the midst of enemies who sleep beneath the same roof and feed at the same table? I tell you that the tension on my nerves is far greater than I ever dreamed that it could be, and that there are times when I even fancy that I shall be driven mad by the strain imposed upon me of playing a part, ever and always, without rest or respite!'

Ruth's voice as she proceeded had grown shrill and tremulous with the effect of the emotions, long pent up, that found expression at last, and she pressed her slender hand upon her heated brow with a gesture which Hold was not slow to mark.

'Come, come, Missy,' he said in accents far more gentle than those which he had first employed; 'you've taken this thing, whatever it is, too much to heart. See, now; I'd never have suggested the plan if I had not believed that in the house of Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, you'd have been like a fish in water. Didn't we always call you in joke "My Lady," and that because your ways weren't as our plain ways? Haven't you got your head stuffed as full of book-learning as an egg is full of meat? Aren't you dainty and proud and what not? Till folks declared, to be sister o' mine, you must have been changed at nurse. And now do you find it a hardship to have to consort with yon Denzil people?—not your equals, I'll be bound, if all had their due.'

'You can't understand me, Brother Dick,' said the girl softly, and turning away her face. 'Give me, I say, a real stand-point; let not my life be a lie, and I should fear no comparison with those who are daily my dupes. But I hold my tenure of the bed I sleep on, the bread I eat, by mere sufferance, and I see no way as yet to'—

'That fop—the dandy Lancer fellow—Captain Jasper don't seem to take to you then?' asked Hold; and Ruth winced perceptibly at the blunt question.

'Captain Denzil will never, I imagine, care very much for any one but his dear self,' she answered gently. 'Now that he is an invalid—though he will soon be out and about again—he thinks that he pays me no small compliment in preferring my conversation to the insipid society of his excellent sisters. But I no more expect a proposal of marriage from Jasper Denzil than I expect the sky to fall.'

'That's a pity,' said Hold dryly; and then a pause ensued. 'You didn't send for me, Missy, to tell me that?' he added, after some moments spent in thought.

'No!' returned Ruth in her low clear voice. 'I sent for you that you might read a letter—how obtained I leave you to guess—which concerns us both. Have you the means of doing so?'

'Catch me without light, Missy!' complacently replied the seaman, drawing from one of his deep coat-pockets a small dark-lantern, which he lighted. 'Now for this letter,' he said; and receiving it from Ruth's hand, read it attentively twice over. As he did so, some rays from the shaded lantern that he held illumined his resolute face.

'Wilkins, eh? Enoch Wilkins. That's the name the craft hails by; and he's a land-shark, it seems,' muttered Hold, as he refolded the document.

'He is a London lawyer, as you see,' explained Ruth; 'and all I know of him, gleaned from various sources, is that he was the captain's creditor for a large sum, which Sir Sykes has very recently paid. He is, I gather, a sort of turf solicitor of no very good repute, and has somehow a grip on poor weak Sir Sykes. Now the baronet, I feel sure, has but one secret'—

'That, you may be certain of,' interjected Hold.

'And this man knows it and trades on it,' said the baronet's ward eagerly; 'and in doing so his path crosses ours. See! The word "others," which is underlined, must surely have reference to you and me. Rely on it, he has an inkling of our plans, and may counteract them.'

'Take the wind out of my sails, will he, eh?' said Hold grimly, and with a threatening gesture.

'Brother Dick, Brother Dick, when will you learn wisdom!' said his sister, smiling. 'Your buccaneer tricks of clenched fist and angry frown are as out of place in peaceable England as it would be to strut about with pistols and cutlass. You are not on the West Coast now, or off the Isle of Pines, or in the Straits of Malacca, to carry things with a high hand. Our plain course is to make an ally, not an enemy of this lawyer. He knows much, but perhaps not all, and may be induced to accept as true the story that has been told to Sir Sykes. In any case, he cannot be very scrupulous; and will not be desirous, by bringing about a dispute and a scandal, to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. The baronet's purse is deep enough for all of us.'

'You're right!' rejoined the sailor, with a whistle that was meant to express unbounded admiration for his sister's shrewdness. 'I'll make tracks to London, and see what terms can be made with Commodore Wilkins, before he shews his face here.'

'Tell him nothing that he does not know,' said Ruth, as the pair separated.

'Trust me for that!' was Hold's confident reply.

Jasper, still at his window, caught but a glimpse of the girl's slight form as it glided by and re-entered the house.

To be continued.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE IRISH BAR.

If the walls of the Dublin 'Four Courts' could speak, how many a pleasant story and witty repartee and sparkling bon-mot they could tell! Let me recall and string together some of these pearls of anecdote and wit, some of which, though perhaps not altogether new to lovers of anecdote, may well bear repetition.

The first Viscount Guillemore, when Chief Baron O'Grady, was remarkable for his dry humour and biting wit. The latter was so fine that its sarcasm was often unperceived by the object against whom the shaft was directed.

A legal friend, extremely studious, but in conversation notoriously dull, was once shewing off to him his newly-built house. The bookworm prided himself especially on a sanctum he had contrived for his own use, so secluded from the rest of the building that he could pore over his books in private quite secure from disturbance.

'Capital!' exclaimed the Chief Baron. 'You surely could, my dear fellow, read and study here

from morning till night, and no human being be one bit the wiser.'

A young and somewhat dull tyro at the bar pleading before him commenced: 'My lord, my unfortunate client'—then stopped, hemmed, hawed, hesitated. Again he began: 'My lord, my most unfortunate client'—Another stop, more hemming and confusion.

'Pray go on, sir,' said the Chief Baron. 'So far the court is with you.'

In those days, before competitive examinations were known, men with more interest than brains got good appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of such was the Honourable ——. He was telling Lord Guillemore of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his court.

'I say to the fellows that are bothering with foolish arguments, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath; for that all their talk only just goes in at one ear and out at the other.'

'No great wonder in that,' said O'Grady, 'seeing that there's so little between to stop it.'

It was this worthy, who being at a public dinner shortly after he got his place, had his health proposed by a waggish guest.

'I will give you a toast,' he said: 'The Honourable ——, and long may he continue indifferently to administer justice.' The health was drunk with much merriment, the object of it never perceiving what caused the fun.

Lord Guillemore could tell a story with inimitable humour. He used to vary his voice according to the speakers, and act as it were the scene he was describing, in a way infinitely diverting. Very droll was his mimicry of a dialogue between the guard of the mail and a mincing old lady with whom he once travelled from Cork to Dublin, in the old coaching days.

The coach had stopped to change horses, and the guard, a big red-faced jolly man, beaming with good-humour and civility, came bustling up to the window to see if the 'insides' wanted anything.

'Guard!' whispered the old lady.

'Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?'

'Could you'—in a faint voice—'could you get me a glass of water?'

'To be sure, ma'am; with all the pleasure in life.'

'And guard!'—still fainter—'I'd—hem—I'd—a—like it hot.'

'Hot water! Oh, all right, ma'am! Why not, if it's plazing to you?'

'With a lump of sugar, guard, if you please.'

'By all manner of means, ma'am.'

'And—and—guard dear'—as the man was turning to go away—'a small squeeze of lemon, and a little—just a thimbleful—of spirits through it.'

'Och, isn't that *punch*!' shouted the guard. 'Where was the good of beating about the bush? Couldn't you have asked out for a tumbler of punch at once, ma'am, like a man!'

Another favourite story was of a trial at quarter-sessions in Mayo, which developed some of the ingenious resources of Paddy when he chooses to exercise his talent in an endeavour not to pay. A doctor had summoned a man for the sum of one guinea, due for attendance on the man's wife. The *medico* proved his case, and was about to

retire triumphant, when the defendant humbly begged leave to ask him a few questions. Permission was granted, and the following dialogue took place.

Defendant. 'Docthor, you remember when I called on you?'

Doctor. 'I do.'

Defendant. 'What did I say?'

Doctor. 'You said your wife was sick, and you wished me to go and see her.'

Defendant. 'What did you say?'

Doctor. 'I said I would, if you'd pay me my fee.'

Defendant. 'What did I say?'

Doctor. 'You said you'd pay the fee, if so be you knew what it was.'

Defendant. 'What did you say?'

Doctor. 'I said I'd take the guinea at first, and maybe more at the end, according to the sickness.'

Defendant. 'Now, docthor, by virtue of your oath, didn't I say: "Kill or cure, docthor, I'll give you a guinea?" And didn't you say: "Kill or cure, I'll take it?"'

Doctor. 'You did; and I agreed to the bargain. And I want the guinea accordingly.'

Defendant. 'Now, docthor, by virtue of your oath answer this: Did you cure my wife?'

Doctor. 'No; she's dead. You know that.'

Defendant. 'Then, docthor, by virtue of your oath answer this: Did you kill my wife?'

Doctor. 'No; she died of her illness.'

Defendant (to the bench). 'Your worship, see this. You heard him tell our bargain. It was to kill or cure. By virtue of his oath, he done neither!—and he axes the fee!'

The verdict, however, went against poor Pat, notwithstanding his ingenuity.

Something like the following story has been told before in these pages. It will, however, bear repetition. Mr F—, Clerk of the Crown for Limerick, was over six feet high and stout in proportion. He was the dread of the cabmen, and if their horses could have spoken, they would not have blessed him.

One day when driving in the outlets of Dublin, they came to a long and steep hill. Cabby got down, and walking alongside the cab, looked significantly in at the windows. 'His honour' knew very well what he meant; but the day was hot, and he was lazy and fat, and had no notion of taking the hint and getting out to ease the horse while 'larding the lean earth' himself. At last Paddy changed his tactics. Making a rush at the cab, he suddenly opened the door, and then slammed it to with a tremendous bang.

'What's that for?' roared Mr F—, startled at the man's violence and the loud report.

'Whist, yer honour! Don't say a word!' whispered Paddy, putting his finger on his lips.

'But what do you mean, sirrah?' cried the fare.

'Arrah, can't ye hush, sir? Spake low now—do. Sure, 'tis letting on I am to the little mare that your honour's got out to walk. Don't let her hear you, and the craythur 'll have more heart to face the hill if she thinks you're not inside, and that 'tis only the cab that's troubling her.'

Baron R—, one of the gravest and most

decorous judges on the bench, had a younger brother singularly unlike him, who was a perpetual thorn in his side. A scapegrace at school, the youth would learn nothing, and was the torment of his teachers. Having been set a sum by one of the latter, he, after an undue delay, presented himself before the desk and held up his slate, at one corner of which appeared a pile of coppers.

'What is the meaning of all this, sir?' said the master.

'Oh!' cried the youth, 'I'm very sorry, sir, but I really can't help it. All the morning I've been working at that sum. Over and over again I've tried, but in spite of all I can do, it will not come right. So I've made up the difference in halfpence, and there it is on the slate.'

The originality of the device disarmed the wrath of the pedagogue, and young R— was dismissed with his coppers to his place.

The youngster when grown up boasted an enormous pair of whiskers, of which he was very proud. One day a friend met him walking up Dame Street with one of these cherished bushy adornments shaved clean off, giving a most comical lop-sided appearance to his physiognomy.

'Hollo, R—!' he exclaimed, 'what has become of your whisker?'

'Lost it at play,' he replied. 'Regularly cleaned out last night at the gaming-table of every mortal thing I had—nothing left to wager but my whisker.'

'And why, man, don't you cut off the rest, and not have one side of your face laughing at the other?'

'I'm keeping that for to-night,' said the scamp with a wink, as he passed on.

The father of the Lord Chancellor—afterwards Lord Plunket—was a very simple-minded man. Kindly and unsuspecting, he was often imposed upon, and the Chancellor used to tell endless stories illustrative of his parent's guileless nature.

One morning, Mr Plunket taking an early walk was overtaken by two respectable-looking men, carpenters apparently by trade, each carrying the implements of his work.

'Good-morning, my friends,' said the old gentleman; 'you are early afoot. Going on a job, eh?'

'Good-morrow kindly, sir; yes, we are; and a quare job too. The quarest and the most out-of-the-way you ever heard of, I'll be bound, though you've lived long in the world, and heard and read of many a thing. Oh, you'll never guess it, your honour, so I may as well tell at once. We're going to cut the legs off a dead man.'

'What!' cried his hearer, aghast. 'You don't mean—'

'Yes, indeed, 'tis true for me; and here's how it come about. Poor Mary Neil's husband—a carpenter like ourselves, and an old comrade—has been sick all the winter, and departed life last Tuesday. What with the grief and the being left on the wide world with her five orphans, and no one to earn bit or sup for them, the craythur is fairly out of her mind—stupid from the crying and the fret; for what does she do, poor woman, but send the wrong measure for the coffin; and when it come home it was ever so much too short! Barney Neil was a tall man; nigh six feet we reckoned him. He couldn't be got into it, do what they would; and the poor craythur hadn't

what would buy another. Where would she get it, after the long sickness himself had, and with five childher to feed and clothe? So, your honour, all that's in it is to cut the legs off him. Me and my comrade here is going to do it for the desolate woman. We'll just take 'em off at the knee-joints and lay them alongside him in the coffin. I think, sir, now I've told you our job, you'll say 'tis the quarest ever you heard of.'

'Oh!' cried the old gentleman, 'such a thing must not be done. It's impossible! How much will a new coffin cost?'

The carpenter named the sum, which was immediately produced, and bestowed on him with injunctions to invest forthwith in the necessary purchase.

The business, however, took quite an unexpected turn. Mr Plunket on his return home related his matutinal adventure to his family at breakfast, the future Chancellor, then a young barrister, being at the table. Before the meal was ended, the carpenters made their appearance, and with many apologies tendered back the coin they had received. He who had been spokesman in the morning explained that on seeing the gentleman in advance of them on the road, he had for a lark made a bet with his companion that he would obtain the money; which, having won his wager, he now refunded. Genuine Irish this!

MONSIEUR HOULOT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—TO-MORROW—LIBERTY.

THERE is no phrase of abuse so apparently innocent and yet so cutting and disturbing as that, 'I know all about you.' It asserts nothing of which one can take hold, and yet it implies a great deal that may well be offensive. It is customary to say that the life of the best of men, could it be subjected to the full glare of daylight in all its bearings, would be found more or less spotty and blemished; and perhaps it is this secret consciousness of hidden iniquities that gives such force to the innuendo.

But in the mouth of Houlot, who you will remember made use of the expression, and thus caused his speedy expulsion from my premises, the phrase was one that gave us all considerable uneasiness. Did he really know anything about my connection with the firm of Collingwood Dawson? It seemed hardly likely that he would have come to borrow money of me, had such been the case. But this, after all, might have merely been a device to throw dust in our eyes. His visit might have been a spying one, for the purpose of seeing how the land lay. He might indeed have seen his wife and recognised her.

Mrs Collingwood was full of terror lest such should have been the case. She dreaded that he was coming to claim her. Every passing footstep, every ring at the bell of the outer gate caused her a vivid throb of fear. For my own part I did not think the danger thus great in that direction. It was hardly likely that a man who had taken such pains to escape from a tie that must have been

profoundly irksome to him, would wish to renew it now. His habits were fixed and eccentric, and probably he would be as much dismayed at the prospect of being claimed by his wife, as she would at the idea of going back to him. These thoughts I did not divulge to Mrs Collingwood. They suggested to me, however, a plan of action.

I determined to go and see M. Houlot, to hear the lion in his den. Probably I should be ill-treated and abused for my pains; but it was worth the trial. Houlot's house was, as I have said, on the slope of one of the hills overlooking the town, the top of which was fringed with forest, whilst all down the sides were houses with terraced gardens, full of greenery, and with dividing walls covered thick with vines and pear-trees. It was a tall, timbered house, occupied by many families; and a common staircase, rickety and creaky, but with fine old carved oak balusters, led to the various floors. Houlot lived on the fourth stage, I found; and I made my way up panting, and not without fear lest the boards should give way beneath me. A sempstress who was busily at work in one of the rooms with her door wide open and her children scattered about the landing, indicated the door of Houlot's room, and told me that she had just seen him go in.

I knocked several times without any one taking notice of me. Finally, after I had made a considerable din, the door was suddenly opened and Houlot stood before me.

'What do you want?' he cried, after glaring at me a few moments from under his pent-house brows. 'Have you come to bring me the money?'

'Let me come in and explain matters,' I said.

He looked doubtfully at me for a moment, and then sullenly drew on one side and allowed me to pass in. His room was bare of furniture, except for one square deal table and a chair without a back. In one corner of the room a mattress and blanket were spread on the floor, in another a lot of books and papers were heaped confusedly together, all covered by a thick mantle of dust. A small cooking stove stood in the middle of the room, the black iron pipe from which went through a hole into the huge chimney; and a large open fireplace, which had once warmed the room, was covered with a rough framework of planks and sacking. The aspect of the place was squalid and comfortless, but it had one redeeming feature—there was a splendid view from the open window. A great fold of shining river, inclosing a stretch of marsh-land and wide green prairie, dotted with feathery aspens and monumental poplars, among which shewed here and there a cluster of farm buildings, and an occasional church spire. A black morose-looking windmill, with sails pugnaciously stretched out, as if daring an attack from some nineteenth-century Don Quixote, stood solitary on its grassy toft. Range upon range of hills inclosed the landscape, dappled with the shadow of the lazy clouds; with here a dark ravine, and there a white gleaming chalk cliff.

'You are well placed here,' I said, making for the window. There was an overpowering smell of brandy in the room, that made one feel quite sick this fine summer morning. 'You have a splendid view.'

'Well enough for that,' growled Houlot. 'But what is the good of a view to a hungry man?'

I noticed now that he looked haggard and starved, and that there was an unhealthy fiery flush upon his face and a wild look in his eyes, as if he had been drinking without eating for a good while.

'You need not go hungry unless you like,' I said. 'I can't lend you all the money you ask for; but anything you want for daily needs I will let you have till you get your remittances from England.'

'I have no remittances coming from England,' said Houlot. 'I have given up writing for the rascal who filched my work. But if you will only let me have that five-pound note we will put matters on a different footing. Let me shew up Collingwood Dawson!'

'Yes, that's all very well; but what will you gain by it?'

'I shall vindicate my own name.'

'What! the name of Houlot?'

He winced, but retorted angrily: 'What business is it of yours what name?'

'If I lend you the money to carry out your plans, it seems that I am entitled to ask what chance I have to be repaid. But apart from that, having vindicated your name, how many five-pound notes will it be worth?'

'Why, look here,' he said; 'if that rascal can make a reputation and money by his stuff, which is only mine diluted and spoilt, surely for the genuine work of the real man'—

'If you are trusting to that, I must decline to advance any money for the speculation. Why on earth, man, when you had a sufficient income paid you regularly, and lived as you liked, did you give it up and embark on a sea of trouble?'

'Because I have a mission in this world, which I dream sometimes I shall accomplish.'

'And the mission is?'

'To open the eyes of fools.'

'My dear fellow, they object to the operation, and have punished a good many people for trying it.'

'Then I will be punished,' he said. 'But anyhow, I'll expose these wretched smatterers, who serve up my things with all their wit and wisdom taken out of them, who travesty my best thoughts. Why, they have even made vulgar my very name!'

'Houlot?,' I said, 'Houlot? Is that the French for Dawson or Collingwood?'

'That is not my real name,' he said. 'I abandoned that years ago. Every one turned his back upon the name. I did so myself at last.'

'One of the results of the eye-opening process, I suppose?'

He nodded sullenly. 'My name used to be Dawson,' he said.

'You don't mean to say,' I cried, 'that you are the Dawson who was supposed to have been drowned years and years ago?'

'I was that man—that unhappy man! But

why,' he cried, turning round fiercely upon me, 'why do you make me go back to all these hateful things?'

'Then is the memory of your former life hateful to you?'

'I escaped from the most wretched condition that a man was ever in: tied to a woman who made my life an intolerable burden. She was not a bad woman, not an unworthy woman. She was— Well, she had a mother who was fat and well to do, and lived in St John's Wood.'

Houlot laughed hoarsely, knocked out his pipe on the empty stove, looked mechanically for some tobacco in a jar on the chimney-piece. It was empty. I offered him my pouch, which he took with an indignant scowl.

'Well, I was meant for great things,' he went on between the whiffs of his pipe—'meant for great things; and here I am. Life frittered and frittered away, and that woman the main cause of it! There was no escape from her any other way. I believe in my heart that the woman loved me in her fashion; all the greater was my unutterable woe.'

'And you ran away from her?'

'I disappeared from existence. I would not harm the woman. I would not spoil her life any longer. No; I adopted another plan. At the risk of my own life, I contrived that my death should be apparent. The means were simple enough, although they caused me some anxious thought and preparation. I went down to a little visited part of the coast with which I was well acquainted, and put up at an inn where I was known. Taking my cue partly from the well-known farce of *Box and Cox*, I went out one morning early and deposited a suit of clothes in a little niche in the cliffs: a wild and solitary spot, rarely visited by any living creature. Later in the day, I went out again, telling the people of the inn that I was going to bathe. I left my clothes on the beach and took to the water. I had chosen my time so that the set of the tide would carry me to the place where I had deposited my clothes, and I drifted along with little exertion. Arrived at the spot, I landed, found my clothes all right, and put them on. Then I started on foot along the coast till I reached a road-side station, made my way to London, and then crossed the Channel, intending to go to Paris. I thought that I should be able to get literary employment there; for French is as a second native tongue to me. My mother was a Frenchwoman; her name was Houlot; hence the name I adopted. But I took this place on my way; and on the journey I fell from the roof of the diligence, and the wheel went over my hand. Amputation was necessary; and by the time that I was cured, I had spent all my little store of money and owed something beside. But the people here were very humane and kind. I set to work to write with my left hand, and earned a little money meanwhile by teaching English; and by degrees I got into the knack of writing again, and contributed some articles to the English press, by which I got a little money. It was all a flash in the pan; my pupils fell away, my articles were no longer acceptable. My friend here'—pointing to the bottle—'was always at my elbow. But I shall shake myself free one of these days.'

'And if it happened,' I said, as he finished and

was silent, sitting puffing at the pipe that had long since gone out—if it happened that the wife was still waiting for you—that she had heard a rumour of your existence, and had come to seek you'—

'No; don't talk of that, for any sake!' he cried, springing to his feet. 'Wretched and miserable as I have been, I have never wished myself again tied in that hateful knot. There! you would never betray me?'

'But if she were rich, and able to give you a good home?'

'Never, never!' he said. 'What degradation, what abasement!'

'To take you out of this den of yours, to clothe you in well-made garments, to bring you again into society?'

'Never, never! I would hide myself in the remotest corner of the world. Tell me, man, what do you mean? You know something; you are a spy, a traitor!'

Houlot looked here and there as if for a weapon, and I thought it prudent to make quickly for the door.

I went home and told Mrs Collingwood all that had occurred, excepting the horror that M. Houlot had shown at the idea of returning to her. That I thought it most prudent to suppress. She seemed a little softened, I thought, when I told her his account of his disappearance in the sea, and that his motive was a good one as far as she was concerned.

We sat till late that night talking in the little pavilion, the light from the windows of which was reflected in the dark river. I fancied every now and then I heard a footstep softly pacing up and down the embankment between us and the water's edge. I certainly thought I had securely locked the garden gate, and never dreamt of our being disturbed. Just as my guest had risen to take her leave, the door suddenly opened, and M. Houlot stood upon the threshold. Mrs Collingwood screamed, and ran to the furthest corner of the room, crouching behind the window curtains. Houlot glared at her for a moment, then slammed to the door and strode away. I ran after him.

'You have deceived me!' he said savagely, as, breathless, I overtook him upon the embankment; 'and I, like a fool, believed you, and pictured her to myself—still loving, still faithful to the memory of a wretched being; and I came to seek you, to know more about this wonderful phenomenon. And now I see it all; she dreads me as if I were a leper! Well, it matters not now; I am away to-morrow. Some kind friends have raised a little money for me; I don't need your help now. To-morrow before daylight I start on my way to make my claim for that which is mine own. Tell her—tell her that she need not fear me, that I shall never trouble her, nor she me! I have been a slave long enough; but to-morrow, light; to-morrow, freedom!'

'Take care what you do,' I said, 'for the person whom you seek to ruin, whom you would expose and bring to confusion, is the woman whom you abandoned and left to the mercy of a pitiless world! Every step you take to that end is over her, poor creature! The harm you did before came right, after much misery; the harm you will do now can never be cured!'

He uttered an exclamation of rage and despair, and disappeared in the darkness.

'Is he gone?' cried Mrs Collingwood, as I returned once more to the pavilion.

'Yes, he is gone; he is away to London to-morrow to claim his rights, as he calls them—to ruin us if he can. We must go also, and fight him.'

'Do you know,' faltered Mrs Collingwood, 'that there has come a great change over me these last few minutes? The thought that he really loved me and sacrificed himself for my sake; and then he living here so lonely and wretched, and I luxuriating on the fruits of his genius! Oh, my heart has smitten me sorely, and I think if he came again I should not be frightened!'

'In that case,' I said bitterly, 'your course is easy enough; you have only to make him understand he is forgiven. I will go with you to-night.'

'O no, not to-night!' she said. 'No; it is too sudden. But don't let him go away; tell him to stay, and that perhaps things may yet be well.'

'He can't leave before the first diligence,' I said, 'and I will meet him there and tell him to stop.'

'Do, do!' she cried. 'Keep him here for to-morrow; then I may have made up my mind what will be for the best.'

I went to see the diligence start next morning; but no M. Houlot was there. He had overslept himself probably. Well, I would go and see him at his apartment, and tell him how matters stood. I knocked at his door; but could not make him hear. Then I scribbled some words upon a visiting card I happened to have in my pocket, and thrust it under the door.

The next time I saw that card it was in the hands of the *commissaire* of police, who came, accompanied by the *juge d'instruction*, to make some *perquisitions* as to what I might know of the last hours of M. Houlot; for he had been found that morning lying dead on his mattress.

The sad end of Houlot—well, of Dawson, if you like, but I have grown to think of him and talk of him as Houlot—quite unmannered me for a while. I could not help blaming myself as being in some way the cause of it. From the moment of its discovery, I took a violent antipathy to the work I had in hand. Houlot seemed to be always standing at my elbow, reproaching me with killing him over again. I don't know whether the widow—really now a widow—had any such visions; I fancy not. After the first shock of the news, she found that Houlot's death was really a great relief to her. It put an end to her troubles once for all. We found at his lodgings a great heap of manuscript, which she purchased from the agent acting for the landlord of the premises—who had taken possession of everything in satisfaction of rent—for a few francs. Whether she found the material among it for a series of novels, I don't know, for as soon as I had finished the work in hand, I gave up my connection with Collingwood Dawson. I have since taken to writing improving books for the young, and find that it pays much better. Still I hear of him occasionally, and find that he continues to be a tolerably successful author; and the other day I met my late employer, who told me that she was married for a third time, and to a gentleman of great literary ability, who had undertaken the management of Collingwood Dawson. For my own part, I advised her

to form him into a Limited company, with a preference in the allotment of shares for gentlemen of the press.

MR FAIR, 'THE SILVER KING.'

THE prodigious quantities of silver recently dug from the mines of Nevada and California, have, as is generally known, had the effect of lowering the commercial value of silver to the extent of several pence per ounce, and thereby depreciated the American dollar from one hundred to about ninety cents; that is to say, the dollar has sunk nearly fivepence in value—a circumstance greedily seized hold of by certain parties in the United States, who propose, with more ingenuity than honesty, to pay the public creditors in silver money without making any allowance for depreciation. On this extraordinary policy so much has been said by the newspapers, that we do not need to go into particulars, further than to hint that before all the play is played, the supporters of this scheme may unpleasantly find that there is some truth in the old proverb that 'honesty is the best policy.'

Something like an idea of what enormous wealth is being realised by means of the above-mentioned silver mines is given in an account of Mr Fair, 'The Silver King,' in a late number of that smart London newspaper, *The World*. The following is an abridgment of this amusing paper.

'There is a man alive at this present moment who, if he were so minded, could give his daughter a marriage-portion of thirty millions sterling. He would then have about ten millions left for himself. He lives six thousand miles west of London, half-way up a mountain-side in Nevada; and his daughter lives with him. Seven years ago he was a poor man; to-day he is the Silver King of America. He has dug forty million pounds' worth of silver out of the hill he is living on, and has about forty millions more yet to dig. If he lives three years longer he will be the richest man in the world. His name is James Fair, and he is the manager, superintendent, chief partner, and principal shareholder in the Consolidated Virginia and California Silver Mines, known to men as the "Big Bonanzas." He has an army of men toiling for him day and night down in the very depths of the earth—digging, picking, blasting, and crushing a thousand tons of rock every twenty-four hours.

'Seven years ago there were two little Irishmen in the city of San Francisco keeping a drinking-bar of very modest pretensions, close to one of the principal business thoroughfares. Their customers were of all kinds, but chiefly commercial men and clerks. Among them was an unusually large proportion of stock and share dealers, mining-brokers and the like, who, in the intervals of speculation, rushed out of the neighbouring Exchange five or six times a day for drinks. Whisky being almost the religion of California, and the two little bar-keepers being careful to sell nothing but the best article, their bar soon became a place of popular resort. And as no true Californian could ever swallow a drink of whisky under any circumstances without talking about silver mines or gold mines or shares in mines, it soon fell out that, next to the Stock Exchange itself, there was no place in San Francisco where so much mining-talk went on as in the saloon

of Messrs Flood & O'Brien, which were the names of the two little Irishmen. Keeping their ears wide open, and sifting the mass of gossip that they listened to every day, these two gentlemen picked up a good many crumbs of useful information, besides getting now and then a direct confidential tip; and they turned some of them to such good account in a few quiet little speculations, that they shortly had a comfortable sum of money lying at their bankers'. Instead of throwing it away headlong in wild extravagant ventures, which was the joyous custom of the average Californian in those days, they let it lie where it was, waiting, with commendable prudence, till they knew of something good to put it into. They soon heard of something good enough. On Fair's advice they bought shares in a mine called the Hale and Norcross, and were speedily taking out of it fifteen thousand pounds a month in dividends. This mine was the property of a company, and though it had at one time paid large and continuous dividends, it was now supposed to be worked out and worthless. Mr Fair, however, held a different opinion; and when he came to examine it carefully, he found just what he expected to find—a large deposit of silver-ore. Thereupon he and Flood and O'Brien together bought up all the shares they could lay their hands upon, and obtained complete control of the mine.'

Besides being a clever and experienced miner, Mr Fair entertained the belief that by patient examination into holes and corners of the mine he would discover a gigantic vein of silver-bearing ore. He discovered the vein, the estimated value of which was a hundred and twenty millions sterling.

'In the excitement caused by this astounding discovery it is scarcely more than the hard truth to say that San Francisco went raving mad. The vein in which the Bonanza was found was known to run straight through the Consolidated Virginia and California mines, dipping down as it went, and could not be traced any farther. But that fact was nothing to people who were bent on having mining stock; and vein or no vein, the stock they would have. Consequently they bought into every mine in the neighbourhood—good and bad alike—sending prices up to unheard-of limits, and investing millions in worthless properties that have never yielded a shilling in dividends, and never will. When Flood had bought a large quantity of the Bonanza stock, and had assured to himself and his partners the controlling interest in the mines, he recommended all his friends to buy a little; and O'Brien did the same. Those who took the advice are now drawing their proportionate shares of dividends, amounting to about five hundred thousand pounds a month. The majority of those who bought into other mines are, in Californian parlance "busted." What these three men and their latest partner Mackay are going to do with their money is a curious problem, the solution of which will be watched with great interest in a year or two to come. The money they hold now is yielding them returns so enormous that their maddest extravagances could make no impression on the amount. Every year they are earning more, saving more, and investing more. They have organised a bank with a capital of ten millions of dollars; they control nearly all the mining interests of Nevada and California;

they have a strong grip of the commercial, financial, and farming interests all along the Pacific slope; and by a single word they can at any moment raise a disastrous panic, and plunge thousands of men into hopeless ruin. It will be an interesting thing to wait and watch how this terrible power for good or evil is to be wielded.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROFESSOR OSBORNE REYNOLDS, in his presidential address to the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester, discussed the Smoke question; a very pressing question in a town with so grimy an atmosphere as Manchester. He pointed out that great part of the smoke is produced by the furnaces of small steam-engines carelessly managed, which are numerous throughout the town and neighbourhood, and suggested that it might be possible to do away with these by producing power at some great central establishment, and supplying it by transmission to all the little factories of a district. But how is the transmission to be effected? That is a question which has often been considered by engineers, 'not so much as a means of preventing smoke, but because there are in our towns numberless purposes for which power is, or at all events might be, usefully employed, and for which it is almost impossible or very inconvenient to provide on the spot. Very small steam-engines are very extravagant in coal, besides requiring almost as much attention as large ones; and they are dangerous. . . . If, therefore,' continues Professor Reynolds, 'power in a convenient form could be obtained whenever and wherever required, at a fixed and reasonable charge, and with no other trouble than the throwing into gear of a clutch or the turning of a tap,' it would be largely made use of, and would 'supplant steam-engines, which are now kept working with little or nothing to do for the greater part of their time;' whereby an important saving of coal would be effected. The suggestion of supplying steam-power on a retail principle is not new, and nothing but some practical difficulties stand in the way. All we want is a solution of the question by some competent engineer. Let the genius but arise; he will find fame as well as fortune waiting for him.

The Council of the Statistical Society will give their Howard Medal for the present year and twenty pounds to the author of the best essay on 'The Effects of Health and Disease on Military and Naval Operations.'

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to devote five hundred pounds yearly—in grants to assist persons having proper qualifications, in undertaking special geographical investigations (as distinct from mere exploration) in any part of the world—To aid in the compilation of useful geographical data and preparing them for publication, and in making improvements in apparatus or appliances useful for geographical

instruction, or for scientific research by travellers.—In fees to persons of recognised high attainments for delivering lectures on physical geography in all its branches, as well as on other truly scientific aspects of geography, in relation to its past history, or the influences of geographical conditions on the human race.' Adherence to this course for a few years will do more to advance geography as a science than having recourse to sensational meetings.

Mr Dumas, the distinguished chemist, in giving an account to a scientific Society in Paris of the liquefaction and solidification of gases, stated that the specimen of oxygen produced by Mr Pictet of Geneva was the size of a hen's egg, and resembled snow in the solid form, and water in the liquid form. Theoretically he had concluded that the density of liquid oxygen would be about the same as that of water; and this has been confirmed by experiment.

As regards hydrogen, Mr Dumas explained that it was liquefied under a pressure of six hundred and fifty atmospheres with cold minus one hundred and forty degrees; and by evaporating the liquid thus obtained, the solid condition, shewing the colour of blue steel, was arrived at. Many years ago this possibility was foreseen, and the most advanced chemists admitted the existence of a theoretical metal—hydrogenium. 'This confirmation of the real nature of hydrogen,' continued Mr Dumas, 'is not to be regarded merely as a theoretical result useful to pure science; it appears to be of great importance for the future of industry. A certain knowledge of the metallic nature of hydrogen will have a certain influence on metallurgy, of which manufacturing arts will take advantage.'

The phonograph has been exhibited, and made the subject of lectures and experiments in many places, and as we anticipated, has given ample demonstration that the statements put forth concerning it are true. Marvellous as the fact may appear, all the words spoken into the instrument seem to be there stored up ready for repetition whenever excited by the cylinder of tinfoil. They do not come out quite in the same tone as that in which they go in; but they are perfectly distinct, and retain the characteristics of the speaker or singer. At a scientific meeting in London, one of the company sung *God Save the Queen* into the phonograph. On coming to the highest note, he had to make three attempts before he could reach it; and these failures excited much merriment when the stanza was (only too faithfully) repeated by the instrument. The same air was sung and produced without failures, and a comic ditty was sung and inscribed on the same cylinder: and very curious it was afterwards to hear the stately movement of the national hymn accompanied by the jingling notes of the funny melody. An instrument so ingenious as this ought to be applicable to many useful purposes. Already there are improvements on the original invention, and we shall doubtless hear of others.

The very best photographs of the sun ever yet

seen have been taken at the Observatory, Meudon, near Paris, by Mr Janssen; and copies on glass, twelve inches diameter, are now placed in the hands of some of our scientific societies. They well repay study, for they shew distinctly the granular appearance of the sun's surface: millions of white specks imbedded, so to speak, in a dense dark cloud. This surface is liable to violent commotions, or 'vortex movements,' as Mr Warren De la Rue calls them, 'of which we can form no conception whatever in thinking of tornados on the earth's surface. The photosphere,' he continues, 'had been whirled up in cloud-like masses in various parts of the sun; and he saw at once that that might be the origin of the luminous prominences with which we are all now so familiar.' A conclusion drawn from these appearances is that sunspots are not the most important of solar phenomena. 'There are changes taking place from day to day, from hour to hour, and in some cases from minute to minute, which completely change the aspect of the various parts of the sun, shewing an amount of activity which it is extremely necessary to study.' And it is suggested that this could best be done by establishing a physical observatory devoted to ceaseless observation of the sun accompanied by photography. Such an observatory has been recently founded at Potsdam, near Berlin.

Professor Wolf of Zurich has spent many years in collecting from every possible source records of sun-spots from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the beginning of the telescope. And after careful examination he arrives at the conclusion that they do not bear out the theory of an eleven years' period, for since 1610 there are twenty or thirty different maxima and minima, extending to sixteen years in some instances, and in others contracting to seven years. This is a fresh proof that many more observations are required for a settlement of the question.

Put a lump of zinc into the boiler of a steam-engine, and it will prevent the formation of 'scale'; that is, the stony crust which, as all engineers know to their sorrow, is very injurious and involves constant expenditure. The experiment having been successfully tried during four years by certain manufacturers in France, the Minister of Public Works appointed a Commission to inquire into and report upon it. From their Report, which was published last year in the *Annales des Mines*, we learn that the zinc is to be placed in the boiler as far as possible from the furnace, the quantity being a quarter-pound for every five square feet of boiler-surface if the water be soft, and a half pound if the water be hard. The boiler is then worked in the usual way; and when opened for the usual cleaning the appearances as the Commission describe will be—'If the water be but slightly calcareous, the deposits, instead of forming solid and adherent scale, are found in a state of fluid mud, which is easily removable by simple washing. The iron being clean and free from rust, no picking or scraping is needed, whereby an important saving of time and labour is effected.'

On the other hand, if the water be strongly calcareous or hard, 'the deposits are as coherent and strong as though the zinc had not been employed; but this strong coat does not stick to the iron. It can be pulled off by hand, or at the worst detached without much effort, leaving the

iron clean. A simple washing clears it from the boiler; and in this case, as in the foregoing, picking and scraping are avoided.'

Here the question arises—What has become of the zinc? The answer given is, that it is not strictly correct to say it has disappeared, for it has been transformed into oxide of zinc, a white and earthy substance, which often preserves the lamellar texture of the metal, the central part sometimes continuing metallic and unattacked. At the same time it is worth remark that no trace of dissolved zinc is found in the water taken from the boilers.

A communication to the Royal Institute of British Architects by Mr Penrose makes known certain important 'improvements in paint materials invented by Mr W. Noy Wilkins,' which have been satisfactorily tested in the decoration of St Paul's Cathedral. In the words of Mr Penrose, 'The results arrived at are of such extreme simplicity as to make their general application extremely easy, and also to give a strong *a priori* conviction of their permanence. In the matter of pigments, white-lead is entirely banished from the painter's stock, and the substitution of kaolin, mixed with a smaller proportion of zinc-white, combined with the limitation of the palette to the mineral colours. Mr Wilkins has practised for twenty-five years exclusively with these materials. . . . His discovery is that the chemical driers, which produce a very unfavourable effect upon painter's work, whether of the house-painter or the artist, causing it to darken and to crack, can be entirely dispensed with, by simply boiling for a short time a small quantity of Turkey umber in the oil to be used for painting—whether linseed, poppy, or nut oil—producing as desired a drying painting oil or a varnish, and the residuum forming a valuable oil cement.' Mr Wilkins permits cultivators of art, desirous of more particulars, to address him at 'The Cottage, Elm Grove, Peckham' (London).

In another communication, by Mr P'Anson, on the Architecture of Norway, the wooden churches were of course mentioned, and something was said about Norwegian timber which will bear repetition. 'The Scotch fir furnishes the red wood, and the spruce-fir the white. What strikes one,' said the speaker, 'is, that the Scotch fir, which with us is regarded as the least valuable kind of fir-wood, scarcely fit for railway sleepers or fences, is the best fir in Norway. I account for that superiority of the Norwegian over the English tree in some measure by the greater length of time that Scotch fir takes to come to maturity in Norway than in this country. Scotch fir grows at the rate of as much as two feet a year in Britain, and takes about fifty years to become a usable tree; whereas in Norway it would take probably a century to grow to a tree of equal size.'

In the last annual Report of the Royal Asiatic Society it is stated as a now nearly accepted fact, that the language of Madagascar is a Malay language from Sumatra, and that its connection with the African Suahili is only that of loan-words, just as Persian has borrowed largely from Arabic. Philologists and others interested in Eastern Africa will perhaps be glad to hear that a grammar of Malagasi has been recently published.

Plantations of the cinchona tree were first begun in Jamaica in 1860, at the cost of the government. The experiment has proved so successful that

more than eighty thousand trees are now growing in different parts of the island. Henceforth the West Indies will compete with India in supplying the world with quinine.

It is well known that in some churches and large halls a reverberation prevails which annoys the persons assembled, and prevents their hearing distinctly. A few years ago the discovery was made that the reverberation could be deadened by stretching threads across the building from wall to wall below the ceiling. This curious fact has been further confirmed at the Palace of Industry, Amsterdam, and in the church of Notre-Dame des Champs, Paris, in each of which, by the simple means of threads, the reverberation is silenced.

The importation of fresh meat from the United States of America commenced in the autumn of 1875. Since then the quantity brought to this country from New York, Philadelphia, and other ports, has reached a total of more than sixty million pounds; and great as the trade has become, it tends to increase. The graziers and agriculturists of Europe will have to consider whether some means may not be found for increasing and cheapening cattle-food, if they desire to compete with the transatlantic graziers. Whether the way shall be by improved irrigation, extended drainage, or creation of pastures, remains to be discovered. On this subject much valuable information is contained in a work entitled *Food from the Far West*, with special reference to the Beef Production and importation of Dead Meat from America (W. P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh).

'On Some Means used for testing Lubricants' is the title of a paper by Mr W. H. Bailey, read before the same Society. There needs no argument to prove that if it be possible to discover the oil or grease which will best prevent friction, it ought to be discovered; and the engravings in this paper shew the contrivances for effecting this discovery. To Dr Joule, F.R.S., all who use machinery are indebted for having, as Mr Bailey remarks, 'enabled us to look upon the cost of friction and the cash value of heat as mere questions of arithmetic. The energy which passes away in wasted heat may be measured and valued with nearly as much facility as any article of commerce. The science of heat teaches us that the relations between heat and mechanical motion are regulated by well-defined, accurate, and rigid principles. Those who would command Nature's forces must first learn her laws; the first rudiments of which say, that when we produce frictional heat in our machinery, we become law-breaking prodigals, who have incurred fines and penalties, which are generally paid when a cheque is given to settle the coal-bill.'

Perhaps not many people south of the Border are aware that there are gold-fields in Scotland; but that gold can be found in Sutherlandshire and in the south-west, has long been known to the dwellers in those localities; and now in the *Scottish Naturalist*, Dr Lauder Lindsay describes the gold-fields of Lanarkshire. In the Upper Ward of that county he tells us that 'of alluvial gold, from nuggets big enough to make breast-pin heads down to granular dust, there is no scarcity. It may be collected at any time by simple washing from the beds or banks of any streams of the district. Whenever a supply of gold is wanted for museum specimens or for presentation jewellery, a

sufficiency is forthcoming. A few hours' work of a miner, and still more the conjoint efforts of a band of miners extending over several days, produce the number of grains or ounces required.' The people of Scotland have long known that gold can be found in various parts of the country. The difficulty, however, is to find it in sufficient quantities to pay the expense of working, or even in searching for it. Persons of an eager turn do not sufficiently think of this, and hence endless disappointments.

Our notice (No. 726, p. 750, 1877) of Dr Sayre's method of treating curvature of the spine has led to inquiries for further particulars: we have pleasure therefore in mentioning that Smith, Elder, & Co. have published a book by Dr Sayre, entitled *Spinal Disease and Spinal Curvature—their Treatment by Suspension, and the Use of the Plaster of Paris Bandage*. Besides clear descriptions, the book contains engravings which represent the method of treatment, and may be easily understood.

BUTTERFLIES.

ONCE more I pass along the flowering meadow,
Hear cushats call, and mark the fairy rings;
Till where the lych-gate casts its cool dark shadow,
I pause awhile, musing on many things;
Then raise the latch, and passing through the gate,
Stand in the quiet, where men rest and wait.

Bees in the lime-trees do not break their sleeping;
Swallows beneath church eaves disturb them not;
They heed not bitter sobs or silent weeping;
Cares, turmoil, griefs, regrets, they have forgot.
I murmur sadly: 'Here, then, all life ends.
We lay you here to rest, and lose you, friends.'

Ry no rebuke is the sweet silence broken.
No voice reproves me; yet a sign is sent;
For from the grassy mounds there comes a token
Of Life immortal—and I am content.
See! the soul's emblem meets my downcast eyes:
Over the graves are hovering butterflies!

G. S.

WASTE SUBSTANCE.

A correspondent suggests that the refuse from broken slate which is thrown aside at the quarries as useless, might be ground down into powder and used as paint. The writer informs us that he has tried powdered slate, and found that it not only made good paint but that the paint lasted well for outdoor work.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written.
- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
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Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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BORLUM.

LONG ago—you may say in 1808—when I was a boy at Peebles, the school-children, as a variety in their boisterous amusements, occasionally bombarded with stones a grievously defaced effigy built into the walls of a ruinous old church in the neighbourhood. With savage significance, the unfortunate piece of sculpture was called Borlum, and as Borlum it had been pelted by several successive generations. From the dearth of historical knowledge at the spot, no one could explain who or what was meant by Borlum; and not till some years afterwards, in the course of reading, did I find out that by Borlum was meant Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum, who commanded a resolute party of Highlanders in Mar's rebellion of 1715, and who, by their masterly audacity in marching towards the Border, threw the southern counties of Scotland into a state of indescribable alarm. To Borlum, as he was familiarly termed, was thus assigned the character of a bugbear along the whole course of the Tweed; and long after he had passed away, and when the political events in which he was concerned were forgotten, the original terror of his name survived in the vengefully destructive recreations of school-children. In a vicarious capacity, a harmless piece of sculpture, which had nothing at all to do with Borlum, was doomed to suffer for a popular scare nearly a hundred years previously.

In the history of that miserably managed affair, Mar's Jacobite rebellion, Mackintosh of Borlum—or more properly *younger* of Borlum, for his father was still living—stands conspicuously out as a military hero, who threw into the shade many of higher title and pretensions. How with five hundred of his clan, with banners flying, he marched to Inverness, and seized that important post. How he hastened on to the Lowlands, eluded the troops designed to intercept him; crossed the Firth of Forth with a large force in open boats, and captured Leith. How, carrying everything before him, he marched onwards to the Border, in order to join the rebel forces of

General Forster in Northumberland—are all facts belonging to history. His sagacity, foresight, intrepidity, and daring courage were worthy of a better cause. Getting into England, and mixed up with half-hearted movements, Borlum is very much lost sight of. The enterprise, owing to Mar's indiscretion, had been shockingly ill considered. The English Jacobites failed to rise in a body, as they were justified in doing, for the auxiliaries which had been expected from France never made their appearance; and the whole thing collapsed, as is well known, by the humiliating capture of the insurgents by General Carpenter at Preston, in Lancashire. Surrendering at discretion, the whole were conducted as prisoners to London—Borlum among the rest. A dreadful downcome to the proud Highland chief, but not more so than to Lords Derwentwater, Winton, Nithsdale, Kenmure, Carnwath, Widdrington, and other Jacobite noblemen.

It is not altogether agreeable to look back on the dynastic struggles which took place in England in the first half of the eighteenth century; for with some redeeming traits of character, they give a very mean view of human nature. The subject has been suggested to us by the appearance of a work which many will appreciate for its lively account of scenes and circumstances hitherto imbedded in the dry records of history. We mean *London in the Jacobite Times*, by Dr Doran, F.S.A. (2 vols. Bentley and Son). The writer, it is sorrowful to learn, passed away before the work at which he had long patiently laboured had well been published; and we regret that he has not survived to hear the praises bestowed on his endeavours to produce a picture of past times such as is rarely presented. The way the subject is treated is quite unique. Instead of going into regular historical details, which would be alike tedious and tiresome, the author writes in a sketchy and anecdotic style without pause from beginning to end, and we have before us a drama of unflagging interest, extending over the greater part of a century. We do not think, however, that the book would have been the worse of a few pre-

liminary remarks on the strange circumstances by which the Stuarts forfeited the crown, and placed themselves in the grotesquely unhappy condition of kings retired from business.

The flight of James II. from England, and practically his abdication of authority, December 22, 1688, finished the house of Stuart. When a king runs away from his subjects, and stupidly flings down a magnificent inheritance, he has a bad chance of being called back again, particularly when by a course of exasperating and illegal conduct he has forfeited general esteem. Yet, from the date of that fatal flight there were successive plots by Jacobite adherents to bring back the Stuarts to the throne. Throughout the reign of William III. and of Queen Anne, the plottings were of a comparatively obscure character. On the death of Anne in 1714, and the installation of George I. under a parliamentary Act of Settlement, came the crisis. The rebellion of 1715 broke out, and being quenched at Preston, the fierce dissensions of Jacobites and Whigs arose. Dr Doran commences his narrative with the death of Anne, but scarcely awakes to his subject till the droves of rebels from Preston enter London and are dispersed through the various prisons, the more noble of them being conducted to the Tower.

While preserving the forms of law, the government did not put off time in the examination and trials of the captured rebels. The pulpits rang with sermons condemnatory of their crimes. Joseph Addison, in his paper the *Freeholder*, railed upon them with indecent subserviency. There was no want of evidence to convict the leading spirits in the insurrection; but matters were considerably simplified by the voluntarily proffered testimony of the Rev. Robert Patten, who had been formerly a curate at Preston, and acted as chaplain to the rebel forces. Clapped into prison with his associates, Patten pondered on the best means of escaping the gallows; and the longer he thought of it, he became the more firmly convinced that his best plan was to become king's evidence. His testimony was accepted; and at the cost of being branded throughout all time as a rascal, he daily stood up in court and told every particular requisite to convict the unhappy noblemen and gentlemen with whom he had been associated, and whose bread he had eaten. Very much through the testimony of this wretch, the prisons were gradually cleared by the exit of batches of convicts on hurdles to Tyburn. The Tower was similarly relieved of two of its noble inmates, Derwentwater and Kenmare, who perished on the scaffold; and there would have been more of them, but for the escape of the Earl of Nithsdale disguised in his wife's clothes, and for the fortunate reprieve of the Lords Widdrington, Nairn, and Carnwath. On the evening of the day on which the Earl of Derwentwater was beheaded (24th February 1716), London was thrown into a state of commotion by the appearance in the sky of an extraordinary Aurora, in which there were fancied resemblances of armies, flaming swords, and fire-breathing dragons—the Jacobites accepting the phenomenon as a token of the indignation of Heaven at the cruel murders on Tower Hill, and prognosticating the rise of the sun of Stuart! On the estates of the Earl of Derwentwater, this famed aurora was called the 'Earl of Derwent-

water's Lights;' and it is said that an aurora is still so named in the vicinity of Dilston.

The government of George I. had some difficulty in dealing with the Earl of Wintoun, who contrived to get his trial put off as long as possible, on the plea that he was not yet prepared with his evidence. The truth is, the earl was a somewhat eccentric being. In his youth he had run away from his home at Seton House, went to France, and hired himself to work as a blacksmith. Returning at the death of his father, when everybody had given him up for lost, he assumed the title, George fifth Earl of Wintoun, and was living quietly at Seton when the rebellion broke out. He had no wish to connect himself with it; but stung by some outrageous proceedings of the authorities, he joined the insurrection, and so got himself into trouble. When brought to the bar of the House of Lords, there was some surprise at the oddity of his behaviour. Whether from cunning or affectation, he did not seem to understand why his trial should be hurried on, though in reality he might have complained of the delay. All the earl's shifts did not greatly serve him. Patten, on being questioned, said that he had seen the Earl of Wintoun on several occasions with a drawn sword in his hand when the Pretender was proclaimed. After this, of course Wintoun was found guilty, and condemned to be beheaded. Not a pleasant drive from Westminster Hall to the Tower, accompanied by the Gentleman Gaoler, ceremoniously carrying an axe with its edge turned towards the condemned earl. One feels a degree of satisfaction in knowing that after all the Earl of Wintoun escaped his doom. Confined to an apartment in the Tower preparatory to the morning of execution, he brought his knowledge as a blacksmith into play by cutting through the iron bars of his window by files supplied by his servant, and dropping to the ground got clear off. He died at Rome in 1749, his title and estates being meanwhile forfeited. The title has been latterly revived in favour of the Earls of Eglintoun. But with the disappearance of the last of the Setons in the direct line, an ancient and honourable family was blotted from the Scottish peerage.

Mackintosh of Borlum—called by mistake Borland by Dr Doran—was confined along with General Forster and a host of others in Newgate. Borlum and Forster are stated to have often quarrelled regarding the military conduct of the insurrection, their angry debates often furnishing amusement in the corridors, court-yard, and common room in the prison, to which visitors were admitted without hinderance, as to a tavern, for the more eating and drinking there were the better it was for Mr Pitt, the governor. Pitt, himself, was never disinclined to lend his assistance in eating a dinner, or in finishing a bowl of punch. So countenanced, the revelries in Newgate were boundless. Dr Doran affords a glimpse of this state of things. Visitors and sympathisers supplied the prisoners with money. 'While it was difficult to change a guinea almost at any house in the street, nothing was more easy than to have silver for gold in any quantity, and gold for silver, in the prison; those of the fair sex, from persons of the first rank to tradesmen's wives and daughters, making a sacrifice of their husbands' and parents' rings and other precious movables for the use of the prisoners. The aid was so reckless, that forty shillings for a dish of early peas and

beans, and thirty shillings for a dish of fish, with the best French wine, was an ordinary regale !'

Forster was to be tried on the 18th April, but a week previously the town was startled with the intelligence that he had broken bounds; he was off. 'His escape,' says Doran, 'was well planned and happily executed. His sharp servant found means to obtain an impression of Pitt's master-key, from which another key was made and conveyed to Forster, without difficulty. Pitt loved wine, and Forster seems to have had a cellar full of it. He often invited the governor to get drunk on its contents. One night, Pitt got more drunk than usual, finished the wine, and roared for more. Forster bade his servant to fetch up another bottle. This was the critical moment. The fellow was long, and Forster declared he would go and see what the rascal was at. On going, he locked the unconscious Pitt in the room; and the way being prepared by his servant, and turnkeys, as it would seem, subdued by the "oil of palms," master and servant walked into the street, where friends awaited them. Pitt sounded the alarm, but everything had been well calculated. A snack lay at Holly Haven, on the Thames, which had often been employed by the Jacobites in running between England and France.' By this means, Forster effected his escape, and 'the joy of the Jacobites was uncontrollable.' The government shut up Pitt in one of his own dungeons, and offered a thousand pounds for the recovery of 'General Forster;' but pursuit was useless. The general was safe in France.

Borlum, who knew that his trial would speedily take place, meditated on plans for emulating the success of Forster. Strange to say, notwithstanding a knowledge of the irregularities that were carried on in Newgate, the public authorities made no change in the administration of affairs. Wine flowed, punch was sent round, and the prisoners suffered scarcely any stint in their indulgences. Things were indeed rather worse than better—all which was favourable to a plan concocted by Borlum and his fellow-captives. 'The prisoners,' says Dr Doran, 'might cool themselves after their drink, by walking and talking, singing and planning, in the court-yard, till within an hour of midnight. Evil came of it. On the night of the 4th [May] the feast being over, nearly five dozen of the prisoners were walking about the press-yard. Suddenly, the whole body of them made an ugly rush at the keeper with the keys. He was knocked down, the doors were opened, and the prisoners swept forth to freedom. All, however, did not succeed in gaining liberty. As the attempt was being made, soldiers and turnkeys were alarmed. The fugitives were then driven in different directions. Brigadier Mackintosh, his son, and seven others overcame all opposition. They reached the street, and they were so well befriended, or were so lucky, as to disappear at once, and to evade all pursuit. They fled in various directions.' Some others less fortunate were secured, 'and were not only heavily ironed and thrust into loathsome holes, but treated with exceptional brutality.' What a picture of a metropolitan prison in the reign of George I.!

The escape of Borlum from Newgate with certain other convicts produced an immense sensation. For decency's sake, if for nothing else, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen came down to the prison,

and solemnly gathered some evidence on the subject. The least thing in the way of amends was to offer a reward for the capture of 'William Mackintosh, commonly called Brigadier Mackintosh.' Placards were profusely posted up describing the appearance of Borlum. 'A tall, raw-boned man, about sixty years of age, fair complexioned, beetle-browed, gray-eyed, speaks broad Scotch.' The reward for capturing him was two hundred pounds, to which sum, however, were added a thousand pounds by the government. Every effort failed to secure the old Highland chief. He and his son succeeded in getting on board a vessel in the Thames, by which they reached the coast of France, and there for the present we must leave him.

These furtive escapes did not slacken operations at Tyburn, to which doomed men from Newgate were carried in half-dozens, as if for a public entertainment. We can hardly in the present day realise the brutality of these exhibitions, to which, however, ladies of quality regularly adjourned to see the show. Hanging formed a holiday amusement of the fashionable society of London. Such was the disregard of humane feeling that officers of the law were not ashamed to practise cruel deceptions on convicts at the very scaffold. Dr Doran describes a case of this kind. It was that of a person named David Lindsay, convicted of traitorous visits to France, who was sentenced to die, and carted to Tyburn in spite of an amnesty. 'When his neck was in the noose, the sheriff tested David's courage, by telling him he might yet save his life on condition of revealing the names of alleged traitors. David, however sorely tempted, declined to save his neck on such terms. Thereupon, the sheriff ordered the cart to drive on; but even this move towards leaving Lindsay suspended did not shake his stout spirit. All this time the sheriff had a reprieve for the unnecessarily tortured fellow in his pocket. Before the cart was fairly from under Lindsay's feet, it was stopped, or he would have been murdered.' Taken back alive to Newgate, a very unusual spectacle, Lindsay, after being nearly starved in a loathsome dungeon, was sent into perpetual banishment; ultimately he died of hunger and exposure in Holland.

As the hanging of some thousands of rebels would have shocked ordinary decency, vast numbers were condemned to be banished, as an act of grace, to the Plantations, or were 'made over as presents to trading courtiers,' who might pardon them for 'a consideration.' Think of lords and ladies at court being presented with groups of convicts on whom money could be made by selling pardons! The fact throws a new light on this period of English history. As regards transportation, Dr Doran gives some not uninteresting and little known particulars concerning Rob Roy. Twelve years after the rebellion of 1715, Rob was taken to London in connection with the Disarmament Act, and sentenced with many others to be transported to Barbadoes. Handcuffed to Lord Ogilvie, he was marched from Newgate through the streets of London to a barge at Blackfriars, and thence to Gravesend. 'This,' says Dr Doran, 'is an incident which has escaped the notice of Walter Scott and of all Rob's biographers.' Before quitting England, the barge-load of convicts were pardoned and allowed to return home.

Matters had considerably calmed down, when the country was startled with the rebellion which

broke out in 1745, headed by the young Chevalier, Charles Edward, grandson of James II. It was a daring and romantic adventure, but as badly conceived and supported as that of thirty years previously. No promised auxiliaries were supplied from France; and that the attempt to upset a powerful and settled government by a handful of adventurous Highlanders and the adherents of a few discontented noblemen and gentry should have ended disastrously, as it finally did on the field of Culloden, is not at all surprising. This fresh outbreak in the reign of George II. affords new material for the graphic pen of Dr Doran; and to his second volume we must refer for many painful though curious details concerning the treatment of the unfortunate prisoners. The manners of the more fashionable classes in the metropolis do not seem to have improved. We are told that 'people of fashion went to the Tower to see the prisoners as persons of lower quality went there to see the lions. Within the Tower, the spectator was lucky who saw Murray [of Broughton], Charles Ratcliffe, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromarty and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. Lady Townshend, who had fallen in love with Lord Kilmarnock, at the first sight of "his falling shoulders," when he appeared to plead at the bar of the Lords, was to be seen under his window at the Tower.' The Lord Provost, here alluded to, was Archibald Stewart, who, known to be of Jacobite proclivities, was charged with culpable neglect of duty, in having allowed a party of Highlanders to rush in and take possession of Edinburgh. Stewart was tried and acquitted. Lord Cromarty's life was spared; but Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat perished by beholding on Tower Hill. Lovat had expressed a passionate desire to be buried with his head in his own country in Scotland. The wish was gratified. His head was sewed on again by the undertaker before the body was despatched northwards! Lord Traquair was liberated.

The case of Charles Ratcliffe was peculiar. He was a younger brother of Lord Derwentwater who was executed in 1716, and he had himself only evaded the same fate at that time by being one of the prisoners who escaped from Newgate and took refuge in France. Assuming the title of Earl of Derwentwater, he was made prisoner in 1745, on board a French vessel on its way to Scotland with supplies for Prince Charles. The sentence of death which had been passed on him thirty years before was now raked up. He was condemned to be executed; and giving him the benefit of his assumed title of nobility, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, his manly courage and proud bearing not deserting him at the last dreadful scene.

Like Patten, in the former rebellion, Murray of Broughton, who had acted as secretary to Charles Edward, was saved by basely turning king's evidence, and sending many better men than himself to the scaffold. He retreated into private life under a deserved load of infamy. Years afterwards, as we learn from Lockhart, Murray, several times in disguise, visited Mr Scott, father of Sir Walter, for the sake of professional advice. On one of these occasions, Mrs Scott, from curiosity, intruded with the offer of a cup of tea, which Murray accepted. When he withdrew, Mr Scott lifted the window-sash, and threw the empty cup

into the street. The lady exclaimed for her china, but was silenced by the remark: 'I may admit into my house, on a piece of business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr Murray of Broughton.' As a memento of this curious incident, Sir Walter made prize of the saucer, which he preserved.

The executions of the untitled prisoners were conducted in a wholesale manner on Kennington Common, to which crowds flocked to see the hideous show. Drawers attended to supply wine to the culprits while the ropes were put round their necks, for the Jacobites drank treasonous toasts till the last. At one of these tragic ceremonies, 'Captain Wood, after the halter was loosely hung for him round his neck, called for wine, which was supplied with alacrity by the prison drawers. When it was served round, the captain drank to the health of the rightful king, James III.' The slight delay so caused was lucky for another culprit, Captain Lindsay, who was coming up with a second batch. 'While the wine was being drunk, Lindsay was "haltering," as the reporters called it. He was nice about the look of the rope, but just as he was courteously invited to get in and be hanged, a reprieve came for him, which saved his life.' At this period, London could not be deemed a pleasant place of residence for any one with delicate feelings. The entrances to the town were lined with decaying bodies hanging in chains. At length the sights became so offensive as to cause public remonstrance.

Dr Doran winds up his dramatic narrative with some graceful remarks on the altered state of feeling towards the Jacobites in the reign of George III. By the decease of Charles Edward in 1788, after having sunk to the character of a sot, the Jacobite fanaticism was considerably abated, and only lingered as an expiring sentiment till the death of Charles's brother, Henry, Cardinal York, 1807, when the house of Stuart was extinct.

It is pleasant to know that the royal family always spoke with sympathy of the Stuarts. Charles Edward, as is well known, was unhappy in his marriage with Louise, Countess of Albany, daughter of Count von Stolberg. She left him for a convent in 1780, and subsequently to his death became the wife of the Italian poet, Vittorio Alfieri. By a strange turn in the wheel of fortune, she sought an asylum in England, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, and was well received at the court in St James's Palace, the king and queen vying to do her honour. She went to see the king in the House of Lords with the crown on his head, when proroguing parliament, 1791. Hannah More speaks of seeing the Countess of Albany on that occasion seated among ladies 'just at the foot of the throne which she might once have expected to have mounted.' Finding London dull, with 'crowds but no society,' and that the climate of England did not suit her, she returned to the continent.

In his latter years Cardinal York was supported by a pension of four thousand pounds a year from George III.; an act of kindness which was handsomely responded to by the Cardinal giving up to the king the crown diamonds which James II. had carried away with him to France. On the death of the Cardinal, the Countess of Albany became the recipient of an

annuity from the king. This she enjoyed till her decease as plain Madame Fabre at Montpellier, in France, in 1824. Such was the sorrowful ending of the broken-down and much-tried widow of Charles Edward Stuart.

We feel that our desultory sketch would be incomplete without some account of Borlum subsequent to his escape to France in 1716. For any such account, however, there are very slender materials in history. To a writer in the *Celtic Magazine* (Inverness, 1877), we are indebted for some of the following particulars. Borlum remained in France only one or two years, during which his father died, whereupon he became the chief of his house. On what terms, if any, he was allowed to return to his own country there is no statement. At all events, he was again in Scotland in 1719, for in that year he took part in the mad attempt at insurrection by the aid of Spanish soldiers, which was immediately stamped out. That Mackintosh of Borlum should have engaged in so wild an adventure, is an evidence of his Jacobite fervour and indiscretion. He was once more a fugitive, but for a time contrived to elude detection. At length, he was apprehended in the wilds of Caithness, and was conveyed as a state prisoner to Edinburgh Castle.

Few, perhaps, among the gay crowds who throng Princes Street, and cast a glance at the buildings of the castle perched on the summit of rugged cliffs, are aware that in one of these buildings, long used as a state prison, poor Mackintosh of Borlum was confined for the last years of his life. Certainly, a hard fate for the old Jacobite! Cribbed and confined in his airy but miserable den, Borlum did not spend his time uselessly. Before being involved in political troubles he had devoted himself to the improvement and planting of lands. He is said to have planted a row of trees which still ornament the public road near Kingussie. Now that he was locked up, he wrote an Essay on the best means of inclosing and improving lands, which was printed in Edinburgh in 1729. Our authority adds: 'On the 7th January 1743, after a rough earthly pilgrimage of eighty years, the gallant old soldier passed to his rest, true to the last to the principles which had influenced his whole life. One of his last acts, it is said, was to dedicate one of his teeth to the service of his exiled master, by writing with it on the wall of his room an invocation of God's blessing on King James!'

How long Borlum was immured in that dismal prison on the castle rock, is not clearly ascertained. The obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine* speaks of his having been confined in the castle 'fifteen years.' By the authority above quoted, he is said to have been imprisoned 'for nearly a quarter of a century.' Truth may lie somewhere between—from twenty to twenty-one years. The *Caledonian Mercury*, in noticing his decease at the age of 'about eighty-five,' gives him a high character as 'a complete gentleman, friendly, agreeable, and courteous,' and for what he had written as regards the improvement of land, he is to be lastingly esteemed as 'a lover of his country.' Nowhere is a word said of the cruelty of confining so aged and accomplished a person in the worst species of prison till he was released by death. For the seeming harshness of this prolonged imprisonment, an excuse may perhaps

be found in the political apprehensions of the period; but this scarcely lessens our compassion for the sufferings of a man in so many respects estimable. With all his faults, Borlum must be admitted to have possessed that quality of earnestness of purpose which in the ordinary concerns of life is now so feebly demonstrated. It could be wished that some one had done full justice to his biography; for Borlum was undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary men of his time.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XIX.—FIRE!

'THERE is nothing so hard, nothing so difficult as to get a governess nowadays,' said the Countess of Wolverhampton, quite unaware that she was but echoing the complaint of many ladies of a lesser degree, to the effect that it is next to impossible to procure pattern cooks, prize housemaids, exemplary seamstresses, or model kitchen-maids, in these degenerate times. 'I mean a really satisfactory governess of course,' added the noble mistress of High Tor. Lady Wolverhampton and her two elder daughters were the sole occupants of the smallest of the suite of drawing-rooms, the windows of which were yet open to admit the balmy air of the hot evening. Dinner was but just over, and the flush of the sinking sun was faintly visible on the heathy ridges and pine-groves to the west.

'It is very tiresome, mamma,' said sympathetic Lady Maud.

'It is more than tiresome,' rejoined the Countess. 'It makes me, on your sister's account, very anxious. If I had known, when Miss Grainger left us, how very long it would take to replace her, and that dear Alice would be for months at a stand-still so far as her education went, I should not have parted with her so readily.'

'But she left us because she was going to be married,' said Lady Gladys smiling; 'and we could not, I suppose, have forbidden the banns on account of the scarcity of good governesses. I wonder, by the way, how the scarcity can exist, when we are so perpetually informed that the governess market—a phrase which I don't like, suggesting as it does white slavery, involuntary servitude, and the auctioneer's hammer—is overstocked.'

'That sounds clever, Gladys,' answered Lady Wolverhampton in her plain way; 'but I am afraid that, like most clever-sounding things, it proves nothing. I could get a highly certificated instructress, a person primed with information on particular subjects, warranted to be worth a handsome salary, a'—

'A teaching-machine, in fact,' suggested bright Lady Gladys, seeing that her mother hesitated for the lack of a word.

'Precisely. A teaching-machine,' resumed the Countess. 'But I don't want one. I wish Alice's governess, whoever she may be, to be a good sensible young woman, such as Miss Grainger was; and instead of that, all my correspondents write to me of the degrees and diplomas that have been taken out by those they recommend. I suppose I am an old-fashioned person, but I do wish'—

But before the Countess of Wolverhampton

could complete her discourse on the governess topic, the door was jerked open, and the old butler, who had permitted himself to turn the handle for once with such unconventional vivacity, stood gasping in the doorway with a face as white as his cravat.

'Why, Bugles!' began the Countess, rising in alarm; for that an ox should talk, as Lily tells us that a Roman representative of the bovine genus actually did, is scarcely more calculated to disturb the nerves than that a well-trained servant should crack the ice of his official decorum. The Earl, who was, like his wife, a partisan of old fashions, was lingering over his wine in the dining-room, and might of course be ill. Apoplexy was the first thought that rose, like a sheeted spectre, before the Countess's mind.

'Fire, my lady! Fire at High Tor; broke out sudden; and all the village is in flames!' panted out Bugles the butler, who was fat and short of breath. And without were to be vaguely heard other voices and the sound of running feet, and the cry, alarming above all others, of 'Fire! fire!' as grooms and gardeners forgot their usual respectful reticence in the first flush of the anticipated struggle with the direst foe of man and his works.

'There really is a fire, and I'm afraid a great one, to judge by the smoke and the sparks,' said Lord Harrogate, who at this juncture entered. 'My father has had his horse saddled already, and has started by this time for the village, and I am going too of course. I only came first to see if'—

'If we were ready to come too?' cried Lady Maud. 'To be sure we will, the moment we can get our hats, Gladys and I. Alice will stay with mamma. We can't work at putting out the fire, but we may be of use somehow.'

And in an incredibly short space of time the Ladies De Vere and their brother were hurrying down the steep road that led to the scene of the disaster. High Tor House, isolated and on a lofty spot of rising ground, was in no sort of peril from the fire raging beneath; but the inhabitants of the great mansion were not disposed, like the divinities of the Pagan Olympus, serenely to contemplate the woes of the inhabitants of earth, and without waiting for orders, nearly every boy and man in the Earl's employ had hastened down to fight the common foe.

'The dry weather—unusually dry for this moist district, where the last thing we generally have to complain of is the want of rain—must help the fire sadly,' said Lord Harrogate, as the lodge-gates were left behind, and the lurid light of the conflagration became more and more distinctly visible through gaps in the high hedges that bordered the road. As they drew nearer, the eddying clouds of smoke, mingled with fiery dots here and there, the dull crimson glow, and the smothered sound of voices mingling with the roar of the flames and the clang of labour, gave unpleasant tokens of the mischief that was going on.

'I hoped at the first that the report was an exaggerated one, as most reports are,' said Lord Harrogate, as they came in sight of the burning houses. 'But this is an ugly business. It is on one side of the street only, by good luck, that the fire is raging, and if we can keep it from spreading'—

The crash of a cottage roof tumbling in, and followed by a shower of sparks and small fragments of flaming wood, drowned the rest of the sentence. Matters were evidently bad enough, though not quite so bad as might have been augured from the first announcement of that herald of misfortune, Bugles the butler. The whole southern side of the long straggling street was more or less in flames; and to keep the fire from communicating itself to the houses on the opposite side of the road was a work which in itself taxed the strength of the whole adult male population to the utmost.

The noise, the smoke, the falling sparks, and the occasional plumping down into the dust of the road of some half-consumed scrap of woodwork, made Lord Harrogate's sisters, who were physically no braver than the average of their sex, shrink back aghast.

'Here, Maud!' cried her brother impatiently. 'We must not—or I must not—be drones in the hive. You know most of these good people—Mrs Prosser, for instance.—Mrs Prosser, my sisters will stay with you while I go forward to bear a hand in getting the fire under.—Where's my father? Ah, there he is, in the thick of the smoke!'

And there, sure enough, was dimly to be seen the well-known figure of the old Earl giving orders to such as were cool enough to hearken to them, whilst his frightened horse, held by a groom, stood at some distance. Darting through the clouds of suffocating vapour, which were dense enough to suggest the idea of a battle, Lord Harrogate reached the place where his father was standing.

'I don't see any fire-engines!' exclaimed the young man, looking with a sort of dismay at the chain of buckets passed from hand to hand. 'What, in the name of all that's wonderful, are the people dreaming of?'

'We have sent to Peabworth for help,' said the Earl, shaking his gray head; 'but before any arrives, if the wind freshens the houses will be mere cinder-heaps. As for the parish engine, Stickles here has got the same story to tell that is only too common among us in England here.'

And Stickles, who was the clerk, rubbed his hands apologetically together as he faltered out, in reply to Lord Harrogate's impatient question, the excuses which he had previously addressed to the Earl. The engine of which he was official custodian had been long out of repair, and was to have been 'seen to,' and should have been 'seen to' after harvest-time, had not the unfortunate outbreak of a very real and practical fire tested the unreadiness of the precautions for putting it out. As it was, the only available means of doing battle with the conflagration was the rude and simple one of flinging water on the flames, and at this task the inhabitants were busy enough. They were busier, however, before long, as, under the direction of Lord Harrogate, whom they respected, they began to tear down some portions of the burning buildings, in the hope of preventing the fire from spreading. A strange sight it was which the village street presented, encumbered as it was by chests and bedding and the poor furniture which had been hastily dragged out from the doors of cottages now blazing, and the wailing of frightened children, and the shrill voices of the women, blended with the hoarse deep roar of the triumphant flames.

'Tis a mercy, my lord, it broke out when it did,' said Charley Joyce, best bowler in the local cricket club and best woodman in the Earl's employment; and in both of these capacities well known to the Earl's heir. 'There'd ha' been a lot of us burned in our beds, if it had tarried till after midnight. All came,' he added, 'of that blessed rock-oil from Ameriky.'

Such indeed was the reported origin of the disaster. A girl, for milking purposes, had taken a tin lamp with her into a cowshed; the cow had kicked over the lamp, and the burning petroleum had set fire to the straw litter, whence the flames had mounted to the thatched roof. Thatched roofs, picturesque to look upon, were only too numerous for safety in that West-country village. The fire had crawled and darted, lithe as a serpent, from gable to porch and from paling to stable.

'There! Look at the school-house now!' cried a score of voices; and indeed the flames were pouring outwards through the shattered windows and licking the blackened walls, and withering to charred sticks the pretty hedge where the fragrant woodbine had clung so lovingly to the quickset, and scorching the very flowers in the garden.

'The fire began near about there,' remarked Joyce; but Lord Harrogate was already out of earshot, since his keen eye had caught a glimpse of a pale beautiful face, in the midst of the confusion of the crowded street. He pushed his way through the excited throng.

'You are not hurt, Miss Gray, I hope and trust?' he said with an eagerness that surprised himself.

'No; but my house is burning,' said Ethel in reply; 'and I am a stranger, and—— But pray, my lord, do not trouble yourself to'—— For the young man had drawn her arm gently but firmly through his.

'You must let me choose for you,' he said. 'My sisters are here, close by, at Mrs Prosser's, who keeps the village shop—a kind motherly old soul. I must leave you with them.'

Thus Ethel allowed herself to be led to the place where, amidst a knot of women, whose awe-stricken faces told how great was their interest in the spectacle, the Ladies De Vere stood watching the progress of the fire. Lord Harrogate did not linger for an instant, but went back to put heart into the men still battling with the encroaching flames.

It was no trifle, this hand-to-hand combat, as it were, with the fire; the fierce heat driving back the volunteers who ventured very near to the tottering walls to fling water upon the blazing timbers, while the blinding smoke rushed volleying out to blar the eyes and clog the lungs of the workers, and ever and anon some tall chimney or breached roof would fall with a crash, sending showers of bricks and half-consumed wood into the midst of the crowd; and hairbreadth escapes were many and bruises numerous.

At last, however, the two engines from Pebworth came clattering into the street, and water being in that region of streams ready to hand, and the wind happily abating, the fire was fairly conquered, and all further danger at an end. There was no loss of life; but some were singed and many bruised; while thirty humble homes had been turned to heaps of smouldering ruin, and household gear and clothing, snatched from

the flames, formed piles here and there in the wet road. Gradually the hospitality of this or that neighbour afforded temporary shelter to the crying children, the lamenting women, and the exhausted men; while a flying squadron of boys chased and led back captive the cows and pigs, the fowls and donkeys of those whose yards and sheds had been made desolate by the conflagration.

But what was Ethel to do? The old dame who served her had been readily received into the dwelling of a neighbour; and indeed nearly all of those so suddenly evicted had kindred, and all had friends to harbour them at this pinch. The young school-mistress looked forlorn indeed, as she stood alone in the midst of so many groups of voluble talkers.

'You must come home with us, Miss Gray,' said Lady Maud kindly; 'must come up to High Tor House, I mean,' she added, seeing that Ethel did not at first appear to comprehend her words, 'and stay with us until something can be done. It is the least we can do for you, burned out of house and home in this dreadful way, as you have been.'

Lady Gladys heartily seconded the invitation; but Ethel still hesitated until the Earl drew near.

'I have been telling Miss Gray here, papa, that we will take care of her at the House for a few days till she can look about her,' said Lady Maud.

'Quite right, my dear,' answered the Earl with his fatherly smile; and thus the matter was settled.

CHINA AND MAJOLICA.

THE love of china-ware still continues to be a mania amongst certain classes in this country. In the houses chiefly of the 'upper ten,' we see scattered in lavish profusion little Dresden figures, shepherds and shepherdesses, sweet, fresh, smiling, fantastic little loves, leaning on impossible crooks, or ogling us from under trees whose bowery greenery embodies all that is idyllic in crockery. Wonderful little old tea-cups, without handles, transparent as an egg-shell, with no colouring to speak of, faded, washed-out looking, are proudly pointed to as almost priceless. From these our great-great-grandmothers, in all the glories of hoops and furbelows, are said to have drunk their hyson and bohea in their great wainscoted and tapestried rooms, discoursing as they sipped the fragrant nectar, much as we their great-great-granddaughters do still, over our afternoon tea; for the world changes, but the human heart does not. All manner of vanities go the round; trivialities of dress or gossip; much tattling about the mote in our neighbour's eye, and a careful avoiding, with commendable modesty, any reference even the most remote to the beam in our own. These pale transparent cups going their oft-repeated rounds may have sown in their day the seeds of many a pathetic commonplace tragedy or comedy, disseminating, as they circulated around the board, harmony and peace, or dissension and distrust.

Your true china collector has undoubtedly in him something of the antiquarian Dryasdust spirit, which loves to excavate and unearth the buried treasures of the past; in his case, however, it is gracefully blended with and overlaid by an instinctive fondness for the tender, lovely, fragile object of his regard. He knows, for he has often anxiously weighed it, how frail it is. Every time

he looks at it he remembers the tumult of conflicting emotions with which, once secured, he packed it up with his own hands, and the fears for its ultimate safety which tempered the ecstatic pride of his triumph in the bargain which he had just struck.

To the china-hunter, every object in his cabinet or on his brackets is a trophy. That quaint old enamelled *tazza* of Lucca della Robbia's, he bought in Rome; and as he gazes at it he thinks not so much of the astute Jew dealer, for whom, as he flatters himself, his own knowingsness was fully a match, but of a long-forgotten holiday, with its bright days of sunshine, and the lengthening purple shadows of night deepening over the skies, and the grapes in ripe clusters on the wall. How well he remembers their flavour still, and the hand that plucked them for the stranger, and the eyes that looked into his! What was her name? He has forgotten it. What her fate? He has never known. A most prosaic ending, truly, to a vanished romance. But her charming grace and beauty unforgettably blend still in his memory like a sweet rhythmical chant, and beautify with a glory not altogether its own this rare old cup of Lucca della Robbia's.

With a sigh he turns from it to contemplate this old plate of *mezza-majolica*. Opal-hued, iridescent, it darts at him as he gazes upon it subtle flashes of blue and yellow and ruby-hued flame, rejoicing his soul with a deep unalterable conviction that it at least is real. He acquired it in Urbino, many, many years after he became the happy possessor of the Lucca della Robbia cup. He paid a full price for it too; but although a close man, he does not, and has never regretted the imprudence. At the sight of that beautiful plate, which he is pleased to call unique, his charmed heart melts away into softness, and his purse-strings begin to relax of their own accord. It moves his spleen to see careless visitors pass it by, as they sometimes do, to gaze at the soft beauty of that bright yellow-robed maiden, with dove upon her hand, who hovers self-forgetful upon the very verge of a pea-green china sea. The poor old quaint plate of *mezza-majolica*, gleaming there like a veritable jewel, is a treasure he jealously guards, and of its history we would say a few words.

The Italian enamelled earthenware which became famous under the name of *Majolica*, was first produced in 1300 in a town in the duchy of Urbino, which was under the feudal sway of the Malatestas, who were lords of Pesaro. Vessels of red clay such as had been long in use were covered with a thin coating of white earth obtained from the neighbourhood of Siena, and upon this ground different coloured patterns were traced. The vessels were then partly baked and covered with lead-glaze, after which they received a final firing. This delineation of coloured patterns upon an opaque white substance was the humble germ out of which the splendid many-hued *majolica* ware grew.

The colours employed were usually yellow, green, blue, and black; and the soft lead glaze, which was easily affected by external influences, imparted to the pottery that metallic iridescent lustre which is the special characteristic of *majolica*. To the Spanish Moors, this art was also well known; and some of their beautiful masterpieces finding their way into Italy, acted

as a fillip to the infant art, which long remained swathed in rude and ungraceful swaddling-bands. While it was in this transition state, a new tin glaze was discovered, and applied to *terra-cotta* bas-reliefs by the famous Lucca della Robbia, and the lordship of Pesaro was sold to the house of Sforza. The new feudal superiors took an extreme interest in the potteries, and granted such special privileges to the manufacturers, that in a short time they succeeded in making Pesaro famous for the production of *majolica*. Early specimens of the ware manufactured here are generally adorned with Moorish arabesques and coats of arms. Heads of saints are also a favourite study, and so are heathen goddesses; while heads of the popes and Dukes of Urbino abound, the name being affixed, to prevent all mistake as to the portrait.

In the pottery of the Pesaro manufactory, the outlines of the subjects are traced in black or blue, and are in general correctly drawn; but the figures are flat and hard, without a vestige of the breadth and freedom which give such admirable life and vigour to the etchings on the Greek vases; all faults in design or execution being atoned for by the marvellous beauty and finish of the glaze, whose iridescent splendour has been equalled but never surpassed by later artists. The most beautiful specimens of this ware are due to the genius of an obscure artist, whose very name has been forgotten, who flourished in Pesaro about 1480. The dishes he made were large and thick, and were intended not so much for use as for display; as is shewn by holes in a projection behind, through which strings were passed in order to suspend them from the wall. The colours he used were blue and yellow, and they shone with a rare and matchless mother-of-pearl splendour.

At the end of the fifteenth century tin enamel had come into general use, and the potteries of the duchy of Urbino had begun to manufacture a finer *majolica* ware. The art may be said to have reached its most palmy period. The finest qualities of the old *mezza-majolica* were retained in the new manufacture, and far greater artistic skill was displayed in the painting and ornamentation. The town of Gubbio acquired a world-wide fame by the beauty of its lustrous *majolica*; and in the year 1485, Giorgio Andreoli, a gentleman of Pavia, was attracted to it. He was a painter and sculptor by profession; and his *majolica* plates, glowing like jewels with the richest and most brilliant colours, are still famous. He excelled in the use of ruby red and golden yellow, and his ware is generally encircled by a brilliant flame-coloured border. He delights also in the picturesque effect produced by gold arabesques on a ground of vivid blue. His period of greatest activity was from 1486 to 1537. To china-fanciers he is known as the famous Maestro Giorgio of Gubbio, and his works now command almost incredible prices. He is charged with having made a secret of his metallic lustre, and with having travelled about the country selling his recipes to the highest bidder; but for this charge there is no good ground. His brothers and his son worked along with him, and they had many assistants, to whom all the processes of the manufacture were known. In the city of Urbino, where Raphael was born, the manufacture of *majolica* ware was carried on with great spirit and success. Among the foremost of the

ceramic artists of Urbino was a certain Orazio Fontana. His designs, which are characterised by great freedom and breadth of style, and truth and fidelity of drawing, are likewise brilliantly coloured and admirably glazed. One of his masterpieces, a magnificent cup, in the possession of Baron Rothschild, has his name inscribed upon it; a frequent practice with the great Italian potters.

All over the duchy of Urbino, potteries of this ware flourished at Gubbio, at Pesaro, at Urbino, and at Castel Durante. From these workshops potters travelled with their secrets to other parts of Italy and also to Flanders. The majolica of Castel Durante is very beautifully finished; and one of its principal manufacturers, Piccolo Passo, wrote a treatise upon the art of making and decorating majolica.

Faenza, which has given its name in France to all soft pottery, also produced much beautiful majolica ware. The Faenza majolica has, like that of Urbino, a rich marzacotta glaze, and some of the more ancient specimens are enamelled in berettino, a pale-blue tint. The later Faenza majolica is in style very like that of Urbino: decorative and embossed embellishments are laid aside, and pictorial designs are generally used.

Such is a brief sketch of an art for which Raphael and Marc Antonio did not disdain to furnish compositions, and whose masterpieces not only found ready access into palaces, but were presented to churches and hung up in cathedrals during the middle ages as votive offerings to saints.

MR ASLATT'S WARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago I was brought by reverse of fortune to form one of that vast number of women in search of employment, the thought of whom makes one's heart ache as one looks at their numerous applications for situations in the columns of our daily papers. I had long been an orphan, but not a penniless one, till a great bank-failure, such as have from time to time brought so much misery and embarrassment upon the middle classes of society, swept away my little all, and left me entirely dependent upon my own exertions for future maintenance.

As the shock conveyed by the news of my loss passed away, I was not in utter despair. I had been well educated, was a tolerable musician, and had travelled much; so it seemed to me that I should have no difficulty in finding a situation as companion or governess; and I strove hard to conquer my natural shrinking from the irksomeness of such a life, and to become reconciled to my altered position. Friends promised to help me, and for a time I depended upon their promises. But finding that no situation was forthcoming through their efforts, I determined to try the effect of an advertisement in the *Times*. I composed it with care, endeavouring to set my qualifications in their best light, and felt sanguine as to the result. I expected to have at least a dozen responses, and was disappointed at receiving only two. The first letter I opened was in a woman's handwriting, and con-

sisted of a string of impertinent queries, linked to a statement of the writer's requirements in the governess she engaged for her daughters—requirements which I felt sure I could never fulfil; winding up with a request that if I felt equal to the demands of the situation, I would call at a certain address in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. Such a letter checked my expectations, and with some impatience I destroyed it. The next was very different. It was a courteously worded note from a gentleman, informing me that he was seeking a governess, or rather companion, for his ward, a girl of eighteen; and would be glad to have an interview with me, if I would kindly make such arrangements for one as would suit my convenience. The tone of his letter pleased me, and as he gave the address of an hotel not far from the part of London where I was then residing, I immediately wrote a reply, naming an hour at which on the following day I would call upon him.

It was with not a little trepidation that I set out the next morning to fulfil my engagement. I had the vaguest ideas of what I ought to do or say in the new position in which I found myself, and for which my previous experience had ill prepared me. My heart sank within me as I inquired for Mr Aslatt, and was conducted by a waiter to his private room. Would the stranger be a very formidable personage? I wondered. The first glance at him was reassuring. A more benevolent countenance I have never seen; and his tall stately figure and genial though dignified manner, enhanced the pleasing impression it created. He was not a young man; but so bright was the lustre of his steel-blue eyes, so full of life and energy their glance, and his words and actions so quick and lively, that no one would have thought of calling him old, although his black hair was streaked with gray, and his brow somewhat lined by the cares and sorrows which come to all as the years pass on. My fears vanished at his kind reception, and I at once felt at my ease.

'I do not know whether the services I require will be to your mind, Miss Bygrave,' he said; 'but your duties will be very light. I wish to obtain a sympathetic companion rather than governess for my ward, Rose Sinclair, a young lady of most lovable disposition, though high-spirited and, I fear I must add, rather wilful. The fact is she has lived with me ever since she was a little child, and perhaps has been made too much of—spoiled a little, you know. But she is so engaging, so artless, so affectionate, no one could bear to deny her anything. She has had masters and governesses in abundance, but they have seldom known how to manage her. She requires very careful treatment; she may be led and guided, but she will not be ruled. She has very good abilities, but is averse to application. I have released her from regular study; but I should be glad if you could persuade her to read with you, and practise her music and painting, for both of which she has rare talent. Her position is a lonely one; she has no one to depend on but me; and I am most anxious to find for her a companion who might prove a friend also. If you will excuse such a remark from a stranger, I will add that your appearance encourages me to hope that you would prove such a one, if you were willing to try.'

Although Mr Aslatt offered me a far larger

salary than I could have expected, and assured me of his desire that everything should be done to make me comfortable and at home in his house, I hesitated for some time before I accepted the situation, for I rather doubted my ability to control a high-spirited spoiled girl of eighteen. Her guardian's partiality for her evidently led him to think lightly of the difficulties of the post he offered me.

'I think you cannot fail to be pleased with my ward,' he continued; 'she is of such a noble disposition, so generous and gracious; but as I have said before, she needs to be gently checked, and prevented from following all the impulses of her young and ardent nature. I do not think you would find much difficulty in managing her, if you once succeeded in gaining her affection.'

'But if I were not so fortunate?' I said inquiringly.

Mr Aslatt smiled, and slightly shrugged his shoulders. 'I do not think we need fear that alternative,' he replied pleasantly. 'But should my hopes be disappointed, and the position prove distasteful to you, you will be perfectly at liberty to resign it whenever you please.'

I thanked him, and after a little more discussion agreed to undertake the office of companion to his ward.

Early in the following week I quitted London, and proceeded to Westwood Hall, as Mr Aslatt's residence was named, a large country house, situated in a neighbourhood not many miles from the metropolis. I found a carriage waiting for me at the quiet little station where I alighted from the train. After a pleasant drive through pretty country lanes, where the trees often met overhead, we passed through some large iron gates, beside which stood a picturesque lodge, and drove through an avenue of elms to an old-fashioned mansion in red brick. The building formed three sides of a square, and in the space thus inclosed were flower-beds of various shapes, brilliant with many-hued flowers; and in the centre stood an antique sun-dial upon a carved stone base, round which, as I afterwards noted, ran in distinct letters the motto, 'Time is short; Death is nought; Love is all.' I had scarcely time to notice the general surroundings of the place, before the carriage stopped at the large oaken door.

Mr Aslatt had apparently been on the look-out for it, for he met me with a cordial greeting before I crossed the threshold, and led me into a large oak-panelled hall which formed the centre of the house. It was a curious apartment. The floor, ceiling, tables, chairs, settee, were all of oak, and most elaborately carved. The walls were decorated with banners, shields, swords, helmets, and various old family relics. Everything was old; and I felt for a moment as if I had been suddenly transported from the nineteenth century, and carried back into the middle ages. But though the oaken furniture was dark with age, the hall did not strike me as gloomy, perhaps because immediately on entering, my eyes rested on the one bright object it contained. A girl was seated upon the settee, whose bright golden hair and dress of pale blue made a delightful spot of colour amidst the prevailing sombreness. A large black dog, of rather forbidding aspect, crouched at her feet, but sprang up as I entered, and began to bark furiously. 'Quiet, Nero; quiet, sir!' said

the young lady, without rising, while regarding me with an intentness which made me flush.

'Rose, this is Miss Bygrave,' said her guardian; and at his word she rose and moved slowly across the polished floor to meet me, still surveying me calmly and coolly with her large blue eyes, as if anxious to arrive at a correct estimate of my character and qualifications. She was tall and womanly in figure, but wore her long golden hair in a cloud over her neck and shoulders, merely confined by a ribbon, as a child's might have been. Though a beautiful girl, she appeared unconscious of the fact. Her regular clear-cut features were expressive of self-reliance and determination, without being in the least harsh or unfeminine. Her manner was perfectly self-possessed, and her bearing slightly haughty; but it was not long before I discovered that underneath that appearance of womanly dignity there was the simplicity and waywardness of a very child.

'How do you do, Miss Bygrave?' she said somewhat coldly, giving me her hand, and scanning my face with a deliberation which I should have resented from any one else, but to which I now submitted humbly, as if it had been the right of the proud young beauty who stood before me. Then as if the result of her scrutiny were satisfactory, she added more graciously: 'I daresay you are tired with your long drive; come, and I will shew you to your room.'

I followed her up the wide staircase and along a corridor to a room overlooking the extensive garden which lay at the back of the house. I was much pleased with the appearance of my bedroom. From what I had seen down-stairs I was prepared for an oaken chamber hung with tapestry, with gloomy recesses, hearse-like bed, and ancient furniture. Nothing of the kind, however, met my view. Here everything was modern, and even luxurious, and in such style as would have suited the most fastidious taste.

'I hope you will be comfortable here,' said Miss Sinclair.

'It will be my own fault if I am not,' I replied, as I advanced to the window opening on to a small veranda, from which steps led down into the garden. 'How pretty the garden looks!' I remarked. 'I shall often feel inclined to walk there, I fancy.'

'You must not think of going there after sunset,' said Miss Sinclair decidedly.

'Why not?' I asked in surprise.

'Because—Well, perhaps I ought not to mention it, for my guardian does not like it talked about; and yet you would be sure to hear of it some time or other, so I may as well tell you at once. The truth is the house is haunted; not this part, but the left corridor, where the rooms are very, very old. And the ghost has been seen coming out of the window of the Blue Chamber—which communicates with the garden, as this does—and going down the steps.'

I was astonished at the gravity with which she made this statement.

'You do not surely believe in ghosts, Miss Sinclair?' I asked. 'You cannot really credit such stories?'

She turned from me impatiently, saying: 'It is easy for you to doubt their existence; perhaps if you had seen what I have, you would think differently.'

'What have you seen?' I inquired.

But offended by my scepticism on the subject, the young lady did not choose to reply. She drew herself up proudly, and after inquiring if there was anything I needed, left me to make my toilet.

Vexed with myself for having so soon given offence to my charge, I strove for the rest of the day to ingratiate myself with her; nor were my efforts unsuccessful.

'I think I shall like you,' she said frankly; 'that is, if you do not interfere with me too much. I was dreadfully put out when Cousin told me you were coming, for I like to be sole mistress here. By the way, how do you like my guardian? I always call him Cousin, although I do not at all understand how we are related to each other. I know nothing of my parents, except that they died when I was a very little child. Cousin has promised to tell me about them some day; but he looks so grave whenever I refer to them, that I fancy there must be something painful for me to learn concerning my parentage, and therefore I do not intend to ask any more questions. But you have not told me how you like Mr Aslatt.'

I was amused at her eager curiosity, and told her that although I had had so little opportunity of judging, I had received a most favourable impression of her guardian's character and disposition.

She seemed pleased with my reply. 'You can have no idea how good he is,' she said. 'But he is a man of strong prejudices, and it is hard to move him when he has once made up his mind with regard to any person or thing. Not that I mean to find fault with him, for as far as I am concerned I have not the least cause of complaint. I cannot tell you how kind he is to me, or how much I owe him. He is the best old darling in the world!'

'He is surely not so very old,' I remarked, smiling at her enthusiasm.

'Don't you think so?' returned she. 'He seems quite old to me; but of course you are much older than I am, and therefore judge differently of age. Would you mind telling me how old you are? I know it is very rude of me to ask, but I always seem to do what I ought not.'

I laughed, and informed her that I was in my twenty-eighth year.

'Nearly ten years older than I am,' she remarked, 'and fourteen years younger than Mr Aslatt; so you see he really is old.'

'Not old for a man,' I ventured to say.

'Yes; he is,' contradicted my companion impatiently, shaking back her golden hair.

At this moment Mr Aslatt entered the room in which we were sitting. 'I have just been thinking, Rose,' he said, 'that if it is fine to-morrow, we might ride over to Ashdene. I dare say Miss Bygrave would like to see the old Priory there.—Are you fond of riding?' he added, addressing me.

It was long since I had been in the saddle; but in earlier years I had exceedingly enjoyed the exercise, and I told him so.

'Then I hope you will enjoy a ride to-morrow,' he said. 'I think I have a horse that you will like, and Rose will lend you a riding-habit.'

I thanked him heartily; but Rose said decidedly: 'I cannot go to Ashdene to-morrow; you forget that it is my day for visiting the school.'

Mr Aslatt's face changed, and a look passed across it, which I should have called a look of pain had not the cause been so trivial. 'Surely you need not go to the school to-morrow, Rose,' he said gently; 'your visit is not of so much importance, but that Mr Hammond can manage without you for once.'

Rose's face crimsoned and her lip pouted, but she made no reply; and Mr Aslatt hastily introduced another subject of conversation. But her brightness was gone for the rest of the evening; she replied shortly and coldly to her guardian's remarks, and flatly refused to sing when he asked her to do so. It was evident that her conduct grieved him, for the look of pain was more clearly visible; but he shewed no sign of resentment, and the tone in which he bade her good-night was as affectionate as if her behaviour had been all that he could have desired.

'This is the way to the haunted rooms,' said Rose as we went up to bed together, opening as she spoke a door at the top of the draughty staircase. She raised her lamp, so that its light rendered visible the gloom of the dreary corridor. The air which met us had a close musty smell; and the grotesque figures carved on the oak panels, with the sculptures in the distance casting dim shadows on the opposite wall, had rather a weird appearance in the uncertain light. Suddenly a door creaked on its hinges, and Rose sprang back, uttering a faint cry, and hastily closed the door which communicated with this passage. 'Did you hear that?' she asked in an awe-struck whisper.

'Why, you silly girl,' I said laughingly, 'what you heard was only the effect of the wind!'

She shook her head unbelievably, and replied: 'Well, remember, I warn you to shun that part of the house, especially when night is coming on.'

The next morning, at an early hour, the horses were brought to the door, and Mr Aslatt, Rose, and I started for Ashdene. Rose had made no further opposition to the expedition, and there was no trace of vexation on her lovely face as we rode off. She looked remarkably well in her riding costume. The close-fitting habit of dark-blue cloth shewed to advantage the exquisite symmetry of her figure; and the little velvet hat, whose sole ornament was a heron's plume, was very becoming to the fair face. She was an accomplished rider, and controlled admirably, without the least appearance of effort, the spirited movements of the beautiful animal she rode. It was a bright May morning, and the ride was most enjoyable. About noon we reached the little town of Ashdene, where we dismounted; and after partaking of some luncheon at the hotel, proceeded to view the ruins of the old Priory. Here we found so much to interest us that the afternoon was far advanced before we were ready to return. As we were walking our horses up a hill not very far from home, I saw a young man coming towards us dressed in a gray tweed suit. As he came into view, Mr Aslatt urged his horse into a canter; but Rose checked hers as it quickened its pace, and said reproachfully: 'The horses are tired, cousin; we must not hurry them up this hill.'

As the young man drew near, he raised his hat. 'Good afternoon, Hammond,' said Mr Aslatt, rather stiffly I thought.

How it happened I don't know, but just then

Rose dropped her riding-whip, and it fell within a few feet of Mr Hammond. He picked it up in a moment, and handed it to the young lady, who thanked him most graciously, and even bent down from her saddle to shake hands with him. 'I was so sorry to be absent from my post to-day, Mr Hammond,' she said; 'but we were tempted to take advantage of this fine day for a ride to Ashdene.'

'It was a great disappointment to the scholars not to see you,' he replied; 'but they have no cause to complain, for it is so seldom you are absent. I think you are if possible too devoted to their welfare.'

'That is my opinion too, Mr Hammond,' interrupted my employer; 'and you must not be surprised if for the future you do not see Miss Sinclair so frequently at the school.'

'I trust that will not be the case,' exclaimed Rose indignantly. 'I see no necessity for changing my habits.' She looked quite angry as she spoke, and I felt sorry for Mr Aslatt, he seemed so agitated.

Mr Hammond smiled complacently at Rose's remark, and there was something almost supercilious in his manner as he bade Mr Aslatt 'Good afternoon;' but the bow and parting glance he bestowed upon his ward were most deferential in their admiring homage. As we pursued our way in silence, the expression of Rose's face plainly shewed that she considered herself injured.

Mr Hammond was a good-looking young man, apparently about thirty, though he might have been older. Good-looking though he was, his countenance did not impress me favourably. His dark eyes had a hard look, in spite of their fine shape and lustrous hue, and there were faint indications of self-indulgence in the curves of his mobile mouth. His manner was easy and suggestive of conceit; in short, his appearance inspired me with distrust. Perhaps the want of cordiality which Mr Aslatt's manner betrayed, contrasting so vividly with Rose's gracious greeting, may have given rise to this feeling on my part.

Rose kept up an appearance of offended dignity during dinner-time and as long as she remained in Mr Aslatt's presence. But as we were strolling in the garden after dinner, she suddenly asked me what I thought of Mr Hammond. Guessing that she had a great liking for that individual, I was guarded in my reply to her query, merely reminding her how impossible it was to form a just estimate of anybody in such a brief interview.

'Did you notice how rudely Mr Aslatt spoke to him?' she next inquired.

'I observed that he seemed impatient of the interruption,' I replied; 'but I do not think his words were rude.'

'I believe he hates Mr Hammond,' she said quickly. 'You cannot think how unjust he is to him. You know Mr Hammond is the village schoolmaster. There was no school in the village many years ago, when Mr Aslatt came to reside here, so he built a very nice school-house at his own expense (I must take you to see it to-morrow), and promised always to make up the master's salary to a certain sum. For years I have been accustomed to go in and out the school whenever I like; and when I asked to be allowed to give the children a weekly singing lesson, Mr Aslatt made no objection, indeed he seemed pleased for me to

do so. But since old Mr Green died, and Mr Hammond succeeded him, he has changed his mind on the subject, and can't bear me to go to the school-house. At first he seemed to like Mr Hammond so much; but lately he has taken a decided dislike to him; though what poor Mr Hammond has done to call forth such a feeling, I cannot imagine. Cousin has tried to persuade me to give up my visits to the school; but that I am resolved not to do, and I have told him so. He also tried to get my consent to our removing to London for the season; but I would not agree to that. So then he could not rest till he had got a companion for me. I made no opposition to that plan, although I did not like the idea, for I saw he had set his mind upon it, and I could not bear to vex him. He is so good to me, and I am not altogether ungrateful, though I do behave so naughtily. I know you thought my conduct very bad at dinner-time, for you looked so dreadfully grave.'

She glanced up at me as she spoke with such a pretty air of deprecation, so like a petted child, that I could not find heart to scold her. Indeed her captivating ways so fascinated me, that although I saw much to disapprove, I was disposed to be very lenient towards her faults.

SELLS.

It would puzzle a philologist to give an exact definition of the 'sell.' Nearly related to the hoax, it differs from it in being more innocent in its inception and less mischievous in its consequences. Some little ingenuity is required to concoct a happy 'sell;' but any one may perpetrate a hoax who is equal to 'lending a lie the confidence of truth.' The latter is a deliberately planned deception, oftenest attaining its end by personation or forgery or something closely akin to it; whereas a sell needs no such playing with edged tools, and may not only be unpremeditated, but even unintentional.

The Irishman who undertook to shew an excise-man a private still, and introduced him to his brother, who had been twelve years in the army and was a private still, sold the guardian of the revenue very neatly; although it is possible the victim of the joke did not see the fun of the thing, any more than the official of the North London Railway Company did, when, overhearing a third-class passenger aver that any one could travel from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket, as he had done only the day before, he interviewed him when he alighted. The traveller not proving communicative, the zealous railway servant conveyed a coin into his hand, and then asked: 'How did you go from Broad Street to Dalston Junction yesterday without a ticket?' 'Oh,' was the unwelcome reply, 'I walked!'

As readily trapped was the amateur musician who responded to the advertisement: 'Wanted, a trombone-player for Barnum's Balcony Band,' by waiting upon the famous showman without delay.

'You want a trombone-player?' inquired he.

'Yes,' said Mr Barnum.

'What is the place worth?' asked the applicant.
'Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose.'

'Very well, I should like it.'

'All right,' said Mr Barnum; and the trombone did frightful execution through the week. Saturday came, and with it Mr Green for his salary, instead of drawing which, he received a paper on which was written: 'Mr Green to Mr P. T. Barnum.—To playing the trombone on his Balcony one week, twenty-five dollars.' The recipient smiled.

'It's all right, isn't it?' asked Mr Barnum.

'Why,' said the musician, 'you've made an odd mistake: you've made me the debtor instead of you.'

'No mistake at all,' said Barnum. 'You see, this is how it is. There are a good many gentlemen in this city fond of practising on brass instruments; but they cannot do so at home because of their neighbours' objections. So I find them room on my Balcony during so many hours a day, where the street is so noisy that it does no harm; and they give me so much a week for my trouble in keeping the organisation complete. You don't think me such a fool as to pay such a wretched lot of players surely? However, as you seem to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week; but hereafter I can make no reduction.' There was a vacancy in the Balcony Band the following Monday.

We take it that the shrewd showman was not quite so much astonished at the way his advertisement was misconstrued, as one A. B., who, recognising a long-lost friend in the stalls of the theatre, but unable to catch his eye, notified in the 'agony' column of the *Times*: 'If the gentleman who was in the stalls at the — Theatre on the evening of the 5th inst. will write to the following address, he will hear from the Box above;' and received nearly a score of replies. The first he opened, ran: 'MY DEAR MADAM—I cannot express to you how delighted I felt this morning on taking up the *Times* and reading your advertisement. How exceedingly kind and thoughtful of you to communicate with me in this way. Pray, let me know as quickly as possible when and where I may see you. I am burning with impatience to speak to you. Can we meet this evening? Do send me a note, or better still, a telegram, here, on receipt of this.—Yours Most Affectionately.' The second letter, commencing 'Mia Carissima,' suggested a meeting at the Duke of York's Column, and ended: 'Good-bye, pet. Yours ever and a day—The Gentleman in the Stalls.' A third deluded mortal declared he had not slept a wink after seeing A. B. at the theatre. 'You know Who' informed the 'Dearest Being,' whose image he still saw before him, that his passion was much too much for ordinary words to tell; that after wandering all his life, mixing in revolutions, &c., he should like to stop at last, and finished somewhat prosaically with: 'It's just four o'clock. All are in bed and fast asleep. Good-night. I'm not married.' And so on with a batch of other aspirants, who evidently deemed the anonymous occupant of the Box nothing short of an heiress.

Many an unpremeditated sell has been perpetrated from inability to resist sudden temptation. One of the judges of the Supreme Court of New York state, visiting the Centennial Exhibition, sat down in a quiet corner apart from the others, to listen to a great cornet-player, and as was his wont in court, drew his gray coat about his head and ears as a protection against possible draughts. His motionless figure soon attracted attention; and the whisper ran that it was the statue of some wonderful character. The judge's sister wickedly told those near her that they were gazing at the effigy of an Aztec priest from Mexico. The information passed from mouth to mouth, and some hundreds of people were drawn to the spot, to disperse somewhat sheepishly when the object of their curiosity, having had enough of the cornet, readjusted his coat and rose to go.

A good story is told of one Boggs, whose impertinent curiosity was proverbial throughout the country that owned him. He was on one occasion travelling on the Little Miami Railroad alongside a solemn-looking man, who persisted in looking out of window and took no heed of Boggs' endeavours to enliven the journey with a little conversation. At last the brakeman or guard came round with some water, and the unsociable traveller turned round to take a drink. Seizing the chance, Boggs asked: 'Going as far east as New York?'

'No,' grunted the man.

'Ah!' said Boggs, 'New York is dull this time of year; mebbe you're striking for Philadelphia?'

The surly one shook his head.

'Praps Cleveland's your destination?' insinuated Mr Boggs. 'No? Can't be going this roundabout way to Chicago?'

No reply was vouchsafed.

'Well,' cried Boggs despairingly, 'I s'pose you've no objection to telling where you are going?'

'Well sir,' exclaimed the man, 'I'm going for seven years!'

Then the deputy-sheriff said he would rather not have folks talking to his prisoners, and Boggs gave in.

This puts us in mind of Mark Twain's anecdote of Artemus Ward and a travelling bore, between whom the following amusing colloquy took place: 'Did you hear that last thing of Horace Greeley's?'

'Greeley, Greeley, Horace Greeley, who is he?' said Artemus.

Five minutes elapsed, then came: 'George Francis Train is making a good deal of disturbance over in England; do you think they will put him in prison?'

'Train, Train, George Francis Train,' said Artemus solemnly; 'I never heard of him.'

The tormentor tried another tack; he said: 'What do you think about Grant's chance for the Presidency?'

'Grant, Grant?—Why man!' said Artemus, 'you seem to know more strangers than any one I ever saw.'

The man took a walk up the car; coming back, he said: 'Well, you ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?'

The humorist looked up and said: 'Adam? What was his other name?'

The journey henceforth was made in peace.

Very nicely sold were a couple of tramps who waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisa County, Iowa,

and demanded his money or his life. Disinclined to part with either, he took to his heels. They chased him half a mile down the roughest of lanes, dashed after him through a brier-hedge, and went panting across an old corn-field. Then the chased one struck for the woods, and went wheezing up a steep hill; his pursuers pressing closely behind with blood-shot eyes and shortened breath. The farmer dashed across a fertile stubble-field, across a frozen creek, through a blackberry patch, down a ravine, over another hill, across a stump-field, to be run down on the road by the tramps. They overhauled him thoroughly, searched him from top to toe, to find he had not a solitary cent wherewith to reward them for their perseverance.

Our concluding example relates to an affecting romance told by the *Detroit Free Press*. It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are got up to bring fond hearts a step nearer to each other. When they reached the gate, she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room to remove her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, said: 'I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah, he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughters' happiness for riches, but I am not of that sort.'

The young man started with alarm; he didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not; he hadn't dreamed of marriage.

'She has acknowledged to me that she loves you,' continued the mother; 'and whatever is for her happiness is for mine.'

The young man stammered out: 'I—I haven't'

'Oh, never mind! Make no apology. I know you haven't much money, but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll be bound that we'll get along all right.'

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked love at Sarah. 'I had no idea of'—he began; when she held up her hands saying: 'I know you hadn't; but it's all right. With your wages and what the boarders bring in, we shall get along as snug as possible. All I ask is that you be good to her; Sarah has a tender heart, and if you should be cross and ugly, it would break her down in a week.'

The young man's eyes stood out like cocoa-nuts in a shop-window, and he rose up and tried to say something.

'Never mind about the thanks,' she cried; 'I don't believe in long courtships. The eleventh of January is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day.'

'But—but—but'—he gasped.

'There, there! I don't expect any speech in reply,' she laughed. 'You and Sarah settle it to-night, and I'll advertise for twelve boarders straight away, I'll try to be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good-tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man two hundred miles and shoot off the top of his head for agreeing to marry my daughter and then quitting the county.' She patted him on the head and sailed out. And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had

better get in the way of a locomotive or slide off the wharf. If ever a young bachelor was 'sold,' Sarah's young man was in that predicament.

ELEPHANT GOSSIP FROM RANGOON.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following interesting particulars regarding the elephant, and the way in which the physical strength of that sagacious animal is turned to account in the timber-trade of Rangoon. The notes are contained in a letter from a resident in that town to his brother in England, who has kindly placed it at our disposal. After describing some phases of every-day social life, the writer thus proceeds: 'The elephants I go daily to see are beauties, fine powerful well-trained animals, and strange to say, the *mahout* (driver) of one of them is an old servant of my own. It is both interesting and amusing to watch them working the timber. The government have nine elephants employed at the depôt, and there are other animals belonging to natives at work there also. I often take my seat on a teak-log, picking out the cleanest and softest for the purpose, light a cheroot, and watch the performance. Elephants are pretty much like men; I don't mean in personal appearance, but in character. I can pick out "characters I have met" quite easily among the group of sixteen or eighteen all working there together sometimes. There are willing workers, and there are skulkers; there are gentle tempers, and there are others "as dour as a door-nail." Some of them will drag a log two tons in weight without a groan; while others, equally powerful but less willing, will make a dreadful fuss over a stick that is, comparatively speaking, nothing.

'There are a good many female elephants employed. Some belong to the government; but most of them are owned by Karens, who bring them in from the jungle when work is obtainable. They are not so powerful as the males; and the want of tusks is rather against them, because they have to do the pushing or "ounging" part of the work, as the natives call it, with their trunks. These they roll up in a coil, and just at the place where the trunk and the head unite, they press against the log and roll it over.

'I saw the legs very nearly knocked from under a man two days ago by a lively female who was rolling over a log in this way. She had discovered by experience that it was easier to move a heavy log by a violent jerk than by slow steady pushing; and when the man on her neck called out "Oung!" and pushed her ear forward with his foot—the equivalents in elephant-driving for "Go along, old lady!"—she stood for a moment motionless, then in an instant up coiled the trunk, down went the head, and away rolled the log, one end of it coming round with a sweep which all but made an "Aunt Sally" of the innocent spectator. He sprang from the ground as if he had received an electric shock, and saved himself; after which he received the congratulations of the by-standers for being an ass to stand in the way of an elephant like that.

'I think the females do a little flirting sometimes when they see a handsome stately *tusker* working near them. A little one came in from the jungle the other day, and was working away with admir-

able diligence near the place where my largest elephant was engaged dragging logs. He is really a noble-looking animal, with immense tusks that almost touch the ground when his head is in repose. There is a dignified air about all his movements too which must be very captivating with the other sex. Sometimes the two passed very near each other, and I noticed when this happened that the little lady from the jungle gave utterance to certain peculiar sounds. The only good imitation of them which I can think of at the moment is that strange melody of incoherences which a cornopean is sometimes made to produce when beginners get up steam. Such sounds, for instance, as I have heard proceeding from the house of a neighbour of yours, when I have been enjoying a pipe in the garden on a summer afternoon. At first I thought they were the promptings of fear; but an elephant under these circumstances generally becomes impatient with the driver, thumps its trunk upon the ground and "trumpets." It was simply a little flirtation, a tender long-drawn-out elephantine kiss thrown at my noble friend.

The highly trained male elephants with tusks manage the "ounging" part of their work very skilfully. The trunk is used as a pad or buffer between the ivory and the wood, and the pushing is done steadily. An average log weighs about a ton and a half. When it has to be pushed into the river, the elephant feels the end of it with his trunk, and having ascertained where he can place his tusks with most advantage, he adjusts the buffer, and starts off pushing the log steadily before him. Should it happen to be an extra-heavy one, he stops occasionally to take breath; and as it slides down the muddy bank towards the water, he gives it a finishing slap, as if to say: "There, you're afloat at last!" Sometimes the logs are awkwardly jammed up together, so that the ends have to be raised in order to get the dragging-chains fastened. This he does by putting his tusks underneath; and passing his trunk over the log to keep it steady, lifts it up to the required height. When it is a very heavy lift, he will go down on his knees to get a better purchase. He stacks the timber most skilfully also by lifting the end of the log as much as nine or ten feet in this manner, places it on the top of the pile, then goes to the other end and pushes it forward till he gets it quite flush with the rest. In all this he is of course directed by his rider the *mahout*, who uses certain words which the elephant has been accustomed to hear; and signs, the meaning of which he knows perfectly. A push of the foot behind the right or left ear makes him answer the driver's wish as a boat answers the rudder, and a nudge behind the neck means "Straight ahead."

A highly trained elephant, however, will work among timber by *verbal* directions as intelligently almost as a collie will among sheep. The finest and best-trained animals are reserved for employment in the saw-mills, where they work amongst the machinery with sagacity and precision. Strangers have sometimes been so much impressed with their admirable qualities in this respect that they have carried away slightly exaggerated impressions on the subject. One case I remember in which a spectator was so profoundly overcome by the careful manner in which he saw the elephant

laying planks and slabs on the travelling benches to be cut, that he gravely reported the circumstance in an Indian newspaper, remarking that the animal shut one eye when it looked along the bench, to make sure the timber was laid on for the saw accurately!

'Some male elephants have no tusks. These are called *hines* by the Burmese. The most powerful animal I ever had was one of them. He was very tall, and in strength a perfect Samson among elephants. An incident in his history is worth relating here, as I am on the subject. In the month of January male elephants sometimes give trouble. Samson had fallen into a capricious mood, under the influence of a little siren belonging to the herd, and in a fit of jealousy he frightened all the others so thoroughly one night that they broke their fetters and made a bolt of it out of the timber-yard, with Samson in pursuit. One unfortunate member who was on the sick-list at the time and had an impediment in his walk, was bowled over and trampled on several times, and was never fit for anything but the hospital afterwards. The others took to the jungle, and it cost some money to recover them. Samson remained in possession of the timber-yard for three whole days, no living thing daring to venture near him.

I have watched a fowl that had thoughtlessly gone to scrape for its morning meal on the accustomed spot in the rear of the elephant-shed, run for its bare life, with Samson after it at full speed, trunk and tail extended! Crowds of people used to collect daily, most of them at a highly respectful distance however, to witness the giant keeping the world at bay. Sometimes an adventurous native, out of pure mischief would approach within thirty yards or so of him spear in hand, when Samson would thump his trunk upon the ground and rush at the intruder, who soon disappeared under the nearest verandah. The poor animal was helpless against such tactics. They were to him what the deprivation of sight was to his prototype; but the desire for revenge was there still, and he tried his strength upon the posts of the building, attempting to push them down. When he had failed in this, he deliberately set about unroofing it with his trunk; whereupon the tormentor pricked his legs from underneath the house with his spear, and made him desist. After carrying on this game till he got tired, he walked off with his companion one night to the jungle, and selected a spot for his future residence close to a mud-pool.

For some days he made raids upon the adjoining gardens, eating up the fruit-trees without compunction; and in revenge for some opposition he met with from a market-gardener who did not appreciate his new neighbour's high-handed way of doing things, levelled his hut to the ground. Things were beginning to get serious. Claims for damages became unpleasantly frequent, and it was absolutely necessary to put a stop to his depredations. Accordingly, I sent out a deputation of elephants to wait upon him, with picked men as drivers and attendants, for the purpose of bringing him to reason. There were ten elephants altogether, the senior member being a very patriarchal-looking animal with an immense pair of tusks—the one, in fact, who was always employed to settle difficulties among the juniors; and in this capacity, he had been uniformly successful. When

the deputation arrived at the spot, Samson was enjoying his morning bath in the mud, and they surrounded him. The patriarch, with the chief *mahout* driving, and another good man and true behind him, for the purpose of supplying any lack of moral courage that might manifest itself under trying circumstances, was taken nearest to the renegade. His sweetheart was quietly browsing among the bamboos close by. The moment Samson realised the situation, he made a rush from the bath at the patriarch, who forgetting his wonted dignity of manner, turned tail and bolted. The hook and the spear with which the drivers were armed alike failed to restore courage to the leader. On he went, tearing through the jungle, the branches of trees and thorny creepers making sad havoc with the persons of the men on his back. His bad example demoralised the whole force; they fled for their lives every one of them. At last it came to be a race between Samson and the patriarch, the other elephants having made lateral tracks for themselves and got clear of danger. When it came to close quarters between the two, the *mahout* thinking discretion the better part of valour, laid hold of the branch of a tree as he passed and held on, leaving the other man to his fate. In a very short time he too was unseated, but in an involuntary manner; the elephant shot under the branch of a tree which did not afford space for the man to pass under as well, and he was swept to the ground. He was able, however, to elude the pursuer, who was so eager to get at the four-footed fugitive that he took no notice of the fallen rider as he crawled along into the thick jungle.

'Fortunately no life was lost in this most exciting adventure. Even the patriarch got off scot-free. When tired of the pursuit, Samson returned to his rural retreat. The deputation got home in the evening, more frightened than hurt. I administered chlorodyne with much success to those whose bruises and lacerations bespoke a sleepless night; and it has since been regarded as a specific for patients suffering from cutaneous diseases and nervous excitement.

'But I have not done with Samson yet. He was a valuable elephant, and I was most anxious to recover him. I offered a reward of two hundred rupees (twenty pounds) to any one who would bring him in; and a few days afterwards he came marching into the timber-yard as gentle as a lamb, with a young lad astride on his neck. This youth was the son of the man from whom I had purchased him, and the boy had been familiar with the animal from his childhood. Hearing of the reward that was offered for the apprehension of his old pet, he set off in quest of him. When he found him, he made use of the terms with which Samson had formerly been familiar. There was no longer any difficulty. The youth took him by the ear, told him to give him a leg up—the usual way for *mahouts* to mount their steeds—and immediately Samson was himself again. Next day he was on duty, looking as if nothing had happened, and his little friend was the possessor of a reward which to him was a small fortune. Such is the affinity between God's creatures which the law of kindness establishes. The little fellow had really more power in the tones of his voice over the huge animal than a phalanx of its own species under the direction of a score of men!

'There are elephants that have naturally one tusk only. These are called *tays* by the natives here. When the single tusk happens to be on the right side of the head, literally as well as metaphorically, and the animal otherwise is large and well proportioned, he is greatly prized by the native princes of India. They seem to regard him with veneration, as the Burmese do the so-called white elephant. There is one of these *tays* at the depôt at present. He is the largest and most powerful animal in the government herd; but age is telling upon him, and now he is chiefly occupied in doing "the heavy-father" amongst the youngsters. When they have tried their best and given up in despair some log which none of them can drag, the *tay* is brought to the front, his chain is fastened to it, and as he walks off, apparently without inconvenience to himself, be it ever so heavy, his eye really seems to have "Bless you, my children!" &c. in it. I have watched him often, and I think my interpretation of his feelings is pretty nearly correct. I was told by the superintendent of the depôt that native princes had sent messengers from India to try and purchase this elephant for state purposes, offering as much as five thousand rupees for him; but he has a value where he is which does not consist in a superstitious veneration for his single tusk, but in the virtue which lies in a friend in need.'

TO A LITTLE CHILD,

Who, soon after going to his first school, wrote home to his mother: 'I am afraid I am spoiling your photograph by dropping my tears on it. I take it to bed with me every night.'

COUNCED within thy little nest,
Now the lessons all are done,
Clasp her Picture to thy breast,
Fondly clasp thy dearest one.

Freely let the tear-drops flow,
Tears of love, like showers of Spring;
In thy heart Love's flowers shall grow,
And shall sweetest comfort bring.

Fear not, if *those* features fade,
If thy tears *their* form shall dim;
Prayers ascend, while thou art laid
Murmuring soft thy Evening Hymn.

Living lips, no artist made,
Nor the *sun-ray's* magic might,
In thy Mother's home have prayed
To thy God for thee to-night.

Angels fly from her to thee;
Thee and her good Angels tend;
So your Father bids, and He
Will your dear ones all defend.

Press her Picture to thy heart;
Smile upon it through thy tears;
Never let that love depart
Through the changing, coming years.

Sacred is the Mother's love,
Dear to God the loving son;
Thou shalt be with her above,
When the work of life is done.

ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL,
Feb. 17, 1878.

T. S. F.

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OTTOMAN GIPSIES.

INDEPENDENT and savage, unrecognised by the people in whose midst he lives, and whose society and civilisation he has ever learnt to shun, the Ottoman gipsy—of whom there are some two hundred thousand souls—has neither political nor literary history of his own, and is at once the most brutal and degraded of all the wandering races. Religious because it suits his convenience to be so, submissive to law because he fears punishment, he leads a wild and wretched life, scarcely earning by his industry the wherewithal to satisfy even the most frugal demands of nature. Yet secure in his tent he defies the world, and hates with an undying enmity all strangers to his race. Can it then be wondered at that neither Christian nor Mussulman bears any great love for his unsociable neighbour, nor cares to enter into commercial relationship with him? Even those gipsies who have abandoned tents for fixed dwellings have but little ameliorated their condition, and are no less heartily despised on that account. Their superficial religion, their inclination to theft, their skill in deception, and their brutal debaucheries, cause them to be distrusted wherever they may chance to settle, and exclude them for ever from participation in the benefits of a more civilised state of society.

To deal firstly with the veritable wandering gipsy, who knows no settled home, whose tents dot the sunny landscapes of European Turkey, Roumania, and Asia Minor, who is here one day and there the next, the question arises, whither goeth he and whence cometh he? We shall see.

About the middle of April, sooner or later according to the season, he quits his winter's residence, or *gyshla* as he terms it, and begins to roam the surrounding country. Some of his kind descend from the north of the Balkans and pass into Asia Minor; others mount where their brethren descended, only to return about the commencement of October; whilst some—and these, in our humble opinion, by far the most sensible—confine themselves, in their migrations,

to one single province, where they know the wants of all and are known by all.

When cold and frost cut short their wanderings, and warn them to beat a retreat, they unfailingly return to their old quarters, where in the vicinity of some open spring they dream away the wintry hours, little molested by their Turkish neighbours. Sometimes they enliven the monotony of this season by a clandestine hunt, but it is more from a desire to rob with impunity than from any wish to nourish themselves on the game they thus slay.

With black shaggy hair, bronzed weather-beaten face, and dark brilliant eyes, the stalwart Mussulman gipsy is by far the best type of his race. He detests and distrusts all but the dwellers in tents. Although familiarised with village life, and often half frozen under his frail covering, he prefers to die beneath his well-patched canvas, to living restricted by the narrow walls and low ceiling of a chamber. Nothing ever seems to rouse the stolid indifference of one of this race. He lives and dies as a beast. The habits of his civilised neighbours, the garments of their women, the cleanliness of their homes and children, and their usually happy appearance, all have no effect whatever upon him. At night-time he retires to his tent to rest, and everything he has seen is forgotten or looked upon as an idle dream; and he works mechanically on from day to day, without the slightest desire to enter into the joyous stream of life with which he finds himself surrounded.

Some few of his kind are so poor as to be unable to purchase even a tent, and these are compelled to dwell as they best may in hollow tree-trunks or chasms in the rocks; whilst others, chiefly those of Bosnia, have wooden bark-covered cabins, which they remove from place to place, on unwieldy wagons, drawn by from ten to a dozen oxen at a time. Some work in iron, some are basket and sieve makers. They are often oppressed, and seldom if ever find defenders. Books and newspapers are quite unknown to them, and the commonest of domestic utensils find no place in their tiny tents.

About their origin they know little, though the prophet Job, they say, taught their ancestors the trade they now follow; and they have some slight suspicion that they formerly came from Persia to the country they at present occupy.

The Turks call them *Tchinganés*; whilst the term they know one another by is *Rom*, the title which binds the whole of the widely scattered nomad tribes together. Their language itself is styled *Romany*.

There is not the slightest allusion to a deity in any of their most ancient songs and legends, and they have no religious observances peculiar to themselves alone. They have but one festival, during which for three whole days they abandon themselves to feasting and merriment. The fatted lamb is slain by those who can afford it, the tent decorated with flowers, and passers-by freely invited to join their repast; all litigations and legal processes are temporarily adjourned, and their annual tax is then paid to the Turkish government. One branch of their race, the *Zapari*, are the most ferocious of their kind. They are to be found at the village fêtes and large fairs, whither they go to earn a few coins by the display of their dancing bears or performing monkeys. Some few of them are blacksmiths in winter. The *Zapari* are all Mussulmans; and from their ranks the Sublime Porte finds its supply of hangmen. They form quite a distinct class of themselves, being held in abhorrence even by their savage brethren. Outcasts of outcasts, they stop short of no crime, and are fitting companions for the much-talked-of *Bashi-Bazouks* or wild marauders of the late disastrous war.

But now to turn to the renegade or housed gipsy. Still retaining the inherent desire for liberty so common to his race, he avails himself of his dwelling as a shelter only by night, traversing the streets by day, tricked out in dirty gaudy clothing, or seated with wife and family just without the threshold of his hut, there frittering the precious hours away. His children, if sent to school at all, are only despatched there to be out of the way, and his home is as devoid of furniture and well-nigh as comfortless as the ragged tent of his more Esau-like brother. Little by little he forgets his old language, but not his vicious habits, and very often ends by intermarrying with some poor Greek family whose members are as lazy and apathetic as himself.

Their language—descended from the old Sanscrit—has besides giving the only real clue to their origin, also shed some rays over the dark period between the first emigration of the gipsies from India and their appearance in Europe. Originally the distinct mode of speech of a single and special border-tribe of Northern India, it has, during the many wanderings of the race, appropriated words from nearly every country through which they passed; while on the other hand it lost many of its own words, and still more of its own inherent power and elegance; and much also

of its resemblance to the mother tongue. These adopted foreign words, their relative number, and their more or less corrupted state, point plainly to the gipsies having passed from India first into Persia, to their having remained there a considerable time, and to their having wended their way to some Greek country, perhaps Asia Minor, and to their descent thence into their present European homes.

It is worthy of further remark, as proof of their Indian origin, that the speech of the English gipsies has been found on comparison most marvellously akin to that of the natives of Bombay, though some of their words have, strangely enough, entirely changed the meaning they at first possessed.

The speech of the *Tchingané* is rude, sharp, strongly accentuated, and somewhat difficult to comprehend. Properly spoken it is harmonious enough, though rendered hoarse and almost distasteful by the wild tribes who employ it. 'We speak,' say they themselves, 'as the birds sing, but we sing as the lions roar!' With them *papa* signifies an apple, *cat* scissors, *rat* night, *Devel* God, whilst *dad* seems to be the only word exactly synonymous with any in our own language.

Heroic in suffering, the true Ottoman gipsy never sheds a tear. On his legs to the last, he only betakes himself to his couch when death is too surely nigh, and departs without a murmur from the life that has been so full of unhappiness and misery to him. Buried apart from the rest of humanity, and unwept even by his own, his low moral nature is apt to be forgotten in his sad end, though the unsuccessful efforts of more than one philanthropical European Society testify to the fact, that whatever else you may do with the Ottoman gipsy, you will never succeed in even partially civilising him.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XX.—AS GOVERNESS.

THE establishment at High Tor was by no means on so sumptuous a scale as that which the much larger revenues of Sir Sykes Denzil maintained at Carbery Chase. Indeed, while for a baronet Sir Sykes was rich, for an earl Lord Wolverhampton was almost poor. There are poorer earls than he, no doubt, dwelling in cheap watering-places or in outlying London squares, and exhibiting their pearl-studded coronets on no more pretentious equipage than a brougham. But for a man of his degree, and a *De Vere* withal, the Earl was not wealthy. It was much to his credit that he was popular in spite of the comparative slenderness of his annual rent-roll, since a poor lord, like an impoverished government, is apt to be regarded with a sort of unreasoning contempt by those who are very likely worse off, but in a less conspicuous station.

To be rich is, after all, a very uncertain distinction; that which is opulence to the Squire implying mere substantial comfort when it belongs to Sir

John, and but a moderate income when it has to meet the calls which charity, duty, and custom make on 'my lord's' bank balance. Are there not nobles of princely rank who declare that they are stinted of pocket-money, of actual jingling sovereigns and rustling notes, by the prudent administrators of their vast nominal fortunes? And have we not heard of mighty financiers who feel a positive pang at any encroachment on the colossal capital on which is reared the fabric of a world-wide credit?

Lord Wolverhampton had been known to say more than once among his intimate friends, that a step in the peerage would to him prove a ruinous boon; and that to keep his head above water, difficult as an Earl, would be impossible were that honest head overweighed by the strawberry-leaved coronet of a Marquis. Such expensive promotion was, however, unlikely, for High Tor now sent forth no legislators to the more stirring of the Houses of Parliament. Some two years before, Lord Harrogate had been returned for a west-country borough, and had earned some praise and much good-will during the brief tenure of his seat. But the session came to a close, and with it the corporate life of the moribund House of Commons; and the Earl could not bring himself again to face the costly struggle of a contested election, even on behalf of a son so promising as his heir.

Thus the fine old house of High Tor, though lacking no adjuncts or appliances that should appertain to the mansion of a plain country gentleman who happened to have a handle to his name (such was the Earl's favourite way of describing himself among those who knew him well, though it may be doubted whether any patrician in Europe cherished in secret a stronger sentiment of family pride), was not kept up with quite so ostentatious a lavishness as the neighbouring dwelling of Carbery, the red gables of which gleaming in the westerling sun, never met Lord Wolverhampton's eyes without suggesting the remembrance that it had been built and, till recently, owned by a De Vere.

There was space enough and to spare in the picturesque old mansion; and the chamber which had been assigned to Ethel Gray, and which had been formerly tenanted by that Miss Grainger whose desertion of her post as governess to try the experiment of wedded life we have heard the Countess deplore, and which was next to the great rambling school-room, commanded a noble prospect over hill and dale, over wood and water. From the ivy-framed windows, in clear weather, Dartmoor might be seen for miles and leagues, rolling away in giant waves of purple heather and gray and green; while here and there rose up defiantly the naked crags, known locally as Tors, frowning like natural fortresses on the invader of the wilderness.

Nearer, the two parks were visible, with all their wealth of huge old trees and matchless turf, browsed by hereditary deer, that couched contentedly amid the tall fern that had screened the antlered herds for centuries past, and the red roof and gleaming vanes of stately Carbery, and the peaceful waters of its ornamental lake, in which

the silver-white swans that floated there were imaged back as from the polished surface of a mirror. It was a pretty room this, wherein Miss Grainger, its last occupant, had passed perhaps the happiest years of her governess-life; and now it had received a new tenant in the person of Ethel Gray. A new tenant, but for how long? That was a question which Ethel asked herself, without being able to give a satisfactory answer to her own query. The school-house of High Tor, with the modest dwelling of its mistress, lay in ugly heaps of blackened ruin; and it must be long before the little flock of scholars could again be gathered together in any building large enough to hold them, and longer before the village instructress could have a home to replace that which the fire had made desolate. There were at the best of times no lodgings in High Tor fit for the abode of an educated girl such as Ethel, and now every house that remained unharmed was overcrowded by the burned-out inhabitants of those which the conflagration had swept away.

It so chanced, however, that on the very day following Ethel's arrival the question as to the prolongation of her sojourn at High Tor House was conclusively settled. Lady Alice, a quick-witted impulsive child, came swiftly down-stairs to the room where her mother and sisters were sitting. 'Pray, come, Maud!' she said breathlessly; 'Gladys, you come too; and you, mamma. It's worth while, indeed it is, only to listen for a moment!'

'What is to be listened to?' asked the Countess, amused at the eager manner of her youngest child.

'Miss Gray's singing, her wonderful, wonderful singing!' returned the child impetuously. 'I heard it by accident as I passed the door of the school-room, where she is all alone at the piano; and I could hardly tear myself away that I might tell you not to lose the treat.'

The Countess laughed good-humouredly.

'All Alice's geese are swans,' she said; 'and I am too old to climb so many stairs on the strength of this young lady's recommendation. You are young, Maud, yourself, and I see you cannot resist the temptation; nor you either, Gladys.'

And indeed the two elder of the Ladies De Vere had allowed themselves to be convinced, or at least rendered compliant, by the pleading eyes and the energetic 'Do come, please,' of their child-sister. It was some little time before they returned.

'Mamma, Alice was right; and you have lost a treat worth a longer pilgrimage than that,' said frank Lady Gladys, coming down, with Alice, radiant with delight, skipping at her side. 'This Miss Gray (Maud, who is really getting fond of her, addresses her as "Ethel" already) has a voice that might make her fortune if she were less timid, and so sweet and liquid that one might fancy it the carol of a bird. Such a touch too on the keys! That jangling wheezy old school-room piano, on which excellent Miss Grainger used to pound so distressingly, gives out real music beneath those fingers of hers, and becomes full-toned and mellow. What a shame to throw away talent such as that upon the A B C work of teaching urchins the rudiments of knowledge!'

'I never heard of these high musical attainments of Miss Gray's, I am sure,' said the puzzled

Countess; 'and I am almost as certain that your father never heard of them either. She was strongly recommended; I know, by an old college friend of my lord, a clergyman somewhere, and that is all I have learned concerning her. But if she is such a performer as you describe, I should like to hear her too.'

Lady Gladys shook her head. 'I am not sure,' she said, 'whether so shy a song-bird can be coaxed into warbling before an audience of strangers. She really did seem quite startled and distressed when Alice began to clap her hands and Maud and I broke in upon her. She had no notion, she said, that her singing could be heard by any of us in that out-of-the-way corner of so large a house, and seemed to think she had taken a great liberty and infringed rules of social decorum. And it was all that even Maud, whom she likes, could do to persuade her to sing again, only a little bit of a ballad; but it all but brought tears into my eyes, hackneyed girl of the world as I am, you know.'

In explanation of which last speech, it may be mentioned that Lady Gladys, the beauty of the family, had gone through two London seasons under the chaperonage of her mother's sister, the Marchioness of Plinlimmon, and that it was supposed that if she had remained unmarried still, it was not for want of offers matrimonial.

'I was thinking, mamma,' said Lady Maud, who had lingered longer with Ethel than her sister had done, 'that you could scarcely do better than to engage Miss Gray, if it suits her, as a governess for Alice, instead of writing to every point of the compass in hopes that some friend will recommend some treasure. It's not only that Ethel Gray is really too good for the routine of plodding tuition in a village school, but that she knows everything, or nearly everything, that Miss Grainger knew, and French and German quite as well as it is possible to acquire them in England. Gladys has told you, I am sure, what a musician she is. I do not know how you could do better.'

The Countess too did not know how she could do better than to engage such a successor to the oft-quoted Miss Grainger, provided she possessed the accomplishments with which she was credited, and were willing—which Lady Wolverhampton could scarcely doubt—to exchange her rustic pupils for the post of governess at High Tor House. And as, on inquiry, it seemed that Ethel's acquirements had not been overrated, and that her magnificent voice and musical proficiency fully merited the encomiums of the girls, while Alice was a vehement partisan of the governess-elect, the Countess was ready to propose the formal installation of Ethel in that capacity, subject to 'my lord's' approval, when he should return from some magisterial business at Pebworth.

It was, however, necessary, in the Countess's opinion, to ask a question or two on other matters than that of competence to teach. The office of mistress of the village school was one thing; that of governess to an Earl's youngest daughter was another. It would be satisfactory, the Countess thought, to know a little more of Miss Gray's birth, parentage, and antecedents than any of the De Vere family did as yet know. Ethel's simple frankness saved Lady Wolverhampton—who did not like to put direct questions, and was eminently unfit for the delicate operation of extracting by

subtle talk and veiled inquiry what she wished to learn—a great deal of trouble.

'My father is in Australia,' she said, raising her clear eyes to meet those of the Countess. 'He is, I believe, a merchant there; but even that I do not know with any certainty, though he has been living there for many years, and I have always been told that I was born in the colony. I came with him to England, I know, when I was a little child, and he returned there; and I have not seen him since then, and cannot remember him at all.'

Ethel's story was a brief one. She had little to relate, save of her early youth, spent at Sandston, a minor bathing-place on the Norfolk coast, where Mr Gray, a widower, who had paid but a short visit to his native country, had left his only child under the care of an excellent woman, one Mrs Linklater, a widow and mistress of a lodging-house. Ethel's eyes grew dim as she spoke of good motherly Mrs Linklater, at whose death, three years before, she had been received into the house of the clergyman, who had been a college friend of the Earl, and to whose wife she had been a sort of companion.

'Dear Mrs Keating,' said Ethel simply, 'quite, I am afraid, spoiled me. For years and years, when Mrs Linklater was alive, I spent much of my time at the vicarage; and Mrs Keating, who was herself very accomplished, taught me almost all the little that I know. She was fond of music, and understood it as few understand it, and it is through her kindness that I learned to sing and play. She had no children living except the three sons who were making their way in the world; and I believe that she thought I was like a little daughter she had lost, and whose name, like mine, was Ethel, and so'—

'And so she took you to live with her, when this worthy Mrs—yes, Linklater died,' said the Countess encouragingly. 'But how came you to leave her?'

Ethel's explanation of that was clear enough. Mrs Keating's health, always frail, had given way, and she had been ordered to a warmer climate. Dr Keating, who had accompanied his wife to Mentone and Bellaggio, had a curate to pay and heavy expenses to meet. It was necessary that Ethel should get her own living; and it was at her own suggestion that Dr Keating had sought for her that appointment as mistress of a village school which his acquaintance with the Earl had enabled him to obtain for her at High Tor.

'But your father?' said the Countess, full of sympathy, for she liked the girl better and better for all that she saw or heard of her. Ethel smiled somewhat sadly. Mr Gray, it appeared, seldom wrote, and then very curtly, from Australia. For nearly two years the customary remittance, sufficient to defray the cost of his daughter's maintenance, had not reached Sandston. That he would one day come back to England, Ethel hoped. He had been, she feared, of late less prosperous in his affairs than was formerly the case. Dr Keating held the address in Sydney to which letters to the widower had been hitherto addressed.

The matter was settled; the proposal that Ethel should become governess to Lady Alice, and as such should be permanently domiciled at High Tor, was graciously made and gratefully accepted.

'I shall have to look out for another school-mistress, it seems,' said the good-natured old Earl;

'but never mind that. Alice is pleased, and Maud is pleased; and as Miss Gray seems to like it too, I think we may say that some good came of our luckless fire, after all.'

SOME PHYSIOLOGICAL ERRORS.

ONE of the notable examples of popular delusions regarding bodily structure and functions, is exemplified by the belief that the third finger was selected as the bearer of the wedding-ring because a particular nerve placed this member in direct communication with the heart. Over and over again has this belief been expressed, and in the belief is found an apparently satisfactory reason why the third finger is thus honoured. The slightest acquaintance with physiological science shews that the supposition referred to has not even a germ of probability to shew on its behalf. The ring-finger is supplied with nerves according to the rule of nervous supply in the body generally, and, it need hardly be said, without the slightest reference to the heart; the nerves of which in turn are supplied from an independent source and one quite dissociated from that which supplies the nerves of the hand.

Equally curious and erroneous beliefs intrude themselves into the domain of medicine and surgery. Thus for instance it is a matter of ordinary belief that a cut in the space which separates the thumb from the forefinger is of necessity a most dangerous injury. The popular notion regarding this region is that an injury inflicted thereupon is singularly liable to be followed by tetanus or lock-jaw. There exist not the slightest grounds for this supposition. Lock-jaw it is true might follow an injury to this part of the hand, as it might supervene after a wound of any of the fingers. But physiology and medicine alike emphatically dispel the idea that any peculiarity of structure which might predispose to the affection just named, exists *chiefly* in the region of the thumb. It may be that the difficulty experienced in securing the healing of wounds in this portion of the hand—owing to the amount of loose tissue and to the free movements of the part which it is almost impossible to prevent—might favour or predispose to an attack of tetanus. But as the same remark may be made of many other portions of the body, it follows that the thumb-region possesses no peculiarity whatever in this respect over any other part of the frame.

One of the points which has been most hotly contested in technical as well as in popular physiology is the use and functions of the *spleen*. This organ, as most readers are aware, is a gland, of somewhat oval shape, lying close to the left side or extremity of the stomach. It is one of the so-called 'ductless' glands of the body—that is, it possesses no duct or outlet, as do the liver, sweetbread, and other glands concerned with the formation of special fluids used in digestion and other functions. In olden times philosophers puzzled themselves over this mysterious organ;

nor was its nature rendered any clearer by the discovery of the fact that it may be removed from the bodies of the higher animals without causing any great or subsequent inconvenience, and without affecting in any perceptible degree the health of the subject operated upon. One classical authority went so far as to allege that he could find no use whatever for the organ; whilst another maintained that possibly it was intended to serve as a kind of packing for the other organs around it, and that it kept them from getting out of their places in the movements of the body. The idea, however, which obtained most credence was that which regarded the spleen as the fountain and origin of all the vile 'humours' which rankled the blood and soured the disposition of man. We can still trace in the metaphorical expressions of our literature this ancient belief; so that what at first were regarded as literal and true ideas of the spleen and its use, have come in modern days to do duty simply as metaphors.

Modern science, in dispelling those antiquated notions, has now assigned to the spleen a very important part in our internal mechanism. The part it plays may be thus described. The blood, as every one who has looked at a thin film of that substance through a microscope will know, is in reality a fluid as clear as water, and derives its colour from the immense number of little red bodies the 'corpuscles,' which float in it. These red corpuscles of human blood do not attain a greater size than the ~~seventh~~ eighth part of an inch—that is, three thousand five hundred of these little bodies placed in a line would make up an inch in length. In addition to the red bodies, there exist in the blood a much smaller number of 'white corpuscles,' each containing a little central particle which the red ones want. From the results of the most recent researches it would appear that the red corpuscles are produced by the partial destruction of the white ones; and that the little central particles of the white globules, when coloured, appear before us as the red corpuscles of the blood. Now the spleen is to be regarded as the great manufactory or *dépôt* in which the red corpuscles are thus produced from the white ones, and in which also many of the white corpuscles are themselves developed. And it would also appear highly probable, that when the red globules of the blood have served their turn in the economy of the body they are broken down in the spleen; their material being doubtless used for some wise purpose in the maintenance of our complicated frame.

A very common idea, but one founded on no certain or feasible grounds, is that which maintains that our bodies undergo a complete change and renewal of all their parts every seven years. The 'mystical' nature of the number seven, has had an unquestionable effect in originating this opinion; and although the age of fourteen and again that of twenty-one may be regarded as marking the attainment of youth and manhood

or womanhood respectively, yet physiology gives no countenance to the popular opinion that of necessity these periods are those of sweeping bodily change. On the contrary, it might be shewn that the periods at which full growth of body is attained vary with climate, race, and constitution—that is, with the personal nature, and with the physical surroundings of individuals, communities, and nations. The true state of matters as disclosed by physiology, leads us to contemplate actions and changes which are of infinitely more wondrous kind than those involved in the idea of septennial change. For if there is one axiom which physiology maintains more constantly than another, it is that which teaches that constant and *never-ceasing* change is the lot of life from its beginning to its end.

No part of the body of a living being is free from these changes of substance, through which indeed every act of life is carried on. Every movement of a muscle—the winking of an eyelid or the lifting of a finger—implies waste of the organs and parts which move. The thinking of a thought implies wear and tear of the organ which thinks—the brain itself. Were it possible to spend existence even in a perfectly still and rigid condition, there are still actions to be performed which are necessary for the maintenance of life, and which necessitate continual waste and wear of the tissues. Thus the beating of the heart, the movements of our chest in breathing, and the very act of receiving and digesting food—actions which are in themselves concerned with the repair of the frame—can only be performed through the intervention of processes of work, and waste of body. So that a living being is to be regarded as passing its existence in a constant state of change. Its particles are being continually wasted, and as incessantly renewed; and although the growth of our bodies may be said to culminate at various periods of our life, yet it is anything but correct to say that there are marked epochs of change in human existence. The truth is that change and alteration are our continual heritage; and it is strange indeed to think that not an organ or part of our bodies exists which has not repeatedly in its history been insensibly and gradually, but none the less perfectly, renewed in all its parts. Our particles and substance are being dissipated in very many ways and fashions. Chemically and physically, we are in a state of continual break-down; whilst on the other hand, it may be shewn that the forces of life are enlisted powerfully on the side of renewal and repair.

In connection with the exercise of our senses there are not a few points on which popular ideas stand in need of correction. When we speak of 'seeing' or 'hearing,' the exercise of these or any other of our senses indeed, is usually referred to the organ concerned—eye, ear, nose, or tongue, as the case may be. A little consideration, however, will shew us that we make a very grievous mistake in referring the act of sensation or perception to the organ itself. Let us consider for a moment what happens when we acquire ideas regarding the form of an object through the sense of touch. We may in the first place 'will' to touch the object in question; the act of 'volition' as it is termed, originating in the brain, being transformed into nerve-force, and being further directed along the

particular nerves which supply the muscles of one finger or along those which supply all the fingers. The muscles are thus stimulated to action, and through their agency the fingers are brought into contact with the desired object. Leaving the sense of sight out of consideration for a moment, we know that we can through the sense of touch gain ideas regarding the form, size, hardness, and other qualities of the object. Our nervous system is thus bringing us into relation with the outer world and specially with that portion of it represented by the object we have touched. But how have we gained our knowledge? The reply to this question leads us at once to perceive that the tips of the fingers do not represent the seat of knowledge. And a further consideration makes it equally clear that the brain must be credited not only with the task of perceiving, but also with that of appreciating what has been perceived. Hence we are forced to conclude that just as the first nervous impulse shot through the nerves to the fingers, so a second impulse has passed from the fingers to the brain. Our sense of touch has given origin to a subtle force which has passed upwards to the brain, and has there become transformed, through a mechanism—of the working of which we know as yet absolutely nothing—into perception and thought. Similarly with the work of the eye, of the ear, and of other senses.

When we talk of seeing or hearing, we are in reality speaking of the act of the brain, not of the eye or ear, which are merely the 'gateways' through which the brain obtains its knowledge. And that the brain is the true seat of the senses, may be proved to us from the side of pathology—the science which makes us acquainted with the causes and nature of disease. Cases are well known in which injury of the brain as the seat of sense has given origin to depraved sensations. Post-mortem examinations of persons who were continually conscious of a disagreeable odour have proved that these persons had laboured under brain-disease; whilst one case is on record in which, after a fall from a horse, and for several years before his death, a person believed that he smelt a bad odour. So also the sense of sight may be altered from internal causes, and on this ground may be explained the real nature of many cases of so-called ghost-seeing and spectral illusions. One well-known case, in illustration of this latter point, was that of Nicolai, a Berlin bookseller, who, neglecting to be bled in accordance with his usual custom, began to see strange persons in his room, and faithfully described the appearance of the figures. The figures disappeared when he had been bled once more. Thus in all such cases we must believe that those parts of the eye or ear which would have been concerned in seeing the supposititious objects or hearing the supposititious sounds—had either existed—were irritated from the brain and produced the delusive sensations. Thus the common phrase that 'seeing is believing' is in one sense literally true; for the act of sight apparently exercised in the person who suffers from optical illusions is in reality performed by the brain and is thus an act of belief, even if it be one of unconscious kind. The entire subject of physiological errors teems with valuable applications, but with none more practical or worthy of remark than that which would insist

on the advantages, in the ruling wisely of our lives, to be derived from even an elementary acquaintance—such as should be included in the curriculum of every school—with the science of life.

MR ASLATT'S WARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I DID not then know what I afterwards learned, the full extent of her obligations to Mr Aslatt, nor the sentiments of love which that gentleman came to entertain for his beautiful ward. A pretty child of six, singing in the streets of a foreign city, she had first attracted his notice; and her sad lot had so touched his heart, that he could not rest till he had rescued her from it. The itinerant musicians in whose company he found her spoke of her as an orphan, the child of a former comrade, and made no objection when Mr Aslatt proposed to adopt her and provide for her future. He was a lonely man, with no near relatives to resent this action on his part; and the child became the delight of his life and the idol of his heart. He was but a young man when he took the little orphan under his protection, and his friends thought it an alarming proof of the eccentricity which had already marked him. But a bitter disappointment had blighted his life, and made it impossible, he then thought, for him ever to have a happy married life, such as he had once anticipated. He determined to spend his wealth in giving brightness to the existence of the little fairy-like creature, who seemed made to live in the sunshine; and in the effort to promote little Rose's happiness he found his own. When it was that his paternal fondness for her passed into a warmer more passionate emotion, and he experienced a longing to bind her to himself by the closest of all ties, I could not know; but that such was the nature of his regard for her when I went to reside at his house, was beyond doubt.

And it was equally plain that Rose entertained for him a very different feeling. She looked upon him as her dear guardian and friend, one who had been as a father to her; but I do not think the possibility of any other relationship had ever crossed her mind. Indeed it was pretty evident to me that another was frequently in her thoughts to the exclusion of Mr Aslatt, who was so untiring in his efforts to win her love. I was grieved to see how often she wounded him by her thoughtless wilful conduct; and the patience with which he bore with her capricious moods, fully enlisted my sympathies on his behalf. If any word of mine could have influenced my wayward charge to value more highly her true-hearted friend, it would have been spoken; but from what I knew of her, I judged that I should better serve Mr Aslatt's cause by silence than by speech.

On the day following that of our excursion to Ashdene, Rose took me for a drive in her little shell-shaped chaise, drawn by two pretty Shetland ponies. We drove through narrow country lanes with hedges gay with wild-flowers, and across a breezy common covered with golden furze-bushes, returning by a road which led us through the village.

'This is the school-house,' said Rose as we

approached a rather imposing-looking structure in red brick; and without another word she pulled up her ponies and alighted.

I followed her into the large school-room, which at that hour was deserted. Mr Hammond, however, had heard our entrance, and almost immediately came in from an inner room. The bright flush which tinged Rose's cheek as he appeared, and the somewhat conscious manner in which she greeted him, seemed to confirm my previous surmises. He was certainly a very handsome man; and his manner and bearing were in striking contrast to his position. I could not wonder that a girl like Rose should be fascinated by his appearance and address, even while, in spite of his efforts to please me, the feeling of distrust with which I had at first regarded him, deepened. From what I observed during that interview, I felt pretty certain that some private understanding already existed between him and Rose. I dared not question my wilful charge, knowing well how her proud spirit would resent any interference from me. Yet I longed to do something to prevent this man from obtaining a fatal influence over her heart. But I could only wait and watch for what time might reveal, resolved meanwhile to accompany Rose whenever she paid a visit to the school-house. I saw that this precaution of mine afforded satisfaction to Mr Aslatt.

The summer weeks passed away swiftly and pleasantly with me. But the signs of secret sorrow became more plainly visible on Mr Aslatt's countenance, and I felt sure he was tortured with anxiety on account of Rose's intimacy with the schoolmaster. I sometimes wondered that he did not dismiss Mr Hammond from his post, but I suppose he dreaded Rose's reproaching him with injustice; for in truth the schoolmaster appeared most exemplary in the discharge of his duties, and no reasonable ground of complaint could be found. I became anxious also, as I saw every week fresh proofs of Rose's attachment to Mr Hammond. At last a day arrived when my suspicions as to the existence of a secret understanding between the two were confirmed in a most unexpected manner. It was a warm September evening. Rose, complaining of a headache, had retired early to rest, and I was about to follow her example, when looking from my window at the calm beauty of the garden as it lay in the clear light of the moon, I was tempted to take a stroll. Wrapping a shawl about me, I went down the steps leading into the garden, and slowly walked down the green alley bordered by tall laurel bushes. It was almost as light as day until I reached the end of the walk, where some large trees obscured the moonbeams. As I passed into their shadow I thought of the warning Rose had given me on the night of my arrival. I smiled at the remembrance; and in order to prove to myself that I had no fear of supernatural encounter, I turned into the path which led towards that part of the house said to be haunted. Here the gloom deepened, for the shrubs and trees in this portion of the garden had been neglected, and suffered to grow at will, until they intertwined their branches overhead, forming a leafy covering.

'How frightened Rose would be, if she were here,' I thought; but the next moment I became conscious that my own bravery was not worth

much. A sudden rustling amongst the leaves close at hand startled me, and involuntarily I turned to go back. But ashamed of my cowardice, I almost immediately turned round again, and peering through the bushes in the direction from which the sound had come, tried to discover its cause. 'It was merely some dog or cat straying amongst the shrubs,' I said to myself, trying to shake off the fear which had taken possession of me. But again I heard the sound more distinctly than before, and it seemed to me that some one must be walking along the path on the other side of the shrubbery. But I could see nothing, and my heart began to beat violently in dread of I knew not what. A cloud had passed over the moon, and the wind was rising and making a mournful 'sough' amongst the trees, which was not reassuring. I shivered; and drawing my shawl closely around me, again turned to leave the garden. But once more the sound fell upon my ear, and at the same moment my eyes were arrested by the appearance of a white ghost-like figure standing on the steps leading from the haunted room. In spite of my boasted disbelief in supernatural appearances, for an instant I really thought that the shadowy form I beheld must be the denizen of another world. I stood motionless, rooted to the spot by fear. It was but for a moment that the figure was visible; as I gazed upon it, it glided slowly down the steps and disappeared in the gloom. I can smile now to think how terror-struck I was as I watched its disappearance. Suddenly I heard again the sound which had at first awakened my fears, now close at hand, and almost immediately I felt something cold touch my hand. I uttered a faint cry, and should have swooned, I verily believe, if a low familiar whine had not assured me that Nero was by my side, and had thrust his nose into my hand. Hitherto, I had regarded Rose's rough pet with some trepidation, but now his presence was most welcome, and I laid my hand on his shaggy head, in order to keep him by my side. But he would not be retained, and breaking from me, ran down the path towards the spot where my supposed ghost had vanished. The next minute I heard him barking loudly, and the sound of his hearty voice dissipated my absurd fears. 'Nero evidently has no fear of ghosts,' said I to myself, as with growing courage I advanced to discover the cause of his excitement.

As I approached the end of the path, Nero's barking ceased, and to my astonishment, I heard a well-known voice gently coaxing him to be quiet. I turned a corner, and beheld Rose standing by a door which led from the garden into the road. She wore a dress of gray alpaca, and had a white shawl of flimsy texture twisted around her shoulders. She carried her hat and a small travelling-bag in her hand, and had evidently been about to unlock the door, when Nero had arrested her movements. In a moment I was at her side, and laying my hand on her arm inquired: 'What is the meaning of this, Rose?' She had not heard my approach, and my sudden appearance startled her so much, that even in the dim light I could perceive that her face grew very pale.

For a few moments she could make no reply, then shaking off my grasp, she exclaimed: 'Let me alone; I must and will go!' She took hold of

the key, and strove to turn the lock, but her hand trembled so that she could not manage it.

Without a moment's hesitation, I wrenched the key from her grasp and put it into my pocket. 'You shall not leave the garden at this hour,' I said, 'if it is in my power to prevent it.'

Just then a low whistle was heard from the other side of the wall. Rose started at the sound, and wrung her hands in grief and dismay. 'Do not stop me, Miss Bygrave!' she implored. 'I assure you, it is better I should go now. We are acting for the best.'

'How can it be for the best, Rose,' I exclaimed indignantly, 'that you should deceive and pain your kind guardian, for the sake of an unprincipled man? But you have not reflected on what you were about to do. Thank God, I was led here in time to prevent your taking a step which would entail lifelong misery!' So saying, I took her hand, to lead her back to the house. Seeing that I was resolute, she made no opposition. We went at once to her room, which was not far from my own. It was in great disorder, various articles lying scattered about on the floor and chairs. On the dressing-table lay various articles of jewellery and other presents from Mr Aslatt, and a note directed to him in Rose's handwriting.

'And so, you thought by returning these, you could escape from some of your obligations to Mr Aslatt,' I remarked, somewhat scornfully, as I pointed to the pile of gifts. 'I am surprised at you, Rose!'

Overpowered by shame and vexation, she could make no reply, but throwing herself as she was upon the bed, gave vent to her mortification in passionate sobs. I sat down by her side and let her weep unchecked, hoping that no more words would be needed to move her to contrition. After a while she grew calmer, and ceasing to sob, lay still, with her eyes shut. Occasionally her eyelids moved, and I knew that she was not asleep; but I would not be the first to break silence. About an hour passed thus, and then she opened her eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, and shaking back the fair hair that was hanging loose over her face, turned towards me. 'Shall you tell Cousin?' she asked in a faint voice.

'I fear it will be my duty to do so,' I replied; 'though I shrink from the thought of the pain I shall inflict.'

Rose's lip quivered, and tears again gathered in her eyes. 'I know you must consider me very wicked,' she said; 'but indeed I am not so bad as you think. I am fully conscious how much I am indebted to Mr Aslatt, and I am grateful to him for the kindness he has always shewn me.'

'How can you say so,' I interrupted, 'when you have deliberately planned what would cause him the bitterest sorrow?'

'I know, I know!' exclaimed Rose passionately. 'Do you suppose I have ignored the sorrow my flight would cause my dear guardian, or that I would willingly appear so ungrateful? But I had to consider the happiness of another.'

'What other can have stronger claims upon you than Mr Aslatt?' I asked.

Rose coloured, and hesitated for an answer. 'If I had a husband,' she said in a low voice with downcast eyes, 'he would have a higher claim upon me than any one else.'

'Of course,' I returned. 'But you are not married, so I do not see what that has to do with it.'

'This much,' said Rose—'that I have promised to marry Mr Hammond, and would have been married to-morrow if you had not stopped me; therefore he is more to me than any one else.'

'I am very thankful that I did stop you,' I said. 'How could you expect, Rose, to find any happiness in a union so hastily and wilfully contracted? How could you think of fleeing by night from the home where you have been sheltered since your childhood, where your every wish has been gratified, and ample provision made for your happiness, by one whose noble love you are incapable of appreciating? You have been strangely deluded to think of trusting your life to one who could propose so base a scheme.'

'But what else could we do?' said Rose, trying to defend her lover. 'All things are fair in love and war. We knew that Mr Aslatt would never consent to our marriage. But if he heard that we were actually married, so that it was out of his power to separate us, he must then have forgiven us.'

'So I have no doubt Mr Hammond thought,' I remarked. 'But Rose, do you positively think that Mr Aslatt would withhold his consent to your marriage if he were convinced that it would promote your happiness?'

'No, not if he believed that,' replied Rose. 'But nothing would persuade him that Fritz Hammond could make me a good husband; he is dreadfully prejudiced against him. And he would never overlook Mr Hammond's inferior position or forgive him for being poor, although he comes of a good family, and no one can say anything against him.'

'It is strange,' I remarked, 'that being of good family he should be in his present position.'

'There now; you are going to find fault with him!' exclaimed Rose pettishly. 'He is not to be blamed for his position, for great misfortunes have reduced him to it.'

'How long is it since you promised to marry Mr Hammond?' I inquired, after a pause.

'A little while before you came here,' was the reply. 'At first we meant to tell Mr Aslatt all, and ask his consent; but he seemed so much opposed to Mr Hammond, that he—I mean we—feared to do so. We thought that if we settled the matter ourselves, it would cause Cousin less pain in the end.'

'Less pain to find that you had been deceiving him, and putting more confidence in a comparative stranger, than in one who has befriended you all your life! It was by strange reasoning you arrived at such a conclusion, Rose!'

She made no reply.

'I suppose you have been in the habit of meeting Mr Hammond clandestinely in the garden,' I continued; 'you gaining access to it unobserved by means of the so-called haunted rooms, against which you were so careful to warn me. I could not have believed you so skilled in subterfuge.'

Rose coloured deeply, and her head drooped in shame. 'I am very sorry, Miss Bygrave,' she said penitently, after a long pause; 'I see now that I have acted wrongly. I have felt very unhappy all along at the thought of deceiving my good Cousin, for indeed I love him truly; but I

could not bear to think of giving up Mr Hammond. I have often longed to confess all to you, and I asked Fritz once if I might; but he said it would be most imprudent, and would lead to his being parted from me for ever. And now that will come to pass, I suppose. O dear me! what shall I do? I am the most miserable girl in the world!' So saying, Rose again buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud.

'Do you know what I should advise you to do?' I said, when her emotion had somewhat exhausted itself.

'What?' she asked in a smothered voice, without raising her head.

'I think the best thing—the right thing for you to do is to confess all to Mr Aslatt, and beg his forgiveness. He will accord it, I have no doubt. It will give him great pain to hear of your folly; but it will grieve him less to learn it from your lips than from mine.'

'Oh, I cannot, Miss Bygrave! I cannot tell him! I don't know what he would do or say. He would be so angry with Mr Hammond!'

'And he has just cause to be,' I could not help saying. 'But surely, Rose, your past experience of Mr Aslatt's goodness should lead you to put more trust in his kindness of heart. You must know that he seeks your happiness in everything. He will undoubtedly feel indignant with the schoolmaster on account of the underhand manner in which he has acted. But if he is convinced that you are sincerely attached to each other, he will not, I believe, oppose your union; unless he has grave reasons for thinking Mr Hammond unworthy of the place he holds in your heart. You cannot expect that he will all at once consent to your marrying a man who may be a mere adventurer, for all that we know to the contrary, and who has certainly acted towards Mr Aslatt in a dishonourable manner, which the hopelessness of his suit does not seem to me to excuse.'

Rose made no reply; and I trusted my words would have their influence. She lay still for some time, evidently engaged in deep and painful thought. Gradually, however, the cloud passed from her brow, and as morning was beginning to dawn, she fell into a sound sleep. I watched her for a while; but by degrees weariness overcame my mental excitement, and I also fell asleep.

BRITISH GUIANA.

ON the vast extent of the South American continent the far-reaching empire of Great Britain has planted its flag in one place only; it possesses one-fifth of the country of Guiana, which lies within the Torrid Zone, and forms the northern portion of South America. Of that fifth section of Guiana, which is called Demerara—the capital of which is George-town—only the civilised and cultivated part is known to the dwellers in the colony, or to its chance visitors. The remaining portion of the country was, however, a terra incognita to all but a very few, until Mr Barrington Brown, in his *Canoe and Camp Life in British Guiana* (London: Edward Stanford), published the results of his explorations.

The civilised and cultivated portion of the

colony of British Guiana consists of a narrow strip of sea-coast. Immediately behind this lies a broad expanse of swampy ground, then comes rising wooded land, and finally mountains and savannas which stretch westward, and are still in their primitive condition, inhabited by little-known Indian tribes and various species of wild animals. It is owing chiefly to the 'Coolie Labour Question' that public attention has been of late years at all directed to British Guiana; and as the colony is likely to become of increased importance, an opportunity of learning particulars about the hitherto mysterious territory which lies *behind* the utilised strip of coast belonging to it, yet utterly unreckoned in the sum of civilisation, is one to be welcomed. This wild region is called vaguely 'the Interior,' and with the exception of a few settlements on the banks of the Lower Berbice, Demerara, and Essequibo rivers, a traveller penetrating its recesses at the present time would behold the same condition of things there which existed in the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. Mr Barrington Brown visited and explored a considerable extent of this 'Interior' while he was engaged on the government geological survey of the West Indies. He accomplished his journeys by means of canoe-travelling; a method preferable to any other, as affording opportunities for close observation, for obtaining picturesque aspects, and in itself very agreeable.

His first voyage was up the Essequibo to the penal settlement of the colony, where his Indian boatmen refused to remain even for one night, such is their timid dread of the very notion of a prison. They would not hang their hammocks in the empty sheds, but crossed the river and camped in the forest, though one of them was suffering severely from fever. At the penal settlement boats were purchased, and a crew hired for the navigation of the Cuyuni, which afforded the Indians ample opportunities for exhibiting their skill. 'They worked splendidly in the cataracts, swimming, diving, and wading in the strong currents from rock to rock, while leading out the tow-ropes and hauling the boats up.' During the journey up this river the traveller encountered in many parts a succession of rapids and cataracts. The difficulties thus entailed, and the graphic account of how these difficulties were surmounted, afford some notion of the laboriousness of nearly every river voyage made by Mr Brown in the course of his explorations.

The scenes through which he passed were of rich and varied beauty. Nothing terrible or threatening met his sight in that unknown land, which seems to bear upon its face one broad beaming smile, answering with fidelity to the smile of the sun. Rocky islets bearing clusters of low trees, whose stems and branches are covered with orchids and wild pines, rise from the broad bosom of the river, while its banks are clothed with forest trees; and on the rocks under its waters is a luxuriant growth of water-plants, bearing exquisite flowers. When the sun is high, gorgeous butterflies, yellow, orange, and azure blue, frequent the water's edge in clusters, or flit over the open spaces near the cataracts; and the river abounds in deep-bodied silvery-scaled fish of various kinds.

The character of the scenery along the banks of the rivers, which form a kind of network over the face of the country in Guiana, is chiefly of the kind described above; but there is no monotony in it, and the traveller is kept constantly amused by the birds and the insect life. Morning and evening are marked by bands of screeching parrots crossing the river to and from their feeding-grounds, and all along the banks the kingfisher and the ibis abound. The Indian villages are generally within a short distance of the river, and the harmless people are unusually smart in their attire. The women wear an apron called a *queyon*, formed of cotton and bead-work, ingeniously manufactured, each bead being slipped on the cotton thread in its proper place as it is being woven. The traveller frequently halted at the villages while the natives prepared cassava bread for him, and he had a fair opportunity of forming a judgment upon their intellectual status and social condition. Both are superior to those of the average 'natives' with which books have made us acquainted, and Mr Brown notes as a 'pleasing feature' of the British Guiana Indians, that, as a rule, they treat their women well, regarding them as equals and not as slaves. The planters of the civilised portion of the country, kidnappers and tyrants of the 'coolie,' might learn lessons of humanity and justice from the 'savages' of the 'Interior.'

A march through primeval forest to the Puruni was a less pleasant experience than the river voyage; for the 'ticks' which infest the forest took possession of the travellers. Of the numerous kinds of pestilent insects Mr Brown gives a horrid description; but he counterbalances it by that of the birds, the trees, the flowers, the skies, and the wonderfully exhilarating influence of the climate.

The many mysterious sounds which proceed from primeval forest in all countries where such forest exists, have given rise to superstitious beliefs and fears. On their return journey to the penal settlement, Mr Brown was made acquainted with the legendary 'Didi' of those remote realms of forest and river. 'The first night after leaving Peaimah,' he says, 'we heard a long, loud, and most melancholy whistle proceeding from the depths of the forest; at which some of the men exclaimed in an awed tone of voice: "The Didi!" Two or three times the whistle was repeated, sounding like that made by a human being, beginning in a high key and dying slowly and gradually away in a low one. There were conflicting opinions amongst the men regarding the origin of these sounds. Some said they proceeded from the wild hairy man or Didi of the Indians; others that they were produced by a large and poisonous snake which lives in one tree from its youth up, where it attains a great size, living on birds which are so unfortunate as to alight near it, and thus become victims to its powers of fascination. The Didi is said by the Indians to be a short, thick-set, and powerful wild man, whose body is covered with hair, and who lives in the forest. A belief in the existence of this fabulous creature is universal over the whole of British, Venezuelan, and Brazilian Guiana. On the Demerara River I afterwards met a half-bred wood-cutter, who related an encounter that he had with two Didi, a male and female, in which he successfully resisted their attacks with his axe.'

The main object of the explorer's most important voyage up the Essequibo was to obtain a sight of the great Roraima Mountain, which has been seen by few white men.

He began to ascend from the river-bank, under the guidance of an Indian, at the valley of the Cotinga; and first he saw, rising two hundred feet above the level of the plain, the great Waetipu or Sun Mountain, formed of horizontal beds of sandstone (this formation is as peculiar to the region as the strange level hill-tops are to the Cape district of South Africa), the alternate hard and soft layers of which produced most singular traces on its sides, while near it stood two curious conical peaks. He rested that night in an old mud-walled palm-thatched house, situated on a great lonely elevated land, and early next forenoon the travellers rounded the end of the Sun Mountain, and a glorious view of Roraima burst upon them, with the sun's rays lighting up its curious details. 'Turn,' says our author, 'in any direction I would, most wonderful scenery was presented to my view, from the great pink precipiced Roraima in the north-west, looking like a huge fortification surrounded by a gigantic glacis, to the great undulating plain stretching southward as far as the eye could reach, where at the horizon land melted into sky.'

This wonderful mountain is one of the greatest natural curiosities on the face of the earth, and it is much to be regretted that Mr Brown was not able to inspect it more closely, and examine its structure and individual features more in detail. This was, however, rendered impossible by that prosaic but irresistible obstacle, want of food! In the vicinity of the mountain he found only deserted villages, and the scanty supply of provisions which he and his guide had carried up from the plain was speedily exhausted. Our traveller succeeded in ascending the sloping portion of the marvellous mountain - in which Nature seems to have furnished Art with a perfect model of a fortress -- to a height of five thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Between the highest point reached by him and the foot of the great perpendicular portion, towering high above, is a band of thick forest. 'Looking up at the great wall of rock,' says the writer, 'two thousand feet in height, I could see that a forest covered its top, and that in places on its sides where small trees or shrubs could gain a hold with their roots, there they clung. The great beds of white, pink, and red sandstone of which it is composed are interbedded with layers of red shale, the whole resting upon a great bed of diorite.'

One tries in vain to picture to one's fancy this wondrous mass of upheaved earth, stone, and forest, looking like a fortress reared by Titans against the assaults of all the forces of Nature besides. Science tells us that Roraima and its surrounding similarly shaped neighbours once stood as islands in the ocean; but at what period of the earth's history, how far back in the awful lapses of time, who can say? 'If,' says the author, 'any mammals then lived upon them, when the sea washed the bases of their cliffs, the descendants of those mammals may live there still, for all communication with their tops and the surrounding country has been ever since effectually cut off by their perpendicular sides.'

The length of Roraima is about twelve miles;

and its top is perfectly level. 'The area of the surface,' says Mr Brown, 'must be considerable, for Sir R. Schomburgk, who visited its southern end, to the westward of the point to which I ascended, describes some beautiful waterfalls as leaping from its sides, forming the drainage of part of its top, and when viewing it from a mountain on the Upper Mazaruni, I distinctly saw, at a distance of thirty miles, an enormous waterfall on its north-east side, of very considerable width and extraordinary height.'

Next in importance to the great mountain Roraima is the great Kaieteur Fall, which the traveller reached by the difficult ascent of Kaieteur. The very existence of this beautiful Fall was previously unknown to the dwellers in George-town, the capital of Demerara, who were astonished to learn that their colony possessed such a gigantic natural wonder; and indeed received Mr Brown's account of it with some incredulity. On a subsequent journey, undertaken by command of the governor Sir John Scott, Mr Brown and some other English gentlemen made a thorough examination and a scientific report of the Fall.

The Kaieteur Valley is of great extent; bounded by gloomy mountains, whose outlines are broken by gaps and gorges, whence noisy cascades pour down the sides of the great sandstone steeps, while in the far distance is seen the upper portion of the Kaieteur pouring its foaming water over the precipice edge into the depths below. The journey from the landing-place on the river to the head of the Fall is difficult, the way lying through blocks of sandstone and through tangled forest, where it is necessary to cut away the mass of vines, bushropes, shrubs, and undergrowth which obstruct the path. The regular forest ends in a confused mass of rocks at the water's edge, covered with shrubs and mosses, and directly facing the Fall at a distance of a quarter of a mile from its foot. A more perfect position from which to contemplate this wonder of Nature could not be conceived. The travellers stood on the verge of the rock reef, and before them thundered the Kaieteur Fall, from a height of eight hundred and twenty-two feet, in a cataract four hundred and twenty-two yards wide, fed by the stream at a velocity of four miles an hour; its contact with the water of the basin being a confused scene of fleecy masses of tossing waters, spurning high in the air in front of the downpour, and giving birth to mist-clouds, which rose continuously upwards and over the precipice on the right.

Two of the exploring party swam across the foaming river and visited the edge of the basin on the eastern side; after which they returned to the landing, accompanied by all the Indians but three. The others did not like to pass the night in such a mysterious place. Mr Brown and one of his friends had poles rigged up and lashed together under a large rock, which formed a sort of cave, where they slung their hammocks for the night. That must have been a night never to be forgotten, when, in the primeval wilds of that unknown land, the traveller lay in his swinging couch and watched and listened to the eternal fall and multitudinous roar of the mighty waters. 'A subdued light,' he says, 'penetrated even into our valley of shadows, and I knew that the moon must have risen above the eastern horizon. By this light I could make out the brink of the Fall

against the sky; and as I gazed upon it two bright stars rose slowly beyond, looking as if they had emerged from the water itself. Then the first rays of the moon, as it rose above the mountain in the east, shed a silvery light across the Fall's crest, and lit up a portion of the descending fleecy column.' During the day the sun's rays, shining on the mist, produced a lovely rainbow, reaching from the top to the foot of the Fall, which, moving slowly outwards with the mist, faded gradually away, while with each accession of mist a new one was formed.

After they had thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle from opposite the foot of the Fall, the travellers proceeded to its head, camped in the bush on the river's brink, about fifty feet above the edge of the Fall, and there made their measurements. On both evenings of their stay they watched with interest the swallows' homeward flight to their roosting-places in a cave *behind the Fall*. The birds came late in the afternoon in large flocks from all quarters of the compass, and wheeled round in great circles at different altitudes. Gradually one flock amalgamated with another, till at last near sundown they had gathered into two or three immense bodies, which kept wheeling round in a compact mass about one hundred yards above the heads of the travellers. Mr Brown asked his friend how he would describe their numbers, and he replied that he thought 'myriads of millions' would about do it.

While the travellers were wondering how the birds would get into the cave behind the giant sheet of falling water, the question was solved in an extraordinary manner, and the intruders on that wonderful scene beheld a spectacle which in itself would have made the occasion memorable. 'Suddenly a portion of the mass swooped down with incredible, with extraordinary velocity to the edge of the Fall, seemingly close to the face of the column of water, and then being lost to our view.' The rushing sound of their wings in their downward flight was very strange, and produced the feeling that birds of ill omen were about. Approaching the edge of the precipice we waited to see the next lot go down, so as to observe how they managed to get behind the water. We had not to wait long before down dropped a cloud of them over the edge, past the face of the Fall, for about one hundred feet; then, with the rapidity of lightning, they changed their downward course to one at right angles, and thus shot through the mist on either side into the gloomy cave. Their motions were so rapid that we could hardly make out how they were executed. It appeared to me that, as they swooped down, their wings were but half spread, and their heads downwards; but after passing the edge they turned their bodies in a horizontal position, descending by gravity alone until they arrived at the required level, when they again made use of their wings and flew off at right angles into the cave. Just before dusk the greater portion descended in a continuous stream for a considerable time, but small flocks and single birds kept arriving until it was quite dark. When a single bird shot down, its velocity was so great that it seemed to form a short continuous black line against the sky.' This gives the reader a vivid idea of the speed with which a bird can cleave the air while on the swoop.

At all times the valley of the Kaieteur is beau-

tiful, but it is most beautiful when, in the afternoon, great shadows are flung across it, and the opening is lit up by the golden reflection of the sky over the great plains beyond. On the Upper Essequibo—which is inhabited by caymans of great size 'and fearfully tame,' there are also several beautiful Falls; and as for a great portion of its extent the banks of the river are totally devoid of human population, the birds and mammals are as tame as the caymans. Jaguars, whose prey are the wild hogs, abound, and large tigers are tolerably numerous. It is curious that they should not be more numerous, for no animals prey upon them, and the few killed by wandering Indians would not affect their number in any sensible degree. Not until the thirtieth day of their voyage on the Upper Essequibo did the travellers see any 'natives'; then they fell in with a tribe of redskins with artificially elongated and flattened heads, who were terrified at the sight of white men. They proved to be harmless and friendly people. It is said that in this wild region, farther to the south, near the head-waters of the Trombetas, there is a tribe who have ponds of water encircled by stockades, to which they retire for the night, sleeping with their bodies submerged. This, however, the author holds to be an Indian 'yarn.'

The reader cannot weary of the details of the numerous river-journeys by which Mr Brown has succeeded in exploring the unknown 'Interior' of British Guiana. In the course of them he has penetrated into recesses of nature untrodden previously by any human foot, and made acquaintance with plants, animals, birds, and fishes of which only the names had previously been known to a few of the specially learned in such matters. Our insufficient sketch of the nature of the book in which he has narrated his experiences, is not designed to satisfy, but to excite curiosity on the subject, and to direct the attention of such readers as are interested in the revelation of nature, for which our age will be celebrated in the history of intellectual labour, to Mr Barrington Brown's monograph of British Guiana.

ROBERT BRAMLEIGH'S WILL.

LAST will and testament! Words of solemn import—and of unreasonable terror to some people. How foolish and even culpable is it to leave a matter of so much importance to the last hours of life, when the strongest intellect must be incapable of fully considering and well weighing the final disposition of our worldly goods and effects—a disposition which is to affect the welfare and perhaps the happiness of those we love the best.

Most people have heard the well-worn aphorism which tells us that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client. In the incident I am about to relate, a woman—I suppose the aphorism applies to either sex—proved to the contrary. It is the exception, however, that *proves* the rule. Had she remained her own lawyer, instead of consulting me, the probability is that she would have succeeded in her designs upon a large fortune, designs which I happily succeeded in frustrating.

It had been a busy day with me. I had been

working hard getting up evidence in a railway accident case, and was putting up my papers with a sigh of relief. Another forty minutes and I should be at home. I could almost smell the boiled capon and oyster-sauce which I knew were being prepared for me. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,' says the proverb; and in my case it proved only too true; for just as I was tying up the last bundle of papers, the office boy put his head in at the door and dispelled the tempting vision.

'A woman to see you, if you please, sir. She won't give no name. Says she's a stranger.'

'A stranger!' I repeated. 'What is she like? Is she a common person?'

'Not exactly, sir,' replied the lad.

'A lady?' I asked.

'O no, sir.'

'What is she, then?'

Arthur was a droll lad. I had brought him to London from the country, to oblige an old college friend. I am afraid that he was not of much use in the office, but he used to keep the other clerks in a good temper by his amusing ways and dry remarks.

Arthur paused, as if considering, and then, with a look of intelligence, as much as to say that he had hit the nail on the head this time, he answered: 'Well, sir, she's a sort of betwixt and between.'

'Not a bad definition, Arthur. Ask the "betwixt and between" up-stairs.'

A tall middle-aged woman entered and took the seat I placed for her. She appeared to belong to the class Arthur had so happily designated as 'betwixt and between'; a person, rather than a lady. I rather pride myself on my power of reading faces, but I confess that hers puzzled me. It was absolutely void of expression. The features were hard and immovable, as if carved out of stone. She wore a closely fitting bonnet, under which the gray hair was neatly brushed in two smooth bands. I generally form my opinion of any one's character from the expression of the eyes and mouth; but here I was at fault. An ugly scar on the left cheek extended across the lips, distorting the mouth, and the eye on the same side was sightless. I always feel at a disadvantage with one-eyed people; I never know what they are driving at. It is so hard to fathom their thoughts.

My visitor removed her gloves and, carefully smoothing them, placed them on the table beside her. She then produced from her pocket a large foolscap envelope, from which she drew a piece of paper folded longways. This she handed to me, explaining, in a hard monotonous voice, that she had been sent to me by her master, Mr Robert Bramleigh of Coleman Street, who was dangerously ill—in fact was not expected to live many hours. The paper, she said, had been written by his direction, and signed by him for his will that afternoon. Fearing lest it should not be in a

proper form, he had desired her to take it to the nearest lawyer, and have one prepared according to the law.

I unfolded the paper, and read as follows:

'In the name of God, Amen. I leave my body to the ground and my soul to Almighty God who gave it. Now this is the will of me, ROBERT BRAMLEIGH of 559 Coleman Street. I give and leave all my houses, lands, money, and everything that I have, to HANNAH CHURTON, my house-keeper, as a reward for her long and faithful services. Signed by me on Tuesday, December 12th, 1868.

ROBERT BRAMLEIGH.

Witnesses—

JAMES BURN.

MARGARET SIMS.'

I examined the writing carefully. The signature 'Robert Bramleigh' was weak and shaky. The will itself was written in a masculine-looking hand of singular decision and boldness. The characters were large and well formed.

The will had evidently been prepared by some one who had had but an imperfect knowledge of the form to be used for such a purpose. The solemn appeal to the Deity and the bequest of the testator's body and soul was an old form, much in vogue with our grandfathers, who generally headed a will with one or two pious phrases.

The document shewn to me was, however, sufficient to give Hannah Churton all Mr Bramleigh's property. There were the requisite number of witnesses, and the Principal Registry of Her Majesty's Court of Probate would have granted letters of administration with the will annexed (the appointment of an executor having been omitted, the ordinary probate could not have been obtained), on one of the attesting witnesses making an affidavit that the will had been executed by the testator in the presence of himself and the other attesting witness, and that they had at the same time, and in the presence of each other, subscribed their names thereto as witnesses.

Now I am always very particular about wills; I think they are too serious to be settled in a hurry. I never will allow a client to execute one until I am convinced that its purport is perfectly understood.

'You are Mrs Churton, I presume?' I asked.

'I am,' she replied, looking me unflinchingly in the face. Somehow I felt suspicious that things were not so fair as they should be. I questioned her rather closely; but the only admission I obtained from her was that *she* had written the will, but that it was at her master's dictation. I asked her if he had any family, but could get nothing from her save that he did not care to have his private affairs discussed by strangers. Worst of all, I gave up the contest. I offered to prepare a more formal document; but before doing so, I declared that it was necessary I should see Mr Bramleigh. I named the omission of the appointment of an executor. This seemed rather to nonplus her. She asked whether *she* could not be named as executrix. The more aversion she shewed to my seeing her master the more convinced I felt that

something was wrong; and seeing that I was not to be moved from my purpose, she at last gave in; proposing, however, that I should accompany her back, as she greatly feared it would be too late if left till the morning.

A cab soon took us to No. 559 Coleman Street. It was a large gloomy old-fashioned house with a spacious entrance-hall. I was taken into the dining-room, and asked to wait while Mr Bramleigh was being prepared for my visit. The furniture in the room was old and very massive. Some handsome oil-paintings graced the walls. I am very fond of pictures, so raising the lamp, I walked round the room slowly inspecting them. On the right of the fire-place I came upon a picture with its face turned towards the wall. I think I must have the bump of inquisitiveness—if there is such a bump—largely developed, for anything approaching a mystery is sure to raise my curiosity. I turned the picture. It was the portrait in oils of a young and very beautiful girl in a dark riding-habit. Hearing footsteps outside the door, I restored the picture to the position in which I had found it, and as I did so I saw written at the bottom of the frame 'Magdalen Bramleigh.'

The footsteps I had heard were those of the housemaid, who had come to announce that Mr Bramleigh was ready to see me. I followed her up-stairs, and was ushered into a large comfortable-looking bedroom. A cheerful fire burned in the grate. Facing it was a large four-post bedstead hung with white curtains, and at the head of the bed Mrs Churton was standing, with a small table in front of her, on which were placed an inkstand and some paper. She pulled back the curtain, and I saw an old man propped up by pillows, his face drawn and the eyes very much sunk. I almost feared that he was too far gone to make a will; but after speaking with him for a little time, I felt satisfied that the intellect was quite clear.

Turning to Mrs Churton, I told her that she need not wait; I would ring if I wanted anything. 'Yes, go—go, Hannah!' cried the sick man; and I fancied that I could detect an eagerness in his voice, as if he desired her absence rather than her presence. As Mrs Churton left the room I caught sight of the reflection of her face in the glass over the chimney-piece, but I do not think she would have scowled quite so much had she known that I was looking. I began by asking Mr Bramleigh what were his wishes with regard to his will. In low tones he told me that he desired to leave everything to Hannah Churton, his housekeeper, as a reward for her long and faithful services. I will not tire the reader by repeating the whole of our conversation. After great difficulty I extracted from him that he had no relatives save an only daughter, whom he had discarded, her fault being that she had married a young fellow in the army to whom her father had taken an unaccountable aversion. My own opinion was—and as the result turned out, it proved to be correct—that his mind had been poisoned against him by Hannah Churton, whose influence over her master was evidently very great. I thought of the sweet face of the portrait I had seen in the dining-room—doubtless that of the discarded daughter—and deserving or not deserving, I determined to fight a battle on her behalf.

I spoke gravely to the old man, although without much hope of success, but at last I got him to confess that he had had no intention of making his housekeeper his sole heiress until she had herself broached the subject to him. Her plan had been to artfully insinuate that the love of the newly married couple would not last very long on a lieutenant's pay; and that as he had only married Miss Bramleigh for her money, he would soon tire of her when he found that she had nothing. She had then pledged herself to procure a separation, when she would make over everything left her by Mr Bramleigh, to his daughter. She certainly must have had great power over the old man to induce him to agree to such a scheme. I proposed to Mr Bramleigh that he should leave his property to some one on whom he could rely, in trust for his daughter. I also volunteered, although I have an aversion to the trouble and responsibility of a trusteeship, my services as trustee for this purpose. My arguments prevailed. He assented; and I prepared a will accordingly, the old man requesting that his medical man, Dr Ramsey, should be nominated as my co-trustee, and that an annuity of fifty pounds should be paid to Hannah Churton for life. I inwardly rebelled at this. My dislike to this woman was now so great that I could cheerfully have seen her cut out of the will without a farthing. The doctor arrived just as I had finished, and expressed his willingness to share the responsibility with me, which seemed to please Mr Bramleigh very much. Our names were therefore included as trustees.

I read the will to him very carefully, explaining, as I did so, its full effect. When I had finished, he muttered: 'Quite right—quite right; but I am afraid Hannah will not be pleased.' I counselled him not to mention it to her; and my advice seemed to satisfy him.

Ringling the bell, I requested Mrs Churton to summon James Burn and Margaret Sims, the two servants who had witnessed the first will. As soon as they were in the room, I gave Mr Bramleigh a pen, and placing the document before him, I said distinctly, so that all might hear: 'This which I have just read to you is your final will, and you request James Burn and Margaret Sims to witness your execution of it?' 'It is—I do,' he solemnly said, as with feeble fingers he wrote his name. The two awe-stricken domestics then added theirs, and I think their hands shook more than the testator's. Hannah Churton was a silent spectator of the whole of this; but I could not see her face, as she stood in the background, out of the light of the lamp.

Before allowing any one to leave the room, I placed the will in a large envelope. Fastening it with wax, I impressed it with Mr Bramleigh's monogram and crest by means of a seal that was in the tray of the inkstand. The old man watched me closely, and when I had finished, he said: 'Keep it—till it is wanted;' thus relieving me of a great embarrassment, for I did not like leaving it in the power of Hannah Churton, lest she should tamper with it.

On our way down-stairs, Dr Ramsey told me that his patient was rapidly sinking, and that he doubted whether he would live another twenty-four hours.

Taking him into the dining-room and shutting

the door, I told him my suspicions of the housekeeper, and that I felt afraid of leaving Mr Bramleigh alone with her all night. He agreed with me, and promised to send his assistant to watch till the morning, when, if Mr Bramleigh should still be living, he would on his own responsibility place a trustworthy nurse in charge. The housekeeper opened the door to let us out.

'It is all right, Mrs Churton,' I maliciously said as the doctor wished her good-night. 'I am quite satisfied now. The will will be safe in my keeping. By-the-bye,' I added, looking her sharply in the face, 'had you not better let your master's friends know of the danger he is in? Dr Ramsey says he does not think he will last much longer.'

She mumbled something in reply, but I could not catch what it was. I stayed talking upon indifferent subjects, to while away the time until the arrival of Dr Ramsey's assistant. Mrs Churton, however, was, unlike her sex, remarkably reticent; I could only get the shortest replies from her. She seemed very much astonished and rather displeased when Dr Ramsey returned with his assistant. He explained to her that although there was no chance of saving his patient's life, yet his last moments might be alleviated by skilled attendance; and therefore, as he himself could not stay all night, he had brought his assistant for that purpose.

In one's experience of mankind we find that it is possible to be sometimes too clever. Mrs Hannah Churton was very clever, but she committed two great mistakes. The first was in consulting a lawyer. The will drawn by her—for so it really had been—might have been upset on the ground of undue influence. I say 'might have been,' for there is nothing so hard to prove as undue influence. The great point against her was the ousting of a child in favour of a stranger. Yet it would have been far from easy to prove that she was responsible for this, as Mr Bramleigh's strange aversion to the army was well known; he often had been heard to threaten to discard his daughter if she ever should engage herself to a military man—doubtless thereby defeating his purpose, for the female mind is such that from Eve to the present generation the thing forbidden is the most desired. I think the probabilities are that the matter would have been compromised, and Hannah Churton enriched by a few thousands of her master's wealth.

Mistake number two was as follows. The doctor had gone up-stairs to install his assistant, leaving me standing in the hall with the housekeeper. Fumbling in her pocket she pulled out a roll of bank-notes; thrusting these into my hands, she told me that it was her master's wish that I should take them for my trouble. I unrolled them, and found two for ten, and one for five, pounds. Twenty-five pounds!

This was sharp, and yet foolish of Hannah. Had I been as great a rogue as she was—and I suppose by her offering them to me that she thought I was—she was retaining an important witness on her side, and therefore there was a certain amount of sharpness about it. On the other hand it was exceedingly foolish. The sum was so much out of proportion to my services that it was palpably a bribe. I am afraid that had it come out in evidence, it would have lost

her the case and perhaps struck me off the rolls.

A long legal experience has taught me that in all dealings with doubtful people one's safety lies in having a good witness. I waited till the doctor came down-stairs, occupying myself by entering the numbers of the notes in my pocket-book.

'Look, doctor!' I cried as he appeared, shewing him the notes. 'Mr Bramleigh is a liberal paymaster.' Turning to Mrs Churton, I said: 'This will amply repay me.'

Retaining the note for five pounds, I returned her the other two. She took them from me without saying a word, but a black look came over her face. I think she began to suspect me. I got home very late that night. The capon was more than done, and so was the oyster sauce!

Mr Bramleigh died the next morning at ten o'clock. Soon after I had left he became unconscious, in which state he remained till shortly before his death, when there was a rally. Opening his eyes with an eager look, as if he missed something, he threw one arm outside the coverlet, and crying 'Magdalen, Magdalen!' he obeyed the summons which bade him thole his assize—yea, in that dread court where 'Not proven' is unknown. Guilty or not guilty? Who shall say?

The funeral took place on the Saturday, but an engagement prevented me from following. Mrs Churton had written requesting that I would attend with the will, which still remained in my possession with the one drawn by her.

I arrived at the house a little after one o'clock, and was at once taken into the dining-room, where I found Dr Ramsey, Mr Robson (a brother-practitioner), and a handsome young fellow, who was introduced to me as Lieutenant Maitland, the late Mr Bramleigh's son-in-law.

The door opened, and a young lady entered. It did not require any introduction to tell me that she was the original of the portrait, still with its front turned towards the wall. Her face was very beautiful, notwithstanding its extreme paleness and the tear-swollen eyelids. She seated herself by the fire, her husband standing behind her, leaning his arms on the back of the chair.

Mrs Churton had closely followed Magdalen Maitland into the room. She was dressed in deep mourning, and wore a black crape cap; thus offering a marked contrast to Mrs Maitland, who was wearing a gray dress rather travel-soiled. Apparently she had had no time to prepare her mourning.

Dr Ramsey politely pulled forward a chair for the housekeeper. Taking it from him with a cold 'Thank you,' she placed it at the end of the table, directly facing me. Very stern and forbidding she looked in her black garments—her features immovable, her hands resting on her knees.

I was about to unseal the envelope containing the will, when Lieutenant Maitland interrupted me.

'One moment, if you please,' he said, placing his hand on my arm. 'Before this will is read, I wish to say a few words. Mrs Churton tells me that Mr Bramleigh has left her everything unconditionally. I simply wish to express my firm belief that Mr Bramleigh could only have been induced to make such a will by unfair and

foul means. Although I have been the cause of an estrangement between father and daughter, I cannot think that he could so far forget his love for her as to strip her of everything. It is my intention, for her sake, to contest this will; and it is with that view that I have requested my old friend, Mr Robson, to be present to-day as my legal adviser.'

His frank manly face was flushed with honest excitement as, leaning over the back of his wife's chair, he took her face between his hands and kissed it. 'For your sake—not mine, dearest,' I heard him whisper.

Mr Robson bowed when his name was mentioned. Mrs Churton still retained her position. A painful silence succeeded, unbroken save by the rustling of the paper as I broke the seal.

Magdalen Maitland had stolen her hand into her husband's protecting clasp. I withdrew the will from its cover, and looked at Mrs Churton. Would that firm face quiver when the lottery proved a blank, and the fair castle fell because its foundations had been built in the sand? I could not help admiring the courage of the woman, and certainly felt curious as to how she would stand the ordeal through which she had to pass.

I read the will slowly and distinctly. It was very short. Save the annuity of fifty pounds to Hannah Churton for life, everything was left to Dr Ramsey and myself, in trust for Magdalen Maitland, to be settled on her as we in our discretion should think fit.

Astonishment is a mild word to express the feelings of those present, nor will I attempt to do so. My tale lies with Hannah Churton. Starting to her feet, she pushed the chair from her, and stretching out one arm, gave utterance to a fierce torrent of invective. The veil was lifted, and the native coarseness of the woman's nature stood revealed. It was as I had feared. Unmindful of the bounty of but too generous a master, she heaped obloquy on his memory, and fearlessly asserted that she had wasted the best years of her life in his service!

Magdalen Maitland covered her ears with her hands, to shut out the hard words. Her husband led her towards the door; but Hannah Churton intercepted them. Tearing her cap from her head, she threw it on the ground before the frightened girl.

'Trample on it!' she cried in a frenzied voice. 'Your father's victim has no right to wear it!' I must admit that she looked grandly tragic as she declaimed these fierce words. I felt half sorry for the poor defeated creature.

We had not a little trouble before the will was proved. It was strongly opposed by a sharp young fellow, who took up the case for Hannah Churton. It was, however, ultimately settled by an addition of another fifty pounds being made to the annuity she was to receive.

Lieutenant Maitland sold out of the army; and a rich relative of his dying soon afterwards, he inherited a large estate in Devonshire, where he and his wife went to reside.

Nine years have passed since then; and Mrs Maitland declares that there are 'silver threads among the gold.' The cares of a young family have somewhat marred her good looks, but they will live again in my little god-daughter Magdalen, who promises to rival her mother in beauty.

THE OLD HOME.

It is not a castle olden,
Standing in the sunlight golden,
Relic of the Past,
With a deep moat mossed and hoary,
And a ray from bygone glory
O'er its ruin cast.

But a mansion fair and pleasant,
Known alike of peer and peasant
For its kindly cheer,
With its glades and leafy covers,
Ferry haunts of loitering lovers,
And the shy wild-deer.

Crimson blossoms redly glowing,
Flickering shadows o'er it throwing,
Veil the lichen's stain;
Sunset gleams of rose and amber,
Where the ivy tendrils clamber,
Flush each casement pane.

Lurks no ghost behind the arras,
Happy midnight dreams to harass,
Wakes no Banshee's wail;
Tapestry, nor antique lumber,
Doth its sunny hall encumber,
Shield, nor suit of mail.

Morning wakes its household noises,
Busy footsteps, laughing voices,
As in days of yore;
Burns its warm hearth too, brightly,
Where the gay groups gather nightly,
Though it knows no more

Hearts, by other loves supplanted;
Steps, that once its precincts haunted,
Hushed by mount and sea;
Only my sad heart remembers
Flowery Junes and dark Decembers,
Spent, old home, in thee!

Shadows pace the garden alleys,
Wander with me through the valleys,
Join my woodland walk;
And by streamlets willow-shaded,
Where the song-birds serenaded,
Parted lovers talk—

Idly talking, idly dreaming,
With the sunlit waters gleaming
Golden at their feet,
While the fair-haired children plunder,
Rosy-mouthed, with blue-eyed wonder,
Fruitage wild and sweet.

When I stretch my hands in greeting,
Each familiar name repeating,
Straightway from my sight,
Back to angel bowers they vanish,
Even as beams of morning banish
Visions of the night.

J. I. L.

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CAPTAIN COPPIN.

AMONG the many marvels of art in the present day is the art of lifting sunk vessels from the bottom of the sea, or of rescuing them in a sadly injured condition from dangerous ledges of rock, where in former times they must have inevitably been lost. Of course, this marvel is primarily due to the agency of steam acting on pumps, diving-bells, huge cranes, and other apparatus; but it is clear that without the audacity of resource possessed by men skilled in maritime affairs, all mechanical agency whatsoever would be valueless.

It is pleasant to know that while science has been doing so much for people who live on dry land, seamen who peril their lives on the great ocean that wraps round the world have not been neglected; and to maritime invention are added civil laws and arrangements distinctly intended to preserve life and property at sea. In touching on this interesting subject, we may first speak of Salvage as a means for stimulating the efforts of humanity. Salvage is the payment due to persons who save a vessel that has been abandoned by its crew, or which is placed in some peculiar jeopardy. On the owners of ships so rescued, rests the obligation of paying a reasonable sum as salvage; and in the case of any dispute regarding the amount, the matter is settled by a decision of the Court of Admiralty. When the vessel has been insured against sea-risks by the underwriters at Lloyd's, or others, these, for their own interests, make compensation for the recovery of the jeopardised property. Seafaring populations on the English coast are ordinarily prompt in helping to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners, as well as in recovering and taking charge of goods washed ashore. At one time the wreckage of vessels driven ashore became a prey to depredators, known as wreckers; but scandals of this kind do not now occur, partly owing to the vigilance of magistrates, police, and coastguard, and partly to that of the numerous agents of Lloyd's, whose duty it is to take charge of any species of property driven ashore. Like an invisible army, these

agents of Lloyd's are established all round the coasts of the British Islands, ready to pounce upon and secure every article which the waves bring to land. The plundering of wreckage, such as Sir Walter Scott picturesquely describes in *The Pirate*, could not now therefore take place. As far as the law can do it, the property imperilled on the deep is protected from depredation.

Latterly, the succouring of vessels in a distressed condition at sea has not been altogether left to chance or to private adventure, under the prospect of salvage. There has sprung up a system of recovery on a great scale. Salvage Companies possessing a large capital have been established in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere. By means of powerful and skilfully managed steam-tugs, they undertake to rescue, if possible, ships that have been thought to be almost beyond human aid. There is something heart-stirring in the idea of a few heroic men sallying forth in the forlorn hope of lifting a ship sunk to the bottom of the sea, floating it safely into harbour, and restoring to the owner that which had been given up as lost. Proceedings of this kind take their place alongside of the feats performed by means of Life-boats, renowned among the maritime glories of England.

In the wonderful art of lifting and floating sunk vessels, no one has so greatly distinguished himself as Captain William Coppin, who is said to have recovered a hundred and forty ships that would otherwise in all probability have never more been heard of. Perhaps we may some day have a record of the more interesting cases in which the captain was concerned. In the meanwhile, trusting to newspaper accounts, we draw attention to the proceedings that lately took place in endeavouring to rescue a vessel stranded on a dangerous ledge of rocks at Bembridge, Isle of Wight. The vessel is described as the clipper bark *Alphita*, with ballast, bound from Amsterdam to Cardiff. Its length was a hundred and ninety-six and a half feet, with eighteen feet depth of hold. It was a handsomely-built, smart-sailing vessel, which cost thirteen thousand pounds—most likely sent on a mission to take a cargo of coal from

Wales to Holland. It was fully insured at Lloyd's. This fine vessel encountered a tremendous gale in December 1877, and notwithstanding the efforts of Mr G. E. Stone, master, was driven with violence on the above-mentioned ledge of rocks. The unfortunate vessel was thrown to a considerable distance among the rocks, and there she stuck, with underplating damaged, her sides bulged in, water getting freely into the hold, and with mainmast fractured. To all appearance the ship was finished. By no ordinary process could she be got off. What was to be done? Sad to leave a thing of beauty and considerable cost to be dashed to pieces by recurring storms in the Channel!

There were grave consultations on the matter by the owners and underwriters. The vessel was too valuable even with all her injuries to be abandoned outright. It was resolved to employ a Salvage Company to endeavour to get the vessel floated into port. A vigorous attempt of this kind was made, and it failed. The *Alphita* still stuck. As if all hope of recovery was gone, and not wishing to be plagued any more about it, the underwriters sold the vessel where she lay for two hundred pounds. There was a bargain. A thirteen thousand pound vessel disposed of for the paltry sum of two hundred pounds. The purchase, however, was a pure hazard. If the vessel could not be got off, it was not worth anything. Already, an immense deal of trouble had been taken to float the *Alphita*, and it was of no use. Two hundred pounds was accordingly not a bad offer. The purchasers were the Salvage Steam-ship Company of London, of which Captain Coppin is the managing director.

The case is crucial. A vessel is stuck upon a reef of rocks from which no earthly power appears to be able to dislodge it. Captain Coppin yokes to this seeming impossibility. Let us mark the resources of genius.

At the spot where the *Alphita* was fixed with a leaning to one side, the tide rises about twelve feet. There, in the first place, is an agency of nature, which it would be clearly important to utilise. That is to say, make use of the rise of the tide. Very good; but there were holes in the vessel that would require to be plugged before she would budge. All this was done. The damaged parts of the vessel were cut off by water-tight bulkheads, and the rents in the exterior sheathing were repaired. There was also a good deal of calking of open seams. Until these various arrangements were effected, the vessel was strapped down, to prevent bumping or further damage. Wedges were also employed to make the vessel stand upright. When these and other means had been adopted, it was thought that the vessel was ready to be pumped dry and floated off. Now were set agoing powerful steam-pumps, capable of throwing out six thousand tons of water an hour. The vessel began to be buoyant. There were some protuberances of rock in the way which would prevent her slipping into deep water. To make a

proper channel, three hundred tons of rock were cut away, and now, as every one believed, there was nothing to prevent the vessel being tugged into the open sea.

It was a great day, when all things being in readiness, the Salvage Company's steamer *Sherbro*, and the dockyard tug *Camel*, made their appearance on the scene, and set to work on the hitherto disabled vessel. What a shout from the sailors when taken in hand by the tugs, the *Alphita* quietly glided into deep water, and was towed along a distance of ten or twelve miles to Portsmouth. We say this was a triumph of art. It is what could not have been done half a century ago. On reaching Portsmouth, the vessel underwent a regular inspection, and was found to have sustained very material damages, which, however, were not irreparable, and are in the course of being repaired. We conclude the accounts given of this remarkable exploit, by stating that Captain Coppin intends to commence operations on the *Vanguard*, one of Her Majesty's ironclads, accidentally sunk on the southern coast of Ireland. He has already, it is said, managed to introduce a couple of hawsers under the hull; and with some interest we shall await the result. To lift an ironclad war-vessel from the bottom of the sea, and float her to the nearest port, would surely be the perfection of maritime engineering. Possibly it may be done. We are no longer astonished at anything. W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XXL.—ETHEL FINDS A FRIEND.

'It was all one property once,' said Lady Maud, as she sat by Ethel's side in the open window of the school-room, while Ethel's pupil, Lady Alice, was busily engaged in copying a sketch. The window commanded across the park a view of Carbery, with its Elizabethan gables and vanes glinting back the sun. Lady Maud was fond of spending her spare hours in the society of the new governess, and she and Ethel were, in spite of the difference of their position, fast friends.

'It is seldom,' said Ethel Gray, 'that two such grand houses are so close together.'

'They belonged, as I said, to one owner,' returned Lady Maud; 'and the builder of Carbery was a De Vere and lived at High Tor, long ago. He was an ancestor of ours; but I don't know exactly how it was that the properties came to be divided. I do know how Sir Sykes came to be master of the Chase; and if you like, I will tell you the story. It is no secret. I wonder that none of the village gossips have been beforehand with me.'

'I always imagined Sir Sykes to be a relation of yours,' said Ethel, with another glance at the stately mansion, gleaming in the mellow sunshine.

'No more than you are, dear,' answered Lady Maud; 'and indeed he never could have expected to be the owner of that fine place, when he was a

boy. He was poor enough. His father, old Sir Harbottle, had been a sad spendthrift, and died abroad; and when Sir Sykes, then a captain of infantry, came back from India, he had nothing to inherit but the baronetcy. They are Yorkshire people, the Denzils, not Devonshire; but there was a connection by marriage between Sir Sykes and old Lord Harrogate, who had married Sir Harbottle's sister.

'This old Lord Harrogate was the master of Carbery Chase, and a kinsman of ours, and head of all the De Veres; but how, I cannot exactly tell you, for we titled people I suspect often remember as little of our pedigree as if our names were Jones or Robinson. I only know that he was a rich, lonely, furious-tempered old man, a widower without any children or nephews, and had quarrelled with all his relations, with Papa most of all, about some tiresome election business. They say lords are forbidden by law to meddle with elections, but they do meddle; and the Earl went on one side, and old Lord Harrogate, who was of different politics, on the other. The end of it was that Sir Sykes was sent for, and that Lord Harrogate made his will, giving every acre to his wife's nephew; just, as he said, that no De Vere should be the better for his death.

'What was the oddest thing of all,' pursued Lady Maud, 'was that the old lord did not like Sir Sykes at all, and told him so, they say; but made him his heir exactly because he thought it would be gall and wormwood to his own kith and kin. And it was supposed that Lord Harrogate's anger and violent emotions brought on the fatal fit of apoplexy by which he was carried off. At anyrate he died suddenly only a few hours after the signing of the will; and that was how Sir Sykes became master of Carbery.'

'I should not think it could have made him very happy,' said Ethel thoughtfully.

'I am sure I don't know why it should not,' said the more practical Lady Maud. 'It was no fault of his, after all, that Lord Harrogate had the whim to will it away as he did; and Papa owed him no grudge for it; and we have always been on neighbourly terms, if not very intimate. But it did not make him happy. Sir Sykes,' she added laughingly, 'had, you must know, a most romantic love-affair in his youth, unlikely as such a thing seems to those who see him now.'

Ethel Gray asked, with more interest than before, if it were Sir Sykes Denzil's love-affair which had prevented his enjoying the material prosperity which was his.

'I have always thought so,' said Lady Maud confidently; 'though people ascribe his sad looks and retired life to a different cause. But there is no doubt that he was very much in love with a certain Miss De Vere, an exceedingly pretty girl, whom Papa and Mamma always speak of as Cousin Clare, and whose picture I will shew you this evening, if you like, in the Green Room. Cousin Clare was an orphan, with no money, and she lived in Papa's house when he was first married; and poor as she was, she was to be Lady Harrogate when the old lord died.'

'I thought your brother'—said Ethel wonderingly.

'O yes; it has come to us now, the title,' said Lady Maud, smiling. 'But Miss Clare De Vere, who was a distant cousin, came next in succession, and was to have the Barony, and be a peeress in her own right, when the old lord died. Harrogate is one of the oldest English titles, and goes, as they call it, to heirs-female; so that it was a standing joke that poor Miss De Vere would be a peeress without income enough to pay her milliner; only every one hoped she would marry well, since she was very lovely, as I told you. Now Sir Sykes was desperately in love with her; but the Earl did not approve of his suit, nor did Mamma, for he was badly off and in debt, and had been married before.'

'I did not know that. I noticed Lady Denzil's monument in the church only a month ago,' rejoined Ethel.

'That was the second wife,' said Lady Maud. 'Jasper and the girls were not her children. No. Sir Sykes married very young, when a subaltern in India, and there his wife died; and when he came home a widower, he had these three children to provide for, and scarcely any means at all. He was a handsome man—that I think one can see. But Cousin Clare did not like him; still she was of a gentle yielding nature, and when Sir Sykes became owner of Carbery, and a very good match indeed, and Papa thought Clare had better accept him, somehow she allowed herself to be talked into an engagement. Well, the baronet was very urgent, and he had got the Earl and Countess on his side; and poor Cousin Clare I'm afraid was not very strong-minded, so she promised to marry Sir Sykes; though the man she really cared for was a needy cousin of hers and ours, Colonel Edward De Vere of the Guards; and the wedding things were all got ready, and the lawyers had drawn the settlements; when, to the surprise of all, Cousin Clare was missing. She had eloped with her cousin Edward, and was married to him in Scotland.'

'Sir Sykes must have felt that very much?' said Ethel, looking across the park towards the distant mansion of Carbery.

'He did,' returned Lady Maud. 'But I don't pity him, because, as you shall hear, he behaved very ill. It was Papa who broke the news to him; and I have heard the Earl say that the passion of uncontrolled rage with which he received it was absolutely horrible. Some anger was natural of course; but he was more like a fiend than a man. He swore that he would be revenged; that he would never rest until he had found some means of stabbing Clare's heart, as she had stabbed his, and of making her bitterly rue the day when she had cast him off. He was, in fact, dreadfully violent, and it seemed the more shocking in a polite smooth-spoken man like him; but of course people excused him on account of the excitement of his feelings.

'Men who are jilted do odd things, they say. In half a year after Clare's elopement, Sir Sykes married a Manchester heiress with a large fortune; and three years later the second Lady Denzil died at Tunbridge Wells; and soon after, her only child, a little girl of about three years old, died too. From that time it was that Sir Sykes's melancholy was supposed to date. It was supposed that he

never got over the loss of this baby daughter, and that was the odder, because he seemed the very last man to mourn always over a little child. It was not the loss of his wife; he cared very little for her. And he never seemed a devoted father to his surviving children. Yet since that tiny mite of a girl was buried, he never held up his head as he had been used to do.'

'And Miss Clare, Miss De Vere?' asked Ethel, with a feminine interest in the heroine of the story.

'Ah! poor Cousin Clare!' said Lady Maud seriously: 'she suffered enough, poor thing, to expiate her breach of faith to Sir Sykes tenfold. Very, very short was her time of happy married life before'—

'I wish, Maud, please, you would look at this sketch for me, and help me with the foreground. I've made the figures too big, I'm afraid, and can't get in the rest of it,' said young Lady Alice, from amid her pencils and colour-boxes.

'I will; I'll come and try what I can make of it, as soon as I have told Miss Gray the rest of the story—the saddest part of it, I am sorry to say,' said good-natured Lady Maud. 'Sir Sykes's vengeance was realised, terribly realised, without his having to stir a finger in the matter, for little more than three years after Cousin Clare's marriage, her husband, whom she almost idolised, was brought home to the house a corpse. He had, like many other heroes both in romance and reality, been thrown from his horse in the hunting-field and killed on the spot.'

'The young Baroness Harrogate—I have already told you that Clare was heir-female to the title at the death of the old lord—was all but killed too, as I have heard, by the shock of her husband's death; but for the sake of her child, the only earthly consolation left to her, the poor thing bore up under her great affliction. Yet Papa said that when he went to see her, her mournful eyes quite haunted him for weeks and months afterwards, and that, beautiful as she still was, she looked but the ghost of her former self. Then, when the next summer came round—I hardly like to tell it!' said Lady Maud, as the tears rose thickly in her eyes.

'Do not tell me any more,' said Ethel gently, 'if it gives you pain.'

'No; I was foolish,' returned her friend, smiling; 'for what I am speaking of happened long, long ago, when you and I were in the nursery, and I have heard it related very often, though I never told it until to-day. Well, the young widow lived on in the house she had inhabited since the first days of her marriage, a pretty cottage beside the Thames, and there she dwelt alone with her child, a sweet little creature, a girl of three years of age, who promised to be nearly as beautiful as her beautiful mother. And then this last hope was snatched away.'

'Did the child die?' asked Ethel falteringly.

'It was worse than that,' answered Lady Maud, whose lip trembled as she spoke. 'She had been with the child in the garden, which bordered the river. Little Helena—that was her name—was playing among the flowers when her mother was called away, and as she was entering the house, she heard a faint cry or scream, in what seemed to be the child's voice. She ran back to the garden, and to the grassy terrace where she had left her

young treasure; but the child was not to be seen. She called; but there was no answer. Trembling, she neared the water's edge, and there she saw the child's tiny straw-hat with its broad black ribbon, floating down the river; but of the body—for no one could doubt but that the poor little lamb had been drowned—there were no signs; and when aid was summoned and a search begun, it proved fruitless.'

'Was the poor little child never found then?' asked Ethel, more moved than she had expected to be by these details.

'Never found,' replied Lady Maud. 'No rewards, no entreaties availed, though men examined every creek and shoal of the river. No trace of the lost one was ever discovered except the little straw-hat. With that the miserable young mother never would part. On her own death-bed—and she died very soon after, utterly broken down by this double bereavement—it was the last object on which her dying eyes looked as her feeble fingers clung to it, that little hat of the child's. We talk lightly of broken hearts. And yet, such things can be. Poor Cousin Clare died of one. Hers was a sad, sad story.'

Both Lady Maud and Ethel were weeping now. The former was the first to dry her eyes.

'We are very silly,' she said, trying to smile, 'to cry in this way over an old history concerning people that we never, to our knowledge, saw; for though I was alive when Cousin Clare married, I don't remember her at all. I was too young for that. Only it struck me often that Sir Sykes Denzil's sadness may have more to do with the desertion of his betrothed bride and her brief career and early ending, than with the cause to which it is generally assigned. Don't you think so too?'

Ethel did think so; but she did not speak for a moment, and then she said: 'I pity Sir Sykes too. How bitterly his own cruel words, as to the revenge he threatened, must have come back to his memory when he heard the news of that great misfortune—of the child's being drowned.'

'Idle threats, dear! Perhaps he hardly remembered having spoken so foolishly in his excitement,' answered Lady Maud indifferently. 'It was after all about that time that he lost his own little daughter. Cousin Clare's title came to Papa, and our brother Harrogate bears it by courtesy, as you know. There was no property. The poor little child, had she lived, would have been Helena, Lady Harrogate.'

'The body was never found at all?' asked Ethel.

'Never found!' said Lady Maud.—'Now Alice, I'll help you with your drawing.' And the conversation ceased.

CHAPTER XXII.—ARCADES AMBO.

Hot, dusty, and conventionally empty as London now was, and stifling as was the confined air of St Nicholas Poultry, Mr Enoch Wilkins was in gay good-humour. He shewed it by the urbanity with which he was dismissing a shabby-genteel man of middle age, to whose remonstrances he had listened with a bland semi-serious patience unusual to him.

'Now, really, Mr Greening, really we must have no more of this,' he said, shewing his white

front teeth in an affable smile. "Can't pay" and "Won't pay" are, I fancy, convertible phrases. The Loan Office cannot afford to do business on sentimental principles. And it's all very well to say that you only had in cash nine seven eleven, as consideration for your notes of hand, amounting to—let me see.' And the solicitor glanced at a bundle of papers on the table.

'To twenty-eight pounds six and fourpence,' said the debtor piteously; 'two-thirds of which are for interest and commission.'

'But that,' pursued the solicitor, 'by no means affects the legal aspect of the case. The bill of sale over your furniture is none the less valid. I didn't quite catch your last remark.—Ah! to sell you up would be to you sheer ruin? Then, my good Mr Greening, I advise you to stave off the ruin by prompt payment, to escape the very heavy expenses to which you will otherwise be put. Good-day to you.—Now,' he added to his clerk, 'I will see this Mr Hold.' And as the impecunious Greening took his melancholy leave, the sunburnt countenance of Richard Hold became visible in the doorway.

'From abroad, I presume?' said Mr Wilkins affably, as his observant eye noted the seafaring aspect of his visitor and the bronze on his cheek, which might well have become a successful Australian digger, fresh with his dust and nuggets from the gold-fields.

'Well—I have been abroad; I have knocked about the world a goodish bit,' answered Hold slowly, 'but just latterly I've stayed ashore.'

Mr Wilkins picked up the office penknife and tapped the table with the buckhorn handle of it somewhat impatiently. He did not entertain quite so high an opinion of the swarthy stranger as before. The first glance had suggested damages in a running-down case at sea; the second, some claim for salvage; the third, an investment of savings earned, according to the picturesque phrase, 'where the gold grows.' But the solicitor knew life well enough to be aware that those who have knocked, in Hold's words, about the world, are rolling stones whereon seldom grows the moss of profit.

'What, Mr Hold, may be your business with me?' he asked curtly.

Richard Hold was not in the least nettled at this chilling reception. His dark roving eyes made their survey of the lawyer's surroundings, from the heavy silver inkstand to the prints on the walls, and then settled on the face of Mr Enoch Wilkins himself.

'That depends,' said Hold, with a lazy good-humour, as he leaned against the door-post nearest to him, 'on what you call business, skipper!'

Mr Wilkins frowned; but the words, sharp and peremptory, that rose to his lips, remained unspoken. His first idea had been that this was the saucy freak of an ill-conditioned sailor, and that a word to his clerk and a summons to the policeman on his beat hard by, would rid him of the intruder. But the man was quite sober. There must be some reason for his singular tone and bearing. Wherefore, when Mr Wilkins spoke again, it was urbanely enough: 'If I can be of use to you professionally, sir, you may command me; at least I shall be glad to hear what you have got to say. Perhaps you feel somewhat strange in a lawyer's office?'

'I haven't seen the inside of one since six years ago I was in trouble at Singapore about—never mind what!' returned Hold, checking his too communicative flow of words, and then added: 'Now I hail from Devonshire—Dartmoor way—Carbery Chase way, not to mince matters.'

Mr Wilkins started. 'Have you a message for me—from Sir Sykes, I mean?' he inquired, in an altered voice.

'No!' replied Hold, in a dubious tone, and coughing expressively behind his broad brown hand; 'not exactly that.'

The lawyer looked keenly at his visitor. Hold's bold eyes met his. The man's unabashed confident air was not lost on so shrewd an observer of human nature as was Enoch Wilkins. 'Take a chair, I beg, Mr Hold,' he said civilly; and Hold took a chair, placed it sideways, and seating himself upon it in a careless informal attitude, rested one elbow on the chair-back, and contemplated the lawyer with serene scrutiny.

'You come from Sir Sykes, however, although you do not bring a message?' asked Mr Wilkins.

'Take your affidavit of that, squire!' returned Hold, in an assured tone. 'We ought to be friends, you and I,' he added, with what was meant for an engaging smile, 'for we are both, I reckon, in the same boat.'

'In the same boat, hey?' repeated Mr Wilkins cautiously. 'How's that?'

'I mean,' said Hold, knitting his black brows, 'that we are both pretty much on the same lay—that we know a thing or two about a rich party that shall be nameless, and about certain old scores, and a certain young lady, and—Why should I do all the chat, master? Is this Greek to you, or do you catch my meaning?'

Mr Wilkins, whose eyes had opened very widely as he listened, here started as though he had been electrified. 'I understand you to imply,' he said smoothly, 'that our interests are identical?'

'Well, I guess they are,' responded Hold, in the blunt fashion that was natural to him. 'We both, I suppose, want as many of Sir Sykes Denzil's yellow coins as we can conjure out of his pocket; and both need no teaching to turn the screw pretty smartly when we see our way to it; eh, mister?'

Enoch Wilkins, gentleman, winced before this over-candid home-thrust. It is indeed one thing to be guilty of a particular act and another to hear it defined with unmannerly plainness of speech. And he did not quite like the being bracketed, as to his motives and position, with a piratical-looking fellow, such as he saw Hold to be. But to take offence was not his cue; so he laughed softly, as at the sallies of some rough humorist, and rattled his watch-guard to and fro, as he warily made answer: 'All men, I believe, are supposed to take care of Number One. I do not profess to be a bit more disinterested than my neighbours, and if I did, you are too wide awake to believe me.'

'Right you are!' responded Richard with a mollified grin and an amicable snap of the ends of his hard fingers. 'I never cruised in company with a philanderer' (meaning probably a philanthropist) 'but once, and he made off with my kit and gold-dust while I was taking my turn down shaft at Flathead Creek, in California there. My notion is that there are pickings for both. Why

should we two fall out so long as Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, is good for this kind of thing?' And the ruffian imitated, in expressive pantomime, the action of squeezing a sponge.

Again the lawyer laughed. 'No need,' he said with well-feigned admiration for the other's astuteness, 'to send *your* wits to the whetstone, Mr—or perhaps I should say Captain—Hold.'

'Well, I don't dislike the handle to my name; and I've a fairish right to it, since I've had my own cuddy and my own quarter-deck,' rejoined Hold boastfully. 'And now, squire, I'd like to hear your views a little more explicit out than I have had the pleasure.'

It was the attorney's turn to cough now, as he replied, still swaying his watch-guard to and fro: 'There you push me, my good sir, into a corner. Every profession has its point of honour, you know; and we lawyers are shy of talking over the affairs of an absent client unless'—

'Client, you call him, do you?' broke in Hold. 'Maybe you're correct there, since you've brought the Bart. to throw Pounce and Pontifex overboard, and make you first-officer over his tenants; but he warn't a client before yesterday.'

The astonishment written in Mr Wilkins's face was very genuine. Of all the extraordinary confidants whom Sir Sykes could have selected, surely this coarse fierce adventurer was the most unlikely. And yet how, save from Sir Sykes himself, could the fellow have acquired his knowledge of the truth?

'I was not prepared'—stammered out the lawyer.

'Not prepared,' interrupted Hold coolly, 'to find a rough diamond like yours to command, so deep in the Bart's little secrets. Perhaps not. Mind ye, I don't want to quarrel. Live and let live. But it's good sometimes to fire a shotted gun athwart a stranger's bows, d'ye see?'

'You and Sir Sykes are old acquaintances?' said the lawyer, feeling his way.

'Pretty well for that. Years too have gone by a few since you and he first came within hailing distance,' replied Hold with assumed carelessness.

'We were younger men, that's certain,' returned the lawyer with a jolly laugh and a twinkling eye. That anybody should try to extract from him—from him, Enoch Wilkins, information that he desired to keep to himself—to pump him, in homely phraseology, seemed to the attorney of St Nicholas Poultney, in the light of an exquisitely subtle joke. Hold, in spite of his confidence in his own shrewdness, began to entertain vague doubts as to whether in a fair field he was quite a match for the London solicitor. Fortune, however, had dealt him a handful of court-cards, and he proceeded to improve the occasion.

'Now, squire,' said Hold impressively, and laying one brawny hand, as if to enforce the argument, on the table as he spoke, 'I could, if I chose, clap a match to the powder-magazine and blow the whole concern sky-high. Suppose I weren't well used among ye? Suppose I began to meet cold looks and buttoned-up pockets? What easier than to make a clean breast of what it no longer pays to keep secret, stand the consequences—I've stood worse on the Antipodes side of the world—and get another sniff of blue water. That would spoil your market, squire!'

Mr Wilkins muttered something about edge-

tools; but his seafaring guest answered the remark by a short laugh of scorn. 'You know a thing or two,' he said incisively; 'so do I. Are we or are we not to act in concert? If not, up with your colours and fire a broadside. Anyhow, friend or enemy, I'll thank you to speak out.'

All Mr Wilkins's liveliness vanished in an instant, and he seemed strongly and soberly in earnest as he said: 'I will speak out, as you call it. I should very much prefer to be on good terms with you. I should like us, as far as we prudently can, to co-operate. But you have not as yet told me what you would have me do.'

'I'll tell you,' said Hold confidentially, edging his chair nearer to the lawyer's. 'When you go down to Carbery—You mean to go, don't you?' he added abruptly.

'Certainly,' said the lawyer, touching a spring in the table by which he sat, and producing from a concealed drawer, that flew open at his touch, a letter, which he unfolded and handed to his visitor. 'You know so much, captain, that I need not keep back this from you. It is from Sir Sykes, as you see. The contents are probably not strange to you.'

'Not likely,' returned the seaman, throwing his eyes, with ill-dissembled eagerness, on the letter. 'He asks you to come down then, and names an early day. The rents will be passing through your hands before long, Mister. 'Tain't that, though, I want to speak of. You'll find when you get to the Chase, a young lady there.'

'I understood that Sir Sykes had two daughters,' said the attorney innocently.

'He had three, if you come to that,' was Hold's rough answer. 'But this is no daughter. Maybe she'll be a daughter-in-law, some fine day.'

'Oho!' said Mr Wilkins, arching his eyebrows. 'Young lady on a visit, I presume?'

'On a very long visit,' answered Hold. 'A ward she is of the Bart., orphan daughter of an old Indian brother-officer. Name of Willis; Christian name Ruth.'

'Ruth!' Trained and practised as the sharp London man of business was in the incessant struggle of wits and jarring interests, he could not repress the exclamation. 'Bless me—Ruth!' he added breathlessly, and grew red and pale by turns. There seemed to be some magic in the sound of that apparently simple name which affected those who heard it.

'Name of Willis; Christian name Ruth,' repeated Hold. 'Like one of themselves she is now. Shouldn't wonder if she were to change her name, first to Mrs Captain Denzil, afterwards to Lady Denzil when Sir Jasper that will be comes into title and property. You've known Sir Jasper that will be, squire; you've had dealings with him. Now, mark me! The sooner that young dandy makes up his mind to place a gold ring on Miss Ruth's pretty finger, the better for him and for the Bart. and for you too Mr Wilkins. "A nod's as good as a wink"—you know the rest of the proverb.' And throwing on the table a card, on which were legibly pencilled the words 'CAPTAIN HOLD. Inquire at Plugger's Boarding-house;' and promising, ominously, to see Mr Wilkins again, in London or at Carbery, the seaman took his leave.

Left alone, the lawyer's features relaxed into a smile of satisfaction. 'A cleverish fellow and vain

of his cleverness, this Hold, but very communicative. It would surprise you, my good captain, if you knew how very much you have been kind enough to tell me, during our late interview.'

NEW EXPLOSIVES.

AT the head of the list of deadly explosives must of course be placed gunpowder, which is so well known that nothing needs to be said regarding it. Interest attaches to recent inventions, still as it were in their infancy. The most important of these new explosives is gun-cotton, a substance of most peculiar nature and properties. It is prepared by immersing cotton-waste (previously rendered chemically clean) in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid—the latter acid merely acting as a mechanical aid to the former. The cotton is afterwards thoroughly washed, reduced to a pulp, and finally dried and compressed into slabs or discs; the last operation being the only process throughout its manufacture which is attended with danger. Even where the greatest precautions are taken, the constant handling of a dangerous substance with impunity will sooner or later lead to carelessness, or at any rate to forgetfulness of its terrible character. The disastrous explosion some years ago at the large gun-cotton works at Stowmarket, where the most stringent rules for the common safety were in force, is an illustration of this. It is needless to dwell upon the impossibility of tracing the immediate cause of such a fatality—the guilty hand being of course one of the first to suffer the dread penalty.

It is a curious peculiarity of gun-cotton that the intensity of its action depends upon the manner in which it is ignited. A smouldering spark will induce it to smoulder also; a flame will cause it to go off in a feeble puff; but a detonating fuse will, as it were, enrage it, causing it to explode with a force ten times that of gunpowder. Gun-cotton is not adapted for the rifle, where extreme uniformity of combustion is one of the conditions of accurate shooting; but it can be used for sporting purposes, provided that the risk of frictional ignition in ramming home be obviated by the use of a breech-loading gun. Its force can, by dilution with pure cotton or other inert substance, be brought more to the level of gunpowder, but only at the sacrifice of those good qualities, such as freedom from smoke and reduction of fouling, which really constitute the chief advantages of its use. It is, we believe, used exclusively for charging torpedoes; and a suggestion has been thrown out that it might also be used with great advantage in savage warfare for the destruction of palisades and defences of a similar kind, in dense jungle impenetrable by artillery.

The next explosive in order of usefulness is nitro-glycerine, to make which, ordinary glycerine is acted upon (as in the case of gun-cotton) with nitric and sulphuric acid. It has the appearance of a yellow oil, insoluble in, and heavier than water. The many accidents which have occurred from its use seem to be due to some decomposing quality which it possesses, and which at present

is little understood. Unlike gunpowder, it burns harmlessly away when a flame is applied to it; but when heated to the temperature of boiling water, its explosive force is most violent. Many means have been suggested for rendering it less liable to spontaneous explosion, for in its crude state it cannot be stored away with any security for its good behaviour. The most successful plan is to mix it with a particular kind of porous earth, under which transformation it is known as 'dynamite.' On taking this solid form, it will bear comparatively rough usage, while its violent character is in no way diminished. Our readers will perhaps remember that dynamite was the agent used in that terrible explosion at Bremerhafen, which cost so many lives and such destruction of property. With fiendish ingenuity it was placed in a case together with a clockwork apparatus calculated to explode a fuse in a given time; the object of the crime being to secure the money for which the steamer that was to carry the terrible burden had been insured. By an error of calculation the explosion happened, with the most awful consequences, before the package had been removed from the quay. The practicability of employing dynamite under water has lately been demonstrated in a very shameful manner by a wholesale destruction of fish by its aid. The righteous indignation of all true anglers will most probably find vent in stopping without delay such a barbarous practice. Lithofracteur is the name of another preparation of nitro-glycerine, so like dynamite in its general properties that we need not further allude to it.

A totally different class of explosives from those which we have previously considered, are the fulminates of the different metals. They are chiefly used diluted with some other matter (such as ordinary gunpowder) for the priming of percussion caps, and for the detonating fuses which play so important a part in the firing of mines, &c. The manner of accomplishing this by the ignition of an electric fuse is, in its neatness and freedom from danger, a great contrast to the old system, where the operator had to light a slow-match, and take to his heels until distance had lent more enchantment to his position. Undiluted, the fulminates are almost useless, for the touch of a hair is sometimes sufficient to explode them; and when fired, their power is of the most terrible character. There are many other compounds which, on account of their uncontrollable nature, are of no practical value, and are never prepared except for purposes of experiment.

It will perhaps now be understood that although there is a family likeness between the various mixtures which we have mentioned, their individual behaviour is most unlike. It therefore becomes necessary in dealing with any one of them to consider first for what particular use it is required. It is possible, for instance, to charge a shell with an explosive which has the power of reducing it to tiny fragments; a result which would of course almost nullify its effect. It is sometimes perhaps necessary to throw dust in the eyes of an enemy, but certainly not in a sense so literal as this. Again, many compounds would cause a shell to burst with the concussion it receives when blown from the gun; and thus prove more destructive to friends than foes. Such an accident is next to impossible with either gunpowder or cotton. The

latter is employed with very startling results in combination with water in the so-called water-shells. A very small charge of compressed gun-cotton is placed in a shell, the remaining space being filled with water. In practice it is found that a shell so charged explodes into eight times as many fragments as it will when filled with gun-powder in the ordinary way. The effects of gun-cotton are different from those of powder, in that it exerts a sudden splitting power. The blasting of rocks, for instance, is often commenced with the former, which splits the mineral into cracks and fissures. These cracks are afterwards filled with powder, which detaches huge masses from their beds with a lifting power of which gun-cotton alone is incapable.

Many plans have at various times been proposed to render explosives harmless during manufacture and transport. The suggestion of mixing pulverised glass with gunpowder is effective in separating mechanically the grains, and so preventing the initial flash from penetrating beyond the particular ones submitted to inflammation. In consequence, probably, of the exposure entailed in the mixing as well as during the subsequent process of sifting out the glass before the powder can be used, the process has not attained any practical importance. Gun-cotton, on the other hand, by being saturated with water is rendered quite inert; the subsequent process of removing the excess of moisture being free from danger. Special conditions are necessary to its explosion in a damp state, conditions not easily brought about by mere accident. Dr Sprengle has suggested several powerful explosives which claim the advantage of safety, for their constituents are harmless in themselves, and need not be blended until they are actually required for use. Concerning Schultz's wood-powder we may perhaps have a few words to say in a future paper.

Before quitting our subject it will be in some measure a relief to reflect that the things of which we have spoken are not wholly dedicated to bloodshed. Besides their use in our mines and quarries, whereby an incalculable amount of manual labour is dispensed with, many of them are in constant requisition for the demolition of old structures, such as the piers of bridges, and for the removal of submarine structures of all kinds. In the excavations for the Suez Canal, gunpowder was largely used; and many other engineering schemes owe their ready accomplishment to the employment of a like agent. The greatest recorded undertaking of the kind is the destruction in 1876 of the Hellgate rocks, which formed such a dangerous obstruction to navigation in East River, New York. No less than sixty thousand pounds of dynamite were consumed on this occasion, the watery field of operation covering about three acres. Some years had been previously employed in making the necessary excavations for the reception of the cartridges, which were eventually fired by an electric battery of one thousand cells. The results gained quite surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the engineers engaged, and other obstructions in neighbouring rivers are shortly to receive similar treatment. Some of the good people of New York were terribly agitated at the thought even of the contemplated scheme, and left the city with the firm conviction that they would return only to find it in ruins. But the

fair city still exists unharmed—with the advantage of a much-improved tideway—and the good folk alluded to are forced to acknowledge that their prognostications of evil have ended in smoke.

MR ASLATT'S WARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

It was a strange day that followed. After much deliberation and a hard struggle with her shrinking from such a proceeding, Rose resolved to follow my advice, and make her confession to Mr Aslatt, trusting to obtain his forbearance towards the chief delinquent. She went to him in his library soon after breakfast, from which meal she had absented herself on the plea of a headache, which was no mere excuse, but the natural result of her violent weeping during the preceding night.

What passed at that interview I never knew. They were together for more than an hour. At the end of that time I heard Rose come out of the library and go slowly up-stairs. I followed her after a few minutes, thinking she might need me; but as I ascended the stairs I heard her hastily lock her door, as a security against intrusion. Shortly afterwards, as I stood at the window, I saw Mr Aslatt leave the house and cross the park in the direction in which the school-house lay. Several hours passed. Mr Aslatt did not return, and Rose's door continued closed against me. I was beginning to feel anxious, when I received a note from Mr Aslatt, brought to the house by one of the school children, in which he briefly informed me that he was obliged to make a hasty journey to London, and would not be home till night.

I saw nothing of Rose until the dinner-hour arrived, when we sat down to table together. She strove hard to appear as usual during the meal. Her dress manifested careful arrangement, and though her cheeks were almost as pale as the white robe she wore, she looked strikingly beautiful. As long as the servant remained in the room she talked incessantly, and even laughed; but when there was no longer need to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness, her manner changed. The troubled look returned, and she grew painfully restless. The evening was passed by her in wandering from room to room, unable to settle to any occupation. Sometimes she took up a book, but only to throw it aside in impatience the next moment and go to a window, to watch with growing anxiety for Mr Aslatt's return.

At last, when her endurance had been tried to the utmost, he came. I was grieved to see the weary saddened look his face wore when he came into the room where we both were. He seemed to have grown ten years older in one day. Rose became paler than ever as he entered. She did not move to meet him, but stood still, gazing at him with an eager questioning glance. As he approached her, I slipped out of the room, for I was sure they would wish to be alone.

The next day Mr Aslatt took me into his confidence, and freely discussed with me the difficult position in which he found himself placed in regard to Rose. Knowing her vehement attach-

ment to Mr Hammond, and having had a proof of the strength of her determination to cling to him, he shrank from paining her, and perhaps driving her to an undesirable course of action by refusing his consent to their marriage; the more so that he had made inquiries, and discovered that the assertion, which Rose so repeatedly made, namely that her lover was by birth a gentleman, was quite correct. Mr Aslatt had had some conversation with a solicitor, an elderly man, who was acquainted with Mr Hammond's family history, and who spoke of him as a singularly unfortunate young man. His father had been a spendthrift man of pleasure, who had squandered away all his property, and been forced to sell the family estate whilst his son—whose mother had died in giving him birth—was yet a child. The self-ruined man had then pursued a disgraceful career of gambling, which had terminated in a premature death. Neglected and uncared for during his father's lifetime, the boy was in a still more deplorable situation after his decease, and would have fared ill, if the solicitor who had managed his father's affairs, hearing of his desolate condition, had not exerted himself to procure the lad's admission into an orphan asylum. Here he had received a tolerable education; and at the close of his term of schooling a place had been found for him as clerk in a merchant's office. But the occupation had not been to his taste, and at the end of a twelvemonth he took offence at some trivial occurrence, and threw up his situation.

The gentleman who had told Mr Aslatt thus much was unable to say how Mr Hammond had supported himself during the interval that had elapsed from the time of his leaving the merchant's office to the day when he sought the post of village schoolmaster; but he believed he had resided abroad during most of the time. He had brought Mr Aslatt credentials as to his respectability and qualifications from the hand of a schoolmaster living in the north of England. Pleased with the young man's appearance and bearing, Mr Aslatt had rather hastily concluded an engagement with him, and had not deemed it necessary to make very particular inquiries as to his antecedents. Now that he was anxious to learn more of the young man's previous history, he found, to his disappointment, that the schoolmaster who had acted as referee had died but a few weeks before.

It may readily be imagined that Mr Aslatt was not satisfied with the information he had gleaned. There was a period of Mr Hammond's life of which he knew nothing except that, from his own explanation, he had supported himself during those years by giving English lessons in schools and families in the neighbourhood of Berlin. Mr Aslatt felt that he had no reasonable ground for doubting the truth of the young man's statement; yet in spite of his desire to be perfectly just, he could not divest his mind of uncomfortable suspicions. Yet there was nothing in the facts which he had learned which he could urge as a reason why Rose should consent to give up all idea of marrying Mr Hammond. The story of his unfortunate childhood and youth would but excite her warmest pity, and incline her to cling to him with greater devotion. Mr Aslatt was much perplexed how to act. He confessed to me—little guessing how well I understood his words, having divined his heart's

secret—that the thought of giving his ward to Mr Hammond was inexpressibly painful to him, for of late he had conceived an inexplicable aversion to the young man, and a feeling of distrust, which had been strengthened by the discovery of the censurable manner in which Mr Hammond had gained paramount influence over Rose. Yet he shrank from the thought of blighting the girl's whole life, as she had passionately declared that he would, if he prevented her marrying the man she loved.

I felt much for Mr Aslatt in the painful position in which he was placed, and longed to help him, but knew not how. After some deliberation, however, we decided upon a course of action which seemed to us both the best possible under the circumstances. Without absolutely opposing the union, Mr Aslatt determined to withhold his formal consent for the space of twelve months, during which time the young people should be allowed to meet at stated intervals, if they would promise to abstain from all clandestine proceedings. At the expiration of the year, if nothing had transpired to shake Mr Aslatt's confidence in the young schoolmaster, he pledged his word to consent to his marriage with Rose, and to do all in his power to promote their happiness. Meanwhile he proposed to find Mr Hammond some employment more in keeping with the hopes he cherished than the post he had previously held. It seemed to me that this was better treatment than the young man deserved. But it was love for Rose that prompted the arrangement, and a generous desire on her guardian's part to shield her from suffering even at the cost of bitter pain to himself.

Before our discussion terminated, Mr Aslatt confided to me the facts concerning Rose's parentage, which I have already related. He had never yet told them to her, he said, fearing she would over-estimate her obligation to him, which after all was merely imaginary, for whatever kindness he had shewn her had been more than compensated for by the happiness her companionship had brought him. In earlier days, when she questioned him as to her parentage, he had told her that at some future time she should know all; but of late she had made no inquiries, and he had been reluctant to say anything which might disturb their pleasant relations.

I told him that I thought she ought to know the history of her early days.

'Do you think so?' he said. 'But I could not tell her now. It would seem as if I were trying to coerce her into acquiescence to my wishes by revealing claims to her gratitude. No, no; I cannot tell her now.' After a while he added: 'I do not believe I shall ever tell her myself; and yet she may ask me any day, and perhaps I ought not to keep her in ignorance. If ever you think it well to tell her what I have told you, Miss Bygrave, you have my permission to do so, but not at present. And pray, never let her imagine that I have great claims upon her gratitude.'

To make a long story short; the proposed arrangement was carried out. Rose humbly and thankfully agreed to wait a year for her guardian's formal consent; and Mr Hammond made no objection, though it must have been sorely against his will. Mr Aslatt succeeded in obtaining a position in Somerset House for the young man, who was

therefore obliged to reside in London; though every fortnight he paid us a visit, and stayed from Saturday evening till Monday morning at the Hall. Rose always seemed to look forward with such eagerness to these fortnightly visits that it must have been very painful for Mr Aslatt to witness the delight she took in Mr Hammond's society. But however bitter his feelings were, he carefully concealed them, and ever treated the young man with the utmost consideration and kindness. His manner to Rose betrayed nought save the tenderness of a parent; and she on her part no longer indulged in fits of petulance, but was gentle, subdued, and affectionate in her intercourse with him. Indeed she had changed from a wilful child to a thoughtful woman, since the memorable night when I had saved her from committing a rash act. Mr Hammond's demeanour also had improved. He no longer bore himself haughtily, but strove by a humble and becoming deportment to reinstate himself in Mr Aslatt's good opinion.

As time passed on I came to entertain for him a kindlier feeling, though I could not anticipate with any pleasure the expiration of the probationary period which rapidly drew nigh. Winter came and went; spring returned to gladden the land; the summer months succeeded, and it wanted but a few weeks to the day Rose was so eagerly expecting. Mr Hammond was staying for a few days at the Hall, and one lovely afternoon Rose proposed that we should ride over to Ashdene and spend a few hours in wandering amongst the ruins. We all agreed to the proposal, and were soon ready to start. On our way thither, Rose and Mr Hammond took the lead, and Mr Aslatt and I followed a few paces behind. It was becoming more and more difficult for Mr Aslatt to maintain a cheerful demeanour. In Rose's presence, he always made the effort, but out of her sight he frequently fell into a gloomy mood. He scarcely made a remark during our ride to Ashdene; and after a few attempts to draw him into conversation, I left him to himself. Arrived at Ashdene, we left our horses at the inn, and proceeded to the ruined Priory. Rose was as gay as a bird that afternoon; her laugh rang through the deserted corridors as she flitted from one part of the ruins to another, followed by Mr Hammond.

I wandered away by myself, feeling sure that Mr Aslatt would not require my company, and indeed would feel more at ease if left alone. After a while I found myself within the four walls inclosing what had once been the chapter-house. Glancing through a window much mutilated, but rendered beautiful by the ivy which festooned its broken shafts and crumbling arches, I perceived Rose and her lover sauntering over the green turf, a few yards from the wall within which I stood. At the same moment I became aware that I was not the only one observing them. Close to where I stood, but on the other side of the wall, sheltered from view on all sides save the one which I commanded, by the angle of a projecting doorway, stood a woman. Her tall gaunt figure was clad in a silk dress which had once been black, but was now rusty with age, and frayed and torn with frequent wear. A bonnet of the same hue and equally shabby, rested at the back of her head, and did not conceal the thick black hair which fell loosely over her fore-

head. But I scarcely noted her apparel at first, so much was I attracted by her strange weird face. She was very pale, but her eyes were intensely bright with a scorching burning brilliancy, which suggested the possibility of madness. They were gleaming with hatred as I looked at her, for there was no mistaking the expression of her white haggard countenance, even if the angry tone in which she muttered to herself words that I could not catch, and the clenched fist which she was shaking after the retreating figures, had not revealed her mind. As I watched her in considerable amazement and fear, she suddenly turned and beheld me. For a few moments she returned my gaze defiantly, as if questioning my right to watch her. Then moved by a sudden impulse, she advanced with rapid strides to the window at which I stood, and laying her hand on mine as it rested on the sill, demanded in a hoarse voice: 'Who is the young lady walking with that man?' pointing as she spoke to the distant pair.

'I cannot answer that question,' I replied, 'unless you tell me what reason you have for asking it.'

'What reason?' she repeated. 'The most powerful of all reasons. But tell me only this: does she think to marry him? That at least I have a right to know. Ah! you do not answer. You cannot deny it: I can read the truth in your face. And so he intends to marry that pretty fair-haired girl, does he? Ha, ha, ha!' And she laughed a wild laugh, which filled me with horror as I heard it.

'Who are you?' I exclaimed. 'And what do you mean by such words?'

'Who am I?' she reiterated. 'You shall know soon. I will tell you all, but not now. He must be by, or my revenge will not be complete. But there is no time to lose.' So saying, she walked hastily away, in spite of my efforts to detain her, and quickly disappeared round the corner of the chapter-house. In great consternation, I also quitted the spot and hastened in search of my companions. I found them at no great distance; Mr Aslatt, Rose, and Mr Hammond seated on some stones a little way beyond the Priory, chatting together and looking out for me.

'Where have you been?' exclaimed Rose as I approached. 'We were beginning to fear you were lost.'

'I think it is about time for us to return home,' said Mr Aslatt, as he looked at his watch.

'I am quite ready,' I replied; for I felt such dread of the strange woman making her appearance, that I longed to get away from the place.

'Oh, do not let us go yet!' exclaimed Rose; 'it is so delightful here.' As she spoke she took off her hat, and the light evening breeze played at will amongst her sunny tresses. Her face was radiant with happiness, as all unsuspecting of coming woe she sat there; when suddenly a hand was laid on her arm, and a low hoarse voice startled us all with the words: 'That man by your side is a liar, and a traitor, fair lady!'

It was the woman I had already seen. She had come through the ruin behind us, and managed to approach unseen as we sat with our faces turned in another direction. Had some explosive missile been suddenly thrown into our midst it could not have produced greater consternation than did these words. For a moment we were all speechless from

bewilderment. But the next, Rose recovered herself, and the blood rushed in an angry torrent to her face, as shaking off the woman's hand, she exclaimed indignantly: 'How dare you? What right have you to say such words?'

'The right of one who knows him far better than you can—for he is my husband!'

'It is false!' broke from Rose's quivering lips, as she turned appealingly to Mr Hammond; but alas! his pallid face betrayed an agitation which seemed to confirm the woman's statement.

'This woman is mad,' he said, striving hard to maintain his composure.

But Rose heeded not his words. She knew intuitively that the worst was true. Mr Aslatt was at her side in a moment, assuring her, as he tenderly supported her fainting form, that she need not fear, for the woman's story should not be believed without full proof. But she made no reply; indeed I doubt whether she heard what he said, for Nature kindly came to her relief, and she sank into unconsciousness.

LUNDY ISLAND.

AT the mouth of the Bristol Channel, off the pleasant western English shore, fighting as it were with the long white waves of the Atlantic, and with its lighthouse warning the mariner to give it ample range, stands the lonely little island of Lundy, between Devon on the south and the coast of Wales on the north; while from the island's granite cliffs, looking towards the western horizon, stretches the open Atlantic. It is a very little place; only three and a half miles in length by an average of one half mile in width, and of an extreme altitude of a trifle over five hundred feet. The top is an undulating table-land; the sides slope down green with ferns, and in the blossoming-time bright with flowers, to rocks, on the eastern side of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height; while to the west the cliffs, rich with orange, yellow, and gray lichens, are tumbled in strange confusion, and present a scene of wild and precipitous grandeur. Of the three thousand acres of which the island consists, about five hundred are under cultivation, and produce turnips and cereal crops, besides grass; the remainder is gorse and heather, which, however, is now also in course of being brought into cultivation. Of farm-produce Lundy also rears poultry, sheep, and cattle.

In 1877, the population consisted of between forty and fifty individuals, consisting of the proprietor and his family and household, a farmer and a dozen farm-labourers, three lighthouse-men, and two signal-station-men; besides which the islet boasts of a doctor and a clergyman—though not of a church. The owner Mr W. H. Hearen purchased the property in 1834, and has since, for the most part, resided on his sea-girt rock.

Solitary and little known as Lundy now is, it was once a place of considerable importance. Of its earliest history indeed nothing is ascertained; even its name cannot be exactly traced, and the suggestion that would derive it from the Norse

has not met with entire acceptance. Some years since a discovery was made on the island which would have been of more than local interest had the occurrence been duly reported to any of the scientific societies, and thoroughly investigated. Some workmen in digging a foundation for a wall, exhumed two skeletons, which excited wonder from the unusual size of the bones, and from the curious manner of their interment. The larger skeleton, after careful (but unscientific) measurement, was found to be eight feet three inches in height; while the other, though smaller, was yet of no ordinary stature. It has been thought that probably some mistake has been made through want of skill in the measurements; these interesting relics were inclosed in stone slabs, according to a primitive fashion.

The time when Lundy comes clearly in view is of much later date. The noble House of Montmorency (or De Marisco, as the English branch of the family was called) was in earliest recorded possession of the island. The De Mariscos seem to have been a restless turbulent set, a weariness and a grief to their liege lords, two of whom, namely Henry II. and John, respectively made and confirmed a grant of the island as forfeited to the crown (for the misdemeanours of the De Mariscos of their days) to the Knights Templar. The Knights, however, never had it actually in their hands—the De Mariscos proving too wily or too strong for ejection. Be this as it may, it is recorded that a Sir William de Marisco, of sad piratical proclivities and practice, after a fruitless attempt to murder his sovereign Henry III., retired to his stronghold of Lundy, and there flourished until he was captured by the king's forces, and summarily put to death. The ruins of his castle at Lundy still bear his name, and perched on the cliff top, commanding a wide sea and coast view, and overlooking the roadstead and single good landing-place of the island, shew what a post of vantage he must have held. Cottages nestle now for shelter from the wild winter winds, within the thick walls of the old keep; and the little gray beach below, shut in by towering precipice and pinnacled rock, tells no tale of former times.

When the troublous days of difference between Charles I. and his parliament darkened the land, Lundy held out stoutly for the king; and when at length, in the fainting of the king's fortunes, Thomas Bushell the governor writes for permission to surrender it quietly, he concludes his letter with words worthy of remembrance, however obscure the scene and the actor: 'But if otherwise your Majesty shall require my longer stay here, be confident, Sir, I shall sacrifice both life and fortune before the loyalty of your obedient servant, THOMAS BUSHELL.' Charles replied from Newcastle, the shadow of his fate already upon him: 'BUSHELL—We have perused your letter, in which we finde thy care to answer thy trust we first reposed in thee. Now, since the place is incon-

siderable in itself . . . we do hereby give you leave to use your discretion in it, with this caution, that you do take example from ourselves, and be not over-credulous of vain promises, which hath made us great only in our sufferings, and will not discharge our debts.'

In subsequent times the island seems to have relapsed into its old wild piratical courses. Complaints many and bitter are made against it. As before it had been a refuge for outcasts, so now it became a harbour for privateers, 'who put terror into all vessels;' 'much shooting' being heard there also on occasion. For a time it falls into the hands of the French, and is generally a terrible thorn in the sides of the prosperous west country. The next name, however, which has left any local memorial is that of Thomas Benson, a gentleman of North Devon, who renting the island from Lord Gower, made free use of it for his smuggling ventures. A large cave under the castle, where he is said to have stored his contraband goods, is still called 'Benson's Cave,' and must have afforded ample room for many a 'run cargo.' To Lundy too he exported such convicts as he was under contract with government to convey to America, and employed them in building walls, saying it 'was all as well as elsewhere, seeing it was out of England.' Finally, however, he ceased to enjoy the prosperity of the wicked, and being discovered in a nefarious scheme to rob the insurance offices, he fled to Portugal, where he died. Since then, excepting for some free fighting between Welsh and Irish, the island has had little to recall its stormier days, and appears to have faded out of the public memory—so completely, that the 'taxed British hoof,' to use Emerson's bland expression, leaves no impress on its soil, and the civilised miseries of rates are unknown; though whether the omission is due to a lingering remnant of its old sovereignty, or to its present insignificance, we know not.

In its geological aspect, Lundy seems to be allied to Devonshire, consisting chiefly of granite and slate. Both granite and slate are alike intersected by numerous dikes, varying from one to thirty feet in width, running from east to west, and described as 'belonging to a grand system of intrusive greenstone.'

Some years ago the granite was worked by a Company, who brought stone-cutters from Scotland, and opened quarries at considerable expense; but the affair is said to have been ill-managed, and the works were closed at a loss. Copper has been found at the junction of the slate and granite at the south end; but the island has been so shaken here and in various other parts by some terrible convulsion of nature, that it is considered improbable that any lode could be profitably followed up. The effects of this convulsion are peculiarly manifested on the western side, between the 'Quarter' and 'Half-way' walls. Many rents are visible in the solid rock. One large cleft, fern-fringed and flower-

bedecked, stands up like a perpendicular wall of some fifty feet on the upper side; the lower, broken and split, has slipped away from it in tumbled rock and treacherous crevice. Below this again is a second, deeper opening. At one end is a narrow entrance, leading by a steep scrambling descent into the yawning chasm. A few green things grow in the chinks and cracks, and sparse tufts of long grass mark the footway. The walls, a little apart, and sloping slightly outwards, are clean cut as by some giant's sword. The air is chill out of the sunshine, and the strip of sky overhead looks blue and clear between its two dark boundaries. Among the natural curiosities of the island is a mass of granite resembling a human head, with lineaments so perfect, that it is difficult to believe that Art has not supplemented Nature in its formation. The grave face looking seawards, like a watching knight (The Knight Templar as it is called), has probably been the work of many centuries of subtle influences, disintegration by wind and weather—as in the case of the 'Old Man of Hoy,' which looks out on the Pentland Firth—being the chief. The soil of the island is principally of a black peaty nature, with in parts a substratum of clay. And that the land has been anciently extensively cultivated is shewn by traces of the plough where now there is only wild pasturage. Ruins of round towers (for what purposes designed is unknown), and of humble dwelling-places, are also visible.

The flora of Lundy is extremely interesting, but has never been exhaustively treated. Masses of broom and gorse (*Ulex Europæus*) glow like living lights on the 'sidelands' in the spring-time; or in early autumn, the latter's dwarf relative (*Ulex nanus*) weaves, with heath and heather, carpets gorgeous beyond those of Eastern looms. Thrift (*Armeria vulgaris*) lies in breadths of pinky bloom, and blue-bells climb like a tender mist along the valleys and slopes. Regal foxgloves tower not only over their own kindred, but above the usual stature of man; and the *Osmunda regalis*, crowned among ferns, waves its lovely fronds in the pure sea-breeze. Thickets of honeysuckle make the sunshine a fragrance; and the beautiful bladder campion hangs like snow-wreaths from the rocks.

With vegetation so luxuriant in for the most part a mild equable temperature, the insect world is, as would be supposed, a numerous one. The beetle tribe alone, however, has been fully examined. Mr Wollaston, who visited the island many years ago (and is still remembered there as 'the beetle-catcher'), remarks on the richness of this order of insects and the rarity of the specimens he found there. He also mentions the curious fact, which, however, has been since modified, that the coleopterous fauna of Lundy is quite dissimilar to that of Devonshire, its nearest neighbour, resembling much in character that of Wales. Mr J. B. Chanter of Barnstaple (to whose comprehensive monograph on Lundy we have been indebted for this paper) furnishes some notes regarding certain rare insects found on the island.

The ornithological fauna of Lundy is said to be very remarkable. Amongst the rarer feathered visitants may be mentioned the rose-coloured pastor, the buff-breasted sandpiper, the golden oriole, Bohemian waxwing, hoopoe, &c. Feathered songsters too abound; and when 'the time of the singing of the birds is come,' the air is stirred with their

thousand lyrics. But the chief feathered inhabitants of the island are the sea-birds, the variety of which, as at St Kilda, would well repay a visit of the ornithologist.

BY-LAW No. 7.

I HAVE only two companions—the one a good-natured-looking, middle-aged gentleman with a mild benevolent expression, strangely at variance with the nervous restlessness of his eyes; the other a grim taciturn man, who has been absorbed in his paper ever since the train left Edinburgh *en route* for the South. They had got in together, and were evidently travelling companions. Rather a queerly assorted couple; for from their dress and general appearance there could be no doubt but that their stations in life were widely apart. What could they be? Master and servant? Evidently not; for the humbler of the two seemed to have control of all their travelling arrangements. A detective and his prisoner? I think not; for the one looks too much at ease to have a troubled conscience; and the other, though evidently in command, treats his companion with more deference than is compatible with the conscious power of a captor.

My speculations on this point have filled up a gap in the journey. Having read all the war telegrams in the morning paper, which I know I will find contradicted in the evening editions when I reach London; and having watched the telegraph wires gliding up and down beside the carriage-window, anon disappearing suddenly into space, only to reappear as suddenly to continue their monotonous up-and-down motion, I am beginning to weary of this, and if neither of my companions volunteers a remark, I must do something to force a conversation.

We are past Dunbar by this time, and are fast approaching Berwick. I have been vainly trying to catch the restless eyes of my apparently more companionable companion. He is now closing them, and evidently settling down for a quiet nap. My more taciturn friend has never taken his attention off his paper; he must either be a very slow reader, or having exhausted the news, he must have fallen on the advertisements. I offer him my paper. He takes it with a bow, giving me his own in exchange—*The Banffshire Gazette*. No news to be got out of that after having exhausted *The Scotsman*. I am soon reduced to the births, marriages, and deaths. Much interested to know that the wife of Hugh Macdonald stone-mason has presented him with a son; also to hear that Mrs M'Queen is dead; and the nursery rhyme I sometimes hear my wife repeating to our boys occurs to me, and I mentally inquire, 'How did she die?' The announcement does not, however, enlighten me on that point; though it is easy to guess, seeing that it contains the further information that she departed this life at one hundred and one years of age, and is deeply regretted. The latter assertion I fear is only a conventional fib, for I find in a paragraph announcing her death as a local centenarian, that she had great possessions, which have fallen to her nearest surviving relative, a great-grand-nephew.

My friend opposite is fairly off to sleep. Quite clear that he has nothing on his conscience. The other is as deep in *The Scotsman* as he was ere-while in his own paper. I can't stand this any

longer. Talk I must. *The Banffshire Gazette* is published in the county town bearing the same name; so I see my way to an opening.

'You come from Banff, I presume? You must have been travelling all night? No wonder our friend here is worn out.'

'We have come from Banff,' replies my friend, with no trace of the churl in his voice or manner that his appearance would lead me to expect. 'We have come from Banff; but we have not travelled all night. Our governor makes it a point never to over-fatigue any of his patients. It's part of his system; so we broke our journey at Edinburgh.'

His patients! I would as soon have suspected my opposite neighbour of being a criminal as an invalid.

'Indeed, I say. Might I inquire what is his complaint?'

My taciturn friend touches his head in a mysterious way, and I am just in time to stop a low whistle indicative of surprise, and to turn it into another 'Indeed.'

'What particular form does his—ahem—complaint take?'

I am beginning to hope he is not violent.

'Generosity.'

'Generosity?'

'Yes, sir. You see he gets all sorts of schemes into his head for the relief of suffering of all kinds; and his friends, fearing he might make ducks and drakes of his money, have put him under the care of our governor.'

'Is he wealthy?'

'Very.'

'Are his friends quite disinterested?'

'Well, I don't know. But at anyrate they are quite right. He might fall into the hands of unprincipled people, who would help out his schemes to further their own.'

'What is his latest plan?'

'Well, sir, his last idea was, that ambitious people who had failed in their aims—such as authors whose books were roughly handled by the critics, artists whose works did not meet with the appreciation they expected, actors whose genius was not universally recognised, and such-like—were a great bore to society, and in their turn were inclined to shun the world; so he proposed building a retreat where all such could retire to seclusion—a kind of Agapemone, you see, sir.'

'If he had found a scanty population for his rural settlement, it would nevertheless not be for the lack of such people.'

'Just so, sir.'

'Do you consider his a hopeless case?'

'I fear so, sir. He's one of the quiet sort, you see. More violent cases are often easier to deal with. Our governor turned out a rare wild one quite cured the other day.'

'What was his treatment?'

'Letting him have his own way. It's part of our governor's system; but it was rather risky in this case.'

I feel interested, and I intimate as much.

'Well, sir, Captain B— had been down with the yellow fever in the West Indies, and it was such a severe attack that the doctors gave him up as a bad job, and handed him over to the black nurses to do what they could for him. They

pulled him through, but with such strong doses of quinine, that before he was convalescent his reason was gone. His was suicidal mania—about the worst kind we have to do with, for the patient always has his victim handy if he can only get the means. They had a rare job to get him over to England; and when he was first put under the governor's care, he was about the worst case we had. The governor studied him carefully, and found that letting him have his own way was the only thing that did him any good. He was very fond of bathing; and by-and-by, when he began to mend a little, he was allowed to go to a river near our place. Of course I always went too, and kept a pretty sharp eye on him. However, this did not suit him; so one day he goes to the governor and says: "Dr —, it is not congenial to my feelings as a gentleman, always to have that fellow with me when I take my bath; I would much prefer privacy." The governor tried to put him off; but the contradiction had a bad effect on him. Now one of the governor's theories is, that at a certain stage of the complaint, if you can humour patients, they have every chance of recovery; cross them, and it is gone. "Captain B—," says he, "I know that if you pass your word to me, you will keep it like a man of honour; so if you will give me your word as an officer and gentleman that if I let you go alone you will return to me in an hour and report yourself, I will let you go." Captain B— gave his word as required, and every day he used to do the same, always coming to give his word of honour, and returning each day to report himself, proud of being trusted. It was rather risky treatment for a suicidal patient, but it succeeded. He's as well now, sir, as you or I.

'There was another case we had, quite different'—

I have settled myself into a listening attitude; but my friend has suddenly ceased. Looking up, I find my opposite neighbour has just awakened; and his attendant having perhaps no other topic of conversation than his professional experiences, which he no doubt rightly considers an inappropriate subject to discuss before one of his charges, has relapsed to his perusal of *The Scotsman*, nor do I hear another word from him till he bids me good-day at York.

'Grantham, Grantham!'

I have been following the example of the generous lunatic, and taking a nap which almost deserves the name of a sleep. I awake to the glorious conviction that I am nearing my journey's end, and have unconsciously got over about one hundred miles of loneliness. I have still some hours before me yet, however, and seem doomed to perform that part of the journey solus. What shall I do to fill up the time? Happy thought! Smoke! But this is not a smoking compartment, and by-law No. 7 says 'that any person smoking in any carriage other than a smoking carriage shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.' Bother by-law No. 7!

I call the guard. The first-class smoking compartment is full. Well, what's to be done? A small business transaction between the guard and myself; beginning with my hand in my pocket and ending with his in his; and he suggests that as I am all alone and by his favour likely to be so, I may as well smoke where I am. I light up amidst evident preparations for a start, and am

quietly settling down to the enjoyment of my cigar when the door hurriedly opens and I have a companion—a man about my own height and age, altogether not very unlike me. (I am of that mediocre mould in which nature has formed so many of my fellow-creatures.)

I am to have a companion after all. Well, so much the better. It will be somebody to talk to and pass the time. I wonder if he is as taciturn as my companions at the outset of the journey. Evidently not; he is recovering his breath after his hurry, and is preparing to address me.

'I'll trouble you to put that cigar out, sir! I object to smoke.'

'But, sir'—

'Here, guard! Tell this person to put his cigar out at once. This is not a smoking compartment.'

'Plenty of room in the next carriage, sir. Would you mind stepping in there?'

'Yes; I would mind. By-law No. 7 says, &c. &c.,' says my companion, standing blocking up the doorway and arguing with the guard.

'Very sorry, sir; but you must put out your cigar.'

'Can't I go into the next carriage?'

'Two ladies in there, sir—old ladies!'

'Have you any empty compartment?'

'We're just off, sir,' says the guard, slamming to the door, and the next minute we are spinning on our way to Peterborough.

Shall I put out my cigar? I have been alluded to as a 'person.' I have been addressed in a dictatorial manner, which has the very reverse of a soothing influence on me. I feel ruffled and obstinate. Had I been asked politely, my Havana had been out of the window in a twinkling. Shall I put it out or infringe by-law No. 7, and be fined forty shillings? I will finish my cigar, and abide by the consequences.

My companion is evidently as unaccustomed to opposition as I am to dictation, and for a few minutes he stares at me dumfounded, then he lets fly his own version of King James's Counterblast against Tobacco. On my part I preserve an obstinate silence. My companion pulls up the window on his side; I put up that on mine, which produces a violent fit of coughing on his part, when down go both windows in a hurry.

We have arrived at Peterborough, and the guard is again called. I have almost finished my cigar, and I throw the end away. My companion cannot let the matter rest, however, and when we are started again, he reads me another lecture, couched in such unacceptable terms that for reply I light another cigar.

'Sir, here is my card; and I insist upon knowing your name and address.'

I take his card, open my card-case, put his card in, and return the case to my pocket without giving him my card in exchange. I finish my cigar amidst a volley of threats of getting my name and address by force.

We are at Finsbury Park now, and tickets are being collected. This is the nearest station to my home, and here I intend to leave the train. My companion follows me up the platform, and calls the guard to take my name and address. Being under the scrutiny of the other passengers, who evidently think I have got into trouble for card-sharpping, and having made up my mind to pay the penalty, I lose no time in giving my card.

At home I am received with open arms, and I am hurried into the dining-room by my boys to inspect a device over the sideboard for my especial benefit—'Welcome' in blue letters on a white ground. My wife is full of inquiries after all our friends in Edinburgh, and what sort of a journey I have had.

Having informed her that individually and collectively all our friends are as well as could be expected, considering the wintry weather they have had, and that all were as kind and hospitable as ever, I briefly tell her of my smoking adventure.

'And who was your companion?' asks my wife.

'How should I know?'

'Why, you have his card.'

'To be sure; I quite forgot that,' say I, producing my card-case. I search it through carefully, but no card, other than my own, can I find.

'I know I put it in here. Why, bless me! I must have given it to the guard instead of my own. How odd!'

I have almost dismissed the adventure from my mind, when a few days later my wife, in skimming over the paper at the breakfast-table, breaks out into a merry laugh. What on earth can she find so amusing in any other than the 'Agony' column? which I can see is not the portion under perusal. It is the police reports, and she hands me the paper, pointing out the place for my attention.

'At the — Police Court, J — B — of Verandah House, Crouch Hill, was summoned by the Great Northern Railway Company for smoking in a carriage not a smoking carriage, to the annoyance of other passengers. The guard having proved identity, and the accused's card, given up by himself, being put in as corroborative evidence, the magistrate asked the defendant if he had anything to say in reply. An attempt was made to prove that the accused was really the complainant, and that he had given the card produced to the real offender; which the magistrate characterised as an impudently lame defence, and fined the defendant in the full penalty of forty shillings.'

'My dear,' says my wife.

'Well, my dear?' I respond.

'Verandah House is that pretty place that has just been finished a little farther up the hill. Don't you think that you behaved in rather an unneighbourly manner?'

'Did our neighbour behave any better?'

'At all events he has suffered unjustly. This cannot be allowed to pass. Don't you think you had better call and apologise?'

'Well, I'll think about it.'

On my way home from the station that evening I rang the visitor's bell at Verandah House, and was in due course ushered into the presence of the eccentric proprietor. Our recognition was mutual; and as my neighbour approached me, I prepared to put myself in a defensive attitude. His hand, however, was not extended to commit an assault, and before I could stammer out the elaborate apology I had prepared, I was forestalled by a hearty shake of the hand and an apology from the quondam fire-eater!

Under such circumstances it may easily be guessed that a satisfactory understanding was soon arrived at, and an exchange of invitations to spend the remainder of the evening in each other's society ended in my returning home with my neighbour as my guest. I am very partial to

an after-dinner cigar. Having already committed myself, however, I determined to practise a little self-denial; but what was my surprise, when I had carried off my neighbour to my study to shew him a few rare volumes of which I am almost as proud as I am of my children, to see my friend produce a cigar-case, and not only offer me the means of indulging my favourite weakness, but himself preparing to join in it.

'You may well look surprised,' said he; 'but in truth I am an inveterate smoker. I passed many years of my life in Havana, and these cigars—which I venture to say you will find remarkably good—are of my own importing.'

'But you expressed such contrary opinions the other day.'

'The fact is, that when in the West Indies I suffered from a severe attack of yellow fever, and the remedial appliances so affected my mind that for some time I had to be placed under restraint. Thanks to the skill of a clever practitioner, I am cured; but my old malady still shews itself in occasional fits of uncontrollable obstinacy.'

'I beg your pardon,' say I; 'but are you not a military man?'

'Yes; I was captain in the —th Regiment.'

Captain B——! My mind reverts to the story I had heard on the morning of our first meeting. But was our friend as thoroughly cured as his ex-keeper seemed to imagine? I can't say, but I know that he is an excellent neighbour. He treats his misadventure as a capital joke; and it is likely to be a stock story for the rest of his life how he was fined forty shillings by the railway company, because another passenger had infringed by-law No. 7!

THE LITTLE DOG MATCH.

FIFTY years ago my great-grandmother sat in the porch of her cottage, looking with pleasure on the fragrant flowers growing in her garden and listening to the song of her canaries hanging over her head. It was a sultry August evening; and gradually the sky overcast, a solemn stillness stole over the scene, while large drops of rain and heavy claps of thunder denoted the approach of a storm. She rose and removed her birds to the interior of the cottage. On returning to the open door she saw a woman dragging wearily up the garden-path followed by a lean and hungry-looking dog.

'For the love of mercy, ma'am,' began the tramp, 'please to buy a box or two of matches of a poor woman, for I've not tasted food this blessed day.'

My great-grandmother looked at her with pity. Benevolence formed a large ingredient in her character. Here stood a fellow-creature whose forlorn appearance and sickly countenance denoted her condition as plainly as her words; while the famished animal beside her was evidently unable to travel farther. The good old lady spoke at once in her primitive hospitality.

'Come in, poor soul, and sit ye down and rest. A storm is coming up. Here, take this meal, and enjoy it. You are truly welcome.'

She busied herself in setting food before the wanderer, and then turned to the wanderer's companion, her dog. 'The poor dumb beast is nearly dead,' she said; and amid the violence of the storm she exercised the bidding of the apostle to the best of her ability.

As soon as the tempest subsided the woman rose to go, full of gratitude for the kindness shewn her. The dog reposed comfortably on a rug, and seemed indisposed to quit his new home.

'Would you care to have the dog, mistress?' said the owner. 'He's none so handsome; but he'd guard thy house; and it's part we must, sooner or later. He'll have a blessed exchange, that's certain.'

My great-grandmother thanked her and expressed her pleasure at the prospect of keeping the dog. The woman went her way; her canine companion stayed in his new home, and was, in remembrance of his former owner, named Match. He proved faithful and affectionate to his mistress, and soon learned to distinguish her particular friends; while to members of her family he ever paid the greatest attention, trotting regularly every day to see her daughter, my grandmother, who lived in the next village, about a mile apart. He would, if the front-door was open, walk through the house to the part where the family lived, receive and return their greetings, walk to a particular mat which lay at the foot of the staircase, lie down for a time, and then return.

After he had lived some years with my aged relative, a nephew of hers from the border of Sherwood Forest, came to pay her a visit, and witnessing the intelligence and fidelity of Match, begged him as a present. Very loath she was to part from her faithful friend; but the entreaties of her favourite nephew prevailed, and when he returned home he took the dog with him. His journey was performed partly by stage-wagons, partly on foot. Finally he wrote to announce his safe arrival at home, with Match. Three weeks later, as my grandmother and her daughters sat at work one afternoon with open doors and windows, the apparition of an emaciated dog stumbled over the threshold, crawled feebly through the room to his accustomed corner, and sank exhausted upon the mat, too far gone to do more than raise his eyes for sympathy to his well-known friends. There was a great outcry. 'It is poor Match!' Work was thrown aside and all gathered round the dog. His bleeding feet were bathed, and some milk given him, which he drank eagerly, afterwards licking the hands outstretched to help; then, with a sigh of relief and contentment, he fell asleep, and stirred not all night. But in the early morning, with a joyous bark, he bounded off through the doorway, and swiftly made his way to his dear old home, where he was received with every demonstration of delight, which he returned with interest.

From that time to the day of his death, some years later, Match was regarded as a hero, having travelled more than one hundred miles on foot, a road over which he had passed only once. Afterwards it transpired that he had experienced a beating for attempting to escape previously; and when his flight was discovered, it was at once conjectured whither he had gone, although it was

considered impossible for him to accomplish the journey. Like many humble heroes, Match never played a prominent part out of his own circle; but among the family in which he lived his name is handed down as an instance of true fidelity. He had no pretensions to beauty, being a sandy-coloured dog with short rough hair; but must have possessed great powers of endurance and a wonderful memory.

PHONOGRAPH ODDITIES.

PROFESSOR FLEEMING JENKIN has applied the phonograph to a very interesting series of observations on the wave-forms of articulate sound. By a process of enlargement of the vibrations caused by the indented tinfoil, he, with the assistance of Mr J. A. Ewing, has obtained a large series of markings, upon bands of paper, by which the wave-forms of different sounds have been shewn. Some of those results Professor Jenkin has laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. The vowel sounds in the phonograph are found not to be dependent on the speed with which the cylinder of the phonograph is turned, the distinct vowel being heard however much the pitch of the note may be altered. He found that the phonograph resolutely refused to reproduce the French *u*, converting it always into the sound of *oo*. On the black-board, Professor Jenkin illustrated some of the constant forms assumed by the sound-waves, one of the most interesting being those of the letter *r*. In the case of the broad sound of *a*, it was shewn that while with most ordinary voices the wave took the form which might be described as having two humps, a rich bass voice had been found to give a wave-form much more intricate, shewing four distinct humps in each recurrent period of vibration. It was found that the phonograph gave vowel sounds, as well when the cylinder was turned backwards as forwards; and encouraged by this, the consonants were experimented upon, giving the same result. Even with a consonant at the beginning and end of a syllable, as, for example, *bab*, it was rather unexpectedly found that the word would be correctly repeated either way; shewing the identity of the sound. Professor Jenkin gave some amusement by describing the effects of reading words backwards, stating that with careful observation every sound could be heard, as, for example, in 'Association,' which, when the cylinder was reversed, could be distinctly heard as 'nosh-a-i-sho-sa.' In 'Edinburgh'—which he said Mr Ewing could pronounce backwards, though he could not—the various sounds could also be distinguished. Words and sentences which when pronounced backwards or forwards sound the same, were tried. Thus was tried the well-known sentence, 'Madam, I'm Adam,' with which Adam is traditionally alleged to have saluted Eve; but 'Madam, I'm Adam,' although spelt the same both ways, did not sound the same in the phonograph, the diphthongal sound of the 'I'm' giving a sound like 'mya.' It is obvious from Professor Fleeming Jenkin's experiments that some interesting points in acoustics may yet be settled by means of this extraordinary instrument.

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OUR CANAL POPULATION.

As much interest has latterly been roused concerning the population habitually living in the English canal traffic boats, we offer the following particulars on the subject from the personal observation of a correspondent. His narrative is as follows:

After allowing one or two barges to pass, the occupants of which seemed to be surly ill-favoured folks, one at length came in sight which answered our purpose, and we shall begin with it.

A cleanly dressed woman looked up at us with a pleasant smile upon her face as we bade her 'good-day,' her husband at the same time answering our salutation heartily. Whilst waiting for the lock to fill he came to our side and volunteered some sensible remarks on the great saving of water effected by the use of the side-pound system, which led to a conversation between us, and eventually to an invitation to step on board and go with them as far as Brentford. Accordingly we stepped on board; but at first had some little difficulty in bestowing our person out of the way of the long tiller, which swept completely over the available standing-room in rear of the cabin door, and momentarily threatened to force us overboard.

When at length we were well under way, and the man had relieved his wife at the helm, she invited us to inspect the interior of their cabin, apologising for its unfurnished state as compared with other cabins, on the ground that she did not habitually accompany her husband on his voyages, preferring to stay at home, when possible, to keep the house in order. With no little pride, however, she pointed out the usual arrangement of cupboards, lockers, shelves, hooks, &c., by which the limited space of nine feet by six was made to contain the utensils and necessaries for the use of a whole family. As was natural to a good housewife, she dilated mostly upon the cooking capabilities of a wonderfully small fire-place, erected close by the doorway, at which, she averred, she could cook as

readily as at home. We looked sharply round for the sleeping accommodation, but failing to discover anything resembling a bedstead—other than the tops of the lockers placed round two sides of the cabin, and which we calculated could not possibly accommodate more than three persons—were considerably puzzled to understand how such families as we had seen on the other boats were disposed of at night. The roof was not high enough to admit of hammocks being slung; nor was the space between the lockers sufficient to allow of a bed being made up on the floor. Unable to solve the puzzle ourselves, we suggested that surely, where there was a family of five or six children, they did not all sleep in the cabin.

'Indeed, but they do,' replied our hostess. 'And this is how they manage. The father and mother with the youngest baby sleep at the end there, with maybe the next youngest at their feet; then a couple of the children at this side; and another, or two, under here.'

'Under here' being the space beneath the father's bed, a very kennel, closed on all sides except a portion of the front corresponding to the width of the floor—about three feet. That children even could sleep in so confined a space without suffering permanently in health seems contrary to all natural laws; but as a matter of fact, barge-men and their families appear to be remarkably healthy. Expressing our surprise that any person could possibly sleep in so cramped a space, our informant continued: 'Bless you! that's nothing. When there's a butty, he sleeps as best he can on the floor.'

'And pray, what is a butty?' we inquire.

'Well, you see, by rights there must be two able-bodied people on board every boat, besides a lad or a lass to take turn about at driving. Generally it's the man's wife. But sometimes it happens as she's sick or what not; and then they have to get a growing lad of sixteen or seventeen to butty with them for a voyage or two; and then of course he lives and sleeps on the boat along with the family. Not as you must run away with the idea that we all of us live entirely in

the boats, as a good many of us have as good homes on shore as you'd wish to put foot in. But on the other hand, there's as many more who don't sleep out of the boat once a year, and hardly know what the inside of a house is like.

'Do I mean to say that children are born in these cabins? Indeed I do, sir. What is more, many's the child that is not only born on board but *dies* on board too; for as I told you, there's many that have no other home than the boat, and no friends but what are boatmen too. So what *are* they to do? with their husbands a-travelling all over the country; Birmingham one week, and Brentford here maybe, the next. Plenty of 'em indeed have got so used to the boats it would be downright cruel if they were to be compelled to live in a house ashore like decent people; because, you see, everything's so different, and they've become so used to making shift in little room, that they'd be regularly lost in a house.

'How do they get on when they're sick? Well, you see, it's mostly a town that we tie up at, at night, and there's generally a doctor to be found, however late it may be; and they get medicine that way. I once lost a little girl on board. She was taken a little queer on the Sunday night before we were to start on this very same voyage on the Monday morning. It so happened that the master couldn't get a butty, and so we'd arranged as I should come down with him; though of course we never dreamt as there was anything serious the matter with little Polly, or I wouldn't have stirred with her. All day Monday and Tuesday the child got so much worse, that when we tied up at night I made the master take her to a doctor and get some medicine for her. Of course we were obliged to go on the next day, with little Polly getting worse and worse every hour, so that at night we were afraid to take her on shore, and had to pay a doctor to come on board and see her. I hardly liked the thought of going on the next day; but we were on a time voyage, by which the master was bound to be in Brentford on a certain day, and so we had to go on. But before night little Polly died. All that evening my master tried to get somebody to take his boat on; but it was a busy time just then, and there wasn't a boatman to be got for love or money. We had some thoughts of going on ourselves; but almost as soon as it was daylight the next morning a policeman came on board and stopped us, saying, as no doctor had attended the child, there'd have to be an inquest. It was no use me a-shewing him the medicine bottles, and saying as two doctors had seen her; he wouldn't believe us. Nor it wasn't till two days afterwards, after my master had been to the last doctor and got him to give him a letter to the coroner, that we could get leave to bury the child; which we did, with not a soul belonging to her following her except my husband in his working clothes, I myself being too poorly to keep the poor man company in seeing the last of her.

'As for children being born in the cabins, sir, I know several women who have had large families, all born on board the boat while it was making its voyage, with perhaps nobody at all to attend on them except their husband, or some woman from another boat which chanced to be working mates with them.

'Both my lads can read and write; but there's

nine out of ten as you see on the boats can't tell "A" from a bull's foot, and on that account the new Act is sure to do good. But my husband can tell you more about that than I can, and he'll have done for a mile or two when we get through this next lock.'

'None such easy work after all—is it, sir?' inquired the husband, as after passing through several locks all within a few score paces of each other, at every one of which he had been very hard at work opening and closing sluices, he stepped on board the barge and took the helm from his wife. 'There is them as thinks we bargees have nought to do all day except lean our arms on the tiller, smoke our pipes, and chaff anybody we come across. But you can see for yourself, sir, as we have all our work at times.'

Having expressed our conviction that on that point he was right, we requested him to enlighten us on several matters connected with his particular class, which he willingly did somewhat as follows.

'About our earnings? Well, I suppose we can't grumble as times go. Take it all the year round, one week with another, I and the lads earn perhaps a couple of pounds. We get paid mostly by the voyage—so much a ton from one place to another; and if we could only get loaded up as soon as we emptied, we shouldn't make a bad thing of it; but the worst of it is the waiting about for a load when one voyage is finished before we can start on another. The boats the master finds; but the horse is my own; and out of what I make I have to feed him, which must be on the best of corn and hay that can be got for money; otherwise, he'd never be able to get through the tramp, tramp, for five-and-twenty or thirty miles—sometimes more—which he has to do day after day, wet and fine. Look at that corn, sir! Better you won't find in any gentleman's stable, I'll warrant. And I find that in the long-run it comes the cheapest, for where those as feeds their horses on anything, wear out two or three, I don't use up one. Of course we don't walk the whole day through, alongside the horse; but we take it turn about, five or six miles at a spell; though sometimes when we are working quick voyages, night and day that is—owners finding relays of horses—we have regular hours to drive, like watches on board ship; but there ain't much of that kind of work now. Our day's work is mostly over by dark, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, all depending on the place we choose to tie up at, or the time we have to wait to pass the locks.

'Do I think that railways will do away with canals in time? No, sir; I don't. Because, you see, there's lots of goods as don't well bear the packing and unpacking as is necessary for railway travelling, as can be put straight on board a barge and never be shaken even, till they are unloaded just at the very place where they are wanted. And lots of other goods there are that we can carry cheaper than the railway, where a day or two more on the road don't matter. Besides which, there's plenty of brickfields, collieries, ironworks, and such like just on the canal banks and some distance from railroads, that will always use barges to save the expense of carting; so that I don't think canals will go out of fashion yet awhile. And that's why I'm glad to hear as they're passing an Act to do something for the poor children. You see it's just this way, sir: our people as a

rule don't know how to read and write themselves, most of 'em having been on the boats since they could remember, and therefore they don't see why they shouldn't have the advantage of their children's assistance in working the barge, the same as *their fathers* had.

'There's another way in which I think the Act will do good, and that is this. It will teach our women perhaps to have a little more decency about them than some of the worst of them have. If you'll believe me, sir, I see scenes on the canal sometimes, when some of the worst of them have been paid, as I can't bear to look at, though not nearly so commonly now as I used to. And then again, it doesn't always follow as because a man and woman work the same boat that they are married. In fact, in my opinion it would be a good thing if the lasses were not allowed on board after they had grown up to be twelve or thirteen, as it stands to reason that they're nearly sure to grow up bargewomen. And after all's said and done, it's no fitting life for a woman to lead. As you've seen for yourself, there's a good deal of hard work attached to it, even on a fine day like this; but in winter-time it's simply cruel to a woman who has a young baby. However, I suppose when our children are compelled to go to school, as they say this new Act compels them, there'll be a stop put to a good deal of what's wrong about us, and perhaps folks may not have so good a reason for looking upon us as something worse than themselves. People seem to think that generally we are a regular bad lot; but I fancy if they knew a little more about us, they'd see that, though there *are* some bad ones amongst us, take us all in all we are no worse than most of our neighbours. We seem somehow to have got a name for interfering with people as we chance to come across; but you may see for yourself, sir, that we have quite as much as we can do to mind our own business, and a bargeman can no more afford to neglect his business than anybody else, if he means to do any good in the world.

'What becomes of us when we get old? Well, most of us stick to the barges as long as we can; and when we are obliged to give up, if we haven't put by enough to keep us comfortable, which I'm sorry to say as there ain't many of us do, there's generally a lock to be got or a job of some sort at the docks; all depending on the sort of character we've kept.

'Here we are, sir, at our journey's end for this time,' he added, as the boat slowly floated into a small open basin, there to remain for the night. The boatman's wife, being already shawled and armed with a capacious basket, stepped on shore as soon as the boat came near enough; and with a cheerful 'good-night' to us, went away to do her marketing before the shops should close.

Tying up the boat, my bargee friend sent off the boys with the horse to its stable, and proceeded to gather together and stow away in their respective lockers the odds and ends which had been in use during the day; remarking as he did so, that though there were watchmen kept in every dock, it often happened that the barges were robbed of any loose things which might be left about, and therefore it was that most of the boats had a dog on board, who made a better policeman than all the watchmen. With a last glance round he took

from one of the cupboards a dirty paper, and unfolding it for our inspection, said: 'There, you see, reading and writing would be of some use to us after all; for according to what tonnage is put down there, we get paid. And as you see, wherever we pay tolls they put down the time we pass, so that if we get drinking or loitering about for a day the owners know it, and make up our character according.

'Yes; I'm going to sleep on board; but I must go and report our arrival at the office, and see as the horse is all right first. And as for what I've told you, I'm sure you're very welcome to know it, especially if it will only make you believe as if something was done to give our children a little reading and writing, and to stop so many lads and lasses being crammed together in the boats, there might be less respectable people than bargees.'

An unclouded moon was shining upon the calm water of the canal and upon the gaudily painted cabins of some twelve or thirteen barges, which lay motionless in the basin, displaying no other sign of human habitation than the thin columns of smoke which issued from their stove-pipes, as we bade our friend 'good-night,' and started on our homeward walk, well satisfied with the experience we had gained while spending an hour or two with some of 'our canal population.'

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—JASPER FEELS PERPLEXED.

JASPER DENZIL, as he slowly made his elaborate toilet on the sunny September morning which succeeded to the eventful night on which he had espied from his window Ruth's slight form gliding across the lonely park, turned over many things in his mind. His man, who groaned over the dull monotony of rural existence, and longed to be once more in Mount Street or Bond Street lodgings, silently opined, as he applied the ivory-backed brushes to his master's hair or removed the silver-gilt stoppers of the scent-bottles, that 'the captain' was brooding over his turf calamities. But he was wrong. Jasper's reverie was on a different theme.

Who or what was this mysterious Miss Willis, this interesting orphan, whom regard for the mythical major her defunct papa had induced Sir Sykes to take into the bosom of his family? The conversation which he had overheard when lurking in the frowsy garden of *The Traveller's Rest* recurred again and again to his memory, and served to explain much, but not all. That the presence beneath his roof-tree of Ruth Willis had been imposed upon the baronet by Hold's importunity, he well knew. That he had with his own ears heard Hold describe her as his sister, he well remembered, but he recalled too the sneering tone in which the adventurer had claimed kindred with the Indian orphan.

Of one thing alone did Captain Denzil feel sure. Ruth, be her understanding with Hold what it might, was a lady, and no blood-relation of the rough rover who claimed to be her brother. Who then was this Ruth? Again and again Jasper's thoughts flew back to the little sister that had died so early, and whose untimely death was reported to have made the owner of Carbery Chase the morose joyless recluse that he had long been.

Could it be—was it possible that the child had not died at all, that a false registry, a sham burial, had thrown dust in credulous eyes, and that the missing member of the family, hidden for years from all eyes, had at length been introduced under a fictitious name into the household?

A profound distrust of their fellow-creatures is usually a cardinal point of belief with young men of such tastes and habits as those of Jasper; nor did he find it difficult to accredit Sir Sykes with concealed villainy of some sort, or Miss Willis with not, as in sporting language he pithily paraphrased it, 'running square.' But he did desire to find a conceivable motive of some kind; and in the absence of that was driven to speculations too wild to shape themselves in rational form.

'If the governor had been touched in the head'—thus ran the son's dutiful meditations—'I could have set down the thing as a rich man's crazed caprice; but no! he's as sound as a bell. And then that fellow the pirate actually bullying him to get this girl foisted upon us! What imaginable interest can he have in planting her at Carbery Chase, or what can be the bond of union between a refined dainty little creature and a buccaneering vagabond of his stamp? The whole affair is a riddle.'

It might be added that Jasper was not an adept in the solution of such social puzzles. Turf rascalities of any sort came quite naturally within the compass of an understanding well fitted to grasp all that could be done on the offensive or the defensive where a race-horse was concerned. He knew as much as an outsider could know regarding tonts and horse-watchers, stable strategy and the tactics of the course. He no more expected straightforward conduct on the part of an owner than on that of a trainer or of a jockey. He did not except even those owners, trainers, and jockeys, whose honesty was proverbial on the English turf. The money to be won was in his eyes motive sufficient for any moral obtuseness. But the behaviour of Sir Sykes did not square itself with any of his ethical theories, however tolerant.

When, for the very first time since his accident at the steeplechase, Captain Denzil made his appearance at the family breakfast-table, he received the congratulations of his sisters on the marked improvement in his looks. And it was a fact that he not merely seemed but felt in better health than before, in spite of the loss of sleep incumbent on his vigil of the previous night. The activity of his thoughts had stirred his languid pulses and lent a pleasing vigour to his sluggish mind, and he even began to find existence at Carbery more endurable since his fancy had been stimulated by the partial discovery which he had chanced upon.

'I should like to have a word with you, Jasper,' said Sir Sykes. (It was a very unusual thing for him to say.) 'You will find me in the library after breakfast.'

Jasper, who had been stealthily admiring the calm unconcern with which Miss Willis met his gaze, and the perfect steadiness of that young lady's nerves, started, but instantly recovered himself. 'To be sure, sir,' he said, toying with his tea-spoon, while his heart quickened its beating. The enigma was about to be solved then. He could not doubt that the communication which

his father had to make had reference to the strange doings of which Carbery Chase had of late been the theatre.

Sir Sykes, in his favourite apartment, was not kept waiting very long. His only son, in obedience to his father's invitation, sauntered in with his customary air of nonchalant indifference, and took his seat loungingly in an easy-chair opposite to that of Sir Sykes. The baronet seemed at a loss for words wherewith to begin the announcement he desired to make.

'You are nearly yourself again, Jasper, after your heavy fall?' said Sir Sykes, by way of a prelude to the conversation.

'Yes; thanks. My arm is a little troublesome, but otherwise I am getting on capitally,' replied Jasper after an instant's hesitation. He had hesitated in diplomatic doubt as to whether the part of an invalid would stand him in better stead than that of a flourishing convalescent, but contented himself with giving an ambiguous answer. Had Captain Prodgors or any sporting friend put the query, 'I feel fit and well' would have been the appropriate rejoinder; but with his parent the ex-Lancer did not care to lose any coigne of vantage-ground.

'I am glad of it,' mechanically returned the baronet; and then there was another pause, more awkward than the last.

'My boy,' said Sir Sykes, plunging with an effort into the subject nearest to his thoughts, 'you can't suppose that I like to see you wasting your young life in indolent inaction, or that I am blind to the fact that the quiet humdrum ways of Carbery often pall upon you.'

Jasper pricked up his ears. Here was an exordium which promised well, too well almost. Could it be possible that his father was going to sign, so to speak, his social ticket-of-leave, and to send him back where Fashion reigned supreme—to London, Newmarket, Melton? Had the Fates grown kind; and could he, Jasper Denzil, with a satisfactory bank balance, once more take his place in the constellation of the gilded youth of Britain? He opened his lazy eyes a very little wider, and looked at his father with a renewed interest in the next words that he should hear.

'The case,' went on Sir Sykes, 'lies in a nutshell. You are discontented simply because you have nothing to occupy you and no one to care for. I should like very much, Jasper, to see you happily married; I should indeed.'

Jasper stared. His roseate visions of a prompt reappearance in betting-rings and military clubs were fading fast. But this novel anxiety on the part of Sir Sykes as to his son's matrimonial future might be twisted somehow into the foundation of at least a qualified prosperity. 'He can't mean,' such was Jasper's inward soliloquy, 'myself and my wife to be mere pensioners, living indolently here at Carbery. He must do something for us, he must indeed; unless it is an heiress he is about to suggest as a desirable daughter-in-law.'—'I suppose I must marry, like other people, some of these days,' said Jasper, with Pall-Mall philosophy.

'And there is this advantage in your position,' returned Sir Sykes, in a quick flurried manner, 'that you need not look for fortune in a wife. The heir-expectant of Carbery can afford to disregard such matters as dowry and portion.'

A little pink flush rose to the roots of Jasper's fair hair. He did not quite enjoy the hearing himself described as heir-expectant, not feeling sure but that a covert sneer was intended; but it was pleasant to be told that he was not expected to earn his bread, as he had known other broken-down men of fashion to do, by wedlock. Perhaps it was rank, not wealth, on which the governor's thoughts ran—perhaps Lady Gladys De Vere. But here Jasper's meditations were interrupted, and his thoughts turned into a new channel, when the baronet suddenly said: 'Has it never occurred to you that Miss Willis, our new inmate here at Carbery, was a very charming little person, a good girl, and a clever one, and who would make an excellent wife?'

The explosion of a hand-grenade would not have produced a more startling effect on Jasper's nerves than did this wholly unexpected speech on the part of Sir Sykes. For a moment or two he sat motionless, with arched eyebrows and parted lips, and then said, stammeringly: 'Why, I thought the relationship—no, not that, but I supposed—obstacle—marriage!'

It was for Sir Sykes then to look astonished. Either he was a consummate actor, or his son's last words had been to him utterly inexplicable.

'I hardly know,' said the baronet, in that cold half-haughty tone that had become habitual to him, 'to what you allude, or what insuperable stumbling-block you conceive to stand in your way, should you incline to do so sensible a thing as to pay your addresses to my ward, Miss Willis. She has, it is true, no fortune; but that deficiency, as I have already said, is one which I can easily remedy. In addition to Carbery Chase, which is quite,' he added with marked emphasis, 'at my own disposal, I have a large amount of personal property, and should be willing to settle a considerable income on your wife—I say on your wife, Jasper, because, unhappily, I cannot rely on your prudence where money is concerned.'

'I know I've made too strong running, know it well enough,' answered the ex-cavalry officer, stroking his yellow moustache; 'and I don't deny, sir, that you have treated me very kindly as to money and that. But really and seriously, sir, can you wish me to marry Miss Willis?'

'Really, my son, your pertinacity in cross-questioning me on the matter is—I am sure most unwittingly—almost offensive,' replied Sir Sykes nervously. 'Nor do I see what there would be so very wonderful in your selection of an amiable and accomplished girl, domiciled in your father's house, and the daughter of—poor Willis!' added the baronet in conclusion, as though the memory of the deceased major had suddenly recurred to him with unusual vividness.

Jasper, who remembered the conversation which he had overheard at *The Traveller's Rest*, fairly gasped for breath. His parent's talent for duplicity seemed to him to be something strange and shocking, as the untruthfulness of an elder generation always does appear.

'I should not have urged my views upon you as I have done,' continued Sir Sykes after a pause, 'but that I have some idea that the young lady who has been the unconscious subject of this conversation entertains—what shall I say?—a preference for your society, which her feminine tact enables her to hide from general notice. I feel

assured that it only rests with you to win the heart of Ruth Willis—a prize worth the winning.'

We are all very vain. Jasper, fop and worldling though he was, felt a thrill of gratified vanity run through him like an electric shock, as his father's artful suggestion sank into the depths of his selfish mind. But he made haste to put in a disclaimer.

'I'm afraid, sir, you are too partial a judge,' he said, with an involuntary glance at the Venice mirror opposite. 'Miss Willis is too sensible to care about a good-for-nothing fellow like me.'

'I think otherwise, Jasper,' returned Sir Sykes. 'However, for the present we have talked enough. My wishes, remember, and even—even my welfare, for reasons not just now to be explained, are on the side of this marriage. Think it over. To you it means easy circumstances, a home of your own, the reversion of Carbery Chase, my cordial goodwill, and the society of a charming and high-principled wife. Think it over.'

'I will think it over, sir,' said Jasper, rising from his chair, and lounging out of the library with the same listless swagger as that with which he had lounged into it. 'I should be glad of course to meet your wishes, and that. Quite a surprise though.'

Left alone, Sir Sykes buried his face in his hands, and when he raised it again it looked old, worn, and haggard. 'That scoundrel Hold,' he said with a sigh, 'makes me pay a heavy price for his silence, and even now his motives are to me a problem that I cannot solve.'

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS THEATRE CUSTOMS IN PARIS.

THE visitor to Paris may witness a kind of theatrical performance which is strikingly different from any that can be seen in Great Britain. We refer to the *Théâtre des Menus Plaisirs*, in the Boulevard de Strasbourg. Part of the entertainment here consists in certain of the actors and actresses criticising the performances which are proceeding upon the stage, from seats in various parts of the house—pit, circle, and gallery—which they have quietly got into unobserved by the audience. They assume the rôle of ordinary spectators who find themselves compelled in the interests of literature and art to remonstrate in a rather extraordinary manner against what they see and hear upon the stage; and the surprise of the uninitiated when the ball is set rolling is considerable.

The manager comes upon the stage and begins a modest speech upon past successes and future prospects; but he has not far advanced in his speech when a gentleman rises in the stalls, with hat in hand, and in the most respectful manner corrects him with regard to a word which he declares to be ill chosen and misleading, at the same time obliging the manager with the correct word. Here another gentleman introduces himself into the dispute, and complicates matters by a new suggestion, which involves the subject in inextricable confusion and absurdity. Both gentlemen are extremely polite, but firm in denying the right of the manager to that word; and the latter is driven frantic, and retires from the stage glaring at his antagonists.

Silence for a few seconds succeeds this scene,

when suddenly a man in the front seat of the gallery starts up from his seat with a wild cry, throws one leg over the gallery, hangs forward suspended from the railing, and gazes towards the pit entrance of the theatre. He sees something of absorbing interest, and with another cry he is about to throw himself over the gallery. The people scream; and then he finds he has been mistaken; he resumes a normal position, and looking round upon the audience with a kindly smile, which strangely contrasts with his late look of anxiety, he asks pardon for unnecessarily disturbing their composure, and resumes his seat. A tenor singer now comes upon the stage and commences a song; but the two critics in the stalls are particular, and take exception to his style; they do so with manifest regret, but the principles of art must be attended to. With profuse apologies, and an expressed hope that he will proceed with his song in the corrected form, the critics resume their seats. The tenor, at first exasperated, becomes mollified by the courteous manners of the gentlemen, and begins his song again; but almost immediately a lady sitting in the front seat of the circle tells him that he is in danger of dropping his moustache. This last is the final 'straw' on the back of the vocalist, and he retires in high dudgeon.

By the side of the lady in the circle there sits a meek-looking old gentleman, who being naturally shocked at the conduct of his wife, puts on his hat as if to leave the theatre; but the better-half is equal to the occasion, and knocks his hat over the meek old gentleman's eyes, and the meek old gentleman himself back into his seat. Presently several actresses appear upon the stage, and one of them commences to sing, with probably a pleasing sympathetic voice; but such is not the opinion of the lady, who holds the singer up to ridicule. The vocalist then stops, and engages in a verbal and violent encounter with her persecutor, who from her place in the 'circle' returns the badinage with interest, so that soon the other retires from the stage vanquished. The victor is now asked herself to sing, a request with which she readily complies, singing with abundant action and in good voice an exceedingly catching song, and at the chorus, giving a royal wave of the hands towards the gallery to join with her at that point.

The stranger will be surprised to learn that this disturbing element in the audience, in reality comes from behind the scenes; the lady who has just sung is the leading member of the company, and the gentlemen critics are well-known and highly appreciated comedians. And though the stranger may think that all this is an impromptu disturbance, it is quite certain that all is rehearsed as carefully as any play that is put upon the stage. How long such a performance would secure the favour of a London audience, is doubtful; here, however, it is an abiding success, is received with immense applause—the *claqueurs* or professional applauders being apparently altogether dispensed with—and the audience is kept in continual hilarity by the humorous attack and by the instant and witty reply.

Within the Parisian theatres the visitor may derive some amusement from observing the operations of the *claqueurs*, who are employed at the principal establishments to augment the enthu-

siasm of the audience. The men who compose this body of professional applauders appear to belong to the artisan class; they number from forty to fifty, that is they are about a hundred hands all told. They occupy the front row of seats in the second or third gallery, so that to observe them and their movements it is necessary to occupy a place in one of the galleries. Their leader sits in their midst, ever ready at the points marked for him by author or manager to give the signal which 'brings down the house.' As the moment arrives when the *bon-mot* shall be uttered, the *chef* breathes upon his hands, then stretches them slightly upwards, while he at the same time looks right and left along his ranks. This is equivalent to 'Attention' or 'Prepare to fire a volley.' Each man is now at the 'ready,' and waits anxiously upon the *chef*. When the *mot* is uttered, he brings his hands together with a frantic wave, and the others simultaneously with him make a very respectable, even enthusiastic show of applause. At the end of a song the leader starts the cry *Ploo, ploo* (plus, signifying more), in which all join; this, which is equivalent to our 'Encore,' sounds in the stranger's ears more like hooting than aught else; but it is no doubt as welcome to the French actor as a good British cheer is to an English one.

This little army, like all others, has its awkward squad. One evening at the 'Renaissance' we observed the *chef* to become very uneasy on account of one who was exceedingly remiss in his duty; not only was the amount of applause when given small in volume, but once when the signal was given he entirely neglected to comply with it. This was galling and wormwood to the leader, who really seemed a very earnest hard-working man in his profession; so after finishing the round of applause, he 'went for' that awkward man, remonstrated with him, and even gave him on the spur of the moment, a lesson on the correct method of clapping hands. After this the pupil shewed marked improvement, and by the end of the play performed his duty in such a satisfactory manner as promised well for his future advancement in this handy profession. The effect of this pernicious system upon the audience is very different, we should think, from what was anticipated when it was first organised; for finding that the applause is supplied by the establishment, just as it supplies programmes or turns on the gas, the audience feel that they are relieved from all obligations in the matter, and unless stirred by an irresistible influence, seldom dream of applauding at all.

THE RIVAL LAIRDS.

IN a recent article on Curling we endeavoured to give a sketch of the history of this popular Scottish pastime, together with a brief outline of the mode in which the game is usually played. The following story of a match between two rival parishes, supposed to have been played about the beginning of the present century, may give the reader a further idea of the enthusiasm evoked on the ice whenever and wherever curlers gather. Let the non-initiated imagine himself standing beside a frozen sheet of water, upon which are assembled a company of men of various ranks from peer to peasant, each striving to do his best to support the prowess and honour of his rink. The rink let it be understood is a certain

portion of ice, from thirty to forty yards in length, apportioned off to the players. The players consist usually of four on each side, and whereas in the well-known game of grass-bowls, each player is provided with two wooden bowls which he drives towards a small white ball called the Jack, each player on the ice has two curling-stones shaped much like a Gouda cheese—with a handle atop—which he propels or hurls towards a certain marked spot at each end of the rink, called the tee; and round each tee is scratched a series of concentric rings ranging from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter. Standing at one end of the rink the man whose turn it is to play, waits the bidding of his director or 'skip' who stands at the other end, and then endeavours to act according to the directions that may be given by that important personage. Each of the four players on one side plays alternately against his antagonist, the main object being to send the stone gliding up the ice so that it may eventually lie within the rings and as near the tee as possible. Thus, when the 'end' is finished, the side whose stones lie nearest the tee scores so many towards the game.

Sometimes when the ice is partially thawed the players have difficulty in hurling their stones all the way to the tee; and sometimes they fail to get them beyond a transverse mark called the 'hog-score,' two-thirds down the rink—in which case the lagging stone is put off the ice and cannot count for that 'end.' Besoms, however, with which each man is armed, are here of great account, the laws of the game permitting each player to sweep the ice in front of an approaching stone belonging to his side, so as to accelerate its progress, if necessary. The shouts of 'Sweep, sweep!' or rather '*Soop, soop!*' are of continual recurrence, and are exceedingly amusing to strangers. The skip on each side first directs his three men and then lastly plays himself. On his generalship in skipping much depends, his efforts being mainly directed first to get as many stones as possible near the tee, and then to get his men to 'guard' them from being driven off by those of the opposite side. Or he may direct a player to aim at a certain stone already lying, with a view to take an angle, or 'wick' as it is termed, and so land his own stone near the tee. This wicking is a very pretty part of the game and requires great delicacy of play.

The anxiety of the opposing skips is very amusing to watch, and the enthusiasm of the several players when an unusually good shot is made, is boundless. A good 'lead' or first player, though he is necessarily debarred from the niceties of the game which fall to the lot of the subsequent players, is a very important man in the game if he can place his stones within the circles that surround the tee, or in familiar parlance, 'lie within the house.' Second player's post is not so important; but 'third stone' is a position given usually to an experienced player, as he has frequently to either drive off some dangerous stone belonging to the other side, and himself take its place; or has to guard a stone of his own side, which though in a good position may lie open to the enemy. Thus proceeds with varying fortune this 'roaring game' of give and take, stone after stone being driven along the icy plain, till the skips themselves come to play and so finish the 'end.'

With these preliminary remarks we proceed to our tale.

Snow had fallen long and silently over all the high-lying districts of the south of Scotland. It was an unusually bad year for the sheep-farmers, whose stock was suffering severely from the protracted storm and the snow which enveloped both hill and low-lying pasturage. But while sheep-farmers were thus kept anxiously waiting for fresh weather, curlers were in their glory, as day after day they forgathered on the ice and followed up the 'roaring game.'

The century was young, and the particular year of our story was that known and spoken of for long afterwards as the 'bad year.' In these days, there was no free-trade to keep down the price of corn or beef, which during years of bad harvest in Great Britain, or long periods of frost and snow, rose to famine prices, and were all but unprocurable by the poorer classes. Oatmeal at half-a-crown a peck told a sad tale in many a household, and especially on the helpless children—the bairns.

As we have said, curling had been enjoyed to the full; perhaps there had even been a surfeit of it, if the real truth were told. Match after match had been played by parish against parish, and county against county. Rival rinks of choice players belonging to counties such as Peebles had challenged those of the neighbouring counties of Selkirkshire, or even Midlothian. Prizes, consisting of medals or money, had been gained by various enthusiasts; and last though not least, matches for suppers of beef and greens—the true curlers' fare, had been contested, the reckoning to be paid by the losing rinks. The benedicts too had played the bachelors, and had as usual, beaten them.

Country squires had given prizes to be played for by their tenantry versus adjoining tenantry, and had brought their fur-clad wives and daughters to the ice to congratulate them on success, or condole with them on defeat. In short, the sole occupation of the majority of the adult male rural population of the south of Scotland in the year of which we speak, seemed to be—curling.

Amongst other matches in the county of Peeblesshire there was one that yet remained to come off, namely between the parishes of Tweedsmuir and Broughton. In a series of matches—or bonspiels as they were termed—between parish and parish, these two had stood unbeaten. It therefore remained to be seen which parish should beat the other, and thereby achieve the envied position of champion of the county.

When the honour of a *parish* is at stake on the ice, the choice of the men who are to play, is a matter of very grave import. In a friendly match between two rinks, a little unskillfulness on the part of one or more of the players is a very common affair and is comparatively unheeded: but in a bonspiel between the two best parishes in a celebrated curling county, the failure or even the occasional uncertainty of any one man may be fraught with direst consequences.

Foremost among the promoters of the forthcoming match which was to decide matters, were Robert Scott laird of Tweedsmuir, and Andrew Murray laird of Broughton. These worthies had long been rivals on other than ice-fields, and though on friendly enough terms at kirk or market

were each keenly alive to his own honour and prowess. Any game, therefore, in which these rival lairds engaged, was sure to be closely contested; and the result was at all times as eagerly watched by interested spectators as it was keenly fought by the rival parties. It is even said that the lairds had been rivals in love as well as in other sports, the result of which was that Murray had carried off the lady and Scott had remained a bachelor, with an old housekeeper named Betty to take charge of him. But as the story of the love-match was but the 'clash' of the country, it may be taken for what it is worth.

On the morning of the day fixed for the match (which was to come off at Broughton and to consist of four men on each side), the laird of Tweedsmuir was early astir, in order to see that the cart which was to convey his own curling-stones and those of his men to Broughton—a distance of some half-dozen miles—was ready, and that the men themselves were prepared to accompany it. The cart having been duly despatched with the schoolmaster of the parish, who was to be one of the players, and the shepherd from Talla Linns, who was to be another, Laird Scott ordered out his gig and himself prepared to start.

'Now Betty,' cried the laird to his old housekeeper, as he proceeded to envelop himself in his plaid, 'you'll see and have plenty of beef and greens ready by six o'clock, and a spare bed or two; for besides our own men it's likely enough I may bring back one or two of the beaten lads to stop all night.'

'Deed laird, tak ye care the Broughton folk dinna get the better o' you, and beat ye after a': they tell me they're grand curlers.'

'Well Betty, I'm not afraid of them, with Andrew Denholm on my side.'

Thus assured, the stalwart laird seized the reins and took the road for Broughton. On his way down the valley of the Tweed he called at the humble cottage of the said Andrew Denholm, who usually played the critical part of 'third stone,' and was one of his best supporters; and whose employment, that of a mason, was for the nonce at a stand-still.

'What! not ready yet Andrew?' exclaimed the laird in a tone of disappointment. 'Bestir yourself man, or we'll not be on the ice by ten o'clock.'

'I'm no' gaun' to the curlin' the day sir,' replied Andrew with an air of dejection.

'And what for no'?' inquired the laird with uneasy apprehension. 'You know Andrew, my man, the game canna' go on without you. The honour of Tweedsmuir at stake too! there's not another man I would risk in your place on the ice this day.'

'Get Wattie Laidlaw the weaver to tak' my place laird; he's a grand curler, and can play up a stane as well as any man in the parish; the fact is sir, just now I have na' the heart even to curl. Gang yer ways yersell laird, and skip against the laird o' Broughton, and there's nae fear o' the result: and Wattie can play third stane instead o' me.'

'Wattie will play nae third stane for me: come yourself Andrew, and we'll try to cheer you up; and you'll take your beef and greens up bye wi' the rink callants and me in the afternoon.'

Denholm was considered one of the best curlers

in that part of the county, and was usually one of the first to be on the ice; to see him, therefore, thus cast down and listless, filled the laird's warm heart with sorrow. He saw there was something wrong. He must rally the dejected mason.

'Do you think,' continued the laird, 'that I would trust Wattie to play in your place; a poor silly body that can barely get to the hog-score, let alone the tee! Na, na Andrew; rather let the match be off than be beaten in that way.'

Seeing the laird thus determined to carry off his 'third man' to the scene of the approaching conflict, the poor mason endeavoured still further to remonstrate by a recital of his grievances.

'Ye ken sir,' he began, 'what a long storm it has been. Six weeks since I've had a day at my trade, though I have made a shilling or two now and again up-bye at the homestead yonder. But wi' the price o' meal at half-a-crown the peck, and no' very good after a'; and nineteenpence for a loaf of bread, we've had a sair time of it. But we wadna' vex oorsels about that, Maggie and me, if we had meal enough to keep the bairns fed. Five o' them dwining away before our eyes; it's been an unco job I assure you, laird. Indeed if it hadna been for Mag's sister that's married upon the grievance o' Drummelzier, dear knows what would have become of us, wi' whiles no a handfu' o' meal left in the girmel. Even wi' the siller to pay for it, it's no' aye to be gotten; and,' faltered the poor fellow in conclusion, 'there's just meal enough in the house to-day to last till the morn.'

'Well, cheer up my man!' cried the laird; 'the longest day has an end, and this storm cannot last much longer. In fact there's a thaw coming on or I'm far cheated. There's a crown to Maggie to replenish the meal-ark, and get maybe a sup o' something better for the bairns. And there's cheese an' bread in the gig here that will serve you and me Andrew, till the beef and greens are ready for us up-bye in the afternoon. Meanwhile, a tastin' o' the flask will no be amiss, and then for Broughton.'

Thus invigorated and reassured, the mason took his seat beside the laird, and amid blessings from the gudewife and well-wishings from the bairns, the two sped on their journey.

Arrived at the pond, they found tees marked, distances measured, and all in readiness for the play to begin. The usual salutations ensued. Broughton and Tweedsmuir shook hands all round with much apparent warmth; and the two sides, of four each, took their places in the following order:

BROUGHTON.

Wil. Elliot, shoemaker, lead;
Rev. Isaac Stevenson, 2d stone;
Tam Johnston, blacksmith, 3d stone;
Laird Murray, skip.

TWEEDSMUIR.

Mr Henderson, schoolmaster, lead;
Wattie Dalgleish, shepherd, 2d stone;
Andrew Denholm, mason, 3d stone;
Laird Scott, skip.

The play was begun and continued with varying fortune: sometimes one side scored, sometimes the other. The match was to consist of thirty-one points; and at one o'clock when a halt was called for refreshments, the scoring was tolerably even.

The frost was beginning to shew a slight tendency to give way, but this only nerved the players to further exertions in sweeping up the stones on the somewhat dulled ice. The scene in the forenoon had been a very lively one: but as the afternoon approached and the game was nearing an end, the liveliness was tempered with anxiety, which amounted almost to pain, as shot after shot was 'put in' by one side, only to be cleverly 'taken' by the other. 'Soop! soop!' was the incessant cry of the skips as from their point of vantage they descried a lagging stone; or 'Haud up! I tell ye; haud up!' when from that same point they beheld one of their players' stones approaching with sufficient velocity to do all that was wanted. Anxiety was nearing a crisis. At half-past three the game stood: Broughton thirty, Tweedsmuir twenty-nine. The game was anybody's. Coats had been cast as needless encumbrances; besoms were clutched with determined firmness: the skips slightly pale with the terrible excitement of the occasion, and the stake that was as it were hanging in the balance: want of nerve on their part to direct, or on the part of any one man to play, might decide the fate of the day. The last end had come to be played, and Broughton having won the previous end, was to lead. The shoemaker's stone is played, and lies well over the hog-score in good line with the tee, and on the road to promotion. Tweedsmuir's leading man, the schoolmaster, passes the souter's stone and lies in 'the house.' 'Well played dominie!' cries Laird Scott to his lead. And so proceeds the 'end' till it comes to our friend the mason's turn to play; the blacksmith having just played his first stone with but indifferent effect.

'What do ye see o' that stane Andrew?' roars Laird Scott from the tee, pointing at the same time to the winning stone of the other side, which, however, was partially 'guarded.'

'I see the half o't.'

'Then,' says the laird, 'make sure of it: tak it awa', and if you rub off the guard there's no harm done.'

For a moment the mason steadies himself, settles his foot in the crampet, and with a straight delivered shot shaves the guard and wicks out the rival stone, himself lying in close to the tee, and *guarded* both at the side and in front by stones belonging to his side.

The effect of such a shot as this, at so critical a period of the game, was electric, and is not easily to be described. Enthusiasm on the part of Tweedsmuir, dismay on that of Broughton. But there are yet several stones to come: the order may again be reversed, and Andrew's deftly played shot may be yet taken. We shall see. The blacksmith, the third player on the Broughton side, follows with his second stone, and though by adhering to the direction of his skip he might have knocked off the guard and so laid open Andrew's winner, over-anxiety causes him to miss the guard and miss everything. Thus is his second and last stone unfortunately played for Broughton.

The mason has his second stone still to play for Tweedsmuir, and before doing so Laird Scott thus accosts him: 'Andrew my man, we are lying shot now; we want but another to be game; and for the honour o' Tweedsmuir I am going to give you the shot that will give it to us: do ye

see this port?' pointing to an open part of the ice (in curling phraseology a port) to the left of the tee, with a stone on each side.

'I see the port sir.'

'Well then,' continued the laird, 'I want you to fill that port; lay a stone there Andrew, and there's a *lade o' meal at your door to-morrow morning*.'

The stone is raised just for one instant with an easy backward sweep of hand and arm, and delivered with a twist that curls it on and on by degrees towards the spot required. Not just with sufficient strength perhaps, but aligned to the point. In an instant the skip is master of the situation. 'Soop laids! O soop! soop her up—s-o-o-o-p—there now; let her lie!' as the stone curls into the 'port,' and lies a provoking impediment to the opposite players. The pressure on players of both sides is now too great to admit of many outward demonstrations. Stern rigour of muscle stiffens every face as the two skips themselves now leave the tee and take their places at the other end. The silence bodes a something that no one cares to explain away, so great is the strain of half-hope half-fear that animates every breast.

Laird Murray is directed by his adviser at the tee (the blacksmith) to break-off the guard in front, but misses. Scott his antagonist, by a skillfully played stone, puts on another guard still, in order to avoid danger from Laird Murray's second and last stone. One chance only now apparently remains for the laird of Broughton, who requires but one shot to reverse the order of things and retrieve the game, and he tries it. It is one of those very difficult shots known amongst curlers as an outwick. A stone of his side has lain considerably to the right of the tee short of it, which if touched on the outer side might be driven in towards the centre and perhaps lie shot. The inwick would be easier, but that the stone is unfortunately guarded for that attempt. He knows that Denholm's first stone still lies the shot, and is guarded both in front and at the side; and that with another, Tweedsmuir will be thirty-one and game. The shot is risked—after other contingencies have been duly weighed—but without the desired effect: the outlying stone is certainly touched, which in itself was a good shot, but is not sufficiently taken on the side to produce the desired effect. The laird of Broughton pales visibly as the shot is missed, and mutters something between his clenched teeth anything but complimentary to things in general.

The last stone now lies by the foot of our Tweedsmuir laird, who calmly awaits the word of direction from Andrew at the other end.

'Laird!' shouts the anxious mason, 'there's but the one thing for it, and I've seen ye play a dafter-like shot. What would ye say to try an inwick aff my last stane and lift this ane a foot?' pointing to a stone of his side which lay near, though still not counting; 'that would give us another shot, and the game!'

'Well Andrew, that's why I asked you to fill the port, for I saw what *they* didna see, that a wick and curl-in would be left: I think it may be done. At anyrate I can but try.'

Silence reigns o'er the rink: the sweepers on each side stand in breathless suspense: the wick taken, as given by Andrew in advice to the Laird,

may proclaim Broughton beaten and Tweedsmuir the champion parish of the county!

'Stand back from behind, and shew me the stone with your besom, Andrew; there.'

The suspense is soon broken, the last stone has sped on its mission, the wick has been taken, a stone on Laird Scott's side that was lying farther from the tee than one of the opponents, is 'lifted' into second place, which with the mason's winner makes exactly the magic score of thirty-one! Like the thaw which after this long-continued storm will be welcomed by man and beast alike, so does the thaw now melt the frozen tongues of the players. Hats fly up in frenzy of delight, and the phenomenon is witnessed (only to be witnessed on ice) of a Scottish laird and his humble tenant in ecstatic embrace. Flasks are produced, hands shaken by rivals as well as by friends—though chiefly by friends: preparations are made to carry home the paraphernalia of the roaring game: and while Betty congratulates the laird and his guests on their victory, there is happiness in store for Andrew Denholm, whose prowess so notably contributed to secure the honour of Tweedsmuir.

AN IRISH COUNTRY FUNERAL.

THE difference between English and Irish as regards the funeral customs of the peasantry in both countries is great. To have a large assemblage at the 'berrin' is among the latter an object of ambition and pride to the family; and the concourse of neighbours, friends, and acquaintances who flock from all parts to the funeral is often immense. Even strangers will swell the funeral cortège, and will account for doing so by saying: 'Sure, won't it come to our turn some day, and isn't a big following—to do us credit at our latter end—what we'd all like? So why shouldn't we do what is decent and neighbourly by one another?'

What a contrast there is between a quiet interment in an English country parish, attended only by the household of the departed, and the well-remembered scenes in the churchyard of Kilkeedy, County Limerick!

Here, in days gone by, a funeral was a picturesque and touching sight. There was something very weird and solemn in the sound of the 'keens,' as it came, mournful and wild upon the ear, rising and falling with the windings of the road along which the vast procession moved. In the centre was the coffin, borne on the shoulders of relatives or friends, and followed by the next of kin. Outside the churchyard gate, where was a large open space, there was a halt. The coffin was laid reverently on the ground, the immediate relatives of the dead kneeling round it.

And now on bended knees all in that vast assemblage sink down. Every head is bowed in prayer—the men devoutly uncovered—every lip moves; the wail of the keeners is hushed; you could hear a pin drop among the silent crowds. It is a solemn and impressive pause. After a few minutes the bearers again take up their burden and carry it into the churchyard, when after being three times borne round the church, it is committed to its final resting-place.

Years have passed since these scenes were witnessed by the writer of these pages. The old

familiar church has been pulled down (a new one built on a neighbouring site), and nought of it remains but the ivy-clad tower and graceful spire left standing—that 'ivy-mantled tower,' where the sparrow had found her a house and the swallow a nest; whose green depths in the still eventide were made vocal by the chirpings and chatterings of its feathered inhabitants—the sparrows fluttering fussily in and out, and after the manner of their kind, closing the day in noisy gossip before subsiding into rest and silence. Here too were to be found owls, curiously light—soft masses of feathers with apparently no bodies to speak of, who captured by the workmen while clipping the ivy, were brought up, all dazed-looking and sleepy, to be admired and wondered at by the rectory children, and finally restored tenderly to their 'secret bower!'

A funeral scene similar to that just described forms the subject of one of the illustrations in *Lady Chatterton's Rumbles in the South of Ireland*, sketched by herself. She had stopped to make a drawing of the beautiful ruins of Quin Abbey in the County Clare, when the wail of an approaching funeral came floating on the breeze, and the melancholy cadence was soon followed by the appearance of the usual concourse of country people. Their figures scattered about in groups, and the coffin in the foreground, enter with very picturesque effect into the sketch.

When the funeral is over, those who have attended it disperse through the churchyard; and any having friends buried there betake themselves to their graves to pray and weep over them. The wild bursts of grief and vehement sobbing, even over moss-grown graves whose time-stained headstones bear witness to the length of time their occupants have slept beneath, would surprise those who are unfamiliar with the impulsive and demonstrative Irish nature.

An old man sitting beside a grave was rocking himself to and fro, and wiping his eyes with a blue cotton handkerchief, while, rosary in hand, he prayed with extraordinary fervour.

'It's my poor old wife is lying here,' he said; 'the heavens be her bed! God rest her soul this day! Many's the long year since she wint from me, poor Norry, and left me sore and lonesome! She was well on in years then, though the childer were young; for we were married a long time before there was any. The neighbours were all at me to marry again, if it was only for one to wash the shirt or knit the stocking for me, or to keep the weenochs from running wild about the roads while I was away at my work earning their bit. But I couldn't give in to the notion. I was used to my poor Norry, and the thoughts of a stranger on the floor was bitter to my heart. Ah, it's a sore loss to a man in years when his old wife is took from him! The old comrade he's had so long; that understands every turn of him, and knows his humours and his fancies; and fits him as easy and comfortable as an old shoe. A man might get a new one—and maybe more sightly to look at than the one that's gone—but dear knows, 'twould be at his peril! As likely as not, she'd fret him and heart-scald him, and make him oneasy day and night, just blistering like new leather! The old wife is like the shoe he's used to, that will lie into his foot. Stretching here and giving there, and coming, by constant wearing, to fit, as easy and souple as

the skin itself, into th' exactness of every bump and contrary spot! For there's none of us, continued the old man, who seemed to be a bit of a moralist, 'that hasn't our tendher places and our corns and oddities in body and mind, God help us! Some more and some less, according. And there's no one can know where them raw spots lie, or how to save 'em from being hurt, like the loving crathur that's been next us through the long years, in rain and shine. So yer honours,' he added, getting up with a last sorrowful look at his wife's grave, 'I wouldn't hearken to the neighbours, and take a strange comrade. And after a while a widow sister o' mine came to live with me and to care my poor orphans; but my heart is still with my poor Norry here in the clay!'

There was another loving couple in the same neighbourhood, whose apparently impending separation by death caused much sympathy among their friends. The man was a farmer, and owing to his industry and good conduct, he and his young wife were in comfortable circumstances and well to do. They were devoted to each other. When he was attacked with the severe illness that threatened his life, she nursed him night and day until she was wasted to a shadow, and looked from anxiety and want of sleep almost as corpse-like as he did. Her misery when the doctors pronounced the case hopeless was dreadful to witness. The poor fellow's strength was, they said, nearly exhausted, his illness had lasted so long; so that his holding out was considered impossible.

Things were in this state, and the sufferer's death daily expected, when we were called away from the place, to pay a distant visit. On our return home after some weeks' absence, one of the first persons we saw was young Mrs D— dressed in the deepest widow's weeds—a moving mass of crape.

It was on a Sunday morning going to church; she was walking along the road before us, stepping out with wonderful briskness, we thought, considering her very recent bereavement. We had to quicken our pace to come up with her, and said when we did so: 'We are so sorry for you, so very sorry! You have lost your husband.'

'Thank you kindly; you were always good,' she said, lifting up her heavy crape veil from off a face radiant with smiles. 'He isn't dead at all, glory be to God! an' 'tis recovering beautiful he is. The doctor says if he goes on gettin' up his strength as he's doing the last fortnight, he'll soon be finely; out and about in no time.—Oh, the clothes, is it? Sure 'twas himself, the dear man, bought them for me! When he was that bad there wasn't a spark of hope, he calls me over to him, an' "Katie my heart," sez he, "I'm going from you. The doctors have gave me up, and you'll be a lone widow before long, my poor child. And when I'm gone, jewel, and you're left without a head or provider, there'll be no one in the wide world to give you a stitch of clothes or anything conformable. So I'll order them home now, darlin', the best that can be got for money; for I'd like to leave you dacent and respectable behind me." And your honours,' she went on, 'so he did. Two golden guineas he gev for the bonnet; and as for the gown, ladies dear, only feel the stuff that's in it, and ye may guess what that cost. And beautiful crape, no end of a price!

—every whole thing the hight of good quality—top lot of the shop, and no stint.—Well,' she continued, 'there they all were in the chest. And sure when himself got well we thought it a sin and a shame to let lovely clothes like these lie by without wearing 'em—to be ruined entirely and feed the moths—after they costing such a sight of money too. So he made me put them on; and a proud man himself was this morning, and a happy, seeing me go out the door so grand and iligant—the best of everything upon me!'

There was something absurd, almost grotesque, in the self-conscious complacent way in which the young woman gazed admiringly down on her lugubrious finery; tripping off exulting and triumphant, her manner in curious contrast with the sore woe associated with those garments—the saddest in which mortal can be clad.

MR ASLATT'S WARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

I WILL pass over the misery of the days that followed; days stretched by anxiety and suspense to double their ordinary length. The woman succeeded only too well in proving the truth of her story; and knowing how useless it would be, Mr Hammond did not attempt to deny that she was his wife. Nor did he endeavour to justify his conduct, which was truly inexcusable. Yet in after-years, when our indignation had cooled, and we were able calmly to reflect upon the history thus revealed, we could not help pitying the unfortunate young man. He had not been much past twenty when, on a visit to Wiesbaden, he had made the acquaintance of a woman several years older than himself, whose brilliant beauty and fascinating address had fairly bewitched him. She was a gay adventuress, who, living by the chances of the gaming-table, and tired of such a precarious livelihood, had fostered the young man's passion, and then condescended to marry him.

Alas! Frederick Hammond had not been long married before he bitterly regretted the step he had taken. His wife proved the bane of his life. She had contracted the habit of drinking to excess, and her intemperance destroyed all hope of happiness in domestic life. Her husband's love changed to hatred, and unable to control her vicious propensities, he deserted her. In one place after another he took refuge, hoping to elude her search; but again and again she succeeded in tracking him to his place of concealment, though she was willing to leave him to himself when he had satisfied her demand for money. But at last for a long time he heard nothing of her; and as the months passed into years, the hope sprang up within him that his wife was either dead, or else had lost all clue to his whereabouts. Weary of residing abroad, he returned to England, and finding it difficult to obtain other employment, was glad to accept the post of village schoolmaster, for he thought the little country village might prove a secure hiding-place. And here becoming acquainted with Miss Sinclair, he basely yielded to the temptation to act as though the hope he cherished that his wife was dead were already a realised fact. He dared not openly ask Ross's hand of her guardian; but he sought by all the means in his power to win

her love, and did not rest till he had won from her a response to his avowed affection, and gained her consent to a secret engagement. It was a cruel selfish proceeding, for which his past misfortunes offered no excuse; and thankful indeed were we that his scheme of eloping with Rose had been frustrated.

But poor Rose! Bitter indeed was her distress when she found we had no comfort to give her. The shock was too great for her physical strength, and ere many hours had elapsed it was evident that a severe illness would be the consequence. For days she lay tossing in feverish delirium; whilst we kept anxious watch by her bedside, much fearing what the issue might be. But our fears were mercifully disappointed; the fever turned, and soon the much-loved patient was pronounced out of danger. But the improvement was very gradual, and after a while almost imperceptible. Extreme exhaustion was accompanied in Rose's case by an apathetic indifference to everything around her, which formed the chief barrier to her recovery. She felt no desire to get strong again, now that life had no longer any great attraction for her.

'If we could only rouse her to take an interest in anything, she would soon be well,' the doctor said to me one day.

A possibility of doing so occurred to me at that moment, and I resolved to try, though I could scarcely hope to succeed. In the evening, when I was sitting by Rose's couch, and knew that Mr Aslatt had gone out, and would not be back for an hour or two, I said to her gently: 'I think you feel a little stronger to-day; do you not, darling?'

A heavy sigh was the only response to my question.

I knelt by her side, and gently drew her head upon my shoulder as I whispered: 'I wish you could unburden your heart to me, dear Rose. Would it not be a relief to tell me the sad thoughts that occupy your mind?'

No answer but by tears, which I was glad to see, for I knew they would relieve her heavy heart. After a while, words followed. She told me how little she cared to get well again; what a dreary blank life appeared to her, now that he whom she had so loved and trusted had proved unworthy; how it seemed to her she was of no use in the world, and the sooner she were out of it the better for herself and every one else. And a great deal more in the same strain.

I reminded her of her guardian's love for her, and his great anxiety for her recovery, and urged her to try to get well for his sake. But she only shook her head despondingly. 'I have never been anything but a trouble to him,' she said; 'he would be happier without me. If I were out of the way, I daresay he would marry. I used to make plans for his future as well as for my own, you know; but now everything will be different.'

'I do not think Mr Aslatt would have married,' I ventured to say.

'Why not?' asked Rose.

I was silent, and she did not repeat the question.

'I have a story to tell you, Rose, which I think you may like to hear,' I said presently.

'A story!' she said in surprise.

'Yes, darling, a story.'

'Many years ago, a gentleman was passing through the streets of Vienna. He was a man about thirty years of age, but he looked older, for he had known sorrow and disappointment, and life appeared to him then nought but vanity and vexation of spirit. Yet many would have envied his position, for he possessed much of what the world most values. He was walking listlessly along, when his attention was attracted by a group of musicians, who were performing at the corner of a square. In the centre of the band stood a pretty little fair-haired girl about six years old. She was poorly clad. Her tiny feet were bare, and bleeding from contact with the sharp stones with which the roads were strewn; and tears were in her large blue eyes as, in her childish voice, she joined in the song. Her pretty yet sorrowful face and the plaintive tone in which she sang touched the stranger's kind heart. He stood still to watch the group, and when the song was ended went forward to place some money in the child's upturned palm. "Is this your little girl?" he asked the man by whose side she was standing. He replied in the negative. The little girl was an orphan, the child of an Englishman, who had formerly belonged to the band, but who had died some months before, leaving his little daughter entirely dependent on the good-will of his late comrades.'

'Well, darling, you must know that they did not object to keeping her with them, as her appearance was calculated to call forth pity, and thus increase their earnings. But it was a rough life for the child, and she suffered from the exposure to all weathers which it entailed. Her father, who it was believed had seen better days, had never allowed her to go out with the troop, and had done his utmost to shield her from hardships. But now there was no help for it; she could not be kept in idleness. Moved with pity for the child's hapless lot, the gentleman inquired where the musicians resided, and returned to his hotel to consider how he might best serve the little orphan. After much reflection his resolution was taken. He was a lonely man, with no near relative to claim his love. His heart yearned with pity for the desolate child, whose pleading blue eyes and plaintive voice kept appealing to his compassion, to the exclusion of all other considerations. He determined to adopt her, and provide for her for the rest of her life. With this intention he sought the street musicians on the following day, and easily induced them to commit the child to his care. After handsomely rewarding the musicians, he took her away with him that very day, and ever since she has had the first place in his heart. His loving care for the orphan child brought its own reward, for in striving to promote the happiness of little Rose he found his own.'

I was interrupted by a cry from my companion. 'Rose!' she exclaimed excitedly. 'What are you saying, Miss Bygrave? Tell me—was I—am I that little child?'

'You are, darling; and now you know how truly you are the light of Mr Aslatt's life. He has no one to care for but you, and you alone can make him happy.'

'And I have really no claim upon him, am in no way related to him, as I thought! I knew I

owed him much, but I had no idea to what extent I was indebted to him. But for his goodness, what should I be now? Oh, if I had only known this before! How ungrateful I have been to him, how wayward and perverse! Oh, Miss Bygrave, I cannot bear to think of it!’

‘Do not trouble about that, dear,’ I said, trying to soothe her, for her agitation alarmed me; ‘it is all forgiven and forgotten by Mr Aslatt.’

‘But I shall never forgive myself,’ she exclaimed passionately. ‘To think that I have been receiving everything from him for years, living upon his bounty, and yet making no return, evincing no gratitude, taking all his kindness as a matter of course, just because I imagined I was dear to him for my parents’ sake!’

‘Nay; you are too hard upon yourself, dear Rose,’ I said gently. ‘To a certain extent you have been grateful to him; you have again and again acknowledged to me your sense of his goodness; and now that you know all, you will clearly *prove* your gratitude, I have no doubt.’

‘But how?’ exclaimed Rose. ‘How can I express—how can I shew my deep sense of all that I owe him?’

‘In the first place, by getting well as soon as possible, and by letting him see that you once more take an interest in life. For his sake, I know you will strive to bear bravely a trial, the bitterness of which he fully appreciates. And Rose, I must beg you not to attempt to express to Mr Aslatt your sense of indebtedness. He feels a morbid shrinking from hearing such words from your lips, and has implored me—in case I ever revealed to you the secret of your early life, as I have been led to do this evening—to assure you that you are under no great obligation to him, for he considers that he has been fully repaid for what he has done for you, by the happiness your companionship has given him.’

‘But I cannot bear to go on receiving so much from him, and yet give no expression to my gratitude,’ said Rose.

‘You cannot do otherwise,’ I replied; ‘unless you wish to make him very unhappy, and that would be a poor return for all his goodness. Do all you can to please him; be as bright and cheerful as possible; but do not, I beseech you, let him see that you labour under a sense of painful obligation to him.’

‘I will act as you desire,’ said Rose. ‘But is there really no other way in which I can prove my gratitude?’

‘Not at present,’ I replied. ‘But perhaps at some future time you may be able to give him what he will consider worth far more than all he has ever bestowed upon you; but it would not be acceptable to him if it proceeded only from the promptings of gratitude.’

‘I do not understand you,’ said Rose, though her cheek flushed.

‘Perhaps you may some day,’ I answered. ‘But now, darling, you must be still, and not talk any more, else I am afraid you will not be so well to-morrow.’

I had hard work to persuade her to be quiet, and though after a time she refrained from talking in obedience to my repeated injunctions, I could see her thoughts were dwelling on the communication I had made to her. Only good results, however, followed from the excitement of that

evening. There was a tinge of pink on Rose’s delicate cheek the next day; her countenance was brighter, and her manner more animated than we had seen it for some time. Mr Aslatt was delighted at the change, and encouraged by it, he began to talk to Rose of the plans he had formed for taking her to Italy as soon as she felt strong enough to travel. He was overjoyed to find that she made no objection to his proposal, but even entered cheerfully into his plans, and declared that she should be quite ready to start in the course of a few weeks. And so it proved, for she gained strength with a rapidity which shewed the truth of the doctor’s words, that she only needed to be roused in order to get well.

We started for the continent at the end of October. It was thought that residence abroad during the winter months would promote Rose’s restoration to health, and afford that diversion of mind which was so desirable after the trying experience she had passed through. The result was most satisfactory. There was no return of the apathetic melancholy which had been so distressing to witness; and her enjoyment of the various entertainments her kind friend provided for her was unassumed. I began to hope that, after all, her attachment to Mr Hammond had not been very deep, but merely a romantic fancy, kindled by the thought of his misfortunes, and fanned into a flame by the breath of opposition. A thousand little incidents strengthened this conviction of mine. Every day it became evident that Rose was learning to appreciate her guardian’s character more highly than she had done before. She took a growing delight in his society, and indeed never seemed quite at ease if he were absent.

When in the spring we returned to England, Rose’s health and spirits had so completely returned, that she appeared little different from the radiant girl whose loveliness had charmed me when I first looked at her, save that her manner was gentler, being marked by a winning humility and patience which her former bearing had lacked.

I did not long remain at Westwood Hall in the capacity of Rose’s companion, though I have frequently visited it since as her friend. One day soon after our return from Italy, she came to me with a bright and blushing countenance, and whispered that she had a secret to tell me. I had little doubt what the secret was, and could therefore help Rose out with her confession, that Mr Aslatt had asked her to be his wife, and that she had consented, though with some reluctance, caused by a sense of her unworthiness.

‘I could not do otherwise,’ she said, ‘when he told me that the happiness of his future life depended upon my answer; though I know how little I deserve the love he bestows upon me.’

‘But Rose,’ I said, anxious to be relieved of a painful doubt, ‘you have not, I trust, been led to a decision contrary to the dictates of your heart? You know nothing would be further from Mr Aslatt’s desire than that you should sacrifice your own inclinations from a mistaken notion of his claims upon you. He would not be happy if he thought you had only consented that you might not make him unhappy, and not because your own happiness would be promoted by the union.’

‘I know that,’ murmured Rose, as her cheek took a deeper tint; ‘but it is not so. I feel very



...rds Mr Aslatt from what I did when
... me. I think him the best and
...rest of men, and I shall be proud and happy
to be his wife; only I wish I were more worthy of
him. O Miss Bygrave! I cannot tell you how
ashamed I feel, when I think of the infatuation
which led me to deceive so kind a friend, or how
intensely thankful I am that you saved me from
a wicked act which would have caused unspeak-
able misery for us both! I pity poor Mr Ham-
mond, and forgive him for the injury he so nearly
inflicted upon me; but I must confess to you that
I never really had such confidence in him or
cared for him, as I now care for and trust the one
whose love I have slighted and undervalued so long.

It only remains to add that shortly after that
terrible scene at the Priory, Mr Hammond disap-
peared, and it was thought, went abroad; but of
him and his wretched wife not a scrap of intelli-
gence has ever reached us.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution, Dr Tyndall has made known the results of a long series of experiments on fog-signals, all involving more or less of noise, and demonstrating that the noisiest are the best. Mariners in a fog are helpless: no lights, no cliffs, no towers can be seen, and they must be warned off the land through their ears. So in conjunction with the Trinity House and the authorities at Woolwich, the Professor fired guns of various kinds and sizes, and very soon found that a short five-and-a-half-inch howitzer with a three-pound charge of powder produced a louder report than an eighteen-pounder with the same weight of charge. Thereupon guns of different forms were constructed, and one among them which had a parabolic muzzle proved to be the best, that is in throwing the sound over the sea, and not wasting it to rearward over the land. Then it was ascertained that fine-grained powder produces a louder report than coarse-grained; the shock imparted to the air being more rapid in the one case than in the other.

Experiments made with gun-cotton shewed conclusively that the cotton was 'loudest of all;' and 'fired in the focus of the reflector, the gun-cotton clearly dominated over all the other sound-producers.' The reports were heard at distances varying from two to thirteen miles and a half.

When the fog clears off, the noisy signals are laid aside and bright lights all round the coast guide the seaman on his way. Some years ago the old oil light was superseded by the magneto-electric light, and this in turn has given place to the dynamo-electric light, which excels all in brilliance and intensity. In this machine the required movements are effected by steam or water power; and when the electric current is thereby generated, it is conducted by wires to a second machine, which co-operates in the work with remarkable economy and efficiency. Readers desirous of knowing the improvements made in the dynamo-electric machines by Messrs Siemens, and the experiments carried on in lighthouses, should refer to the *Proceedings* of the Institution of Civil Engineers for the present session.

Particulars of a galvanic battery of extraordinary

power have been brought to this country from the United States. Instead of the carbon plate commonly used as one of the elements in the cells, it has a copper plate coated with lead and platinum; and a blowing apparatus is so combined that a stream of air can be blown through the acid liquid with which the cells are filled. The effects of this aeration are remarkable: the galvanic current is rendered unusually powerful, and a large amount of heat is developed. The way in which these effects are produced is not yet satisfactorily made out; but that this battery offers a new and potent means of investigation to chemists and physicists cannot be doubted.

An account of an exclusively metallic cell has been given to the Royal Society by Professors Ayrton and Perry of the Engineering College, Tokio, Japan, in a paper on 'Contact Theory of Voltaic Action.' They took strips of platinum and magnesium, which were in connection with the electrodes of the electrometer, and dipped them into mercury, and immediately saw evidence of a strong current. The experiments were continued with much care until the Professors felt assured that 'the electro-motive force obtained was about one and a half times the electro-motive force of a Daniell's cell. 'It may be possible,' they remark further, 'by mechanical or other means, or by using another metal than magnesium, to give constancy to this arrangement; and as its internal resistance is extremely small, the cell may be of great practical use for the production of powerful currents.'

In a discussion about Iron at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, one of the speakers shewed that it was not so much quality of metal as mechanical structure that constituted good iron. He took certain railway bars and planed them, whereby he was enabled to examine their structure, and he saw that some of the rails contained much cinder, which accounted for their showing more signs of wear than others. On sifting the shavings and passing a magnet over them, all the iron could be taken out and the quantity of cinder ascertained; and not until this cinder could be thoroughly got rid of would the manufacturer be able to produce good iron. The same defect had been noticed in Swedish iron made for a special purpose; and there was reason to fear that manufacturers made more haste to send iron into the market than to produce the best quality. Fortunately, a few scientific men have introduced improvements which will in time abolish the rule of thumb that has too long prevailed.

The manufacture of bricks from slag is still carried on at the Tees Iron-works, Middlesbrough, by machines constructed for the purpose. The slag, ground into sand, is mixed with lime, squeezed into moulds, and each machine turns out about ten thousand bricks a day. Being pressed, these bricks present advantages over ordinary bricks: they are uniform in size and thickness; do not break; occasion less trouble to the bricklayer and plasterer; require less mortar; and do not split when nails are driven into them, whereby carpenters are saved the work of plugging. Another important fact, which the labourers will appreciate, is that the weight of a thousand slag bricks is one ton less than the weight of a thousand red bricks; and as regards durability, we are informed that the longer they are kept the harder they become.

An invention which simplifies photography out of doors may be said to have claims on the attention of tourists and travellers, as well as of professional photographers. To carry the bottles, liquids, and other appliances at present required necessitates troublesome baggage; but Mr Chardon of Paris shews that all this may be avoided by the use of his 'Dry bromide of silver emulsion.' This preparation, a mixture of collodion and the bromide, will keep an indefinite time in bottles excluded from the light, and does not suffer from varying temperatures. Specimens carried to China, and back by way of the Red Sea, underwent no alteration; an important consideration for travellers and astronomers who wish to take photographs in tropical countries. When required for use the bromide is mixed in certain proportions with ether and alcohol; the plates are coated with this solution, and as soon as dry are ready for the photographer. They require no further preparation, and retain their sensibility through many months. The image may be developed immediately or after some weeks, according to circumstances; in proof of which photographs taken at Aden have been developed in Paris. But a very small quantity of water is necessary, and the image may be transferred to a film of gelatine or a sheet of paper at pleasure, which lessens the risk of breakage, and the plates may be used for fresh pictures.

An account has been published of the disturbance and destruction which the telegraph lines in Germany underwent during the widespread storm one night in March 1876. The destruction was so very great, that had the storm occurred during a political crisis or a war, the consequences might have been much more calamitous. This liability to derangement has in nearly all countries led practical minds to conclude that underground telegraphs are preferable to lines carried on posts through the air; and the German government have laid underground wires from Berlin to Mainz (Mayence), a distance of about three hundred and eighty miles, which will afford excellent means for comparing the two systems.

Vast as are the forests of the United States, Americans are finding out that they are not inexhaustible. The annual product of 'lumber,' which means timber in all its forms, is estimated at ten thousand million feet, a quantity sufficient to make a perceptible gap in the broadest of forests. Among the heaviest items of consumption are the railways with their eighty thousand miles of sleepers, to say nothing of ties, bridges, platforms, and fences. The average 'life' of the wood when laid in the ground is from four to six years; and each year's renewal is said to use up one-sixth of the enormous product above mentioned. These facts have led some thinking constructors to reconsider the national objection to precautions, and they now advocate the use of preserved timber, and have invented a method of preservation. The principal part of the apparatus is a large air-tight iron cylinder one hundred feet long, into which the wood is run on rails; all the openings are closed; steam at a high temperature is forced in, and the process is maintained until every part of the wood is heated up to two hundred and twelve degrees. The steam is then driven from the cylinder; heat is applied; then a vacuum is produced, and 'many barrels of sap'

pour from the wood. Creosote oil is then forced into the cylinder. 'Every stick is at once bathed with oil. The wood, being in a soft somewhat spongy condition, the fibres porous, and the pores open, absorbs at once the hot penetrating oil. If the wood be of a porous character like pine, it absorbs all the oil required in the first flow without any pressure; but if the fibre be solid and close and the timber of a large size, a further pressure of from sixty to one hundred and fifty pounds is needed to make the impregnation complete.' This process reminds us of one on a somewhat similar principle which was noticed in this *Journal* for November 25, 1876.

In an address to the Royal Geological Society of Ireland, Sir Robert Kane remarked on the activity prevailing among the geologists and chemists of that country in investigation of their mineral resources. The search for fluorine in rocks has had favourable results; and the discovery of phosphoric acid is regarded as an indication of the extent to which organic remains were included originally in those mineral masses. Certain beds described by geologists as lower Silurian and Cambrian, destitute of fossils, nevertheless contain such traces of phosphorus as shew that they must have been formed in seas rich in organic life. These facts, as Sir R. Kane shewed, are of special interest in Ireland, where, owing to the rareness of those newer formations which furnish the valuable coprolite beds of Cambridge and Suffolk, such sources of agricultural wealth are absent; but where the older strata being so largely developed offer resources for discovery of accumulated organic remains which may be turned to good account in fertilising the soil.

Professor Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., in discoursing to the Manchester Geological Society, mentioned the discovery of fresh evidence of the antiquity of man. Certain caves in Cresswell Crags, on the borders of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, have been recently explored, and the relics thereby brought to light prove that man lived in the hunter-stage of civilisation in the valley of the Trent and its tributaries, along with the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, cave-hyena, lion and reindeer, and that he was capable of progress. In the lowest stratum in the caves, says Professor Dawkins, implements are found of the rudest kind and roughest form, made of quartzite pebbles from the neighbourhood. In the middle stratum implements of flint appear mingled with the others; but in the uppermost stratum the tools and implements are of flint, and of the best kind. Among these are bone needles and other appliances of bone and horn, on one of which is rudely engraved a figure of a horse. 'This sequence,' remarks the Professor, 'establishes the fact, that even in the palæolithic age the hunters of reindeer, horse, mammoth, and other creatures were progressive, and that the cave-dwellers of the pleistocene age are to be looked upon from the same point of view as mankind at the present time, as "one man always living and incessantly learning."' If Professor Dawkins is right in his conjecture, the cave-dwellers of the very remote period which he describes were somewhat like the Eskimos of the present day.

To this we may add the fact, that rude stone implements have been found in the 'glacial drift' in New Jersey, United States, and that some geologists regard this as proof that man lived on the

earth during that far-back, dreary, and cold glacial period.

In the course of the admirable surveys of their wide-spread territory carried on by authority of the United States government, discovery has been made of strange and interesting remains of habitations, implements, and pottery of a long-departed and forgotten people, who once occupied the region about the head-waters of the San Juan. Photographers and geologists among the surveying parties have by means of pictures, drawings, and descriptions produced a Report, which will in due time be published at Washington. Meanwhile models of the ancient ruins have been constructed in plaster, and compared with the dwellings of certain Indian tribes in New Mexico and Arizona; and these latter, with allowance for contact with Europeans, are at once recognised as bearing traces of the dwellings of the forgotten people. 'Forgotten,' says an American contemporary, 'because the builders of the modern structures are as ignorant of the ancient builders as we are ourselves.'

A correspondent suggests that the 'stencils' produced by Edison's Electric Pen might be used as communications for blind people, whose sensitive fingers would, he thinks, feel out the meaning of the very slight roughness of the surface of the paper occasioned by the punctures. Why does he not try the experiment? Meanwhile we mention that a naturalist in New York has produced a Catalogue of Diatomaceæ by means of the Electric Pen, and published it in quarto form for private distribution.

Another correspondent informs us that the horse-shoe described in the *Month* (July 1877) as brought into use in Philadelphia with satisfactory results, was invented in England in 1870 by Mr C. J. Carr. A statement printed in 1874 sets forth that the shoe is made of malleable iron in such a way 'as to allow of the natural growth of the frog while completely shielding the foot. On the face of the shoe is a hollow semi-circular cavity, which is filled with a pad of hemp and tar; and as no calkins or spikes are required, one of the dangers incident to roughing is entirely obviated.' We wish success to any one who will persevere in applying common-sense and kindness to the shoeing of horses.

The *Japan Daily Herald* of 31st January states that when the telephone was brought under the notice of the Japanese government, Mr Ito, the (native) Minister of Public Works, at once ordered experiments to be made. These were carried out by Mr Gilbert, Telegraph Superintendent-in-chief to the Japanese government, and formerly of Edinburgh. The experiments were so satisfactory that they were followed by the establishment of telephonic communication between the police stations in the metropolis and between the Emperor's palace and the various government departments. When the Public Works Department and the palace were first put in telephonic union, the Emperor and Empress were present, and expressed great surprise at the result. The English newspaper, in recording this fact, adds, 'As well their Majesties might;' and it proceeds to speculate whether the Chinese, who have opposed telegraphs and railways, will 'give ear to the telephone.' No great expectation appears to be entertained that the Chinese will do anything of the kind.

TWO HEARTS.

(Suggested by the picture 'In Memoriam.')

In the sunlight, darting, dancing,
Birds amid the green leaves glancing,
Gaily sing:
In the balmy air entrancing,
Breathes the Spring.

'Tis the dearest hour of daytime;
In the merry, merry Maytime,
Who'd be sad?
Nature revels in her playtime;
All is glad.

Who is this that cometh slowly?
'Tis a maiden meek and lowly;
In her eyes,
Look of resignation holy
Shadowy lies.

Heeds she not the golden gleaming
Of the sunlight softly streaming
Through the leaves:
Still her soul is darkly dreaming;
Still she grieves.

He her heart to win had striven;
She her heart to him had given;
Hope hath fled—
Heart from heart for aye is riven:
He is dead.

Mid the cruel cannon's rattle,
Passed his soul forth in the battle—
Soul that cried
To Heaven for her from the battle
Ere he died.

On the day when, heavy-hearted,
He had from his love departed
For the fray,
While each heart with sorrow smarted—
On that day

He had left a little token,
That if earthly ties were broken,
On the tree
Tender tie, though all unspoken,
Still might be.

He had carved two hearts united—
Sign of troth and promise plighted;
Sign that they
True will be till death-benighted,
Come what may.

He in each heart—sign that never
Time shall one from other sever—
Graved each name;
Sign that they will be for ever
Still the same.

Daily comes she here to borrow
Short relief from sorest sorrow,
Partial peace,
Till when on her life's To-morrow
Grief shall cease.

So she dreams of heavenly meeting,
Hears her lost love's tender greeting
Mid the blest,
Where beyond these troubles meeting,
There is rest.

Hearts which here were disunited,
Hearts whose hopes on earth were blighted,
On that shore
Rest, in perfect peace delighted,
Evermore.

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THE POWER OF DRAW.

WE have on several occasions called attention to the Power of Draw. It is a force which for good as well as for evil pervades the whole social system. Every centre of industry exerts this attractive force by drawing to it large numbers of persons for the sake of employment, and so far the Draw acts beneficially. All our large towns are in no small degree made up of individuals who have drifted thither in the hope of exercising their abilities for their own and the public advantage. This is exactly as it should be. The world is open to everybody. It is only a truism to say that by the Power of Draw the uttermost ends of the earth are peopled.

Unfortunately, this subtle power in its pervading energy is not limited to the industrious and well-disposed. It is acutely demonstrated by all who are looking about for the means of indulging in a life of idleness at the cost of others. The disposition to abstain from useful labour and to depend less or more on gratuitous benefactions, has been largely encouraged by mistaken views of what is ordinarily called charity. The poor—no matter how they happen to be poor—have been extolled as if they were superior beings, to whom all must contribute as one of the noblest of virtues. With perverted notions of this kind, society has for ages done everything in its power to consecrate and encourage poverty, and no wonder it has attained to stupendous dimensions. Early injunctions to give all to the poor were followed by the piously inconsiderate and wide-sweeping benefactions of the monasteries. These in their turn were followed by the statutory obligations of the poor-laws. And now there is superadded a system of voluntary contribution so extensive and varied as to dominate the soundest principles of political economy, and which in its general working amounts to a kind of communism. By every large city, arrangements are organised to succour every human need and infirmity. Those who do not find it agreeable to work will be fed—the feeding, perhaps, not being what all would like, but pretty well as a make-shift.

For every species of ailment, from a broken leg to diseased lungs, there is adequate provision. The cultivation of thrift and self-respect not to be thought of. Bad as things seem to have been in the palmy days of the monasteries, they are now in some quarters ten times worse. While one set of people are slaving between death and life, another set, determined to take their ease, keep hovering on the verge of that agreeable category the poor, and so contrive to lead a jolly sort of existence.

Not that the so-called poor profess to be pure idlers. For decency's sake, they occasionally work a little, and enjoy the commiseration of suffering from the severity of winter, or from the commercial depression arising from 'bad times.' On such occasions the Power of Draw increases in intensity; and now are offered favourable opportunities for tender-hearted individuals to take a lead in establishing soup-kitchens, or benefactions thought to be equally creditable. It is melancholy to consider how at times like these, so little real good is done in comparison with the amount of harm. We see, more particularly as regards the young, the degree of suffering that is presently assuaged, but take no account of the mischief incurred by adding to the general demoralisation. While philanthropists are fondly imagining that they are doing much good, they are very probably adding fresh accumulations to the already overgrown mass of misery and crime. Not more surely do hens run to the heap, than do the thriftless and semi-pauperised instinctively flock towards places where there is an inconsiderately lavish distribution of charity. We never hear of a soup-kitchen being set up, under however careful an administration, without saying: 'There goes a distinct increase to the Power of Draw.'

The injury done by systems of profuse charity has been frequently pointed-out, but we have seen nothing so effective and convincing on the subject as a paper read by Mr Brace at the American Social Science Congress of May 1874, of which a copious abstract is given by a correspondent in *The Times*, of January 24, in the

present year. We think it may serve a good purpose to present our readers with a few facts from this interesting paper.

Referring to a serious depression in trade which threw large numbers of persons out of work in New York, plans were devised for giving temporary support to the necessitous; the result being that an encouragement was held out to idleness and improvidence. 'The experience of New York in 1857' (says Mr Brace), 'and of Boston and other cities since that date, proves that the soup-kitchen charity only creates pauperism. Despite the warning of the experienced, soup-kitchens and free lodgings were opened by public and private means, with the utmost liberality, in various portions of New York last winter, and enormous sums were contributed by private citizens for these popular benefactions. Before the winter was over, however, most of those engaged in them regretted, without doubt, that they had ever taken part in these kindly but mistaken charities. The reports of competent observers shew what were their effects. The announcement of the intended opening of these and kindred charities immediately called into the city the floating vagrants, beggars, and paupers who wander from village to village throughout the state. The streets of New York became thronged with this ragged, needy crowd; they filled all the station-houses and lodging-places provided by private charity, and overflowed into the island almshouses. Street-begging to the point of importunity became a custom. Ladies were robbed even on their own door-steps by these mendicants. Petty offences such as thieving and drunkenness increased. One of the free lodgings in the upper part of the city established by the Commissioners of Charities became a public nuisance from its rowdiness and criminality.

Nor would these paupers work. On one occasion, the almshouse authorities were discharging a band of able-bodied paupers, and having need of some light outdoor labour on the island, they offered these men what is thought good country wages—that is, fifteen dollars a month and board. They unanimously refused, preferring the free lodgings and free lunches of the city.' Then, he adds, came the attractive power—the Power of Draw. 'Tramps came hurrying to the feast of charity, honest and hard-working labouring men from every part of the neighbouring country. Farms in the state of New York were left stripped of labourers, though the farmers offered good wages. Working-men came from as far away as Pittsburg and Boston, partly, no doubt, to see the sights of New York, but hoping also for aid from public and private charities. In some cases, young men were arrested in criminal houses, who made their headquarters in these soup-kitchens or relief-houses, and then sallied out to enjoy the criminal indulgences of the city.

The pauperising influences, however, of this indiscriminate charity reached beyond these classes. Poor families abandoned steady industry, got their

meals at the soup-kitchens, and spent the day in going from one charitable organisation to another. Those experienced with this class report that such people acquire a "Micawber" habit of depending on chances, and seldom return to constant work again. Instances were known of families taking their meals from the Relief Association and spending the money set aside for this daily in liquor, so that, in the poorest quarters the liquor-trade was never so prosperous. A singular effect was also produced on the class of homeless girls. Many avoided the houses where charity was connected with work, and obtained their meals at the free-lunch places, and then lodged in the low cheap lodging-houses, where their habits were uncontrolled and they could wander the streets at night. Many were thus enticed into ruin.

But another class now felt the pauperising influence of this charity, one which had never stooped to public alms before, the mechanics and artisans. These were not driven by the severest poverty. They had been in receipt of good wages, and had much money laid up in the savings-banks. They contributed through the winter large sums to various strikes and labour unions. The best proof that they were not pressed by poverty is that never once did they lower their demand for wages in any branch of industry. The most ignorant job-work, as for instance a man's labour in moving, was fifty cents an hour. Few would even clean snow from a side-walk or cut or saw wood or carry burdens for less than at the rate of two to two and a half dollars per diem. Mechanics still demanded from three to five dollars per diem. It was notorious that important trades, such as the building-trade, were at a standstill on account of high wages, and that the employing class could not afford to pay such high rates. Yet no wages came down. Labour was in struggle with capital against a lowering of prices. Charity assisted labour in the combat. The soup-kitchens and relief associations of various names became thronged with mechanics. Some of the best working-men in the city ate and lodged at the public expense. Thousands of able-bodied artisans, young and skilful, were fed by alms. The idleness and dependence injured many among them irretrievably. The whole settlement of the labour question was postponed by the over-generous charity of the city, and spring came upon the mechanical class without a revival of trade, which might have come if mis-guided kindness had not supported them in this struggle.

These benevolent institutions also interfered with many kinds of legitimate business. Thus in one ward, the eleventh, a number of small eating-house keepers, who had made an honest living by their occupation, were almost thrown into bankruptcy by the competition of certain soup-kitchens established by religious associations. A similar thing occurred in other wards. In one district also, a keeper of a laundry who had ten or twelve girls in his employment at good wages, found himself stripped of his help in the midst of the winter, these women preferring to live for nothing in the free lodgings. He accordingly was compelled to

advertise for help, but without success, and was ultimately obliged to close his laundry.

It had been expected that this industrial crisis would bring down the wages of female servants, since these had remained at a high rate, though all other prices had fallen. The superintendent of the Free Labour Bureau, however, stated that during all this distress, the poor girls who came to his office could not be induced to take situations for less than from fourteen to twenty dollars per month, and said that they preferred to live at the charitable institutions until they could get such wages as they chose. It is well known that the wages of female labour have been as high this winter as at any time since the war. One of the free dormitories for women was, in fact, broken up by its coming to the knowledge of the directresses that a lady on one occasion offered each lodger a situation in a good family at ten dollars per month, and not one of these "victims of poverty" could be found who would accept the place on the terms.

One way and another an injury was done through these pauperising influences which is even now scarcely remedied. The drawing of large numbers into the vortex of charity was in all respects inexcusable; for if the heedlessly benevolent had let matters alone, the more necessities would have found remunerative work in quarters where labour was specially in demand. It should never be forgotten that there is a principle of readjustment in labour which tends to cure local disorganisations. What philanthropists have to do on pressing occasions like those mentioned is to interpose no distracting element, such as the temptation of free soup-kitchens, and to facilitate removal to spots where industry can be advantageously exercised.

In all the large cities in Great Britain we are acquainted with, there are antiquated semi-ruinous buildings in the alleys behind the main thoroughfares, which were at one time occupied by the affluent classes, but are now sunk to the condition of resorts for the idle, the drunken, and the dissolute, who habitually prey on society, and are a torment to the public authorities. Attempts to root out these dens of infamy and disease encounter a resolute opposition from those who from usurious motives have become the proprietors of such places, and more especially does opposition come from ratepayers who are shocked at the prospect of paying some trifle annually in the shape of an improvement tax. Antiquaries who have a morbid fancy for old houses which will scarcely hold together, and are as dark and unwholesome as dungeons, also have their howl. So that it is usually no easy matter to procure legislative authority to put our towns generally on a decent footing.

Let it be specially noted that narrow dingy lanes are the centres of nearly all that is degrading in towns whether large or small. The idle and dissolute do not approve of living in the face of day. They prefer to nestle in groups behind-backs, as being there less likely to incur observation. It is consistent with all experience that just as a town abounds in narrow lanes, it abounds in pauperism and every species of iniquity. Clear away your lanes, and you correspondingly lessen the number of the dangerous classes. Every town, of course, must have dwell-

ings suitable for the less affluent in the community, but in some way or other let all come to the front. In England, the behind-backs 'slums' we speak of are known as courts, in Scotland they are called closes; but whatever be their generic designation, they are a nuisance and a scandal, for they draw towards them, by under-currents of intelligence, the dregs of the population from all parts of the United Kingdom. Obviously, the attraction is intensified by the succours of one sort or other offered by public charities. What with holes and corners to creep into out of sight, and with the chance of coming in for a share of profuse benevolences, the Draw is complete.

A number of years ago, when at the head of a city municipality, we made a fair attempt, by legislative measures, to sweep away the worst class of closes, substituting for them open thoroughfares, and likewise endeavoured to put the public charities on a reasonably comprehensive footing. The degree of success was moderate. From the prevalence of narrow views, the 'Improvement Act' was so materially restricted as to convey the impression that, by ordinary forms of procedure, in which loquacious and popularity hunting agitators have their say, the improvement of towns on a scale consistent with enlarged principles of sanitary and social economy is barely practicable. In vain you say of any special improvement that it would clear away the haunts of the disreputable, and at the same time lower the mortality to the extent of eight or ten per thousand annually. What is a lowering of the death-rate in comparison with the obligation to pay an additional rate of a penny per pound? Let things alone. The inertia of systematic obstruction accordingly prevails.

Curiously enough, as we speedily discovered, there are vested interests in charities. Each species of benevolence possesses an administrative organisation of chairmen, secretaries, collectors, and so forth, who with an affection for use and wont, do not readily perceive how there can be any advantage in a combination of distributive bodies. If you throw twelve separate charities into one, the officials connected with the eleven that are set aside will necessarily suffer extinction. There is a more cogent argument. Twelve collectors, each with his separate book, have a better chance of screwing money from householders than one solitary collector. Besides, there are peculiar fancies to be operated on. Some will contribute to Dispensaries, who could not be wheedled into subscribing for the support of a Soup-kitchen or the distribution of coals. Collectors, like sportsmen, know the bird they can bring down. In these circumstances, all that came out of our poor effort at combining charities was the establishment of another administrative body with the function of being a check on all descriptions of applicants. That this 'Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor,' has done some good by arresting promiscuous charity, is we believe generally allowed. On a similar plan there has been established in the metropolis, a 'Society for organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity,' which we understand is working advantageously. It is indeed chiefly by the rigid scrutiny which is so organised, that the deserving poor can be properly aided and the worthless repressed. On the public at large, however, rests the responsibility of ridding

towns of their hosts of roughs and on-hangers ; for so long as mean haunts in obscure courts and closes are suffered to exist, and while people indiscriminately yield to importunities, so long will be freely exercised the Power of Draw. W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A NEIGHBOURLY VISIT.

JASPER, as he walked with dawdling gait back to the morning-room—the ex-cavalry officer always did dawdle, except in the hunting-field or when race-horses were thundering past the judge's chair—felt what in his case did duty for brains to be in a dizzy whirl. He could not grapple with the mystery which seemed to have chosen Carbery Chase for its headquarters. The captain was by no means, as has been said, one of those guileless youths, if such there be, who are slow to think evil. Shew him a plain, intelligible, sordid motive, and no one could be quicker in desecrating it, no matter how fair a pretence of decorous honour might be kept up. But this was beyond him. 'No kith or kin of mine after all!' he muttered as he made his way along the thickly carpeted corridor. 'I must have been wrong, absurdly wrong all the time. But why my father should press me so hard on this subject no fellow could understand. He's in earnest though, about desiring the match.'

As he spoke he laid his grasp on the handle of the door of the morning-room, turned it, and entering, found with a complacent smile, that Ruth Willis was alone. Captain Denzil was on sufficiently good terms with himself, but even coxcombs are glad of the confirmatory suffrages of others ; and Jasper felt as though he were under a sort of obligation to the baronet's ward for having paid him the compliment of falling in love with him.

'I thought,' said Jasper, as if to apologise for his presence in that pretty room, where a man seemed incongruous with the surroundings, 'that my sisters were here.'

'Shall I call them?' asked Ruth, with that sweet hypocrisy which girls only can exhibit, and half-rising from the tiny work-table as she spoke.

'Pray don't. I have nothing on earth to say to them, or indeed to anybody,' said Jasper. 'Life drags at Carbery like wheels on a mud-plastered road. Don't you find it so too, Miss Willis?'

'Indeed I do not,' answered the Indian orphan, taking up the cudgels gracefully in defence of her guardian's home. 'I should be very ungrateful if I did. It is not every day that a lonely little thing like myself is taken into the house of a kind dear family of new-old friends, who cherish and protect, and pet and spoil her, as your good father and sisters have done, Captain Denzil, to poor little Ruth Willis.'

She said this so well, did Ruth, in a voice that was slightly tremulous and with eyes that swam in tears, that Jasper was for the moment fairly taken in. There was uncommonly little sentiment in his own composition, but such men as he was, still like women to be softer-hearted than themselves, and then Miss Willis looked very pretty and delicate and helpless as she glanced up at him from under the screen of her dark eyelashes.

'I can't stand it, indeed I can't, if you cry,

Miss Willis!' he said, drawing a chair up to the tiny work-table. 'You have found me a sad bore and a sad plague, I am afraid, since I was stupid enough to do this at Pebworth races.'

As he spoke he looked down at his arm, which still reposed in its silken sling, and assumed a melancholy air, although in truth he felt all but well again. Ruth, from beneath her eyelashes, scanned him more narrowly than he was aware of.

'Is he amusing himself at my expense?' thus ran her quick thoughts. 'Or has he been applying thus early in the day to the cherry-brandy in his hunting-flask, or the contents of the decanters? No; he seems sober, and civil too. This is a puzzle.'

Miss Willis was justified in her perplexity, for this attention on Jasper's part was something new. The captain was not one of those men, of whom there are no lack, who in a country-house flirt to pass the time away, as naturally and with as little ulterior design as they smoke a cigar during their early stroll about the stables or the Home Farm. He had accepted, as an Eastern despot accepts the homage of his courtiers, fifty petty kindnesses at Ruth's hands during his illness, and had preferred her company to that of Lucy and Blanche simply because she was cleverer than they, and had the tact not to weary him.

'I was sorry to see you so much in pain, Captain Denzil, and glad when I could be of any use,' answered Ruth, plying her needle with that demure industry which can be intermitted or resumed with such skilful effect in the course of a conversation.

'Yes; and I was bear enough never to thank you, Miss Ruth. May I call you Ruth?' said Jasper, as he bent forward and took the girl's slender little hand in his. It was the first time that he had ever touched the hand of Miss Willis, save in the ceremonial salute with which members of a household meet for the day or part for the night.

'I like to be called Ruth by my friends,' returned the baronet's ward. 'Dear Blanche and Lucy always call me by my Christian name, and that pleases me, for I think it proves that they do not any longer regard me as a stranger. And that is much to me.'

There was a sweet simplicity, a touching pathos in Ruth's tone not wholly thrown away on Jasper. He could not quite distinguish whether or not she were playing a part; but if this were acting, he owned that it was, of its kind, excellent.

'I hope you count me among your friends?' he said, still keeping captive the little hand that he held.

'I shall be very pleased to do so,' returned Ruth, with a downward droop of her silken eyelashes.

'I wish I did know how to please you. It's a lesson I should like to learn,' said the captain, with a warmth that surprised himself; but before Miss Willis could return an appropriate answer, the door opened so quickly that she had barely time to snatch away her hand from Jasper's grasp before his two sisters were in the room. Blanche Denzil had an open note in her hand, and both girls wore an expression more animated than usual. Lucy was the first to speak.

'We want you, Jasper, to drive up with us to High Tor, if you feel strong enough this morning. Maud has written to Blanche, as she promised, you know, to let us know when her silver pheasants arrived from the dealer's in London; and this note'—and Lucy indicated the letter in her sister's hand—'has just come, begging us to go round and see the birds made comfortable in their new abode. The day is charming. You must come with us, indeed.'

'Pheasants before the First of October gives one leave to shoot them, are not much in my line,' said Jasper carelessly. 'What are *your* plans for this morning, Miss Willis?'

Ruth with becoming modesty replied that Captain Denzil was only too good to inquire as to the proceedings of so insignificant a person as she was. 'I try to be useful,' she said. 'Sometimes Sir Sykes allows me to read aloud to him the newspapers or a book. If nobody wants me, I think I shall stroll down to the quiet cool path in the woods beside the river. It is a favourite haunt of mine.'

'Well, I'll walk down there with you, if you don't mind my cigar, Miss Willis,' replied the captain languidly. 'I don't want particularly to go to High Tor, or to go into ecstasies over the fine feathers of a lot of fancy poultry cooped in a pen and called pheasants.'

'No, no,' said Blanche and Lucy with one accord; 'we are not going to allow you to play truant to-day. You must come, and so must Ruth. We never thought of leaving her behind' (this by-the-bye was the whitest of white fibs, for up to that moment Ruth's companionship on the projected expedition had never once crossed the mind of either of the sisters); 'and there is plenty of room for all in the double basket-carriage.'

'I shall be bored, and shew it. The De Veres are not a bit in my line. Harrogate, for instance, I can't get on with for five minutes—my fault, I daresay. But he knows nothing and cares nothing about the things that interest me; and I trouble my head just as little about his model cottages and reclamation of waste lands and militia drill. The one subject we have in common is fox-hunting, and even on that we take somewhat different views.' This was a long speech for Jasper; but the concession which it somewhat ungraciously implied was readily accepted by his jubilant sisters.

'You forget Lady Gladys,' said Blanche archly; 'she would never forgive us if we appeared without you.'

The double basket-carriage, one of those convenient, roomy, and perhaps to male eyes ugly vehicles, that do so much good service in country places, came round in due course, drawn by its pair of strong and spirited Exmoor ponies, coblike, sturdy little animals, well fitted to make light of the steep Devonshire roads, yet shewing some of the fire and fleetness due to their dash of Arab blood. The 'clothes-basket on wheels,' as Jasper irreverently styled it, received its human freight; Miss Willis, in spite of Blanche's instances, seating herself meekly with her back to the horses, and the captain of course beside her. Lucy took the reins; the smart boy in livery who had been standing at the ponies' heads, let go the bridles and sprang deftly to his perch behind as the light carriage bowled merrily away along the smooth park road.

Never yet, since first she made her appearance at Carbery Chase, had Ruth looked one half so attractive, in her quaint elfish way, as she did then, as flashing and animated, her dark eyes saying far more than did her lips, she conversed with Jasper on the outward drive.

'I declare,' thought the captain to himself, 'if the governor had been a little more explicit, I wouldn't mind speaking out. With three thousand a year, or four—ay, it would require to be four—the thing might be managed.'

NOTHING NEW.

'THERE is no new thing under the sun,' says a proverb which is itself perhaps only the rehabilitation of some antediluvian precept to the same effect; and nothing so powerfully argues in favour of the truth of the statement as a little pamphlet written by the eccentric though clever Marquis of Worcester, and printed in London by J. Grismond in 1663. It is entitled, 'A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which, my former Notes being lost, I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in Practice.' Who the 'powerful friend' may have been it is impossible to say. The published catalogue was, however, dedicated to Charles II. by His Majesty's 'passionately devoted, or otherwise disinterested, subject and servant,' the Marquis.

This dedication is followed by a quaintly worded address to the two Houses of Parliament, craving patronage for the author's investigations, thanking the Lords and Commons for past favours, ruefully stating that the inventor had already spent ten thousand pounds on his experiments, and promising to prosecute his researches by the aid of one Casper Kaltoff, who for five-and-thirty years had been employed under him. The Marquis, in stating his merits, is not too modest, for he belauds his inventions and his disinterestedness to the skies, and in well-chosen words suggests that if the government refuse him its patronage, the government, and not he, will suffer. Then, after the custom of the age, he subscribes himself, 'Your most passionately bent fellow-subject in His Majesty's service, compatriot for the publick good and advantage, and a most humble servant to all and every of you, WORCESTER.'

So far the Marquis is, comparatively speaking, plain-spoken and straightforward; but when he begins to catalogue his discoveries, the reader feels bound to confess that though the noble peer may have set down his notes in such a way as might sufficiently instruct him to put any of them in practice, he scarcely amplified them sufficiently to instruct other people. Doubtless he was intentionally vague in the specifications or explanations of his inventions; for when he wrote, he still cherished a hope that he would reap some substantial fruits from his ingenuity; but in spite of his vagueness, he wrote at least enough to shew that many things even now regarded as new, had been roughly thought out by his fertile brain.

The specification first on the list is decidedly mysterious. It is entitled 'Seals abundantly sig-

nificant,' and professes to describe an invention whereby accounts may be kept mechanically, and a letter, 'though written but in English, may be read and understood in eight several languages, and in English itself to a clean contrary and different sense, unknown to any but the correspondent, and not to be read or understood by him neither, if opened before it arrive unto him.' Presumably this ambiguous statement alludes to an instrument for writing accounts and letters in cipher, for the four specifications that follow, treat of that hackneyed subject, and one of them of a system of short-hand which seems to be not without a modern representative. Next comes a plan for telegraphing by means of coloured flags and lights; and then 'A way how to level and shoot cannon by night as well as by day and as directly.' The ninth specification is terribly pertinent to the tragic event that happened at Bremerhafen in December 1875. It speaks of 'An engine, portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened on the inside of the greatest ship, and at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irreversibly sink that ship.' The note immediately following suggests torpedoes, and relates to a plan for diving and fastening a similar engine to a vessel.

Nor were Admiral Hobart Pacha's attempts to ward off the attacks of these submarine monsters without a prototype; for the inventive Marquis at once goes on to hint at a method whereby a ship may be guarded from such a catastrophe either by day or by night. Specification number twelve is scarcely less suggestive of water-tight compartments, for it alludes to 'A way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot an hundred times betwixt wind and water by cannon.' The next note does not seem to have prompted the exertions of modern inventors; but who shall say whether number fourteen is not responsible for the employment of steam, or even of hydraulic power, for the working of a vessel? At all events, it hints at the economisation of labour, and at the multiplication of force without the intervention of a capstan or of similar machinery. Number fifteen palpably suggests the application of some motive-power very like steam to boats. The Marquis speaks of 'A way how to make a boat work itself against wind and tide, yea, both without the help of man or beast; yet so that the wind or tide, though directly opposite, shall force the ship or boat against itself.'

It is not surprising that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, this, among many other alleged inventions, was regarded as somewhat chimerical; and indeed, at the present moment, if we except steam, it is hard to believe that the noble lord was not solemnly joking with Charles II. and the two Houses of Parliament. But a subsequent specification, which we shall notice in its due order, proves that the Marquis knew of the power of steam, and had practically experimented with it; and there are therefore some grounds for thinking that, had he been properly subsidised and assisted, the name of Worcester might have been as intimately associated with the great modern means of locomotion as are those of Watt and Fulton. Unfortunately the Marquis was too much in advance of his age, and thus his genius was lost upon it.

A very common table ornament of the present

day is hinted at in number eighteen, which speaks of 'An artificial fountain to be turned like an hour-glass by a child in the twinkling of an eye.' And number nineteen plainly suggests the carriage-brake as now applied by every coachbuilder. The two succeeding notices relate to the use of water as a motive-power. And number twenty-three tells of a water-clock intended not only to shew the time, but also the motions of the heavenly bodies. Number twenty-four is a plan for discharging bullets by means of a silent spring, 'admirable for fire-works and astonishing of besieged cities.' And number twenty-six is a method for the more effectual employment of the lever as a mechanical force. Then follows a dark hint at the employment of pontoons for the formation of military bridges over broad rivers; and another specification, number thirty, speaks of a system for enabling four pieces of cannon 'to discharge two hundred bullets each hour'—a thing which, under the old system of loading by manual power at the muzzle, would have been quite impossible. This is followed by a number of different plans for writing in cipher, and for communicating by means of various objects, such as knotted strings, fringes, bracelets, gloves, &c., and by the smell, taste, and touch. Number forty-four is a way 'To make a key of a chamber-door which to your sight hath its wards and rose-pipe but paper-thick, and yet at pleasure in a minute of an hour shall become a perfect pistol, capable to shoot through a breast-plate commonly of carbine-proof, with prime, powder, and firelock, undiscoverably in a stranger's hand.' Such a diabolical machine in the possession of one of the many unscrupulous gentlemen of the period, would indeed have been a murderous weapon if used freely in the dimly lighted streets of London. Scarcely less unpleasant must have been the Venetian instrument for noiselessly discharging a poisoned needle at an unsuspecting enemy.

Next come specifications headed respectively 'A most conceited tinder-box,' 'An artificial bird,' and 'An hour water-ball;' the last of which speaks of a ball of any metal, 'which, thrown into a pool or pail of water, shall presently rise from the bottom, and constantly shew, by the superficies of the water, the hour of the day or night, never rising more out of the water than just to the minute it sheweth of each quarter of the hour; and, if by force kept under water, yet the time is not yet lost, but recovered as soon as it is permitted to rise to the superficies of the water.' Number forty-eight is the description of an improved staircase, and number forty-nine of 'A portable engine, in way of a tobacco tongs, whereby a man may get over a wall, or get up again being come down, finding the coast proving unsecure unto him.' Then there is 'A pocket ladder,' 'A rule of gradation' useful for cipher-writing, 'A mystical jangling of bells' for the conveyance of private intelligence, and three notices relating to 'water-scrues.' Number fifty-six is entitled 'An advantageous change of centers;' and respecting it the Marquis says: 'A most incredible thing if not seen, but tried before the late king of blessed memory, in the Tower by my directions, two extraordinary ambassadors accompanying His Majesty, and the Dukes of Richmond and Hamilton, with most of the court, attending him. The

wheel was fourteen feet over, and forty weights of fifty pounds apiece. Sir William Balfour, then lieutenant of the Tower, can justify it with several others. They all saw that no sooner these great weights passed the diameter line of the lower side but they hung a foot further from the center, nor no sooner passed the diameter line of the upper side but they hung a foot nearer. Be pleased to judge the consequence.' In this modest request the Marquis appears to shroud a hint that he has discovered the secret of perpetual motion, which, however, has like all other perpetual-motion schemes, failed in practice.

Specification number fifty-eight is certainly in some measure responsible for the modern revolver, telling as it does of a method 'whereby a pistol may be made to discharge a dozen times with one loading, and without so much as once new priming requisite, or to change it out of one hand into the other, or stop one's horse.' And the next notices are for the application of similar systems to carbines, muskets, arquebusses, and crooks or ship-muskets, and of a different method for sakers. In these ideas we may recognise indeed the first principles not only of the revolver, but also of the Winchester rifle and of the mitrailleuse in its various forms. Warfare has recently been revolutionised by inventions of this kind; and the conditions of naval warfare especially are now likely to be altered by the arrangement which practically places the whole broadside of a vessel under the control of one man. For this latter improvement we may find the idea in the Marquis's plan by which 'one man in the cabin may govern the whole side of ship-muskets, to the number, if need require, of two or three thousand shots.' After devoting several notices to the various aspects of this subject, the noble inventor complacently remarks: 'When first I gave my thoughts to make guns shoot often, I thought there had been but one only exquisite way inevitable, yet by several trials and much charge I have perfectly tried all these.' The necessary experiments appear to have left him with an old cannon or two upon his hands, as the next and most important specification shews that the scientific nobleman nearly succeeded in blowing himself up, and so concluding his investigations. He calls it 'A fire water-work;' and probably that remarkable name expresses, as well as any other might, the Marquis's 'admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it upwards, for that must be as the philosopher calleth it, *intrinsecam activitatis*, which is but at such a distance. But, he emphatically continues, 'this way hath no bounder, if the vessels be strong enough.'

Then he goes on to give us what seems to be the earliest record of the employment of steam-power in England. 'I have taken,' he says, 'a piece of a whole cannon, whereof the end was burst, and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping and screwing up the broken end, as also the touch-hole; and making a constant fire under it, within twenty-four hours it burst and made a great crack. So that having a way to make my vessels, so that they are strengthened by the force within them, and the one to fill after the other, I have seen the water run like a constant fountain-stream forty feet high; one vessel of water, rarefied by fire, driveth up forty of cold water. And a

man that tends the work is but to turn two cocks; that, one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and re-fill with cold water, and so successively, the fire being tended and kept constant, which the self-same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interim between the necessity of turning the said cocks.' Following this are four notices relating to improvements for locks to chests and safes, one relating to a draw-bridge, and one treating of what the Marquis calls 'A concealed door'—namely one which will open either inwards or outwards.

Two paragraphs further on comes the short specification, 'How to make a man to fly; which I have tried with a little boy of ten years old in a barn, from one end to the other, on a hay-mow.' The last clause is certainly acceptable; for it justifies a hope that the poor little fellow did not break his neck in the pursuit of science. The three succeeding notices are entitled respectively 'A continually going watch,' 'A total locking of cabinet-boxes,' and 'Light pistol barrels;' and the headings serve to demonstrate at least the versatility of the author. Next come two methods for carrying secret correspondence without observation, an idea for the economisation of labour in rasping hartshorn, and the specification of a calculating machine. These are followed by notices of two barbarous engines, respectively called 'An untoothsome pear' and 'An imprisoning chair,' of a candle-moulding machine, and of a talkative artificial head, the *modus operandi* of which we take the liberty of smiling at. The Marquis states that his invention would answer in French, Latin, Welsh, Irish, or English, any question put to it, and then shut its mouth until the next question was asked. It cannot be doubted that if the artificial head were so life-like as to be able to answer questions, it would also do a little talking on its own account. The noble Lord seems at this period to have been suffering from an attack of moral depravity; for the incredible notice of the brazen head is followed by two specifications of methods for cheating at cards and dice respectively; and a little lower down, we come upon 'a little engine portable in one's pocket, which placed to any door, without any noise but one crack, openeth any door or gate.' Number ninety-three is the specification of an engine for raising sunken ships; and at the end of the long catalogue are some mysterious notices of a machine which the Marquis modestly calls 'a semi-omnipotent engine,' and of two other machines which conjointly seem to hint at some knowledge of hydraulic power of which the discoverer was particularly proud. 'I deem this invention,' he says, 'to crown my labours, to reward my expenses, and make my thoughts acquiesce in way of further inventions;' and he concludes by hinting at leaving to posterity a book wherein his inventions, 'with the shape and form of all things belonging to them, should be printed by brass plates.'

And so we will take leave of the inventive nobleman, who, though apparently not always too voracious, was decidedly a genius. It is probably owing to the fact of his having lived in an appreciative age that he is to this day usually placed on a level with the fabulous Academicians of Laputa, rather than among such men as Franklin, Arkwright, and Watt; but on the other hand, it is not unlikely that had his *Century of Inventions*

been judiciously reduced to a score, or even a dozen, the Marquis of Worcester's reputation among his contemporaries might have stood proportionately higher.

AN INSURANCE TALE.

I AM a solicitor of considerable standing and practice in a large provincial town in Ireland, the name of which it is here unnecessary to mention. On the evening of the 31st of December some twenty-five years ago, I was in the aforesaid town sitting in my study. The day had been one of unusual inclemency; rain had alternated with sleet and snow; and the cold and cutting wind had blown with a rude strength which made its chilly touch at once incisive. As the shades of night had begun to fall, the storm, instead of abating, had risen in turbulence and height; and at the hour of which I am about to speak, the spasmodic energy of the elements seemed like the last convulsions of the dying year. I had been reading some legal documents during the evening; but perceiving from a glance at my watch that it was fast approaching twelve o'clock, I laid my papers aside and drew my chair nearer to the fire. The hail beat violently against the windows, the wind sighed amongst the trees outside, and the keyhole of my study-door expressed its feelings in tones if possible more melancholy.

The feeling of which I was conscious, as I sat thus gazing into the blazing comfort before me, was one of selfish satisfaction that I was not at the mercy of the tempest outside. Forms of various human sufferers presented themselves to my mental vision, and seemed to take the shape of the red coals in the fire; while the wind and my sorrowing keyhole seemed vocal with the burden of their woe. I was soon plunged in a deep moralising on the misery which we see around us—on that strange invisible link between sorrow and sin; and the last moments of the passing year were just landing me in one of those good resolutions which we are told form such excellent paving-stones, when I was aroused from my moral reverie by a knock at my study-door. Pushing my chair back a little distance from the fire, and assuming a more professional air, I articulated the well-known 'Come in;' and this mandate was duly obeyed by my servant, who informed me that a gentleman outside was particularly anxious to see me.

A moment afterwards, a figure which in all but size resembled our old friend the 'drowned rat,' entered my study, and making a courteous bow, said: 'I fear this is a very unreasonable hour to intrude upon you, sir.' My visitor was very tall, had a pale thoughtful face, and when he unbuttoned the coat which covered him from head to foot, I perceived that he was a clergyman.

'Won't you take a seat by the fire?' I said, 'for you must be very cold and wet such a night as this.'

'Thank you, sir,' he replied; 'I am too wet to sit down. I had better tell you at once the cause of this unseasonable visit. I have been attending in my capacity as a Christian minister a young lady who has been very ill, and is now, I believe, dying. She sent for me to-night about ten o'clock, and when I went to her, she entreated me to go for a solicitor. I had heard of you, sir, as a man

of standing in that profession, and I have accordingly come to ask you to drive over with me to her.'

I suggested that the lady very probably wanted to make her will, and wished for professional assistance.

'I cannot tell,' he replied. 'I asked her if no one but a solicitor would do, and she said not. She said she *must* see a solicitor before she died. She seemed terribly distressed, and pressed her request so earnestly upon me that I felt I dare not neglect it.'

'How far is the young lady's residence from this?' I asked, wishing to bring the matter to a practical issue.

'About ten miles,' replied the clergyman.

'Ten miles on a night such as this is no joke!'

'It is, sir, a long drive, and I know that the night is very severe; but I would take it as a great favour if you would come with me. I know not where to go or what to do, if you decline. I will drive you there, and send my car back with you; and you will of course hold me responsible for your fees.'

The last sentence decided my wavering resolve and gained the clergyman's object; for what attorney ever remained inactive where he had a good mark for costs! So shrugging my shoulders, I said: 'Well, I suppose I had better go with you, though I should much prefer going to bed.'

'Thank you,' he replied; 'it is very good of you to consent.'

Having provided myself with the writing materials necessary to draft a will, and having wrapped myself from head to foot in waterproof, I accompanied the clergyman to the hall-door. There we ascended the conveyance which was to take us to our destination, and soon were cutting our way through the driving sleet and snow. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I thought it would be wise to elicit from the clergyman some little information about the young lady whose will I supposed that I was about to draw; and with that view I began to examine him. I, however, found that he could tell me very little. He only knew that she was a Miss M—; that she had been staying with an aunt of hers who lived in his parish; that she had become dangerously ill some four or five days previously; that he believed she was an only daughter; that her mother was dead; and that her father had been telegraphed for, and was expected to arrive in the morning. He added earnestly: 'He will never see his daughter alive, poor man!'

While we were speaking, the joy-bells had begun to ring out their merry peals, welcoming in the new year. In a few moments, however, after the clergyman's last remark, they ceased, and a dead silence ensued. 'How ironical was the tone of those bells!' said the clergyman with a sigh, as the last peal was dying away. I answered half-unconsciously 'Yes;' but I little knew how fully I would comprehend his meaning before many hours had passed away.

After a long and bitter drive, the conveyance at last drew up at a large old-fashioned house, with the appearance of which I was well acquainted, and which I knew to be the residence of an old lady of property, though I had never been inside it. The clergyman, on alighting, brought me round to a side-door, at which he knocked very

gently. After he had knocked two or three times, the door was at length opened to us by an elderly woman, whom I afterwards learned to be the nurse, and who conducted us, by the aid of a lantern, up an old winding-stair into a long corridor. Stopping before a door at the end of it, the nurse motioned us to wait while she entered the room. She had been only a few seconds inside, when I heard a low moan, and a female voice exclaim almost in a cry: 'Oh, has the time come?' A moment afterwards the clergyman and myself had entered the room, and lying on a bed in the middle of it I saw the form of a young girl apparently about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. As we approached her bedside, the clergyman said to her: 'I have brought the solicitor with me;' but she did not answer him, and gently waved her hand for the nurse and himself to leave the room.

After they had left, she looked at me earnestly for a minute and then said in a faint voice: 'Are you a solicitor, sir?'

I answered: 'I am;' and added: 'I suppose you wish me to draw your will for you?'

'My will!' she said with evident surprise. 'Ah no! I have nothing to leave, except perhaps my heart.' She remained for some time after this without speaking, her silence being only broken by moans such as I had heard from the corridor. After a little while I heard her murmur: 'O my father, my poor dear father! must it be?' then clasping her two almost fleshless hands, she closed her eyes for a few moments. At last, with evident effort, she turned round on her pillow, and looking straight at me, said in a voice tremulous with weakness and emotion: 'I want, sir, to make a statement to you which I feel it my duty to make before I die. It has tortured me for months, and I dare not meet my Maker if I did not tell all, though it breaks my very heart to do so.'

Fearing that she was going to confess some crime, or make some other important criminal declaration, I said to her: 'If you are about to make any statement which may be of importance afterwards, I had better go for a magistrate, and you can make it before him.'

'O no, sir; no magistrate!' she cried out earnestly. 'What I have to tell concerns my poor father, and I dare not state it to a magistrate, for it might ruin him. If you will not hear me and try to save my poor father, I shall die with sealed lips. O my father! my good kind father! it is too, too cruel that I must tell of your sin.' The last words were pronounced almost in a cry; the tears filled her eyes, and she began to sob piteously. Her racking cough soon followed; and I feared that she must indeed die 'with sealed lips,' as she had said; for to me it seemed that every succeeding cough must be her last. After a little while, however, a slight respite came, and she tried to resume her statement. She gasped out: 'The insurance—the Blank Insurance' (mentioning the name of a well-known Company); 'it's not my—— But before she could get any farther, the cough again seized her, and this time with such terrible power that the poor creature fell back utterly exhausted.

Fearing that her life was now really waning, I went to the door of the room for the nurse, who at once came in. When she had settled the suf-

ferer in a more easy position, she turned to me and whispered: 'Very little longer, sir!' I, however, remained in the room, in the hope that after a little time she might have strength to resume her statement; but when half an hour had nearly elapsed without bringing with it any sign of returning strength, I saw that the statement must remain in its unfinished condition. I therefore wrote down carefully all that had occurred, put it into an envelope, sealed it, placed it in my pocket, and prepared to go away. Before doing so, I took one look at the form that lay on the bed before me. To describe her face, I cannot, though I seem to see it as distinctly to-day as I saw it then—one of those strangely exquisite flowers, whose tender growth so often kindles the selfish craving of the old reaper, Death. I had stood by many a death-bed; my profession had inured me to scenes of anguish and pain; but as I looked on that pale beautiful woman, and read on her features the impression which told only too plainly of a conflict of racking reality within, my cold heart softened, and my whole nature went forth in one great yearning to comfort and to soothe her. I breathed a prayer for the soul that was passing—earnest, as I had never known earnestness before; and with feelings too sad to portray, but too real to be forgotten, I left the room and the house.

Two days after this eventful night, my friend the clergyman (whom I subsequently discovered to be the newly appointed rector of a neighbouring parish) again entered my study. He told me that the poor young girl was dead, that she had passed away about half an hour after I had left the room, never having spoken a word after that terrible fit of coughing to which I had been a witness.

The question then came to be decided as to the meaning of the broken statement made by the young girl, and what was my duty with regard to it. I have since frequently questioned the wisdom and propriety of the course which I then pursued; but whether right or wrong, my action was the result of much deliberation. I wrote in the first instance to the insurance Company, asking them if they would kindly inform me, as solicitor for the late Miss M——, whether any insurance had been effected on her life with that Company; and if so, when and by whom it was effected, what was the amount of it, and to whom it had become payable by the fall of Miss M——'s life. I received a letter in reply from the secretary of the Company, informing me that my young friend had herself, about a year previously, effected an insurance on her own life in two policies of five thousand pounds each, and that if she had not otherwise assigned the policies during her lifetime, the sum of ten thousand pounds was payable to her executors or administrators, as the case might be.

The receipt of this information led me to believe, what I had suspected before, that there was something wrong about this insurance, though I could not exactly determine the nature of that something. I therefore wrote a second time to the Company, stating that I had reason to believe that it would be wise for the Company to make careful inquiries with reference to the Policy, before surrendering its value. The secretary at once wrote back to me asking me to state the information which led me to form this belief; but I replied that

I was not in possession of any information whatever bearing on the matter, but that from what took place at an interview which I had had with the late Miss M—— a short time before her death, I had been led to suspect that there was something wrong about the insurance.

I heard no more of the matter till one morning some two or three months afterwards, when I was honoured with a visit from the secretary and solicitor of the insurance Company. They told me that the father of my poor young friend had threatened them with legal proceedings if they did not pay the amount of the insurance at once, and asked me to tell them exactly what had passed at the interview to which I had alluded in my letter. At first I hesitated as to whether I ought to do so or not, but ultimately I gave them a true account of all that had taken place on that fatal 31st of December. They thanked me warmly, said they thought I had only done my duty in disclosing the matter to them, and went away.

What use the Company made of this information, or what means they adopted to probe the mystery to its source, I do not know; but about six months after my interview with the secretary and solicitor, when I was beginning to hope that I should never hear of the case again, I received a summons to attend at an assizes to be shortly holden in the county town of a northern shire. There was no means of refusing this command, though I would have given a good deal to be able to evade it. I therefore found myself, about a fortnight after its receipt, quietly sitting in the crowded court-house of the aforesaid town, a witness in the case of 'M—— *versus* The Blank Insurance Company.'

I had but little difficulty as I looked round the court in identifying the plaintiff; for my eyes soon rested on a manly form bearing an unmistakable resemblance to the young girl by whose death-bed I had stood about a year before. The beauty of her face was there moulded in lines of masculine firmness and power; and though her father's expression was far from pleasing, there was nothing about him at all indicative of the character subsequently exhibited to the court. He appeared to be a gentleman of good birth and position; and as I looked at him before the case began, I was very curious to know what was his real position with reference to the insurance, and how far it would be disclosed on the evidence.

His counsel, in opening the plaintiff's case, said that it was one of the simplest cases ever ushered into a court of justice. The facts, he said, were simply these: 'Two years previously, the late Miss M—— insured her life with the defendants, the Blank Insurance Company, in two policies of five thousand pounds each. A year after, she had effected these insurances, Miss M—— had died, without having assigned or disposed of the policies in any way. Her father, the plaintiff, was her only next of kin and her administrator, and was now entitled absolutely to the ten thousand pounds; which the Company, however, had refused to pay.' To an uninitiated spectator, the evidence for the plaintiff certainly seemed to bear out the counsel's statement; but when the plaintiff's case had closed, the counsel on behalf of the Company rose and said that they were in a position to prove

by a connected chain of evidence that every word of the plaintiff's case was valueless, and that this insurance had been effected under circumstances of the grossest fraud and crime.

I myself was the first witness called on behalf of the Company; and after much objection, I was allowed to give a plain unvarnished description of the scene which I have already depicted on that sad night. You could have heard a pin drop while I was speaking, and the sensation which was produced in court was manifest. I was of course severely cross-examined; but as I had nothing to conceal, my testimony was not shaken.

The next witness for the Company was an eminent London physician, who stated that in the beginning of March, two years previously, Mr M—— had come to him in London, and had brought with him a young lady, who he said was his daughter, to have her examined by him. He then made a careful examination of the young lady, and found her to be in rapid consumption, of which result he told Mr M——, and added at the same time that she could not in his opinion live for six months. The Company's own doctor was next called, and stated that at the end of the same month of March, Mr M—— had come to him in London, and told him that his daughter was anxious to effect an insurance on her life with the Blank Company, and asked him to appoint a day to examine her. He had known Mr M—— for many years, but had never seen his daughter. Mr M——, however, told him that she was a healthy country girl, and he would have no difficulty in passing her for the Company. It was then agreed that he should call upon Mr M—— the next day at the hotel at which they were staying and examine his daughter. He did so; and Mr M—— then introduced to him as his daughter a handsome healthy-looking girl, with all the appearance of having lived in the country. The girl looked so very healthy, that he did not think it necessary to make any minute examination of her, and merely questioned her as to what diseases—if any—she had had. She seemed very much confused, but this he attributed to her natural shyness. He recommended the Company to insure her life at the ordinary rate for her age, which was then twenty-four. The doctor was then told to look round the court and say if he saw any one like the young girl whom on that occasion he had examined; and after a little while he pointed to a young girl, and said that he believed that she was the person whom he had then examined.

The excitement in court at this announcement can scarcely be imagined. Every eye was turned on the young girl, who a few minutes afterwards ascended the witness-table. As I gazed at her, I was painfully reminded of the poor creature whom I had seen lying in such trouble less than a year before; for the likeness to her was strangely great. There was, however, a robustness, a glow of health about the girl whom I now saw for the first time, which was sadly wanting in my young friend, and which served to conceal a resemblance otherwise manifest. She said that she lived in the south of England with her father, who was a well-to-do farmer. Two years and a half previously, Mr M—— and his daughter had come to lodge at their farm for the benefit of Miss M——'s health, as she was then very delicate. Every one noticed a very strong likeness between herself and Miss M——,

and a firm friendship arose between them. Mr and Miss M—— stayed about six months at the farm; and when they were about to go away to London, Mr M—— proposed that she should go up with them as a companion to his daughter, which she did. On the day before they left London, Miss M—— went out with her father to pay a visit, and she was left by herself in the hotel. She was sitting alone in their private room reading, when suddenly Mr M—— returned alone, rushed into the room, and said in a threatening manner: 'You must say you are my daughter! There is a gentleman coming in now; and mind you *must* say you are my daughter! If you don't, we'll all be ruined. Remember!' He then hastened back, and in less than a minute re-entered with the Company's doctor, the last witness. She was so completely taken by surprise and overcome with alarm, that she did not know what she was doing, but nevertheless felt completely under the influence of Mr M——. He introduced her to the doctor as his daughter; the doctor shook hands with her, and said he was glad to see her looking so strong and well. He asked her whether she had lived much in the country; and said he thought it would be a mere farce to go through the form of examining any one who looked so completely the essence of health as she did. He mentioned a great number of diseases, and asked her if she ever had had any of them; and after some other remarks he concluded with: 'Well, I think I may now tell them that you're not going to die yet awhile.' He then talked a little to Mr M——; they had wine together; he bade adieu to her, and the two gentlemen quitted the house. All was mystery to her. She now began to entertain a confused sort of dread of Mr M——. When his daughter came home, she told her all about it, and asked her what it meant; but Miss M—— said that she did not know—that perhaps it was a joke of her father's. She, however, forced Miss M—— to promise never to say anything about it.

What the effect of this evidence was on the occupants of the court, I can hardly say, for I was too much absorbed in my own thoughts to notice any manifestation of feeling in others. The truth was now only too plain. The father of my young friend, knowing that his daughter's health was failing, had resolved to profit by her death, and with that intent had secured a simple country girl and brought her up to London, to be the unwitting means of accomplishing his unfeeling design. In London he had learned on the best authority that his daughter could not live for six months, and within a month afterwards he had insured her life in her own name, without her knowledge, for a large sum of money, which he knew must be paid to him on her death; and to secure the lucre for which he craved, he had passed off for his poor dying daughter a healthy country girl; he had lied to his old friend, and caused an innocent girl to perpetrate a fraud. As these facts came home to my mind in their horrid reality, I gazed across the court to see the man who had conceived this mighty inhumanity. The coil of truth, as it had been gradually unravelled by the witnesses, seemed to have wound itself serpent-like round the frame of its foe; for the form which a little while before had been erect and defiant was now humbly prone, the eye which had glanced restlessly round the

court was now fixed on the ground, and a death-like pallor lay on his countenance.

The jury without leaving their box pronounced their verdict for the Company, and the judge thereupon solemnly announced that he would direct a criminal prosecution to be instituted against the plaintiff for the crimes disclosed in that most painful case. At this announcement, I rose and entreated the judge not to adopt that course. I reminded him of the dying anxiety of the poor daughter to have her father saved, and urged that the plaintiff would be sufficiently punished by the loss of position which must be consequent on the verdict. But my solicitations were all in vain. The judge said that he sat there to protect society, and that if such crimes as had been that day disclosed were allowed to pass unpunished, he would fail in the duty which he sat there to discharge. A few minutes afterwards Mr M—— left the court in custody; and as I saw him thus committed to the pitiless mercy of the law, compassion—which can look on the wicked as well as the good—seemed to rise within me, and I almost regretted that I had put the insurance Company on the track which they had followed with such fatal accuracy.

The law, however, though very powerful, is not omnipotent; and in this case its power was destined to be futile. It was found not to be convenient to try Mr M—— at the same assizes; and his trial was therefore postponed till the following one, and he himself allowed out on bail. The next assizes came round, and everything was ready for the trial; but the prisoner was nowhere to be found. They called him in the court, they called him outside; but in vain. It was soon found that the prisoner had absconded—vanished no one knew where; and the individuals who had been kind enough to stake a portion of their worldly goods on his reappearance, were asked to shew their affection for him by paying the penalty which the law so properly attaches to such misplaced philanthropy. The following comment on the case appeared a day or two afterwards in the local newspaper: 'We can only say that justice has been defeated, and a very bad type of criminal has escaped unpunished. The inscrutable wisdom of Providence has reserved his punishment for another world.'

More than twenty years after the events above narrated, the course of my professional business led me to cross the Atlantic and visit the city of New York. It happened in the course of that visit, as I was returning to my hotel at a late hour one night, that I became conscious that a human form was following me. I at once looked round, and saw within a yard of me an old man with a long white beard and weather-beaten face, dressed in ragged attire, shoeless and stockingless. Something in his face caught my attention, and on looking at it more closely, I recognised it as one which I had seen before, though I could not then tell where. When I turned round, the old man muttered in an earnest, almost savage manner: 'Give me some money; I want it badly—very badly;' but as I did not feel quite easy at finding so questionable a creature so close to me at such an hour of the night and in a strange city, I made no reply to his request, but hastened my steps. He, however, followed me, and again craved for

money; and this time I answered in our English stereotyped form: 'I have nothing for you, my good man.'

I suppose, however, that he did not catch my reply, for he added sharply: 'What do you say?' To which I answered: 'I say that I have no money for you.'

'Do you indeed?' he said with fury. 'Then keep it, and perish with it. I hope it may drag you down, as it did me.' With these words he turned away, and I heard his steps behind me no more; but I had not gone very far when I recollected on what former occasion I had seen the old man's face. I remembered that it was the same face which twenty years before I had seen in that northern court-house—the face that had known a death-like pallor when the heavy chain of Truth clanked forth its tale of hidden guilt. I at once stopped and turned round; but I could only distinguish faintly the outline of his figure in the distance; and as I gazed at that ragged form, retreating I knew not whither, there flashed with vivid reality through my mind the events which I have endeavoured here to relate, and I remembered the words of a thoughtful modern writer: 'The secrets of men's lives are rarely held inviolate till eternity—there is a reckoning here without the aid of eternal books.'

THE PRAIRIES AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

THE subject of sport has a fascinating interest for readers of almost every class. Nor is this interest lessened when the scene of such adventures is laid in the wide prairies of the Far West. On those vast plains, ocean-like in their rolling expanse, the wigwam of the red man, and the bison and other denizens of the prairie, are alike disappearing, to be succeeded by the stately and magnificent cities which are the result of American enterprise and civilisation. Lieutenant-colonel Dodge, an officer in the United States army, gives us, in his *Hunting Grounds of the Great West* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1877), an instructive résumé of the present aspect and position of those plains, which are still in great measure a Debatable Land, on the frontiers of which a fierce warfare is almost constantly being carried on between the wandering Indian tribes and the white settlers who are every year supplanting them.

The distinctive term 'The Plains' is specially applied to the area of rolling prairies extending from the mountains of Texas on the south to the British line on the north, and from the Missouri river on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west.

Although called Plains they are never absolutely level, but present many undulations and much variety of surface. Even in their most barren stretches they are covered with short grass, but are almost without trees, which grow only in the cañons or deep water-courses. On the higher Plains this absence of trees is caused by want of water and the prevalence of high winds; and on the lower, by the prairie-fires kindled by the Indians, by the devastation caused by beavers, and by the prevalence, although in a lesser degree, of wind. In winter, on these wide Plains the storms are sometimes fearful; the icy cold north wind curls the blood in the veins, and is speedily

fatal to any living creature that is exposed to its fury; even birds fall dead in great numbers. Its destructiveness is only equalled by the terrific rain, thunder, and hail-storms which occur in summer.

No one should ever travel over the Plains without a compass, although in the unsettling misery of feeling lost, confidence is sometimes lost even in that friendly guide. In winter, from the glare of the sun on the wide waste of snow, a painful affection called snow-blindness is experienced by most travellers on the Plains. Not only is the power of vision temporarily lost, but if the skin be at all sensitive, the face and hands swell and blister, and are as exquisitely painful as if scorched by fire. In travelling, the choice of a camping-place is of the first importance; water, grass, and wood are essential requisites, and so is a knowledge of the special dangers which beset wanderers on these prairies. Camp-life, Colonel Dodge tells us, with a good tent, a nice mess-kit, plenty of bedding, a travelling kitchen, and supplies of preserved fruit and vegetables, is very enjoyable indeed. The rifle rarely fails to provide a good dinner, to which the hunters return at sunset with a keen appetite, which enables them to do full justice to the dainties of the prairie. These discussed, they collect in the cool breezy evening around the camp-fire, and with pipe and flask and song and story, the short twilight hours go merrily by.

One of the most frequent dangers to which camp-life is exposed is prairie-fire, which rises and spreads on all sides, to the height sometimes of thirty feet, half-stifling the men with smoke and heat, and driving the animals frantic with terror. Another danger arises from the sudden and severe rain-storms, which are so excessive that they may be aptly denominated water-spouts. Fancy a party of hunters in their comfortable well-appointed camp, pitched as camps often are, on the bank of a half-dry stream. After a luxurious dinner and pleasant social evening, each has retired to his own special tent, when suddenly the unmistakable rush and roar of a large volume of water awakens the traveller. In a moment he is upon his feet, rushing out into the darkness to discover if possible what it all means. The green sward of the night before is gone—water is before, behind, around him, everywhere!

When morning breaks, cold and gray, it shews, instead of the picturesque river-bluff and comfortable camp, an apparently shoreless lake, with one or two cotton-wood trees gallantly stemming the flood, on the topmost boughs of which are a few forlorn specimens of humanity, cowering before the keen wind, which as it careers along the prairie, makes sad havoc of the few fluttering remnants of their sleeping apparel. Fortunately, however, these deluges are of short continuance, and abate as quickly as they rise. Another danger, the possibilities of which are diminishing every year, arises from the stampedes to which the herds of buffalo are periodically subject. When this sudden panic seizes these immense brutes, they rush blindly on after the leaders, trampling over everything that comes in their way. Our author was camping out one night in the spring of 1871 with four wagons and a small escort. He had gone to bed, but was not asleep, when he fancied that he heard a faint, rushing sound; and suspicious that it might

be a water-spout, he sprang out of his tent, and peered up the creek beside which the camp was pitched. He strained his eyes in the darkness to discover the line of foam, which is generally the precursor of an approaching deluge; but to his surprise he could discover nothing; yet the sound went on increasing, and came evidently from the prairie. Suddenly its probable cause flashed upon him, and arousing his men, he explained to them what he feared and besought them to keep calm. This was somewhat difficult, for the buffalo were already in sight, and to all appearance bearing right down upon them. 'Our only chance,' he said, 'is to try to split the herd; if we cannot do that, we are lost!' With that end in view he stationed his men fifty yards from the camp, and in trembling and fear awaited the onslaught. -On, with a heavy trampling thud like thunder, rushed the unwieldy mass till they were within thirty yards of the men, who discharged their muskets and yelled with the energy of despair. A few of the foremost buffalo fell dead; the others wavered, swerved a little, and finally plunged away on one side, roaring and crashing and tumbling in the darkness over the banks of the creek.

Another danger of camp-life proceeds from rattlesnakes and vipers, which are very susceptible of cold, and at night crawl close to the person of the sleeper for warmth. One officer—a friend of Colonel Dodge's—once found a rattlesnake coiled up beneath his pillow; and another, when drawing on his boot, felt his foot come in contact with a soft substance; he dropped the boot at once, and a huge rattlesnake glided out. Another nocturnal visitor almost as much dreaded as the snakes is the skunk, a horrible little animal about the size of a cat, which makes its way into a camp and has been known to devour the face, hands, or any uncovered part of the nearest sleeper; a skunk-bite being almost invariably followed in certain portions of the Plains by hydrophobia.

The great attraction of the Plains to sportsmen is the variety and abundance of game which they contain. First in order, as being pre-eminently an habitué of the Plains, is the buffalo, or more properly speaking, the bison, and which, in spite of its apparent ferocity, is, according to Colonel Dodge, who knows its habits well, a mild, stupid, inoffensive animal.

The elk, although disappearing even faster than the buffalo, is still to be met with on the Plains; and his great size, magnificent antlers, and splendid form, stamp him as the monarch of the prairies. He is timid, and seldom even in the last extremity employs his great strength in his own defence; what he trusts to is his skill in doubling, dodging, and hiding, which in spite of his size he accomplishes as cunningly and successfully as a hare or a fox. Many varieties of the Deer tribe are found in the Plains; of these the black-tailed deer, the red-deer, and the antelope are the most abundant, affording in the proper season boundless supplies of the most delicious venison. The mountain-sheep can scarcely be called an inhabitant of the Plains; his chosen home being amid the wild crags and rugged fastnesses of mountain-ranges. He is a fine animal, with a body somewhat resembling that of a deer, and a sheep's head surmounted by a pair of stupendous horns. His flesh is declared by the gourmands of the hunting fraternity to be the

choicest of choice morsels, a delicious compound of venison and the finest Southdown mutton.

The prairies abound with smaller animals, rabbits of two kinds, gophers, and prairie-dogs a species of marmot. The carnivora of the Plains are not numerous. First come the wolves, which hunt in packs, but whose power of making themselves disagreeable has, Colonel Dodge thinks, been greatly over-rated. This can scarcely be said of the grisly bear, which is a huge, sagacious, and pre-eminently ferocious brute. The cougar or puma, which is sometimes called the Mexican lion, is also a formidable antagonist to come to close grips with. The panther is very much the same animal on a smaller scale, and is scarcely more dangerous than the wild-cat, which is abundant and of a large size. A variety of birds are found on the Plains, flocks of quails, partridges, geese, and five species of grouse; but none of these can compete in point of size or delicacy with the wild turkey. This magnificent bird when fat is often found to weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

Of the red men, the fast diminishing aborigines of the prairies, Colonel Dodge does not draw a very favourable picture. He paints them, he tells us, as he finds them, not with every attribute softened and toned down by the veil of false sentiment which the romances of Cooper and other novelists have thrown around them. The North American Indian taken as he stands is as cruel, lazy, and degraded a savage as is to be found upon the face of the earth. Virtue, morality, generosity, and honour are not only words without a meaning for him, but have no synonyms in his language. The bad qualities of the Indians are, however, no good reason for the infamous manner in which they have been treated by the agents of the American government.

Intensely conscious of his own helplessness, and conceiving that he is tossed about like a feather between the good and bad god, it is very important for the Indian to discover which of his deities is in the ascendant for the moment; and this he tries to do by divination. There is nothing so trifling but that he may deduce from it a knowledge of the supernatural; the flight of a bird, the bark of a dog, the gliding of a snake through the grass, are all full for him of a subtle intelligence; but what he principally relies upon for information is what he calls the making of a medicine. This species of manufacture, the mysteries of which are known only to himself, is undertaken upon all occasions; and besides these private acts of what may be called devotion, the tribe has from time to time a great medicine-making in common, presided over by a medicine chief. A huge structure of dressed skins called a medicine lodge is set up, with a rude image cut from a log suspended from the roof. A certain number of warriors are then selected from the assembled tribe, and a dance, which may truly be called 'the dance of death,' is begun. Day sinks into night and night dawns into day, and still it goes on without a moment's intermission, till all the performers have fallen senseless to the floor, some to rise no more. If at the end of two or three days this strange ceremony is concluded without a death, the medicine chief pronounces it good medicine, and the tribe separate assured of the protection of the good god.

As soon as an Indian boy becomes a warrior he thinks of a wife ; and as an Indian belle is often something of a coquette, he finds, as others have done, that the favours of wooing are 'fashionable to seek.' At length, however, the dusky beauty is won, and the favoured lover betakes himself to the father's lodge, and something like the following colloquy ensues. 'You have got a daughter,' begins the lover, 'an ugly lazy thing ; but I want a wife, and I am willing as a favour to take her off your hands.'

'Are you speaking of my darling girl ?' says the father—'the prettiest best girl in the whole tribe. I do not think of giving her to any one, much less to you. Why, you are a mere boy ; you have done nothing to speak of ; you have not taken one scalp ; you have only stolen a few wretched ponies. No, no ; she is not for you, unless indeed you give me twenty ponies for her.'

'Twenty ponies !' yells the lover. 'One is too many.' And thus the haggling goes on, until a bargain is struck at something like the fair market-price of the girl, who forthwith, for there is no marriage ceremony, accompanies her new husband or master to his father's lodge. Many families generally live under one roof, and they have not upon an average more than one meal a day. A large pot full of meat is set upon the fire, and when sufficiently cooked is taken off and placed in the middle of the floor. The inmates then gather around and help themselves with their fingers. What is left is set aside, and any one who feels hungry goes and helps himself. The lodge of the Indians is made of dressed buffalo-skins, supported upon a light framework of wood. The fire is in the centre ; and as the draught is very defective, the lodge is generally in cold weather full of smoke. The beds are piles of buffalo-ropes and blankets, which serve as seats during the day. Furniture there is none ; except a few pots, kettles, and trunks containing the dried meat and superfluous clothing of the family, may be dignified by that term. But what is wanting in upholstery is made up in dirt, everything being kept in a state of inconceivable filth. The wealth of an Indian consists in his horses and mules ; and as he leads a nomadic life in fine weather, he rarely burdens himself with anything that is not easily transported. In the general division of meat and skins, the widows and orphans of the tribe are cared for, and a certain portion set aside for their maintenance.

The Indians are very fond of gambling, and also of drinking, which is a very destructive vice to them. Another of their favourite indoor amusements is story-telling, in which they take great delight. A good story-teller is a very important personage in the tribe, and is always surrounded by an eager audience.

The cruelty of the Indians is extreme ; men and women alike take an exquisite pleasure in torturing their captives. Much of this cruelty, however, has in latter days arisen from vengeful hatred to the United States government, which has broken faith with them over and over again, and is still conducting a war of extermination. No wonder that under the circumstances the red man should resent the cruelties practised by his invaders, and make reprisals when opportunity offers. It is but fair, to the Indians to state, that across the frontier-line in Canada, where the treaties made with them have been rigidly observed, there

have been no Indian wars and no Indian massacres ; and that the red men have proved themselves to be quiet and not unthriving subjects of Queen Victoria.

ROBBERY OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

THE following story shews the extent to which wholesale plunder may be carried on in the United States of America : About eleven o'clock on the night of Wednesday 19th September, 1877, an express train on the Union Pacific Railway was approaching the little station of Big Springs in Wyoming Territory. There waited fully a quarter of an hour to the time when it was due, and the station-master William Barnard and his assistant had not yet commenced to prepare for its arrival ; the former was still in his office, the latter engaged somewhere about the premises. All was as silent as a station generally is during the intervals between trains ; when the stillness was suddenly broken in a manner no less unexpected than unpleasant. The door of the office was burst open, and four men entering, seized the astonished station-master, and told him that if he attempted the slightest resistance or refused to obey their orders, his life should instantly be forfeited. He had no choice but to submit ; for he perceived clearly by the words and actions of the intruders that they were members of a large party of robbers, and that the station was completely in their power. They all wore crape masks to conceal their features, but spoke in their natural tones ; and as the band consisted of thirteen men fully armed, nothing but compliance with their demands was possible on the part of the station officials. The place was solitary, the hour late ; and the robbers lost no time in carrying out their evidently carefully prepared plans. The telegraph apparatus was their first object, and this they compelled the station-master to destroy. Barnard endeavoured to mislead them by only removing a portion of it, but it was of no avail ; one of the men angrily desired him to mind what he was about or he would have a bullet through his head, and then ordered him to take out certain parts of the instrument and give them to him ; shewing by his knowledge of the terms employed that he must have been a telegraph operator himself. In the meantime the rest of the band had not been idle. They compelled the porter to put out his ordinary signals for the now rapidly advancing train ; and they maintained the strictest watch to see that nothing was done that might in the faintest degree create alarm or suspicion.

All fell out exactly as they had anticipated : the train came gradually to a stand in obedience to the signal, and ran blindly into the trap prepared for it. The unconscious passengers, most of whom were asleep, were quite at the mercy of the robbers, who lost not a moment in diligently setting to work to make the most of the golden opportunity before them. The train in the meantime had drawn up at the platform ; it was a long one, consisting of a saloon and two Pullman's sleeping-cars, besides ordinary carriages and luggage-vans ; and there were a good many passengers, nearly all of them sleeping soundly. A portion of the gang at once made prisoners of the engineer and stoker ; while four of them compelled Barnard the station-master to go as he usually did to the

mail-van and knock at the door for admittance. George Miller, the post-office agent in charge of the mails and specie, immediately opened the door, when several of the robbers jumped in, one of them holding a revolver to his head, while the others rapidly cleared the drawers and boxes of all the money they contained; thus securing a very large sum—about forty or fifty thousand dollars. They did not trouble themselves to examine the letters; and a combination-safe containing a very large sum in gold and notes was also left untouched; for it was beyond their power to break it open, and neither Miller the agent nor Patterson the conductor of the train knew the combined intricacies; this the robbers obliged them to swear on their word of honour.

The gang then directed their attention to the passengers, most of whom were now awake, and beginning to be aware of the unpleasant circumstances in which they were placed. Some were inclined to resist the highwaymen; but the more prudent among them counselled submission, as very few of them had available firearms, and they were ignorant of the strength of the band, and feared more serious consequences if they were driven to resort to extremes. Of the likelihood of this they had an early intimation; for a passenger who chanced to be standing on the outside platform of one of the carriages as the train entered the station, had a couple of pistol-shots fired at him, luckily without doing him any injury. He retreated into the carriage, and was directly followed by the robbers, who entered the car at both ends, and desired the passengers to hold up their hands; a command they all instantly obeyed. They were then rifled one after the other; their pockets being thoroughly searched, watches, purses, and all loose money being taken away. This was done in all the open carriages; but the doors of the two Pullman sleeping-cars being locked, they did not obtain an entrance into either; and the inmates probably thinking discretion the better part of valour, remained ensconced within their shelter. Whether it would long have served as such cannot now be determined; possibly the robbers might have forced the doors had time been allowed them; but fortunately for the travellers the whistle of an approaching goods-train scared the gang, who made a precipitate retreat from the scene of their depredations, carrying their booty along with them.

Relieved of their unwelcome presence, the passengers issued forth from the cars and began to relate their various experiences. Luckily no one was seriously wounded. The postal agent had been violently knocked against the carriage-door at the first rush of the thieves, and was considerably bruised, and another man had his forehead grazed by a pistol bullet; but beyond those comparatively trifling injuries they all escaped with the fright and the loss of every article of value on which the robbers had time to lay their hands. Most of the passengers in the open cars were cleared of whatever money they had about them, and several of them lost gold and silver watches; but even in the excitement of the moment a few of them had sufficient presence of mind to enable them hastily to secrete purses and pocket-books, either by slipping them under the cushions or dropping them on the floor. A Jew named Harris was robbed of four hundred and fifty dollars and his

watch; but while raising his hands in obedience to the command of 'Hands up!' he skilfully contrived to drop a roll of notes on the seat beside him, which was overlooked by the robbers as they examined his pockets. A miner who wore a belt containing eleven thousand dollars in gold, was quick enough to fasten it round the waist of his little child, who was not molested by the thieves, and this large sum fortunately escaped their clutches. They managed, however, in the short space of time at their disposal to make some very pretty pickings out of the train; their gains being computed at fully fifty thousand dollars, besides watches and other articles of value.

The scheme had evidently been a most carefully organised one, and was carried out in every detail with perfect coolness and regularity, not a moment being wasted, and the members of the gang having clearly been previously instructed as to the duty each man was to perform. It is supposed they had fastened their horses somewhere at the back of the station, as on quitting the train they immediately disappeared without leaving any traces behind them.

An alarm was at once given, and several parties started in pursuit; but their search was entirely unsuccessful so far as regarded hearing any tidings of the robbers. The following day a band of searchers found among the mountains ten or twelve miles from the station of Big Springs, a rifle, a pistol, and an empty money-box; proving indisputably that the highwaymen had passed that way. It was well known that some very notorious Missouri bandits were at large among the Black Hills, and it is believed that they were the perpetrators of the attack on the train. A large reward was offered for their apprehension; but so far as we know, they have hitherto managed to elude all pursuit, and it is doubtful whether they may ever be brought to justice. With such possible contingencies, travelling by the Union Pacific, or any other railway in the Far West, is not a pleasant idea to contemplate.

POPULAR ERRORS REGARDING THE SHREW-MOUSE.

No popular error is more absolutely destitute of foundation than that regarding the shrew. This little quadruped, very common in meadows and pastures in all parts of Britain, and generally known as the shrew-mouse, is as harmless as any creature that lives. Its food consists of insects and their larvæ; and its teeth are very small, so that it is scarcely able to bite through the human skin. Yet according to a popular belief, very widely prevalent, its bite is most venomous, and in many districts in England the viper is less feared. Nor is it only its bite that is supposed to be deadly to man or beast. Contact with it in any way is accounted extremely dangerous; and cattle seized with any malady, especially if shewing any appearance of numbness in the legs, are apt to be reputed 'shrew-struck.' Horses in particular are accounted very liable to suffer from this cause. An infallible cure, however, was to be found in dragging the shrew-struck animal through a bramble rooted at both ends, or

in the application of a twig of a shrew-ash. 'A shrew-ash,' says White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, 'is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pain which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected; for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that whenever it creeps over a beast, whether it be horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of its limbs. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which, when once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever.' This tree, whose every branch possessed such a potent charm, was an ash in the trunk of which an auger-hole had been bored, and a living shrew put into the hole, which was then closed with a wooden plug. The incantations used when this was done have now been forgotten; the shrew-ash has lost its old repute; but the belief in its virtues still lingers in some quarters, and the belief in the dangerous bite and maleficent touch of the shrew is strong among the country-people in many parts of England. How confidently this belief was entertained even by the best educated in former times appears from many allusions to it by old authors. It was received as an unquestionable fact of natural history. In Topsel's *History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, published in 1658, it is said of the shrew, that 'it is a ravening beast, feigning itself gentle and tame; but being touched, it biteth deep and poisoneth deadly; it beareth a cruel mind, desiring to hurt anything; with much more of the like nature, and much concerning medicinal virtues ascribed to this little animal. But the belief in the deadliness of the shrew's bite has been transmitted from one generation to another from times far more remote than those of this credulous author. It prevailed among the ancient Romans, and their remedy for a shrew's bite was to cut the body of the little creature asunder and place it on the injured part.

FLOATING-LIGHTS.

BESIDES the lighthouses which warn the sailor of danger and guide him in his course amidst the darkness of night, there are along the British coasts numerous floating-lights or light-vessels in situations where the erection of a lighthouse is impossible, where there are banks or shoals perilous to ships but affording no foundation for a building. These vessels ride at anchor in places that have been selected for them, and which are as exactly marked on the charts as the positions of the lighthouses. Most of them are stationed off the east coast of England from the mouth of the Humber southward; a few on other parts of the English coast, and on that of Ireland; and two on the coast of Scotland. They are generally vessels of about one hundred and fifty tons, specially constructed with a view to their riding safely at anchor in exposed situations and during

the most severe storms, without regard to sailing-powers, of which they have no need; and it has been an extremely-rare thing for any of them to be driven from their moorings or to experience any disaster. The mariner counts upon the guidance of their light in any weather, as confidently as he does on that of a lighthouse built upon a rock.

The English floating-lights, like the English lighthouses, are under the care and management of Trinity House. From the Appendix to the Report of the Royal Commission on Lights, Buoys, and Beacons, presented to the Houses of Parliament in 1861, we obtain some interesting information concerning them. They are each provided with a crew of eleven men, who have no occupation but their professional duties; and of whom there are at all times seven on board the vessel, and four on shore, employed in the store-houses at the Trinity Buoy Wharf, Blackwall. The men remain on shore for a month at a time. Each vessel has a master and mate, but these are never on duty at the same time; taking the command in turn, month about. No men are employed in this service but such as are already good sailors; and the men rise by seniority from the lowest rank to that of master, so that there is a strong inducement for them to continue in the service. Misconduct of any kind—as disobedience of the orders of the master or mate, quarrelling, breach of regulations, neglect of duty, or intoxication when on shore—is punished by censure, degradation to a lower rank, or dismissal from the service, according to the gravity of the offence. The lowest wage of the men is only two pounds fifteen shillings per month—at least so it was in 1861, and we have heard of no change. The master has five pounds per month and an allowance of ten pounds a year for house-rent. All find their own provisions. They are allowed to use beer on board the vessel, but no spirits. They are completely secluded from the rest of the world, whilst on duty. No boats are allowed to go alongside the light-vessels, and the men are strictly forbidden to go on board any passing ship. A library is supplied to each vessel.

Life in a light-vessel one would think must be rather monotonous; but many of those who enter the service remain long in it. Small pensions are allowed to superannuated men or those disabled by disease or accident. The lantern used to be hung from the yard-arm of the vessel, but in 1807 Mr R. Stevenson introduced at the floating-light at the Bell Rock the mode now used, in which the lantern surrounds the mast, sliding up and down on it, and is elevated to the top of it when lighted. Those light-vessels which occupy the most exposed stations ride more easily, if the water is deep, than those which are tossed by smaller but more frequent waves. The latter must sometimes be rather unpleasant abodes. The master of the Owers light-vessel, in the English Channel, between Beachy Head and the Isle of Wight, told the members of the Royal Commission who visited his vessel in 1859, that in bad weather he sometimes 'could not lie on the floor of his cabin without holding on to the legs of the table.'

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A VOYAGE IN THE *SUNBEAM*.

WE have not for a long time perused a more lively and interesting book than that written by Mrs Brassey, purporting to be an account of her voyage round the world, in the yacht named the *Sunbeam*. The lady was accompanied by her husband, Mr Thomas Brassey, M.P., also her children and a few private friends. The yacht, a handsomely fitted up and commodious vessel, possessed three masts, and had a powerful sailing capacity, but was provided with a screw and steam-power, to be used as occasion required.

Though laying no claim to literary skill, Mrs Brassey writes pleasingly in the form of a diary; and she may be complimented on her untiring energy in bearing fatigue, and the good taste with which she describes the multiplicity of scenes and circumstances calling for observation. Mr Brassey, usually called Tom in the narrative, was his own navigator, which infers no small degree of nautical knowledge; and we are led to believe that this was not his first expedition with the *Sunbeam*. He was, of course, assisted by a sailing-master, a boatswain, and engineer, besides a crew of at least twenty able-bodied seamen; the full complement being made up by a steward and stewardess, cooks, nurse, lady's-maid, and other domestics.

One can fancy the pleasurable excitement in preparing for a year's voyage of this kind, the arrangements to be made, the articles to be taken; the hopes probably predominating over the fears, the farewells on going on board. It is the fate of few to have so splendid a chance of making a tour of the globe, carrying from clime to clime not a few of the comforts of home—an elegant saloon for daily resort, a library of seven hundred volumes for amusing reading, nicely fitted-up cabins, baths, a first-rate cuisine and larder, everything else to make life pass away agreeably; letters of introduction, abundant means, liberty to sail where and when you like. What more could anybody desire? Such is yacht-life. It was brought to perfection in the *Sunbeam*. Looking to the elegant form of the vessel, and

the large quantity of sail she carried, we can form an idea of her great speed when running before a favourable wind. The only drawback, it can be supposed, was the small draught of water, about nine feet, wherefore in rough weather there must have been a considerable tumbling about. However, that is what will be expected in yachting, which differs materially from performing a voyage in large sea-going ships.

The *Sunbeam*, sailing from the Thames, set out on the 1st July 1876, and steering westward by the Isle of Wight, suffered some rough weather in getting into the Atlantic. On the 13th there was a cry of a 'sail on the port-beam;' but on investigation it proved to be an abandoned vessel tossed about on the ocean, with masts gone, and the sea washing over the half-broken-up deck. This unfortunate derelict was visited; it had been laden with wine, of which several casks were carried away, and then it was left to its fate; though, had time permitted to take the hulk into port, a considerable salvage might have been realised. The party were beginning to settle down. At meals there was much pleasant talk; Mrs Brassey read and wrote a good deal, and learned Spanish; one of the gentlemen taught the children, and the commissariat department was satisfactory. The land first reached was Madeira. At Funchal, the vessel dropped anchor; and with jaunting about to see the island, there was a stay of several days. Many friends came on board before departure, and 'all admired the yacht very much, particularly the various cosy corners in the deck-house.'

On the 20th July, off for the Canary Islands; and these being reached, there was an expedition on horseback to the Peak of Teneriffe. Tremendous as was the ascent of a mountain which rises eleven thousand four hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the sea, Mrs Brassey did not shrink from the undertaking. She, however, did not attempt to climb the cone of five hundred and thirty feet, composed as it is of hot ashes, into which the feet sink at every step, while sulphurous vapours pour from the various fissures. View from the summit magnificent. Of the picturesque

scenery drawings and photographs were taken. Teneriffe being exhausted, off went the *Sunbeam*, still holding in a southerly direction by the Cape de Verde Islands.

Rio de Janeiro, on the coast of South America, was reached on the 18th August. A graphic account is given of excursions in Brazil. The eye everywhere was struck with the brilliant colours of the humming-birds, flowers, and butterflies. Palm, orange, lemon, and citron trees were among the common objects of vegetation. A variation in the general amusement consisted of a voyage up the River Plate and a journey on the Pampas. Splendid country, and well farmed, but under what an infliction—the locusts. Of these terrible creatures Mrs Brassey heard a good deal, and she longed to see them, and her wish was gratified. She says: 'In the course of our ride we saw in the distant sky what looked very much like a heavy purple thunder-cloud, but which the experienced pronounced to be a swarm of locusts. It seemed impossible; but as we proceeded they met us, first singly, and then in gradually increasing numbers, until each step became positively painful, owing to the smart blows we received from them on our heads, faces, and hands. . . As the locusts passed between us and the sun they completely obscured the light; a little later, with the sun's rays shining directly on their wings, they looked like a golden cloud, such as one sometimes sees in the transformation scene in a pantomime.' We pass over much that is described in the Argentine Republic, as of little or no interest in this country.

The *Sunbeam* set off in its course southwards on September 28th. While lying down to rest after breakfast, Mrs Brassey was summoned to come on deck to see a ship which had signalled being on fire. A boat being despatched to discover the condition of affairs, the vessel was found to be the *Monkshaven*, sixty days out from Swansea, bound for Valparaiso with a cargo of smelting-coal, which had taken fire by the spontaneous ignition of gases. As it was evident that the unfortunate ship could not be saved, prompt assistance was given in bringing the crew on board the *Sunbeam*. 'The poor fellows,' says Mrs Brassey, 'were almost wild with joy at getting alongside another ship, after all the hardships they had gone through, and in their excitement they threw overboard many things which they might as well have kept, as they had taken the trouble to bring them. Our boat made three trips altogether; and by half-past six we had them all safe on board, with most of their effects, and the ship's chronometers, charts, and papers. . . While we were at dinner the ship was blazing like a tar-barrel.' The last time the *Monkshaven* was seen, she was burned down nearly to the water's edge. From the information given respecting the ill-fated ship, it was learned that a large American steamer had passed quite close to her, and disregarding signals of distress, had steamed away southward, leaving all on board to their fate. The kind attention shewn by Mr Brassey comes strongly out in contrast with such heartless conduct. The unexpected addition of the crew of the *Monkshaven* to those on board the *Sunbeam* proved a trial on the commissariat, but the difficulty was overcome. The inconvenience was fortunately for only a few days. The *Ilumani*, one of the Pacific Company's mail-steamers, came

in sight on the route for England, and to this vessel the crew of the *Monkshaven* were consigned. Besides affording this relief, 'the captain of the *Ilumani* kindly gave us half a bullock, killed this morning, a dozen live ducks and chickens, and the latest newspapers.'

On the 6th October, the *Sunbeam* was off the coast of Patagonia; the rugged mountains of Tierra del Fuego rose on the sky, and now the yacht shaped its course for the Straits of Magellan. To get through these tortuous narrows is reckoned one of the clever feats in navigation. There are many sunken rocks to be avoided, and the natives scattered about the coast are not to be relied on. The scenery, which is described as singularly picturesque, is well represented in some beautiful illustrations.

The narrow channels were got through on the 12th October; the sun pierced through the clouds, and the broad Pacific was in view. What a triumph in navigation to have piloted 'the yacht through the Straits, for it would do credit, not only to any amateur, but to a professional seaman.' Sails were hoisted; and now begins what we deem to be the most amusing part of the work; for after touching at Valparaiso, the voyaging was among the groups of islands which, dotting the Pacific, lie basking in the profuse beauty of the tropic. Valparaiso, the most important trading town of Chili, left some agreeable impressions. Several English gentlemen were solicitous that the party should stay for a few days; and there were excursions in the neighbourhood. An emporium of Panama hats was visited. These hats are a curiosity, and are worn by almost everybody on the coast. 'They are made of 'a special kind of grass, split very fine,' and are sold at an extraordinary price; fifty to sixty guineas being not an unusual price for a single hat, though some are sold at a cheaper rate. Their recommendation is that they are light, pliable, and so enduring that they will almost last for ever. Very wonderful hats, as Mrs Brassey thinks, but gravely adds, that where 'so many hats are lost overboard, they would prove rather an unprofitable investment.' Some curious details are given respecting the abundance of eggs, which are offered in profusion at meals. Eggs on all occasions are the order of the day, and poultry in superlative abundance. Valparaiso, in short, is the paradise of eggs. It is stated 'that there are good shops, but everything is 'frightfully dear.' We can at all events say that there is a considerable import of English books and periodicals.

The route adopted from Valparaiso was westward to the Society Islands, lying in nearly the twentieth degree of south latitude. They may be said to be at the very middle of the Pacific, and out of the way of general navigation. It was a charming sail, but rather slow work; and looking to the great stretch of ocean to be traversed, there were qualms of feeling as to how provisions and water would last—fear that there will have to be a dependence on potted meats; and talking of these meats, we are assured that none at all equal those of American preparation. Slipping on at the rate of five miles an hour under sail, but sometimes accelerated by a breeze, the *Sunbeam* went onward night and day with nothing to look at but the ocean and sky. Much time was spent in reading, and there was some amuse-

ment in noticing the paroquets, monkeys, and other pet animals that had been domesticated on board. On Sundays, as was customary throughout, all hands were summoned for Divine service, just as at home in England. The length of the service depended on the weather. When circumstances permitted, Mr Brassey read a sermon in addition to the usual prayers. One likes to read of these continued acknowledgments of Divine care by a whole ship's company, amidst the perils of the deep.

The Society Islands were reached on the 26th November. For the very interesting account of these islands we must refer to what is described by Mrs Brassey. But for the rise of coral reefs, these islands would scarcely have an existence. This is one of the wonders of nature. Our authoress is at a loss to describe the beauty of the scene. 'Submarine coral forests of every colour, studded with sea-flowers, anemones, and echinidæ, of a brilliancy only to be seen in dreamland; shoals of the brightest and swiftest fish darting and flashing in and out; shells, every one of which was fit to hold the place of honour in a conchologist's collection, moving slowly along with their living inmates: this is what we saw when we looked down from the side of the boat into the depths below.' On landing at one of the islands, the party were hospitably received by the natives. Piles of cocoa-nuts, fish, and fowls were laid down as presents at their feet. From the cocoa-nuts they were refreshed by a drink of cool milk offered for their acceptance. For these gifts there was a proper requital. Mrs Brassey says: 'The women were gentle and kind, and were delighted with some beads, looking-glasses, and knives! gave them; in return for which they brought us quantities of beautiful shells.' At the island of Tahiti there was a similar exchange of courtesies. Papeete is described as quite a town, with a market affording an immense choice of articles for sale.

The pleasures of a tropical clime are unfortunately apt to be marred by certain torments. During the rainy season, water falls in solid masses which no temporary shelter can withstand; that, however, is nothing in comparison with the invasion of insects. A small party which set out in an American wagon for a drive of two days round Tahiti, passed the night at an inn where the insect pest was experienced in an unmistakable way. The rooms were swarming with cockroaches 'about three inches long,' which climbed the walls and were seen in every crevice. 'Then there were the mosquitoes, who hummed and buzzed about us, and with whom, alas! we were doomed to have a closer acquaintance. Our bed was fitted with the very thickest calico mosquito curtains, impervious to the air, but not to the venomous little insects, who found their way through every tiny opening in spite of all our efforts to exclude them. . . . Amidst suffocating heat, in the moonlight, were seen columns of nasty brown cockroaches ascending the bed-posts, crawling along the top of the curtains, dropping with a thud on the bed, and then descending over the side to the ground.' Being unable to stand it any longer, Mrs Brassey rose, emptied her slippers of the cockroaches, seized on her garments, and fled to the garden; whence, however, she was driven back by torrents of rain. Such is a picture

of certain inconveniences in these tropical islands. Prodigious beauty of vegetation, flowers magnificent, all seemingly a kind of paradise—but the plague of insects.

Making a run northwards, the *Sunbeam* reached Hawaii, one of the Sandwich Islands, on the 22d December. Here was the same profusion and beauty of flowers. The women and girls are described as being gaily decorated with wreaths and garlands, and wearing a dress of a very simple yet not inelegant fashion, consisting of 'a coloured long-sleeved loose gown reaching to the feet'—no tying at the waist, all flowing and free, with no restraint in walking or sitting down. Our space does not permit us to follow the movements of the party in their excursions through interesting scenery. Hawaii, like all the other islands in the group, is of volcanic origin. Kilauea, which is still raging, is reckoned to be the largest volcano in the world, for its crater is nine miles in circumference. This extraordinary volcano, situated at the top of a mountain six thousand feet above the level of the sea, was visited by Mrs Brassey, although the journey to it is fatiguing, and the approach to it is attended with some peril. There happens to be a comfortable inn near the brink of the crater, at which travellers are accommodated and are furnished with guides to conduct them with safety to points of interest.

According to Mrs Brassey's account, the scene was horribly grand. 'We were standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, overhanging a lake of molten fire, a hundred feet below us, and nearly a mile across. Dashing against the cliffs on the opposite side, with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red, fiery, liquid lava hurled their billows upon an iron-bound headland, and then rushed up the face of the cliffs to toss their gory spray high in the air. The restless heaving lake boiled and bubbled, never remaining the same for two minutes together. . . . There was an island on one side of the lake, which the fiery waves seemed to attack unceasingly with relentless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base. On the other side was a large cavern, into which the burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous headlong career the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of the cave, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of new ones. It was all terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words could adequately describe such a scene.'

Perhaps the specimens now presented will incline readers to undertake a thorough perusal of this unique and interesting work, which (published by Longman) we doubt not will be found at all the libraries. The route homewards of the *Sunbeam* from Hawaii was by way of Japan, the China Sea, the Straits of Malacca, Ceylon, the Bay of Bengal, the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean, about all which there are many amusing details. As regards the traffic on the Suez Canal, the gratifying fact is mentioned, that on the day the *Sunbeam* entered the Canal, the sum of six thousand pounds was taken as dues at the Suez office alone. The climate of the Mediterranean, which we are in the habit of extolling as beneficial to invalids from northern countries, suited badly, as we are told, with the delicate constitution of the pet animals brought

from the South Pacific and other warm regions. Although tended with great care, several pined and died, from the effects of acute bronchitis or other ailments, after passing Malta. All these victims to a change of climate 'were placed together in a neat little box, and committed to the deep at sunset, a few tears being shed over the departed pets, especially by the children.'

Mrs Brassey with her family and friends reached home—a palatial mansion on the south coast of England, near Hastings—on the morning of the 27th May 1877. In the whole voyage round the world, no hitch nor any misadventure had occurred. We can imagine that the expedition will have left an agreeable topic of conversation for life, and that its surprising success will inspire others equally qualified to follow the brilliant example offered by 'A Voyage in the *Sunbeam*.'

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XXV.—AT THE PHEASANTRY.

'I HAVE letters to write—one to the Lord-lieutenant in particular, on county business,' said the Earl, smiling, and addressing himself to Captain Denzil; 'otherwise I daresay that I too should have been able to find something worth the showing you out of doors. As it is, you young people must go without me.'

Jasper, who had a lazy man's horror of improved implements, Dutch dairies, new patent draining-tiles, and cattle-food, and who knew the Earl's passion for farming, felt inwardly grateful to the Lord-lieutenant for detaining his noble host within doors. The Countess had not the slightest intention of accompanying her guests in their visit to the pheasantry. Except in a carriage, or in dry weather among the well-rolled paths of the rose-garden, Lady Wolverhampton scarcely ever left the house. Her age, though she looked younger, was within a year or two of that of her lord, and he was by far the stronger of the two. Indeed it was mainly due to her declining health and growing incapacity for exertion that the High Tor family had for this year foregone what most persons of their rank regard less as a pleasure than as a duty, the passing of at least a portion of the season in London.

The party from Carbery Chase had been very cordially received. People can afford yet to cultivate the old-fashioned quality of cordiality in rural retirement, where it answers to detect hidden merits and to see in the best light the things and persons in the midst of which and whom our lives have to be passed.

'I am glad,' said the Countess, 'that Captain Denzil was able to come over with you to-day, my dears.'

With Sir Sykes's two daughters the mistress of High Tor was on sufficiently familiar terms; but their brother's character was not quite so much esteemed by the De Vere family as were theirs. Still, in the country, a young man and an elder son is *per se* a being of some importance, and to Jasper, with his arm yet in the black silken sling, there attached somewhat of romance, on account of his late accident and the adventurous way in which he had incurred it. He had not been expected, and his presence at High Tor was taken as a compliment.

Scarcely had the Ladies Maud and Gladys De Vere had time to don the pretty hats that so well set off the comeliness of the one and the bright beauty of the other, before their brother came into the room. Lord Harrogate had a riding-whip in his hand, and a long ride over the purple moorlands in prospect; but he was easily induced to defer it, and to make one of the party, that presently sauntered across the park towards a sunny sandy nook, screened from cold north winds by a friendly belt of fir and pine, where the new pheasantry had been established.

Near to the place where a footpath led to a sequestered dell, the new governess Miss Gray and her pupil met the group of advancing sight-seers. Ethel would have passed on with a quiet graceful bow of recognition; but Lady Alice had no notion of being thus shelved.

'You are going to look at the pheasants,' she said; 'and we have just seen them. They seem rather frightened, but so very pretty!'

The words which young Lady Alice had employed when speaking of the exotic birds would have been singularly appropriate to Ethel Gray. The new governess looked timid and something more than pretty during the general hand-shaking and interchange of civil conventional phrases which now ensued. Jasper, whose acquaintance with Ethel was of the slightest, had contented himself with lifting his hat; but he had stared at her beautiful face with as cool a steadiness of gaze as though she had been a picture or a statue. Why Lord Harrogate should have resented this, it would have been no easy matter for his lordship to explain; but there was scorn, and anger too, in the glance which he shot at unconscious Jasper; while it was not without some embarrassment that he addressed a word or two of polite commonplace to Miss Gray. Then the governess and her pupil pursued their way to the house, and the rest of the party strolled on towards the pheasantry.

'How handsome she is!' exclaimed honest Lucy Denzil, looking back after the angular form of Lady Alice, and the graceful figure that contrasted so strongly with the bony awkwardness of the school-girl; and Lady Maud echoed the praise, and Lady Gladys smiled approval. The Earl's second daughter was, as has been said, very lovely, and her golden hair and blue eyes had produced the usual effect of fascinating for the time being Jasper's fickle fancy. It is quite possible to be very hard and at the same time very weak where women are concerned; and Captain Denzil, wary man of the world as he boasted himself to be, and selfish as he certainly was, could not at the moment resist the spell of the enchantress.

'Cripple as I am,' said Jasper, glancing at his injured arm, 'you see that I could not resist the temptation to come when you asked me.'

'They are not my pheasants; they are Maud's, you know,' returned Lady Gladys, as though wilfully misunderstanding him.

'Fortunate birds!—that is if you condescend to take an interest in them,' said the captain, nonchalant as ever, but contriving to throw into his tone and look a something of suppressed tenderness, that was not perhaps wholly feigned. Ruth Willis saw the look, although she was not near enough to overhear the words, and her eyes flashed and her white teeth closed sharply, almost

savagely, on her pouting lip. She felt the mortification which an angler might feel did he see the half-hooked salmon, the silvery patriarch of the pool, desert his bait, and leap provokingly at the artificial fly of some rival disciple of Piscator. She could not forget how, an hour or two ago, the heir of Carbery had deigned to devote to her service those very tricks of manner—in her anger she mentally called them so—which now before her very eyes he was practising for the benefit of another. She did not care for him; but he piqued her, by the very effrontery of his fickleness, into attaching to him a value which in calmer moments she would never have set on one so intrinsically base as Jasper Denzil.

In spite of world-old experience and sage aphorisms, each sex remains to some extent a standing problem to the other. So Ruth Willis, nettled, baffled, wrathful, still did not fathom the depths of Jasper's worthless nature one half so clearly as she would have done had her keen powers of observation been exercised at the expense of a woman. She even felt angry with Lady Gladys, though most unreasonably, for the proud beauty wore her most glacial armour of chilling haughtiness when she perceived that Jasper was disposed to pay her what is popularly known as 'marked attentions.'

The innocent pheasants, the ostensible end and object of this expedition, were duly inspected, and lavishly fed with the millet and barley, the chopped eggs and crushed maize, which young pheasants love. They were fair enough to look upon, these shy pretty captives, still timorous and bewildered by their close confinement in the darksome baskets wherein they had been crammed by the irreverent poultry-merchant who had consigned them to High Tor; and not yet quite at home in their new abode, which had been so freshly decorated for their reception that the paint on the wood and the lacquer on the wires were barely dry. Golden pheasants there were, and white or silver pheasants, and pencilled pheasants, worthy descendants of a feathered ancestry that had pecked and strutted in the gardens of coral-buttoned mandarins, in far-off China.

The curious thing was, that except by their mistress Lady Maud and the elder of the two Denzil girls, who was a kindred spirit, the pheasants were scarcely looked at with regardful eyes. Is it not always so? At launch or military review or polo-match, or when a princely trowel of pure gold condescendingly applies a dab of sublime mortar to a glorified foundation-stone of some new building, how very, very few of the nominal spectators concentrate their thoughts and their vision on the show, which the reporters will presently describe with such graphic power! Private affairs, hopes, fears, interests, are all of them petty magnets sufficient to neutralise the great avowed attraction of the hour.

There was Ruth Willis, her whole attention stealthily concentrating itself upon Captain Denzil at the side of the Earl's second daughter; there was Jasper, vainly trying to thaw the ice of Lady Gladys' disdain; and Lord Harrogate, whose thoughts seemed at times to wander away from the present scene and company. Add to these Blanche Denzil, sorrowfully conscious that Lord Harrogate himself, in whose eyes she would have given much to find favour, was thinking of any-

thing rather than of her preference for him, and it will be seen that the real amateurs of fancy pheasants were but in a narrow minority.

A good girl who loves a man worthy of her esteem, yet who is constrained by maiden modesty and the rules of good-breeding to hide away the sentiment as though it were a sin, deserves more pity than often falls to her lot. It is never Leap-year for her. She cannot be the first to speak. And if there be one point upon which men are exceptionally blind, it is to the perception that their merits may be highly appreciated by some young lady to whom they never give a thought when absent from her. Poor Blanche had trouble enough now and then to keep down the rising tears that welled up to her eyes as she noted twenty signs of the painful fact that Lord Harrogate regarded her with that amicable indifference which cannot readily ripen, as dislike sometimes can, into love. But Blanche was too gentle to grow bitter over a disappointment, as did Ruth Willis, although for her too the pleasure of the day was damped and dulled.

The visitors from Carbery would not, on getting back to the broad gravelled drive where the basket-carriage awaited them, re-enter the house. They had taken leave of the Earl and Countess, and declined all hospitable proffers of luncheon beforehand. There was some kissing among the girls and a good deal of hand-shaking, and then the 'double basket' again received its living load, and 'good-bye' was said, and off dashed the mettled Exmoor ponies under Lucy Denzil's guidance.

Two of the party from the Chase carried back with them to Carbery hearts that were heavier than when they had first set out for the projected visit to the pheasantry at High Tor. Sir Sykes's ward, so talkative two hours ago, had become sullenly mute. Ruth Willis was smarting under her defeat, for she had measured herself with Lady Gladys, and could not but acknowledge to herself that her own elfish piquancy was quite thrown into the shade by the superior charms of the Earl's daughter. Blanche was sad and thoughtful. Jasper, twisting his well-waxed moustache, seemed unaware, in the preoccupation of his own mind, that Ruth was resentful and Blanche melancholy, while Miss Denzil frankly wondered why conversation languished as it did. Excellent Lucy had had no by-play to distract her attention from the object of the expedition; she had seen the birds and chatted with her friend, and was mildly gratified with her outing. Nevertheless it was but a silent party that the Exmoor ponies whisked back along the well-kept road that led to Carbery Chase.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE NEW BROOM.

'Clever enough, and too clever! It's your lookout, sir, of course, and not mine; but I can't help thinking that to give my friend Mr Wilkins an estate to manage is uncommonly like turning a fox into a poultry-yard to take care of the chickens.'

Such was Jasper Denzil's remonstrance with his father, on hearing the baronet's announcement of his intention to transfer the reins of local government to the willing hands of the City solicitor, *vice* Pounce and Pontifex superseded. Privately, Sir Sykes was of much the same

opinion as his son; but as he was merely seeking to put a good face on what he felt to be really a surrender to a demand imperiously urged, he shook his head, saying: 'You are prejudiced against this person, Jasper, and perhaps not unnaturally so. His manners, I admit, are not prepossessing, and his moral code has probably been shaped in a rough school of ethics; but I consider him to be one of those men whom it is pleasanter to have for a friend than for an enemy.'

Jasper's expressive upper lip wore a curl of disgust. It was to him very disagreeable that Mr Wilkins, who had got the better of him, as he resentfully felt, in many an encounter of wits, should be often at Carbery, and right-hand man to its owner. He resolved on one more attempt to dislodge the intruder.

'I would not, were I you, sir,' said he, 'either trust Wilkins a yard farther than I could see him, or be guided by his advice as to the management of the estate. You yourself heard the fellow say, at luncheon to-day, that he should not know turnips when he saw them unless there were boiled mutton in the middle of them. Wilkins only meant to raise a laugh when he hashed up that old joke against the Cockney sportsmen who ride to hounds, but he was nearer the truth than he was aware of.'

'Ah, well,' returned the baronet blandly, 'I daresay his agricultural knowledge is after all pretty much on a par with that of Messrs Pounce and Pontifex.'

And then Jasper shrugged up his shoulders and was silent, for he perceived that it was hopeless to deprecate a foregone conclusion. For good or for ill, Sir Sykes had made up his mind to convert Mr Wilkins into a grand-vizier over the broad acres that lay within the circuit of his wide-stretching ring-fence.

Enoch Wilkins, gentleman, had on that morning reached Carbery Chase, and was in a fair way of earning for himself any rather than golden opinions from its inmates. Mr Wilkins, as he often and not untruly boasted, knew the world, that is to say he had a minute and almost microscopic acquaintance with one or two sections of the shady side of it. He understood turf-men, as a smart prison-governor understands convicts, and knew the natural history of the fast-living and embarrassed young officer as well as some lecturer on entomology knows the ways of beetle and butterfly. In a lower social grade, he was deeply versed in the arcana of Loan Societies, and could apply the thumbscrew of the County Court in nicely calculated proportions to a struggling debtor. Of what he called swell society Mr Wilkins had but a limited experience. He had shared, as the purveyors of welcome cash often do share, in the costly banquets given at Greenwich or Richmond hotels by wild young gentlemen of blood and fashion. He had even, at the instance of some needy man about town who curried favour with any dispenser of ready-money, received a card which entitled him, now and again, to be crushed and jostled and trodden upon by distinguished company at the maddening 'At Home' of some berouged and bewigged old peeress.

There was, as Mr Wilkins felt with some inward misgivings, a difference between forming part of a mob at Macbeth House or at the Baratarian Embassy, and mixing on intimate terms with such

a family as were the Denzils. Yet, as the French idiomatically twist the phrase, he paid it off with audacity, being greasily familiar with Sir Sykes; on terms of brotherly frankness where Jasper was concerned; and for the benefit of the young ladies, assuming the character of the facetious and agreeable rattle, as he conceived incumbent on a regular Londoner and a bachelor to boot, when on a visit in the country.

Blanche and Lucy Denzil scarcely knew whether to let amusement or dislike predominate in their minds as Mr Wilkins rattled on, pouring out miscellaneous anecdotes and jokes that, if worn threadbare in the metropolis, would, he was convinced, retain enough of their original gloss and sparkle to pass muster in the country. That the man was coarse, pushing, and unscrupulous, was evident even to critics so lenient as the baronet's daughters; while Sir Sykes, behind his urbane smile, suffered martyrdom from his new agent's deportment.

There was one member of the family circle at Carbery whom Mr Wilkins eyed with quite an exceptional interest. He rarely addressed himself in conversation to the Indian orphan, Sir Sykes's ward, but he watched her narrowly, and the more he saw of her the harder he found it to adhere to his original hypothesis as regarded the young lady whom Richard Hold, master mariner, had recommended to his good offices.

'If that demure manner and those downcast eyes do not belong to as sly a puss as ever lived, write me down a greenhorn!' was the mental reflection of Enoch Wilkins, of St Nicholas Poultney, in the City of London, gentleman. 'That she sets her cap at the captain, Sir Sykes Denzil's hopeful heir, I take for granted. Her communicative friend, the pirate fellow, implied as much. The Lancer does not seem, however, disposed to come forward in a satisfactory style, and play Philemon to her Pausis.'

And it was a fact that since the morning which had witnessed the drive to High Tor and the visit to the pheasantry, the snares of Miss Ruth Willis had been vainly set for the capture of that bird of dubious feather, Jasper Denzil.

Why Jasper, who had so much to gain by the match on which his father's mind was inexplicably bent, should hang back and prove recalcitrant, it was hard to say. His was not an independent soul. He was free from any trammels of a too scrupulous delicacy, and would have fingered any money got through the grimmest channels, without fear of soiling those white useless hands of his, the manliest work of which had hitherto been to grasp a bridle-rein. Yet Jasper had been very remiss of late in his attentions towards Ruth Willis, and apparently indifferent to the bribe of an income and establishment to be earned by marrying her.

'Now look here, Sir Sykes!' said the lawyer after dinner, as he edged his chair nearer to that of his host, refilled his glass, and assumed a tone of waggish confidence—'look here, Sir Sykes! You want brushing up down here at Carbery, you do indeed; ay and a little fresh air let in upon you. In an old estate like this, and under such management as those of Pounce and Proser—beg his pardon; I mean Pontifex; ha, ha, ha!'—pursued Mr Wilkins, having his laugh out, without so much as a sympathetic titter from Jasper or a smile

from Sir Sykes—'in an estate of this kind matters are apt to stagnate, and all sorts of abuses and jobs to grow up, like the green duckweed on the surface of a pool. Your head-gamekeeper now, Sir Sykes, I never saw him, but I'm sure that he's a rogue.'

'Leathers is an old servant,' answered Sir Sykes coldly; 'I have had no reason to think ill of him.'

'I'll go bail that he's a rogue, for all that,' returned the unabashed lawyer, holding up his glass to the light, to admire the ruby claret before he swallowed it. 'The head-keeper of an easy-going, moneyed gent of your standing—excuse me, Sir Sykes—must be a saint, if he's not a sinner. Think of the temptations! Why, the rabbits alone must be a cool two hundred a year to the man; and then the pheasants, and the black-mail from the tenants for keeping the ground-game within reasonable numbers, and the percentage on watchers' wages. I'll get you a contract with a London poulterer, Sir Sykes, that shall stand you in something handsome, provide you with a keeper twice as useful as Leathers, and insure your having a hot corner for your friends at battue-time. I'm a new broom, and sweep clean.'

'You promise well, at anyrate!' said Jasper with a languid sneer.

'And did you ever know me not ready to implement when I had once promised?' briskly retorted the solicitor. 'I merely mention the gamekeeper to shew that all's fish that comes to my net, and that I am not above attending to such minor fry as a fellow in velvet with a dog-whistle at his button-hole. We must go on commercial principles, Sir Sykes, if we want to manage an estate so as to make it pay, nowadays. All that feudal nonsense of an affectionate tenantry and a liberal lord of the manor is about as dead as Queen Anne. You should get a new steward as well as a new gamekeeper, Sir Sykes.'

The baronet stirred restlessly in his chair. He did not at all like this. Carbery, and the fair estate that went with it, had never yet been administered on commercial principles, especially when applied by so sweeping a reformer as Mr Wilkins of St Nicholas Poultry. 'Mr Cornish keeps his accounts very correctly,' he said in a hesitating tone. 'Old Lord Harrogate gave him the stewardship, which his father had had before him, and his tenure of it has satisfied me.'

'Because you can afford, or fancy you can, to be robbed right and left,' said the lawyer, gulping down his wine. 'It is your plausible hereditary steward, that has fattened and batted on the plunder of successive generations, who sucks the very marrow out of the land. Don't tell me! I'll overhaul Mr Cornish's accounts in a way he's little used to. But first you must introduce me to the farmers, Sir Sykes, and give me time to worm out of them what they pay, in kind or money, by way of fines, good-will, premium, and so forth, for the honour of tilling your under-rented acres. I'll raise your rent-roll, never fear me, but not with a native chawbacon for prime-minister.'

'So the steward must be flung overboard, it seems, as well as poor old Leathers the keeper,' observed Jasper, half amused, but half annoyed.

'And I've got another peg to fit into the vacant hole,' said the lawyer, again addressing himself to the claret. 'With your permission, Sir Sykes,

to-morrow we'll wire for him to run down from London for your approval. A sharp fellow is Abrahams. You won't mind his persuasion? Jew as he is, he's thoroughly at home in a farmhouse, counts every sheaf of wheat in the barn, and every house-lamb in the kitchen on frosty days, and wheedles out of the women what the husbands are too dogged to tell.—This is delicious claret, but no one except myself seems to drink it. Suppose we join the ladies?'

'What has the governor done,' groaned Jasper, as he lit his cigar, 'to be under the thumb of such a man as this?'

WORK IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

IN the metropolis there is always to be found a vast amount of 'labour unattached,' recruited from men in nearly every rank of life. To form an idea of the surplusage in the labour market, advertise for a 'light-porter,' and you will have at least two hundred applications before eleven o'clock the next day. If you desire a clerk at a salary of, say, twenty shillings a week, half a thousand eager candidates will apply for the vacancy. While if you have anything of a superior sort to offer, such as the secretaryship of a charitable institution, or hospital, suitable to the talents of retired military officers and others, probably a thousand competitors will offer themselves to your discrimination. Of course many people will be surprised that such numbers should prefer living in semi-idleness, hunting after any opportunity that offers, rather than exert themselves to obtain employment in less crowded localities; but then in London there is the great magnet of the 'lucky chance' constantly before their eyes. If one obtains a situation at a pound a week, there are constantly opportunities of bettering one's self, especially in large firms, who carefully select and promote their men according to capability and merit. Then, again, a man may be starving in a garret, poorly dressed, existing somehow by borrowing a shilling or two occasionally when you meet him in the street; but in a month or two may be in a good position in an insurance company or an actuary's office. But as bread must be obtained somehow until the golden opportunity offers itself, a number of men who have seen better days are compelled by sheer necessity to fly to that paradise of the destitute, the Docks.

The great Dock Companies in London, fully aware of the superabundance of labour always in the market, do not employ, permanently, one-third of the men they require, since they are usually able to procure at least twice as many hands as they need at a moment's notice. Indeed so great is the competition for even Dock employment, that unless you are known to one of the foremen, or in some way furnished with an introduction to one of the Company's officials, you stand a very poor chance of obtaining work, save occasionally, when a sudden pressure of business comes on and they are glad to accept any one that offers. Sometimes a huge ship comes in requiring to be discharged in a few days; and everybody who can work may, by offering himself, obtain employment for a brief period; but, the time of pressure over, he will present himself at the Dock-gates day after day in vain. The Company's foremen of course give the preference to their regular hands, and the

stranger who has helped them in their time of need is passed over. So the best thing you can do if you desire employment at the Docks is to obtain a letter of recommendation from some broker or merchant who does business with the Company, and according to the influence he possesses so will your work be regulated. It will require great influence to enable you to be placed on the 'permanent' or 'extra-permanent' staff; and the utmost you can hope for is to obtain employment by the day so long as any ships are at work, with the prospect of losing a few days now and then when things are dull.

The clock has struck a quarter past seven in the morning, and already may be seen clustered round the Dock-gates small groups of men, with hands invariably in their pockets and short pipes in their mouths, discussing the prospect of work for the day, and the only chance they have of obtaining a meal of food and a night's lodging. These are the 'chance' or 'odd-time' men, who if they are not taken on the first thing, loiter about the entrance all day, waiting a 'call' from one of the foremen; sometimes making two, four, or five hours, as the case may be. Of all this class of men, it may be truly said that they are waiters upon Providence, for they are usually the last selected; and as to their garments (their sole earthly possession), very few of them could obtain a shilling for all they wear from head to foot. Indeed so dilapidated are some of their shoes, that it is no uncommon thing for them to be paid off after an hour's work or so, because their feet will not retain a footing upon a slippery floor. It also occurs at times that they come in to work so famished that they sink exhausted after a little exertion, though in this case the foremen who employ them are generally kind-hearted enough to advance a few pence to obtain a little food to enable them to hold out the day. As the clock nears the half-hour (7.30 A.M.) the regular 'outsiders' come up. These men are in better condition than the others; but there is a seedy, ragged appearance about most of them, which tells the unmistakable tale that their chief earnings go to the public-house. And now there is a stir. A small wicket in the gate is open, and a foreman comes out, and calling out the names of the men he requires, they pass in. These are engaged by the half-hour, and are liable to be dismissed as soon as their work is completed, let the time be what it may. Usually they remain at work the whole day; but, should any unforeseen occurrence—such as stoppage of a ship's discharge on account of weather, or a break-down in some of the machinery for removing cargo—prevent them labouring, the word is passed to 'wash up,' and they are paid off at once, perhaps an hour or two after they have been engaged.

After this crew come the Company's 'recommended' men, persons who through the influence of some merchant obtain employment. With them also arrive the 'extra-permanent' men; and these two classes always have a preference when any work is going on. They are engaged by the day and paid by the day; and each man on entering receives a numbered ticket about the size of a railway ticket, which will entitle him to receive his wages in rotation at the pay-box in the afternoon. The pay for all alike is fivepence per hour; but the highest class of all, the 'permanent' men, receive

twenty shillings per week all the year round, be the hours long or short, and are always certain of their money whether the Company can find work for them or not. In the months of November, December, January, and February, the work is from nine to four, and the remainder of the year from eight to four, with extra pay for overtime to all alike when any is to be made. Thus it will be seen that with pretty constant employment a fair living is to be made at the Docks; but in addition, many men make something extra in the evenings, either as 'supers' at one of the theatres, chairmen at those convivial meetings known as 'Free-and-Easies,' or in some other capacity. In short, at the Docks, as elsewhere, it is only the idle and disreputable class that starves; for the Company's officials naturally select the best men first, and only employ the 'duffers' when they cannot possibly do without them.

At a few minutes before eight we are all at our posts; men are on board ship commencing to roll out the bales of merchandise from the 'hold'; the ponderous hydraulic 'ram' swings out from the warehouse, and three or four bales are hooked on and hoisted ashore. It is (we will say) a large Australian wool ship; and as soon as the bales are landed, they are pounced upon by a man with stencil-plate and brush, who with nimble fingers marks the name of the ship on each. Then an individual with stentorian lungs (probably a broken-down auctioneer) shouts out to the check clerk at the table the mark on each particular bale, and this is recorded in a book called a 'tally-sheet.' Next, a couple of muscular men attack with axes the iron bands with which the bales are clamped, and sever them, so that the wool expands to nearly double its size; for it is all pressed by hydraulic machinery previous to being stowed in the ship, in order to economise space. The bales thus released are now trotted off by active truckmen to the scales, where they are weighed, marked, and sorted in different piles according to their mark. All this is done in less time than it takes to read about it, amid a storm of shouts, execrations, commands, and other noises in every conceivable variety.

Let us take a walk round the Docks and warehouses and inspect the vast piles of merchandise lying about in every direction. Yonder is a ship discharging brandy, with a vigilant Custom-house officer watching every cask as it comes ashore. In another place they are emptying on the floor hogshead after hogshead of coffee, to be weighed for duty. That sedate-looking man with a needle in his hand sewing up rice-bags has been a school-master, and can write excellent hexameters. A little further on, a solicitor, unfortunately struck off the rolls, is wheeling a truck; and farther on a once prosperous merchant is assisting to push along a hogshead of sugar. The conclusion one arrives at, after making the round of the Docks, is, that nearly everything we eat and drink is manipulated first by the dirty classes, who shovel our necessities about at their pleasure, and tread over them as if they were so much dirt. See those dingy men with garments tattered and patched stooping and working on those sloppy floors. They are scraping up the molasses which has filtered out from the sugar-casks, and putting it into tubs. This will be all sent away to the

sugar-boilers', and converted into cheap sugar, and go to localities where it will be bought by housekeepers who study economy in the kitchen. This sort of sugar always has a lumpy clear appearance, with a slight clammy taste in the mouth, and can be detected with a little practice at a glance. It is usually sold alone, but is often mixed with better sugar, in order to make that half-penny difference in the pound so tempting to certain housewives.

We are warned that it is noon by the tinkling of a bell, which resounds all over the Dock; and at the first stroke everything is dropped out of hand immediately, and to the cry of 'Bell ho!' every one rushes out of the warehouses for dinner. A few of the more provident have brought some in their pockets; but the majority go straight to the old man or old woman who is permitted by the Company to supply them with bread, cheese, beer, soup, and pudding, all of an indifferent sort; and if they have any money, buy something to eat; and if they have none, try and borrow a penny or two from somebody else; or cajole the refreshment caterer into giving them credit until four o'clock. Very few of them have knives wherewith to cut their food decently; they guav it anyhow; in fact their chief rule seems to be to buy nothing that they are not absolutely compelled to buy, for fear the vendor should cheat them; and if some of them could observe this rule so far as the beer-shop is concerned, they would make their fortunes, many of them possessing talents, as experts in 'tasting,' of no common order.

Their meal finished, some now creep on board ship to smoke, a thing they are not allowed to do in the warehouses; others of a larcenous disposition, prowl about the cook's galley to appropriate anything they can, such as meat, knives, brushes, in short any small portable articles, which they either devour, or else sell at any price to somebody else. At twenty minutes past twelve the bell again summons them to work, and each man crawls slowly back to his post, the majority of cheeks indicating apparently the existence of gum-boil to the uninitiated, but which abnormal appearance is due solely to the companionable 'quid' of tobacco.

By this time a number of vans are in the yard waiting to take away goods, and the foremen are pretty nearly sure to want some extra hands to assist. Consequently out they go to the gates, and select as many as they require from the forest of palms held up before them. In this way work goes on until a few minutes before four, when all parties knock off, unless the ship should have to work an hour or two longer. At the pay-box the men arrange themselves in numerical order, and are paid with great celerity by the cashier, the exact amount due to each man being handed to him as he passes the window. At the exit gate are stationed two of the Company's constables, who search any one they have cause to suspect, for in spite of the utmost vigilance and the aid of a large staff of police, pilfering is constantly going on within the Docks, and it requires great watchfulness to prevent the men taking anything out. As it is, things are occasionally smuggled out, though, when an offender is convicted, he usually meets with a severe penalty.

The London and St Katherine's Docks (now

amalgamated under one Company) cover an area of about forty-five acres, and have nearly as much warehouse accommodation as all the other Dock companies put together. The capital embarked in them, inclusive of loans and debentures, may be stated at about eight millions sterling, and the employes of all classes about three thousand daily. The annual imports into these Docks are seldom less than seventy millions, the exports being also considerable. With all this enormous trade and this vast amount of business, things are managed with great, though of course not perfect accuracy; every man knows his place, and there are seldom any mistakes but such as will occur at times from unavoidable hurry and confusion.

PRETTY MRS OGILVIE.

ALL the women are jealous of her; there is no doubt about that. The first time she appears in church with crisp mauve muslins floating about her and a dainty mauve erection on her head, which presumably she calls a bonnet, I know at once how it will be. And of course the other sex will range themselves on her side to a man; that is also beyond question. As she rises from her knees and takes her little lavender-gloved hands from her face and looks about her for a moment with a sweet shy glance, she is simply bewitching; and I doubt if any male creature in our musty little church pays proper attention to the responses for ten minutes afterwards. A new face is a great rarity with us, and *such* a new face one might not see more than once in a decade, so let us hope we may be forgiven.

As I gaze at the delicate profile before me, the coils of golden hair, the complexion like the inside of a sea-shell, the slender milk-white throat, and the long dark eyelashes, which droop modestly over the glorious gray eyes, shall I own that I steal a glance of disapproval at Mary Anne, my Mary Anne, the partner of my joys and sorrows for twenty years, and the mother of my six children? Mary Anne's figure is somewhat overblown, her hair is tinged with gray, and the complexion of her good-humoured face is slightly rubicund. But she has been a good wife to me; and I feel, with a twinge of compunction, that I have no right to be critical, as I think of a shining spot on the top of my own head, and of a little box I received from the dentist only a month ago, carefully secured from observation. But as we emerge from church I draw myself up and try to look my best as we pass the trailing mauve robes. Jack, one of our six, stumbles over the train; which gives me an opportunity of raising my hat and apologising for the brat's awkwardness; and I am rewarded with a sweet smile and an upward glance out of the great gray eyes which is simply intoxicating.

'We must call on Mrs Ogilvie at once,' I observe to Mary Anne as we proceed across the fields on our homeward walk. 'It is my duty as her landlord to find out if she is comfortable. She is a lady-like person,' I continue, diplomatically forbearing to allude to the obvious beauty; 'and I daresay, my dear, you will find her an agreeable neighbour.'

'Ladylike!' cries my wife, with a ring of indignation in her voice. 'I don't call it ladylike to come to a quiet country church dressed as if she

were going to a flower-show. Besides, she is painted. A colour like that can't be natural. But you men are all alike—always taken with a little outside show and glitter.'

'But my dear,' I remonstrate, 'perhaps she did not know how very countrified and bucolic our congregation is; and I really do think it will be very unneighbourly if we don't call. It must be very dull for her to know no one.' I ignore the remark about the paint, but in my heart I give the assertion an emphatic contradiction.

Mrs Ogilvie has rented a small cottage which I own in the west-country village in which I am the principal doctor. She is the wife of a naval officer who is away in the Flying Squadron, and has settled in our sleepy little hamlet to live quietly during his absence. All her references have been quite unexceptionable, and indeed she is slightly known to our Squire, as is also her absent husband. 'A splendid fellow he is,' Mr Dillon tells me, 'stands six feet in his stockings, and is as handsome as Apollo; indeed I don't believe that for good looks you could find such another couple in England.'

The following day Mary Anne, with but little persuasion, agrees to accompany me to the cottage to call on Mrs Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat maid-servant. She is at home; and we are ushered into the drawing-room, which we almost fail to recognise, so changed is it. Bright fresh hangings are in the windows, a handsome piano stands open, books and periodicals lie on the tables in profusion, and flowers are everywhere. 'Evidently a woman of refinement and cultivated tastes,' I think to myself; 'the beauty is more than skin deep.'

Presently Mrs Ogilvie comes in, looking if possible even lovelier than she did the day before. She is in a simple white dress, with here and there a knot of blue ribbon about it; and she has a bit of blue also in her golden hair. Her manner is as charming as her looks, and as she thanks my wife with pleasant cordial words for being the first of her neighbours to take compassion on her loneliness, I can see that my Mary Anne, whose heart is as large as her figure, basely deserts the female faction and goes over to the enemy. Mrs Ogilvie is very young, still quite a girl, though she has been married three years she tells us.

'It is dreadful that Frank should have to go away,' she says, and the tears well up in her large gray eyes; 'that is the worst of the service. But I suppose no woman ought to interfere with her husband's career. I am going to live here as quietly as possible until he returns. See; here is his photograph,' she continues, lifting a case from the table and handing it to Mary Anne. 'Is he not handsome?'

He is most undeniably so, if the likeness speaks truth, and we both say so; Mary Anne, with the privilege of her sex and age, adding a word as to the beauty of the pair.

'O yes,' replies Mrs Ogilvie without the smallest embarrassment: 'we are always called the "handsome couple."'

I suppose something of my astonishment expresses itself in my countenance, for she smiles, and says: 'I am afraid you think me very vain; but I cannot help knowing that I am good-looking, any more than I can help being aware that my

eyes are gray, not black, and that my hair is golden. It is a gift from God, like any talent; a valuable one too, I think it; and I own that I am proud of it, for my dear Frank's sake, who admires it so much.'

Yes, this is Mrs Ogilvie's peculiarity, as we afterwards discover—an intense and quite open admiration of her own beauty. And indeed there is something so simple and naïve about it, that we do not find it displeasing when we get accustomed to it. She always speaks of herself as if she were a third person, and honestly appreciates her lovely face, as if it were some rare picture, as indeed it is, of Dame Nature's own painting. She is equally ready to admit the good looks of other women, and has not a trace of jealousy in her composition. But often you will hear her say, in describing some one else: 'She has a lovely complexion—something in the style of mine, but not so clear.' Or, 'She has a beautiful head of hair, but not so sunny as mine;' &c. &c. At first, every one is astonished at this idiosyncrasy of hers, but in a little while we all come to laugh at it; there is something original and amusing about it; and in all other ways she is so charming.

My wife, with whom she speedily becomes intimate, tells me that she is sure she values her beauty more for her husband's sake than her own. 'She evidently adores him,' says Mary Anne; 'and he seems to think so much of her sweet looks. She says he fell in love with her at first sight, before he ever spoke to her.'

But Mrs Ogilvie has many more attractions than are to be found in her face. She is a highly educated woman, a first-rate musician and a pleasant and intelligent companion; and more than all, she has a sweet loving disposition, and a true heart at the core of all her little vanities. She is very good to the poor in our village, and often when I am on my rounds, I meet her coming out of some cottage with an empty basket in her hand, which was full when she entered it.

In a quiet little neighbourhood like ours, such a woman cannot fail to be an acquisition, and every one hastens to call on her, and many are the dinners and croquet parties which are inaugurated in her honour. To the former she will not go; she does not wish to go out in the evening during her husband's absence—much to my wife's satisfaction, who approves of women being 'keepers at home'—and it is only seldom that she can be induced to grace one of the croquet parties with her presence.

But when she does, she eclipses every one else. She always dresses in the most exquisite taste, as if anxious that the setting should be worthy of the jewel—the beauty which she prizes so highly. She is always sweet and gracious, and vanquishes the men by her loveliness, the women in spite of it. But she is in no sense of the word a coquette; and the only admirer she favours is our Jack, aged fourteen, who is head-over-ears in love with her, and is ready at any moment to forego cricket for the honour of escorting Mrs Ogilvie through the village, and the privilege of carrying her basket. So the quiet weeks and months glide by, linking us daily more closely together.

She has been settled at the cottage rather more than two years and is beginning to count the weeks to her husband's return. We do not number them quite so eagerly, for when he comes he will take

her away from us, and we shall miss her sorely. It is summer again, a hot damp summer; it has been a very sickly season, and my hands are full.

'I shall have to get a partner, my dear,' I say to my wife as I prepare to go out. 'If this goes on I shall have more to do than I can manage. There is a nasty fever about which I don't like the look of; and if we don't have a change for the better in this muggy weather, there is no saying what it may turn to.'

'I am glad all the boys are at school,' observes Mary Anne, 'and I think I will let the girls accept their aunt's invitation and go to her for a month.'

'It would be a very good plan, and I should be glad if you would go too. A little change would do you good.'

'And pray who is to look after you?' asks my wife reproachfully. 'Who is to see that you take your meals properly, and don't rush off to see your patients, leaving your dinner untasted on the table?'

Mentally I confess that I should probably be poorly off without my Mary Anne; but it is a bad plan to encourage vanity in one's wife, so I say: 'Oh, I should do very well by myself;' and with a parting nod betake myself to my daily duty.

In the village I meet Mrs Ogilvie, basket in hand. She doesn't look well, and I say so.

'You have no business out in the heat of the day,' I tell her. 'You are not a Hercules, and you will only be knocking yourself up. What will your husband say, if he does not find you looking your best when he comes back?'

A shade passes over her face. 'Ah! he would not be pleased,' she says rather gravely; 'he always likes to see me look my *very* best and prettiest.'

'Well then, as your doctor, I must forbid your doing any more cottage-visiting just at present. You are not looking strong, and going into those close houses is not good for you. I will come and see you on my way back.'

Which I do. I find there is nothing the matter with her; she is only a little languid. Perhaps the weather has affected her; perhaps she is wearying for her husband; and I prescribe a tonic, which I think will soon set her to rights. I do not remain long with her, for I have an unspoken anxiety, and I am in a hurry to get home.

'You had better send the children away to-morrow morning, Mary Anne,' I say as soon as I get in. 'Mrs Black is very ill, and I am afraid—I cannot quite tell yet, but I am afraid—she is going to have small-pox. Of course I shall have her removed at once, if I am right; but it may prove not to be an isolated case, and it will be as well to get the children out of the way. I shall try and persuade every one in the village to be vaccinated to-morrow.'

'You will be clever if you manage that,' says my wife. 'I am afraid some of the people are very prejudiced against it. You know when the children and I were revaccinated three years ago, you could not persuade any of the villagers to be done at the same time.'

On the following day we despatch the children early to their aunt's, under the care of an old servant; and as soon as I have seen them off, I go down to Mrs Black's. To my consternation I find Mrs Ogilvie just leaving the house.

'I have been disobedient, you see,' she says

gaily; 'but I promised to bring Mrs Black something early this morning; and she seemed so ill yesterday that I did not like to disappoint her. But I am not going to transgress orders again—for Frank's sake,' she adds softly.

I give an internal groan. Heaven grant she may not have transgressed them once too often! And I hasten into the cottage, to find my worst fears confirmed. Mrs Black has small-pox quite unmistakably.

For some hours I am occupied in making arrangements for her removal to the infirmary, and in vaccinating such of my poorer patients as I can frighten or coerce into allowing me to do so; and it is afternoon before I am able to go and look after Mrs Ogilvie.

She seems rather astonished when I inform her what my errand is—that I want to vaccinate her (for of course I do not wish to frighten her by telling her about Mrs Black); but she submits readily enough when I say that I have heard of a case of small-pox in a neighbouring village (which I have), and think it would be a wise precautionary measure.

'It is very good of you,' she says in her pretty gracious way as she bares her white arm. 'I have never been vaccinated since I was a baby, so I suppose it will be desirable.'

Desirable? I should think so indeed! And I send up a prayer as I perform the operation that I may not be too late.

I am so busy for the next few days that I am unable to go down to the cottage. One or two more cases of small-pox appear in the village, and I am anxious and hard-worked; but Mary Anne tells me that Mrs Ogilvie has heard of Mrs Black's removal and is dreadfully nervous about herself. 'I hope she will not frighten herself into it,' adds my wife.

'If she hadn't contracted it before I vaccinated her, I think she is pretty safe,' I reply; 'but there is just the chance that she may have had the poison in her previously.'

Almost as I speak a message comes from Mrs Ogilvie, who 'wishes to see me professionally.' My heart sinks as I seize my hat and follow the messenger; and with too good reason. I find her suffering from the first symptoms of small-pox; and in twenty-four hours it has declared itself unequivocally and threatens to be a bad case. I try to keep the nature of her illness from her, but in vain. She questions me closely, and when she discovers the truth, gives way to a burst of despair which is painful to witness. 'I shall be marked; I shall be hideous!' she exclaims, sobbing bitterly. 'Poor Frank, how he will hate me!'

In vain I try to comfort her, to convince her that in not one out of a hundred cases does the disease leave dreadful traces behind it; she refuses to be consoled. And soon she is too ill to be reasoned with, or indeed to know much of her own state. She is an orphan, and has no near relatives for whom we can send, so Mary Anne installs herself in the sick-room as head-nurse; and as I see her bending lovingly over the poor disfigured face, and ministering with tender hands to the ceaseless wants of the invalid, my wife is in my eyes beautiful exceedingly; so does the shadow of a good deed cast a glory around the most homely countenance.

For some time Mrs Ogilvie's life is in great

danger; but her youth and good constitution prevail against the grim destroyer, and at length I am able to pronounce all peril past.

But alas, alas! all my hopes, all my care, all my poor skill have been in vain; and the beauty which we have all admired so much, and which has been so precious to our poor patient, is a thing of the past. She is marked—slightly it is true; but the pure complexion is thick and muddy, the once bright eyes are heavy and dull, and the golden hair is thin and lustreless. We keep it from her as long as we can, but she soon discovers it in our sorrowful looks; and her horror, her agony, almost threaten to unseat her reason. My wife is with her night and day, watching her like a mother, using every argument she can think of to console her, and above all, counselling with gentle words submission to the will of God. But her misery, after the first shock, is not so much for herself as for the possible effect the loss of her beauty may have on her husband, who is now daily expected. His ship has been at sea, so we have been unable to write to him; and only on his arrival in Plymouth Sound will he hear of his poor young wife's illness and disfigurement. Before her sickness she had been counting the hours; now she sees every day go past with a shudder, feeling that she is brought twenty-four hours nearer to the dread trial. At length his vessel arrives, and I receive a telegram telling me when we may expect him, and begging me to break the news gently to his wife. She receives it with a flood of bitter tears and sobs, crying out that he will hate and loathe her, and that she is about to lose all the happiness of her life. My wife weeps with her; and I am conscious of a choking sensation in my throat as we take leave of her half an hour before Mr Ogilvie is expected, and pray God to bless and sustain her.

We are sitting in rather melancholy mood after dinner, talking of the poor young husband and wife, when Mr Ogilvie is announced, and I hasten to the door to meet him.

'She will not see me!' he says impetuously, coming in without any formal greeting. 'She has shut herself into her room, and calls to me with hysterical tears that she is too dreadful to look upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I behold her, and that she cannot face it.' And the strong man falls into a chair with a sob.

'It is not so bad as that,' I begin.

'I don't care how bad it is,' he cries; 'she need not doubt my love. My poor darling will always be the same to me whether she has lost her beauty or not.'

Whereupon I extend my hand to him and shake his heartily; and I know my wife has great difficulty in restraining herself from enveloping him in her motherly arms and embracing him.

'We must resort to stratagem,' I say. 'I will go down to the cottage at once, and you follow me in ten minutes with my wife. I will try and coax Mrs Ogilvie to come out and speak to me, and you must steal upon her unawares.'

Mrs Ogilvie at first refuses to see or speak to me; but I go up to her door and am mean enough to remind her of my wife's devotion to her and entreat her, for her sake, to come down to me.

'Where is Frank?' she asks.

'I left him at home with Mary Anne,' I reply, feeling that I am worthy of being a diplomatist at

the court of St Petersburg, as she opens the door and descends the stairs. I take her out into the garden and begin to reprove her for her conduct, with assumed anger. She listens with eyes blinded by tears. I, on the look-out for it, hear the latch of the garden gate click; but she, absorbed in her sorrow, does not notice it. I look up and see Frank Ogilvie's eyes fixed hungrily on his wife. Her changed appearance must be an awful shock to him; but he bears it bravely; and in a moment he has sprung forward, clasped her in his arms, and the poor scarred face is hidden on his true and loving heart!

Then Mary Anne and I turn silently away, and leave him to teach her that there are things more valuable, of far higher worth than any mere beauty of face or form.

After all, we do not lose her, for Mr Ogilvie coming into some money, leaves the navy and purchases a small estate in our neighbourhood, on which they still reside. Mrs Ogilvie is no longer young, and has a family of lads and lasses around her, who inherit much of their mother's loveliness. But one of the first things she teaches them is not to set a fictitious value on it; 'for,' she says, 'I thought too much of mine, and God took it from me.' No one ever hears her regret the loss of her beauty: 'for through that trial,' she tells my wife, 'I learned to know the true value of my Frank's heart.'

She simply worships her husband, and is in all respects a happy woman. Indeed, seeing the sweet smiles which adorn her face and the loving light which dwells in her eyes, I am sometimes tempted to call her as of yore—Pretty Mrs Ogilvie.

BURNABY'S RIDE IN TURKEY.

In his volume of travels in Turkey, Captain Burnaby has given such a large variety of amusing particulars, that it is eminently worthy of perusal. The following are a few rough notes:

Radford, the captain's English servant, was one of the veritable descendants of Uncle Toby's Corporal Trim; men—for there are a large family of them—to whom the word duty means obeying the word of command, no matter what form it may happen to take, be it to cook a dinner or storm a trench. At Constantinople another servant was required and engaged—one Osman, a Mohammedan, a very smart fellow, in every sense of the word. Picturesque in dress, tall and fine-looking into the bargain, and fully alive to the worth of the Effendi's gold, to which he helped himself unsparingly, without hurt to his conscience or hindrance to his prayers. The devotions of this worthy proving a fruitful source of misery to the captain, he came to the conclusion that religious servants are a mistake, especially in the East.

At Constantinople there was some little delay occasioned by having horses to buy and friends to see, and then there were the cafés, which are always amusing more or less; for the proprietors find that good voices and pretty girls are sure attractions, whether for Giauour or Turk. But the poor girls have a hard time of it. By birth they are chiefly Hungarian and Italian. They act as waitresses mostly, and are compelled by the Turks who frequent the cafés to sweeten, by tasting, all that they order. The violence thus

done to their digestive organs may be imagined. One Italian girl bemoaned her lot, saying: 'It is such a mixture. I have a pain sometimes (pointing to the bodice of her dress). I wish to cry; but I have to run about and smile, wait upon visitors and drink with them. It is a dreadful life! Oh, if I could only return to Florence!'

Captain Burnaby found the Turkish women's faces 'sadly wanting in expression'; at least those he had an opportunity of seeing, for the women all go veiled. Still their veils are of very thin muslin, and man's curiosity is penetrating. But this noticeable lack of expression is not to be wondered at, when we hear that they are wholly uncultivated in mind—only one in a thousand among them can read or write. They amuse themselves in gossip and eating.

The Ride was not at all times agreeable. It was not pleasant, for instance, having to cross wooden bridges without parapets, and to see the river below through holes in the wooden planks beneath the horse's feet; or to wade up to the horse's girths through lanes of water. But such is the fortune of travelling in the unknown.

At the village of Nahilan the caimacan or governor was hospitable, and soon the whole population was in attendance to see and talk with the traveller. He was given the seat of honour on a rug near the fire. The caimacan in a fur-lined dressing-gown came next, the rest of the party in order not according to rank, but according to their possessions—the man who owned one hundred cows being seated next the governor. Conversation at first did not get on any better there than at home. But some one made a plunge, and the state of the roads was discussed. This opened the way to politics and the prospect of English help, about which the Turks were eager and anxious to learn. The war was the one topic of interest among them, as well it might be. The scenery in the neighbourhood was lovely, and Captain Burnaby wished that he had been born a painter, to have caught the impression of the beauty around him, and have fixed it for ever on canvas. He has painted at least one little sketch successfully in words: 'A succession of hills, each one loftier than its fellow, broke upon us as we climbed the steep (leading towards Angora). They were of all forms, shades, and colours, ash gray, blue, vermillion, robed in imperial purple, and dotted with patches of vegetation. Our road wound amidst these chameleon-like heights, whose silvery rivulets streamed down the sides of the many-coloured hills.'

But we must leave this pretty scene to describe the night's lodging at the next halt, which gives us an insight into Turkish beds and bedrooms. No bedsteads are used. 'One or two mattresses are laid on the floor; the *yorgan*, a silk quilt lined with linen and stuffed with feathers, taking the place of sheets and blankets. These *yorgans* are heirlooms in a Turkish family, and are handed down from father to son. It is a mark of high respect when a host gives you his wedding *yorgan* to sleep under. Captain Burnaby found the honour a trying one, as many generations of fleas shared it with him. Osman grew eloquent on the subject of *yorgans*. He had one so beautiful that neither his wife nor himself liked to use it.

Hearing that he was married, Captain Burnaby

questioned him about his wife. Did he love her? Was she pretty? To which Osman replied: 'She is a good cook. She makes soup. Effendi, I could not afford to marry a good-looking girl. There was one in our village—such a pretty one, with eyes like a hare and plump as a turkey—but she could not cook, and her father wanted too much for her. For my present wife I gave only ten liras (or Turkish pounds); but she did not weigh more than one hundred pounds. She was very cheap. Her eyes are not quite straight, but she can cook. Looks don't last; but cooking is an art that the Prophet himself did not despise.'

At every place a cordial reception awaited the traveller. The Turks are not ungrateful; and English help during the Crimean War is still remembered. At Angora, a town of importance, there was an English vice-consul, a married man, living in a house furnished with every English comfort. He is the only Englishman, or rather Scotchman, in the place. A Turkish gentleman gave a dinner-party in honour of the traveller. These Turkish dinner-parties are compared to Turkish music, and declared to consist of a series of surprises. 'In music the leader of an orchestra goes from *andante* to a racing pace without any crescendo whatever. The cook in the same manner gives first a dish as sweet as honey, and then astonishes our stomach with a sauce as acid as vinegar. Now we are eating fish, another instant *blanc-mange*. And so on throughout the feast were the startling contrasts continued. Servants were abundant and pressing. Each guest ate with his fingers, helping himself according to his rank or social status.' When dinner was over the host rose, not forgetting to say his grace: 'Praise be to God.' A servant then poured water over the hands of each, according to his rank, for precedence is duly observed in the veriest trifle; and then they all adjourned to another room to smoke and drink coffee.

Nothing can exceed the hospitality and generosity of the Turk. Admire what belongs to him, and he begs you to accept it, be it a book, a horse, or a servant. Talking of servants, it was amusing to hear Osman railing at the man in charge of the pack-horse for allowing the horse that carried the valuables, in the form of groceries and cartridges, to lie down in a river, thus injuring the contents of his pack. The Eastern method of abuse is to attack a man's female relatives—a point on which all Easterns are most sensitive—in language the reverse of choice.

In Anatolia and in most parts of Asia Minor, every man is his own architect and builder, on the following simple principles. When old enough to marry, a man chooses a bit of oblong ground, on the side of a hill if he can, and digs out the earth to the depth of several feet. 'Hewing down some trees, he cuts six posts, each about ten feet high, and drives them three feet into the ground, three posts being on one side of the oblong, three on the other. Cross-beams are fastened to the top of these uprights, and branches of trees, plastered with clay, cover all.' The doorway is of rude construction. In the interior, a wooden railing divides the room into two, one-half of which is occupied by the animals, the other by the family. A hole in the ceiling is the only mode of ventilation, and in cold weather this is stopped up. The 'family' often consists of

twelve in number, and at night they lie huddled on the floor, which in poorer houses is covered with coarse rugs of camels' hair, and Persian rugs among the wealthier. The close proximity to livestock invites a third and irrepressible population of fleas in most of these houses. The misery of a night spent with legions of these insects must be felt to be thoroughly understood and appreciated. They formed the chief discomfort of the travellers, whose English skins were not case-hardened to the assaults of the lively banqueteers. When sickness overtook them (as it did when they had advanced far on their journey) and sleep became imperative, the misery of our travellers grew serious. To be ravaged by fever as well as by fleas would at once try the strongest. At last in one village a hint was given that if the Effendi's skin were attacked, no bucksheesh would follow. Instantly the host had a remedy at hand. He had a cart in his yard; and the Effendi at last had the comfort of a few hours of undisturbed slumber.

At various places the Armenian churches were visited. It is the custom among the Armenians, as among the Jews, to separate the women from the men during divine service. The Armenians take the further precaution of hiding the women behind a screened lattice-work. Great pity was expressed for our English clergymen when it was found they used no such precaution in their churches, and it was remarked: 'They must find it difficult to keep the attention of their flock, if the ladies are as pretty as they are said to be.' In the Armenian churches, however, the precaution is used to keep the women devotional; but such is the power of attraction, that in many places Captain Burnaby noticed that the lattice had been broken away! The interior of an Armenian church resembles a mosque, and is carpeted with thick Persian rugs. As the Armenian Christians worship pictures, the walls are hung with several in gaudy frames. The service is ritualistic in the extreme, and politic to temporal no less than spiritual rulers; for on the occasion of Captain Burnaby's attendance, the service opened with two songs sung by the choir—one in honour of the Queen of England, out of compliment to the visitor present; the other for the Sultan. Some of their traditions are curious. One is, that a prince of theirs, a leper, living at the same time as Christ, heard of his miracles, and wrote a letter to the Saviour, inviting him to come and take up his abode in Armenia and cure him of his disease. The Lord is supposed to have replied: 'After I have gone, I will send one of my disciples to cure thy malady and give life to thee and thine.' With the letter, Christ is supposed to have sent at the same time a handkerchief which had received the image of his face by being pressed to it; and it is this tradition which they adduce to justify their adoration of pictures.

The Turk's religion is a compound of faith and fatalism, sprinkled occasionally with due precaution. Here is an instance of their fatalism. When Captain Burnaby was at Kars, the streets were in such a filthy condition, owing to the sewage of the town being thrown in front of the buildings, that the hospitals were full of typhoid, and cholera was anticipated; and yet neither soldiers nor inhabitants would stir a finger to remove the source of their miseries out of the streets; the soldiers declaring that they were not scavengers,

and the inhabitants making some other excuse. When warned of the consequences, each took refuge in kismet or fate. Allah was great and able to perform miracles. If Allah saw fit, there would be no cholera—although their streets were reeking with the seeds of disease.

In most of the towns, excitement prevailed in organising battalions for the seat of war. The Turks are essentially a warlike nation, and fight for their country without a murmur, in the face of such disadvantages as bad food and long arrears of pay.

We have not before spoken of a new travelling companion who took Osman's place—one Mohammed by name, who was as faithful as the Prophet himself. Osman turned out a very bad bargain. His fidelity to the Effendi's purse became at last greater even than his love of prayer; and his keen eye after an exorbitant percentage was worthy of a London usurer. Remonstrance was in vain. At last he was dismissed, having been caught thieving, and Mohammed reigned in his stead, to the comfort of all parties. He was a soldier and a mountaineer, brave and hardy on land, but a coward at sea. He loved his lord the Effendi, and dearly loved his 'brother' Radford's cooking. His 'brother's' opinion of him at parting was characteristic: 'That Mohammed was not such a bad chap after all, sir. Them Turks have stomachs, and like filling them they do; but they have something in their hearts as well.' And so Mohammed shewed—for in illness he was a kind nurse, and faithful to his 'lord's' interests throughout. On one occasion, Mohammed complained of rheumatism, and Radford applied a mustard paper. What a sensation it created among the Kurd villagers—some of whom were spectators of course—when they heard that the wet paper had produced the fire under which Mohammed lay writhing and groaning. It was a miracle; and forthwith the Effendi was hailed everywhere as a *hakim* or doctor, and his fame spread from place to place on the road. A Persian asked, and even admitted him into his harem, to prescribe for his pretty wife, to whom he gave small doses of quinine. Another time a Kurd asked him to cure his toothache; but mustard papers were powerless here; so Radford was called in consultation, and said it ought to come out. But there were no instruments at hand, and the operation had to be declined. 'Give me something for my stomach then,' asked the Kurd. Three pills were then handed to him, which he chewed deliberately, declaring, when he had finished them, his tooth was better!

At one place, after passing over a narrow wooden bridge that spanned the Euphrates—only forty yards wide at this point—the travellers crossed the Hasta Dagh (mountain); presently they came to a glacier, the frozen surface of which extended a hundred yards, the decline being steeper than the roof of an average English house. 'Should it be taken?' was the question asked with much consternation, and decided in the affirmative. The guide rode his horse to the glacier. The poor animal trembled when it reached the brink; but a reminder from Mohammed's whip hastened the poor brute's decision, and he stretched his forelegs over the declivity, almost touching the slippery surface with his girth. Another crack from Mohammed, and horse and guide were

whirling down the glacier, and only pulled up at last by finding themselves buried in a snow-drift six feet deep. When his turn came, Captain Burnaby describes the sensation as if he were 'waltzing madly down the slippery surface.' To witness the descent of the others was something fearful; though not so dangerous as it appeared. When Radford emerged from his snowy burial, he exclaimed: 'I never thought as how a horse could skate before. It was more than sliding, that it was; a cutting a figure of eight all down the roof of a house.'

Our travellers at last reached Batoum, where they parted from Mohammed, and where we must part from them, not without sincere regret. After this, they took ship across the Black Sea to Constantinople, and all adventures were over. We shall not quickly forget the two thousand miles of ground so graphically described, and over a portion of which we have travelled with them in the saddle. Nor will the reader of Captain Burnaby's volume of travels throughout the land of the Osmanli, easily forget the scenes and incidents and people so graphically depicted. We omit with regret many good stories we should like to have told; but space is inexorable. To those who are inclined to echo this regret, we can only say: 'Do as we have done, and take the ride with Burnaby for yourselves.'

WEDDING EXTRAVAGANCES.

THE following sensible observations on the wastefulness which often takes place on marriage occasions, are from the pen of Camilla Crosland—our old and esteemed contributor originally known as Camilla Toulmin. They appear in *Social Notes*, a weekly periodical not unlike our own, edited by Mr S. C. Hall, and which has our best wishes for its success.

'How many people there are who in fine clothes and with smiling faces "assist" at a modern wedding, yet in their heart of hearts think the profuse outlay and the general festive arrangements usual on the occasion a piece of tiresome folly! Few, however, like to make a dead set against time-honoured customs, unless strong personal feelings or personal interests are concerned.

'Marriage may certainly lay claim to being the most important event in life, and as such there must ever be solemnity associated with it. In fact our Prayer-book speaks of the solemnisation of matrimony. Of course it is right that there should be a certain publicity attached to every marriage ceremony, and probably in this fact originated the custom of inviting friends to be present on the occasion, till by degrees wedding-parties have become more and more crowded, and now it is a common thing for a vast assembly to congregate at them. Of course where there is great wealth, and people love this sort of display, and bride and bridegroom have nerve for it, and are, moreover, happy in possessing "troops of friends," there is no reason why money should not circulate—the confectioner revel in *chefs-d'œuvre*, the florist realise a week's ordinary income in bouquets, and the milliner make her mint of money by rich toilets. But a vice of the English middle class is to ape the rank above it; and I confess it has often to me seemed pitiable to know at what a cost of after self-denial a showy wedding has taken place.

'It is desirable that when two young people, suitable in age, character, station, are warmly attached, they should be married as soon as prudence permits. Let us take, for instance, the case of an accomplished but portionless young lady, the eldest of several daughters, who has been accustomed to utilise her talents in the home circle. She has been engaged, say four years, to a gentleman in a government office with a slowly rising salary. He is about thirty, she five or six and twenty. He has saved enough money to furnish a pretty little suburban dwelling, and she will be provided by her father with a modest *trousseau*, and they think it now high time to "settle." Their income, even including a fatherly allowance for pin-money, will be considerably less than five hundred pounds per annum, and they, being good arithmeticians, know they must live quietly, visit and entertain only in a homely, friendly manner, and neither go to nor give formal parties. Of what use is the costly white silk bridal dress, which in all human probability will never in its original state be worn again? It will, of course, be laid up carefully, and looked at occasionally with tender sentimental interest; but by-and-by, in a year or two, it will seem old-fashioned, and most probably be picked to pieces and dyed some serviceable colour. Then there were probably at least four bride's-maids, each to be presented with a jewelled *souvenir* by the not too affluent bridegroom, and the costly wedding-breakfast to be provided by the father. One mischief of the thing being that the whole arrangement becomes a precedent, so that the next sister who marries would seem slighted if she were to have a less stylish wedding.

'Perhaps the costly entertainment—which is often a great trial to the feelings of the parties most chiefly concerned—can only be given by dipping into a very slender capital, or by relinquishing the autumn seaside holiday. The worst of the matter is that the class a little below the one I have attempted to describe, imitates the bad example in its own way and to its own detriment.'

Mrs Crosland, in conclusion, mentions a case in which persons of respectable standing consulted economy and common sense in their marriage arrangements. 'Due arrangements having been quietly made, the young lady one morning, dressed in ordinary attire, escorted by her father to "give her away," and accompanied by a younger sister to serve as bride's-maid, walked to the parish church, where the expectant bridegroom was ready to receive them. There the ceremony was performed, the little party returning to partake of the family luncheon before the wedded pair started on their tour. Was not this an example worthy under many circumstances to be followed?'

CANINE CUNNING.

The following is from a correspondent: 'A near neighbour of mine has a large mongrel dog, a terrible nuisance to all passing the house, which unfortunately stands near the highway. The brute has the nasty habit of rushing out and attacking every passing vehicle. Complaints were loud and numerous; and at length the owner hit upon a plan which he thought would effectually

cure his dog. He attached a small log of wood or a "clog" by a chain to his collar. This answered admirably; for no sooner did the dog start in pursuit of anything than the clog not only checked his speed but generally rolled him over into the bargain. Now this would not do. Doggie was evidently puzzled, and reflected upon the position; and if he did not possess reasoning powers, he certainly shewed something very like them, for he quickly overcame the difficulty, and to the surprise of all, was soon at his old work, nearly as bad as ever. And this is how he managed. No longer did he attempt to drag the clog on the ground and allow it to check and upset him, but before starting he caught it up in his mouth, ran before the passing horse, dropped it, and commenced the attack; and when distanced, would again seize the clog in his mouth, and resume his position ahead, and thus became as great a pest as ever. Even on his ordinary travels about he is now seen carrying his clog in his mouth, instead of letting it drag on the ground between his legs.'

LOST DOGS.

Few facts will better illustrate the vast scale on which almost everything presents itself in the English metropolis, even so humble a subject as that of poor dogs that have temporarily lost their masters, than one mentioned in the Annual Report of the Chief Commissioner of Police. He informs us that nearly nineteen thousand (more than 18,800) stray dogs were taken charge of by the police in the metropolis during the year 1876! A little romance might be mixed up with the story of most of these homeless wanderers, if we could but know it: how Carlo or Boxer was distressed at losing his protector. The animals were either taken for a while to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, or were otherwise provided for.

IN MEMORIAM.

(M. A. W.—POETESS. *ÆTAT* 25.)

O NOBLE heart! so gentle, kind;
Thy life, like a brief summer wind,
Hath passed away,
And left me here on earth to mourn
Thine early flight to that sweet bourne
Where angels stay.

There may my soul from slumber 'wake
When heaven and earth their concord break,
And Time is o'er;
When Christ, in his enthroned array,
Proclaims aloud his Advent Day
From shore to shore!

There may we meet at last and find
(Mind, heart, and soul for aye entwined)
Eternal rest;
There tread together Eden's bowers—
The land of life and light and flowers—
With souls as blest.

Brief was thy sojourn here, sweet girl;
And life, with all its glittering whirl,
Soon passed thee by;
Leaving the flower to droop unseen,
The world rolled on, not heeding e'en
Thy dying cry.

In that dark hour, thy fleeting soul,
Regardless of Death's stern control,
Broke forth in song;
And as the falt'ring numbers came,
By angels fair thy hallowed fame
Was borne along.

O well-beloved! enseaumed in light,
If thou canst gaze upon my night
Of lonely grief:
Behold me now, and mark the tears
That still must flow through future years
Without relief.

Yet the dread tomb which steals away
From brightest gem its purest ray—
The Life sublime!
Must know we can its power defy,
For thou art safe beyond the sky,
And for all time.

Yea; thou art safe with that great God
Who rules Creation with a rod
Of love and light;
The Being of a glorious mien,
Whose majesty is Grand, Serene,
And Infinite!

Oh, better far thou shouldst be there,
Removed from this world's doubt and care—
A gloomy train;
Full-veiled in peerless robes of light,
Enthroned where comes nor storm, nor night,
Nor grief, nor pain.

And could I gaze above and see
The glow of immortality
That veils thy soul,
And feel thy holy presence near,
To guard me from ungodly fear,
And its control:

Then should I bless the hidden blow
That laid my darling's bosom low
Within the grave;
And own that Love's immortal Hand
Did guide the swift unerring brand
Which struck to save.

J. A. E.

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2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written.

4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.

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PRICE 1½d.

WANDERINGS ROUND ST VALERY.

SHOULD there be any one who wishes to spend a few weeks in a quiet French watering-place not far from the English coast, let him try St Valery. Here he will not find the fashion and gaiety of Trouville, requiring a dozen new costumes for his wife in as many days, nor the picturesque scenery of Biarritz and the Pyrenees. Yet the flat plains of Picardy have their charms, and there is much to interest the archæologist. This is the classic ground of the troubadours. There are great memories of heroic deeds in the middle ages, and some of the finest monuments of religious zeal. Rivers flow quietly through narrow vulleys, planted with willows and poplars, often enlarging into small lakes, where the water-lily spreads its broad leaves and queenly flowers.

Wandering on the downs near the sea, the scenery is sad, but offers a grand and severe beauty of its own. Nothing is there to recall the presence of man; it is a desert, with the eternal murmur of the ocean and the ever-changing aspects of the season. Animals and birds abound in these solitudes; rabbits swarm in their burrows to such a degree that fourteen hundred have been taken from one spot at the same time. The fishing-hawk comes to seek its food in the finny tribes that rise to the surface of the water; a species of wild-fowl intrudes into the rabbit's burrow and there builds her nest; the sea-gull deposits her eggs on the bare rock; the curlew mingles her plaintive cry with the harsher note of the heron. In the cold days of winter the swan, the eider-duck, the wild-geese, driven from the northern seas by the ice, take refuge on the sands left bare at low-water. Sometimes, during the prevalence of east wind, rare foreign birds are driven to the shores; and in the marshes, lapwings, snipes, and water-fowl abound. Capital ground this, for the ornithologist and wild-fowler.

St Valery itself, situated on the river Somme and occupying an important military position, suffered most cruelly in the wars of the middle

ages. Its old walls have seen the inhabitants slaughtered and the fleets burned twenty times; English, Burgundians, and Spaniards have helped to level it to the dust; yet the brave little town has risen again from its ruins and set to work to restore its thriving commerce. Here it was that a tragical event happened in the thirteenth century, when the powerful Lord de Coucy held his sway. Many a story-teller and troubadour has narrated within the castle walls how he married the lovely Adèle, daughter of the Comte de Ponthieu, and how, as she was passing through a forest with too small an escort for such lawless times, she was attacked by brigands and subjected to the greatest indignities. Her husband, with equal cruelty, wished to efface the affront, and ordered her to be thrown into the sea. Some Flemings, sailing on their way to the Holy Land, saw the beautiful lady floating on the waves, took her on board, and when they arrived, sold her to the Sultan of Amaria, who by kind treatment made her happy in her banishment.

But whilst she forgot her country and her religion, the husband and father were filled with the deepest remorse, and determined to do penance by going to Jerusalem. A fearful tempest stranded them on the territory of the Sultan, by whose orders they were thrown into a dungeon. The day after, a great festival was held in honour of the Sultan's birthday; and according to the custom of the country, the people came to the palace to demand a Christian captive to torture and kill. The choice fell upon the Comte de Ponthieu. When he was brought out, and the astonished Adèle recognised him, she said to her husband: 'Give me, I pray you, this captive; he knows how to play at chess and draughts.' Her request was granted; and then another captive appeared, the Lord de Coucy. 'Let me also have this one,' she said; 'he can tell wonderful stories to amuse me.' 'Willingly,' answered the obliging Sultan. Recognition was soon established among the three; pardon was sought, and granted; and Adèle, under pretext of taking a sail, escaped with the two captives, and landed in France. They regained

their own possessions, and from that time lived a life of great piety.

Leaving St Valery, let us take a pleasant excursion to see the fine old feudal castle of Ram-bures. There is probably not a more perfect specimen of the military architecture of the middle ages in the whole of France. We walk round it and admire the four enormous brick towers rising at the angles of the quadrangular fortress, crowned with the roofs then so much in favour, resembling pepper-boxes. The walls, many yards in thickness, are pierced with embrasures; where we now stand they seem like a narrow slit; but when we enter, there is ample room for a man and horse to stand in them. Everything is prepared for a long defence: descending into the vaults, there are stables for a number of horses, ovens to bake bread for a regiment, wells, and store-rooms ready to contain any amount of provisions. Below these cold dark excavations are the still more melancholy *oubliettes*, a suitable name, where the prisoners were too often forgotten and allowed to die a lingering death of starvation. Here the lord of the place could without any trial confine his vassals who refused to grind their wheat at his mill, bake their bread at his bakehouse, or get in his harvest at the loss of their own. Such was the state of affairs in these olden times!

The shore-line takes us to the oldest hereditary fief of the French monarchy, a spot rendered interesting from its connection with Joan of Arc. A few houses, half-buried in sand, form what the people still persist in calling 'the port and town of Crotot,' once so flourishing as the centre of commerce for the wines of the south and the wool and dye-woods of Spain, which were shipped off from here to the cloth-workers of Flanders. When it belonged to our kings Edward II. and III., the port dues amounted to no less than twelve hundred pounds, a very large sum for those days; now they are but thirty-two pounds a year. The honest hospitable fishermen are always ready to rescue any distressed ship driven on to the coast by storms. It is remembered that one of their race, whose name was Vandenthum, saved the Duc de Larochehoucauld. In the worst days of the Revolution, when it was a crime to bear a title, this most devoted of the adherents of Louis XVI. fled to Crotot, in the hope of getting to England. Before getting into Vandenthum's boat, the Duke gave his valet half of a card, the ace of hearts, saying: 'When this good fisherman brings you the other half, I shall be safe on the other side; pray take it at once to my wife.' The card was delivered; and every year after the Duke shewed his gratitude by making Vandenthum spend a fortnight with him, treating him in a princely manner, seating him at his side, and recognising him as his deliverer.

It was in the strong castle of this place where Joan of Arc was imprisoned in 1430. From Amiens came a priest to receive her confession and administer the sacrament; and many ladies and citizens from the same place, sympathising with her under her cruel treatment, visited her. Thanking them warmly and kissing them, she exclaimed, weeping: 'These are good people; may it please God, when my days are ended, that I may be buried in this place.' If you talk to the fishermen's wives here, they speak of this heroic woman with profound respect; and singularly enough, the

last branch of her family has settled among the people she loved. They are living in comparative poverty, having a place in the Custom-house, but are proud of the letters-patent which authorise them to adopt the name of Du Lis, and bear on their arms the *fleur de lis* of the Bourbons.

Six miles away we come to the once celebrated church of Rue, with a dismantled fortress, a belfry, clock tower, and gibbet of the olden times. St Wulphy was a saint of miracle-working power, and to him the church was dedicated; but in the incessant attacks of the Normans his relics were carried off. The saint still cared for his church, and prayed God to give his people something better; whereupon some workmen digging near Golgotha found buried in the earth a crucifix, sculptured by Nicodemus. This was set afloat at Jaffa in a boat without oars, sail, or pilot, and soon stranded on the shore of Rue. In the present day it is trade which turns villages into towns; then it was faith; wherever the relics of a saint were to be found, the most obscure place grew rapidly in riches and population. Thus pilgrims flocked to this out-of-the-way place from all parts of France; the popes granted indulgences to those who visited it, and it became a rival to St James of Compostella. Here was often found Louis XI., who had great need for desiring pardon, and miser though he was, left behind him rich presents. Of the fine old church nothing remains but a chapel, which is a masterpiece of architectural beauty; the legend of the bark is represented on the tympanum, and on the façade are statues of several of the kings of France. All its rich treasures and the miraculous cross were carried away at the end of the last century by the faithless dragoons of the Republican army.

Musing on the changes of time and public opinion, we look far away over the downs towards Abbeville, and under the shadow of the large forest which darkens the horizon, call to mind the great victory which the armies of England gained on the field of Crécy. Edward III. knew the country well, for his youthful days had been passed at the Château Gard-les-Rue, which belonged to his mother, Isabel of Ponthieu. Walking over the ground, the spots where the carnage was most terrible may be traced by the names given to tracts of land, such as the *Marche à Carognes*, meaning 'The Pathway of Corpses.' In the morning, when the fields are covered with dew, the deep ditches where the victims were buried may be distinctly traced, for there, curiously enough, the earth remains damp much longer than in the other furrows. Standing in the green forest-road is an old cross of sandstone, which the peasants tell you is the spot where the body of the king of Bohemia was found. He was one of the most faithful allies of the French king, and blind; but in the midst of the battle he desired his two faithful knights to lead his horse in, that he might strike one last blow for his friend. All the three fell together in front of the hill, from which the English archers drew their bow-strings with such fatal effect that ten thousand of the French were left dead on the battle-field. Here it was that the gallant Black Prince won his spurs, and the crest of feathers which still pertains to our Prince of Wales.

Starting on the road to Abbeville, and passing

the large beetroot manufactories which abound in Picardy, we gain a beautiful view of the fertile vale of the Somme; but our destination is eastward, to visit St Riquier. Two monks from Bangor are said to have preached the gospel here 590 A.D., and incurring the anger of the idolatrous people, they were attacked and would have perished but for the help of one of their converts named Riquier. After their departure he became a priest, and continued the good work, founding an abbey, which King Dagobert richly endowed. This exquisite building was built in the form of a triangle, as a symbol of the Trinity. The number three was everywhere reproduced; three doors opened into the vestibule, three chapels rose at the angles, three altars, three pulpits, the three symbols of Constantinople, of St Athanasius, and the apostles. Three hundred monks and thirty-three choristers sang in the processions, and finally the abbot fed daily three hundred poor persons.

Whilst the ruthless hands of the whitewasher have destroyed innumerable frescoes, there still remain two large mural paintings in the treasury of this church, one being a representation of the translation of the relics of St Riquier, the other a Dance of Death. The latter is divided into three compartments; in the first are three skeletons, one digging a grave, another holding a spade (the emblem of demolition), the third an arrow, the instrument of death. Richly-dressed well-mounted cavaliers appear in the second, setting out for the chase with falcons on their wrists; but at the sight of the skeletons the horses rear, and one of the falcons is flying away. In the last, persons of every rank are walking together to the grave; a wild and poetical teaching, which recalled, in the midst of the inequalities of the feudal days, the certainty of their all meeting in the final resting-place.

It was in these well-known funeral allegories that religious thought took refuge, whilst burlesque associations or brotherhoods traversed the towns in disorganised bands, and the troubadours sang their romances of ladies catching hearts in their nets to put into the box of forgetfulness. Christian art endeavoured to bring men back to the remembrance of God by shewing them death under various aspects. Sometimes the artist placed him with a coffin under his arm in the cortège of kings; or as a guest at the marriage-feast standing behind the bride; or as a wood-cutter lopping off branches laden with nobles and citizens; as if to illustrate that however high the position in this world, all must at last fall.

To St Riquier, Charlemagne loved to repair, and he made it a centre of learning, like Tours, Metz, and St Gall. Some remains of the old towers of his day still remain, as well as the mosaic roses which he sent for from Rome to adorn it. In the porch were buried two abbots who were killed in 853, in one of the numerous incursions of the Normans. Their bodies were found wrapped in sheep-skins, when the beautiful church of the fifteenth century rose from the ashes of the old one. Among the many statues of saints which adorn the main portal is a very noble one of Joan of Arc, holding a half-broken lance; her eyes are cast down, and the expression is that of a perfectly beautiful but sad countenance. She was confined in the castle for a few days.

Upon the beauties of Amiens we must not

dwell; it was a centre for the cultivation of poetry, sculpture, and the fine arts throughout the middle ages. The inhabitants worked at its glorious cathedral for sixty-eight years, forming a kind of camp, and relieving each other as they cut the stones, singing canticles the while. The tall spire was destroyed by a thunderbolt in 1527; but two zealous village carpenters determined to rebuild it; and six years later it was finished. Many monograms testify to the visits of master-masons, who came to admire the work of the Picardy peasants; the eighteen hundred medallions detailing the history of the world, besides many bas-reliefs carved by the old workmen of Amiens. Abbeville is also a most interesting old town, not only for its past monuments, but as the home of that modern geologist M. de Perthes, who has left his museum of relics to the city. We must bid adieu to Picardy, to its hardy peasants, delicious cider, and well-cultivated plains with regret, as being not the least interesting among the French provinces, and well worthy the notice of the wandering traveller.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AT THE STANNARIES.

'We shall have a delightful day,' said young Lady Alice joyously, as the sweet scent of the bruised heather and the steam of the wet earth came floating on the breeze, and the clouds rolled off majestically seawards, leaving the broad surface of Dartmoor, like a purple robe dashed with green, flecked and dappled by the dancing sunbeams. 'A delightful day for our peep at the old Stannaries,' repeated the girl. 'The air will be all the fresher and the weather steadier, for the heavy shower of this morning.'

Lady Alice, the youngest and, some said, the cleverest of the Earl's daughters, was an indulged child, and there was a carriage at High Tor which she regarded as her very own. This was a low wagonette, built of light osier-work, lined with dark blue, and drawn by a hairy-heeled pony, quite as shaggy as a bear, and not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog. The villagers for miles around were tolerably familiar with the jingle of the bells that were attached to the pony's collar; but on the present occasion the boy in livery who held the reins had been bidden to strike into one of the rugged roads that led into the moor itself, where hamlets were scarce, and even isolated dwellings few and far between.

'It would be a thousand pities,' said Lady Alice presently, turning towards Ethel, who sat beside her in the wagonette, 'not to shew you the Stannaries—which are among our principal lions hereabouts—before the winter-storms set in. It is not always pleasant or quite safe to go so far into the moor after apple-harvest.'

'But you forget,' said Ethel, smiling, 'that I, in my ignorance, have not the very faintest idea as to what Stannaries may be.'

'Is it possible!' exclaimed the child, turning upon her governess a glance of that pitying wonder with which the very young receive a confession of deficient information on the part of their elders. 'Did you really never hear, Miss Gray, of our Cornish and Devon tin-mines?—we call them Stannaries because *stannum* is the Latin word for

tin, you know—which were worked, ever so many hundreds and thousands of years ago, by Phœnicians and Carthaginians and Jews I believe, and Romans I am sure. Very ancient they are at any rate, and very curious; and I want to shew you ours, the only ones in this part of Dartmoor, with the stone huts of the miners still standing, although no tin has been taken out of the lodes for many a long year.'

Ethel laughed good-humouredly at her own scanty stock of local lore.

'I have read,' she said gently, 'of tin mines in Cornwall, and of that place with the odd name Marazion, which made people fancy the Lost Tribes were to be looked for somewhere near the Land's End, and how the Phœnicians came of old in ships to fetch the tin away. But I did not know they came to Devon too.'

'O yes; they did,' persisted Lady Alice, eager for the credit of her county. 'Our workings are quite as ancient as the great Cornish mines, though not so big. And there was once a Mayor of Halgaver, and a sort of diggers' law on the moor, as there is among the gold-seekers in Australia now. I have heard Papa speak of it. But there is the farmhouse'—pointing to a dwelling, screened by black firs from the cold north-east winds, which crowned a swelling ridge of high ground—'where we can leave the pony till we have finished our explorings. You are a capital walker, and so am I; and the way to enjoy the moor and understand it is to cross it on foot.'

The pony, wagonette, and lad in livery being duly left at the farm, the two girls set off together to traverse the distance that intervened between the ridge on which the house was built and a bleak table-land from which cropped up, like fossil mushrooms, many gray stones of various shapes.

'Those are the Circles—the Rounds as the poor people call them,' said Lady Alice in her character of cicerone. 'Nobody in these parts cares to be near them after dark. They are said to be haunted, but that is all nonsense of course.'

'They look cold and ghostly enough even in broad daylight,' said Ethel, as they pushed on along a broad smooth track of emerald green, one of several green belts that varied the dull purple of the sea of heather. Overhead, on tireless wing, the hawk wheeled. The lapwing, with complaining note, skirred the plain, striving with world-old artifice of drooping wing and broken flight, to lure away the human intruders from her flat nest, full of speckled eggs. The moorland hare, dark-furred and long-limbed, broke abruptly from her seat and galloped off unpursued. The Circles were reached at last, and proved to be quaint rings of dilapidated buildings, all of unhewn stone and of the rudest construction. Here and there the huts, roof and walls alike composed of rough slabs, were intact. Nothing could be more desolate than the appearance of these bare, gaunt hovels, reared by the hands of the long dead, standing solitary in the midst of a desert.

'Here they lived once upon a time, those old people, the heathen miners, whose bronze tools and lumps of ore and morsels of charred wood are even now sometimes picked up by boys who hunt for birds' eggs on the moor. They worked near the surface, and never drove their galleries very deep into the earth. And then came Chris-

tian times, when these hovels were inhabited by very different dwellers, until at last the mines were given up as no longer worth the labour of winning the tin.'

Ethel looked around her with a kind of awe. She had imagination enough to enable her to realise the dim Past, when these deserted huts were peopled by inhabitants strange of garb and speech, gnomes of the mine utterly unlike to any who now tread English ground. In fancy she could behold the motley throng of Pagan toilers, whose bronze picks had once rung against gneiss and granite, mica and sandstone, on the now silent moor. There the Briton, his fair skin stained with woad, and the small and swarthy mountaineer whose forefathers had preceded the Celt in ownership of the land, had laboured side by side with Spaniard, Moor, and Goth, with Scythian, Arab, and Indian—slaves all, and mostly captives in war, whom the cruel policy of Rome consigned to far-off regions of the earth, much as our justice stocked Virginian plantations and Australian cattle-runs with the offscourings of ignorance and crime.

It was at the grave as it were of a dead industry that Ethel now stood. The ground, honey-combed by what resembled gigantic rabbit-burrows, was strewn here and there with dross and scoræ, and blackened by fire, wherever the remains of a rude kiln told of smelting carried on long ago.

'I have all sorts of things to shew you,' said Lady Alice impatiently. 'Just look into one of the huts, and then wonder how human beings could ever have made a home of such a place. See! It is just like a stone bee-hive—no windows. That was for warmth, I suppose. The little light they wanted came in at the door, no doubt. And up above there, where you see the hole between the stones, the smoke must have found its way out, after it had half-choked the lungs and blinded the eyes of those inside the hut. They wanted a good peat-fire though, to keep them alive when the great snows of winter fell; and they had it too, for just see how hard and black the earthen floor has become in the course of years. Now then for the mine where the Roman sword was found, and then for the Pixies' Well.'

The Pixies' Well proved to be a curious natural depression in the rocky soil, thimble-shaped, and about twenty feet in depth, carpeted with moss of the brightest green from the brink to where the water glimmered starlike from amid rank weeds beneath.

'They say the fairies used to dance round this well on Midsummer night and dip stolen children in the water, that they might never long to go back to earth again, but live contentedly in Elfland. Our Devonshire people believe all sorts of things still, you must know, though they are getting ashamed of talking about them before strangers.—Are you tired, Miss Gray?'

Miss Gray was not tired, and her mercurial pupil thereupon proposed a visit to a new attraction.

'The idea of it came into my head while we were looking down into the well,' explained Lady Alice; 'and though the Hunger Hole is not one of the sights of the Stannaries, still if you are not afraid of a longer walk, we might visit it and yet be at home in good time. It is a mile or more from here.'

'That is an odd name, the Hunger Hole,' said Ethel. 'I suppose there is some legend to account for so ominous a word?'

'There is indeed,' said the Earl's youngest daughter as, by Ethel's side, she left the ring of ruinous huts and passed along a strong causeway that led towards the west; 'and moreover, in this case there can be no doubt about its being true. A young Jacobite—it was just after the Northern rising in 1715—fled to a country-house near here, Morford Place, where his mother's family lived, hoping to be sheltered and enabled to embark secretly for France. There had been treachery at work, however, for the fugitive's intentions were revealed to the authorities; and on the morning of the very day when he arrived in mean disguise, constables and soldiers had searched the mansion from garret to cellar.

'That the poor refugee should be concealed at Morford seemed impossible, and yet as the roads were beset and the harbours watched, escape over sea was not for the moment to be thought of. The squire of Morford bethought him of the place that we are going to see, which was then known to very few, and where priests had often been hidden, when every Jesuit who came to England carried his life in his hand. So young Mr John Grahame—that was his name—was lodged in the grotto that we shall presently see, and sometimes one of the ladies of the family, his cousins, and sometimes a trusty servant, carried him food. But the poor young man had some secret enemy who could not rest until assured of his destruction, for just as the rigour of the pursuit seemed to be over, and it was arranged that the fugitive should be put on board a smuggling craft bound for the French coast, Morford Place was again searched, and a chain of sentries posted, with orders to shoot whoever tried to pass them by.

'Day after day dragged on, and no food could be conveyed to the unfortunate occupant of the Hiding Hole—the Priest's Hole, as they called it then—while the dragoons scoured the country, questioning the folks in every village if a stranger had been seen. No doubt it was hoped that famine would force the Jacobite to leave his retreat; but after a time the soldiers grew tired of waiting, or the authorities imagined they had been on a false scent. At anyrate the troops were withdrawn. But when some of the Morford family stole, trembling, to the unfrequented spot where their luckless kinsman lay hid, they stood aghast to see the raven and the carrion-crow flapping and screaming about the grotto—a sure sign that there was death within. True enough, poor young Grahame had perished of want, sooner than venture forth to be dragged to the jail and the gibbet; and ever since that day the place has borne the name of the Hunger Hole.'

By this time the stony causeway had given place to a narrow footway that led through one of those swamps that vary the undrained surface of Dartmoor. To left and right rose tall reeds, thick enough to simulate a tropical cane-brake, while wild flax, mallows, and stunted alder-bushes abounded. The moor-hen sprang from her nest among the bulrushes that bordered the sullen pools of discoloured water, and the snake crept hissing through the coarse grass, as if angry at the unwonted trespass on his haunts. The unstable ground, even at that dry season of the year,

shook beneath the feet of the explorers; and it was easy for Ethel to give credence to her pupil's statement that even the hardy moorman avoided Bitternley Swamp in winter.

'The place took its name from the bitterns that used to abound here,' said Lady Alice; 'but there is no nook too lonely for the men whom the London bird-stuffers employ, and the last bittern was shot two years since. Soon there won't be a feathered creature, except pheasants and partridges and perhaps the sancy sparrows, left alive.—But that—as they passed a sheet of dark water, stained by the peat of the morass until it resembled ink in hue—is Blackpool; and yonder, among those rocks on the bank above, is the Hunger Hole. You cannot see the opening of the grotto from here—that is the beauty of it—but wait till we get quite close, and then you will understand how naturally the cave was made to hide in.'

Even when the two girls had got clear of the swamp and scrambled up the rude flight of steps, nearly effaced by time and rains, that facilitated the scaling of the precipitous bank, Ethel could see no signs of the grotto they sought, until her youthful companion pulled aside the hazel boughs, that grew between two angles of lichen-incrusted rock, and disclosed, about a yard above their heads, a narrow fissure, too low for a person of ordinary stature to enter without stooping, and even then half-hidden by grass and brambles.

'That is the Hunger Hole,' said Lady Alice triumphantly. 'A fugitive may lie concealed here, I think, if the enemy were ranging all the moor to capture him. It is higher inside than at the mouth, and the bridge within gives access to the inner chamber. Come; we must be quick.—Ah! there is no danger,' added the girl, mistaking the cause of her companion's hesitation.

'I am not afraid; I was merely thinking of the sad story of this place,' said Ethel with a shudder that she could not repress. And passing over the boulders of loose rock, they entered Indian file into the Hunger Hole.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE HUNGER HOLE.

Ethel, on following her young pupil through the darkling portal of the cave, moved forward at first with extreme precaution; but gradually, as her eyes became accustomed to the dim 'mysterious' light that reigned within, she could distinguish that the grotto really did increase in height within two paces of the entrance, and that it was quite possible to stand upright without inconvenience beneath the rocky roof. She saw that she was in a natural cavern of small dimensions, the irregular level of the floor being moistened by the water that oozed through a crevice between two mossy stones and trickled onwards until it fell, with a monotonous dripping sound, into a chasin some ten or eleven feet in breadth, over which a wooden bridge, the timbers of which were black with age and coated with colourless growths of fungi and mosses, afforded the means of passing.

'They say the Hunger Hole was known and used from very early times,' observed Lady Alice, stepping fearlessly upon the dilapidated bridge, of which the hand-rails, if such there had been, had long since rotted away. 'But its very existence was kept secret by the Morfords of Morford and two or three other families, of the neighbouring

gentry and their trusty retainers, until after that sad tragedy of which I told you. You will find the inner chamber more comfortable than the outer cave, where the spring is.'

And indeed Ethel found herself in a recess, somewhat smaller than the exterior portion of the cavern, but dry, and free alike from trickling moisture and the unwholesome growth of cryptogams, that carpeted the slimy floor of the antechamber through which they had passed. At one extremity of the chamber a sort of bench or bed-place had been cut, evidently by human agency, in the stony wall. Light came filtered down through boughs and creeping-plants from above the chasm, where a glimpse of the sky might be caught; while beneath, some subterranean pool or streamlet, to judge by the drip, drip, of the water that ran over the mossy lip of the fissure, certainly existed.

'Life must have been very dreary here, spent in solitude, and with the haunting apprehension that at each instant the secret of the hiding-hole might be betrayed or discovered,' said Ethel, again shivering, as though the air of the cave had been icy cold. 'It would be almost better to face any danger than to linger'—

A sudden creaking and cracking, as of breaking wood-work, interrupted Ethel's speech, and was instantly followed by a dull heavy plunge, and then a splashing sound, as though something weighty had fallen from a considerable height into water below.

'Good heavens, the bridge—the bridge!' Such were the words that rose simultaneously to the lips of both the girls, and by a common impulse pupil and governess hurried to the verge of the abyss. Their instinct of alarm had been but too accurate in divining what had occurred. The bridge—the rotten old timbers of which had for centuries been exposed to the corroding influence of time and decay—had disappeared into the depths below, and now an impassable chasm yawned between the young explorers of the cave and the doorway by which they had entered it. They fell back and looked at one another with white scared faces.

Ethel was the first to recover her self-command. 'This is awkward,' she said, trying to smile, 'for we shall be late in reaching High Tor, and I am afraid the Countess will be anxious. Of course, as soon as it is known that we have not returned to the farm where the carriage and pony were left, search will be made.'

'No one will think of looking here,' returned young Lady Alice, with a disconsolate shake of the head. 'We are fully two miles from the Stannaries, and everybody will suppose that we have returned thence by the footpath that crosses Bramberry Common, or the bridle-road that skirts Otter Pool and the Red Rock—short-cuts both of them, and favourite paths of mine, as is known. I am, unluckily, a wilful child, and have a sad character for roving over hill and dale, so that even Mamma will not be frightened at the first. And—and, another thing that is bad. Nobody will suspect us of crossing Bitternley Swamp, even in fine weather, without a gentleman or a man of some sort, to take care of us in case of need. The truth is, Miss Gray, it was a silly thing to do, a fool-hardy trick to play even on a day like this; for lives have been lost there often, as all on the

moor know. We got across dry-footed or nearly so; but it might have been different. My brother said once, I was as bad to follow as a Will-o'-the-Wisp could be.' The girl laughed, as though to reanimate her own drooping spirits, but the sullen echoes of the cave gave back the laughter hollowly.

'Can we not make some signal—call aloud perhaps, to notify our plight to any who may be passing near?' asked Ethel, after a moment's consideration. But even as she spoke she felt the futility of the expedient she had suggested.

'Nobody may pass this way for weeks to come,' said Lady Alice despondently. 'You don't know, you can't guess how very desolate Dartmoor is at most times. We might scream ourselves hoarse, without getting an answer from any voice but that of the peewit by day and the fern-owl by night. No; I was thinking I could perhaps get across.'

But a deliberate survey of the chasm proved the hopelessness of such an attempt. A trained gymnast with nerves exceptionally steady could readily have taken the leap, although to slip or stumble was to incur a certain and miserable death in the unseen waters below. But even the hardy maidens who tend their brass-belled kine among the Alpine pastures of Tyrol would have flinched from the effort to spring from one side of that yawning gulf to the other. Then for a time, a long time, there was silence, unbroken save by the regular plash and tinkle of the water, as it trickled over the floor of the outer cave and fell over into the black abyss below.

'They must surely take the alarm at High Tor,' said Ethel after a space. 'There will be a hue-and-cry through all the neighbourhood. The worst that can happen will be that we may spend the night here, and be very cold and very hungry.'

'Hungry! Yes, we are likely to be that, before we are found,' half-petulantly interrupted Lady Alice. And then there was no more said for a longer time than before.

Ethel's mind was busy as she sat side by side with her pupil on the rough-hewn bench of stone that had been the death-bed of the luckless Jacobite refugee. How little had she thought, when listening an hour or two ago, to the legend of John Grahame's death, that she who told and she who hearkened to the tale would soon be shut up in that dismal lair, to suffer hardship, perhaps even to— No, not to die, so near to home and friends; that was a supposition too wild to be harboured! They must be sought out, found, delivered from the prison to which accident had consigned them. Some one would pass. Some one might even then be within hearing, and be rambling on all-unconscious of the predicament of those within. So strongly did the idea that friendly ears might be near present itself to Ethel, that she started to her feet, calling aloud again and again for help. The hollow echoes of the cave returned the sound, as though in mockery, while Lady Alice sat mute and listless on the rocky bench. Presently she too sprang up. 'I cannot bear it,' cried the young girl, in her quick impetuous way. 'I would sooner run the risk of fifty deaths than remain here, listening to the dreadful drip, drip, of the water as it falls into the pool or the brook beneath. We can't, now

the bridge is gone, cross the fissure. But perhaps, if you would help me, I might manage to scramble to the top of the rocks above here where the light comes down, and at anyrate wave a handkerchief, or do something to attract attention if any one comes near.'

Ethel glanced up at the ragged rocks draped with weed and bramble, and then down at the gaping chasm, into which a false step would probably hurl any aspirant who should prove unequal to the attempt.

'It is for me to try it, my dear, not you,' she said quietly, but with a resolution that was not to be shaken. 'I am taller and stronger; and besides, how could I meet the Countess again if I allowed you to run into a danger I shrank from?' And without further prelude Ethel grasped a tough tendrill of the ivy that hung within reach, and by clinging to every crevice or angle of the rock that could yield support to foot or hand, succeeded in gaining a ledge of stone, above which a tall slender hazel shot up into the free air. But to climb the few feet of bare stone above her was impossible. 'It is idle; I cannot do it,' she said sadly.

It did indeed begin to seem a hopeless case, that is supposing that young Lady Alice was correct in her estimate of the loneliness of the spot and of the unlikelihood of succour.

'I cannot reach the top; the rock is as steep as a wall,' said Ethel, again looking down from amidst the ferns and foxgloves, the ivy trails and ropes of bramble, that half-filled the aperture.

'That tall nut-tree, it is close to your hand,' cried the quick-witted young damsel below. 'Could you not pull it towards you, tie your handkerchief to the topmost bough, and let it spring up again? That would give us a chance, should any one come near.'

With some difficulty Ethel succeeded in grasping the tough stem of the tall hazel, and bending it until she was able to make fast her handkerchief, as Alice had suggested, to the uppermost twigs. Up sprang the slender stem again the instant it was released, and the white pennon fluttered out, clear of the rocks, in the moorland breeze.

'We have hoisted our flag,' said Lady Alice blithely, 'to let them know we are at home.' But as hour after hour went by, and the longed-for help came not, and the increasing gloom of the faint cool light that filled the grotto told of the waning of the day, the spirits of Ethel's young charge lost their buoyancy.

'I wish at least,' she said pcevishly, 'that tire-some dripping of the water would but stop. I feel as though it would drive me mad. Why not try the jump back over the chasm? Even if one fell in, it would be better so than to die by inches.'

Ethel did her best to impart comfort. But her pupil would not be comforted.

'No, no!' she said repeatedly; 'they will not find us till—till it is too late. The last place where any one would dream of looking is the Hunger Hole. It is so far off that nobody will imagine we walked all the way; and then, as none know of the broken bridge, it will never occur to any one that we are shut up here. They will believe us to be drowned. It is not difficult to get smothered in a swamp hereabouts. And

the pools will be dragged and the rivers examined, and still the riddle will remain unsolved.'

Presently the girl crept up to Ethel's side and stole her hand into that of her governess. 'I want you to forgive me, Miss Gray—Ethel dear,' she said in a low voice. 'It is my wilfulness that has been the cause of all.'

Ethel answered her soothingly; and with a great sob young Lady Alice, who was no coward, kept down her rising tears. For an hour or more they sat silent, hand in hand.

'Do you remember,' whispered Alice De Vere, after a time, 'an old, old song, *The Mistletoe Bough*? Maud sings it. I am afraid it will come true for us, and the Hunger Hole will have a new story.'

SOME ANIMAL ENEMIES OF MAN.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the domain of human existence is singularly liable to be intruded upon by lower forms of both animal and plant life, which may in some cases inflict injury of great extent upon man's possessions or even upon his bodily frame. Not so long ago a foreign member of the beetle-fraternity threatened the interests of agriculturists in this country, and caused consternation to prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land. And although the alarm with which the advent of the insect-intruder was hailed has now disappeared, agriculturists would inform us that their especial territory is beset with other insect-enemies which invariably damage their crops, and which in certain seasons cause the disastrous failure of many a thriving field. Witness in proof of this the ravages of the 'turnip-fly' and its neighbours, which blight the crops in some districts to an extent which must be seen to be realised. Or take the case of the hop-grower, whose favourable prospects largely depend on the absence of a small species of plant-lice which specially affects these plants, and which in certain seasons may cause, by their enormous increase, the total failure of this important crop. Nor do our insect-foes confine their ravages to growing-crops. When the fruits of the harvest have been duly gathered in and stored within the granary, even there they are attacked by minute pests. Numberless insects—flies, beetles, and other forms—select the granary as a nursery or suitable place for the upbringing of their young; the larvæ or young insects feeding on the grain and destroying large quantities by their increase as well as by their destructive habits. Apart from the domain of agriculture, however, lower forms of animal and plant life powerfully affect man's estate. The growth and increase of lower plants produce many skin-diseases; and if it be true—already rendered probable—that epidemics are propagated through the agency of living 'germs' which increase after the fashion of lower forms of life, then it may be held that we are liable to be attacked on every side by enemies, insignificant as to size, but of incalculable power when their numbers are taken into con-

sideration. Parasites of various kinds ravage man's flocks and even affect his own health, so that it is perfectly clear that we do not by any means enjoy any immunity whatever from the enemies which living nature in its prolific abundance produces, and which select man and man's belongings as their lawful spoil.

The animal enemies of man, concerning which we purpose to say a few words in the present paper, belong to a different sphere from that at which we have just glanced. Some of the most powerful marauders upon human territory belong to the Mollusca or group of the true shell-fish, and present themselves as near relations of the oysters, mussels, and their allies. The molluscs which become of interest to man in other than a gastronomic sense, possess, like the famous oyster, a bivalve shell, or one consisting of two halves. In the first of man's molluscan enemies to which we may direct attention, the shell is of small size, and so far from inclosing the body of the animal, appears to exist merely as an appendage to one extremity, which for want of a better term, we may name the head—although, as every one knows, no distinct head exists in the oyster and its kind. Suppose that from this head-extremity, bearing its two small shells, a long worm-like or tubular body is continued, and we may then form a rough and ready, but correct idea of the appearance of the famous 'ship-worm'—the *Teredo* of the naturalist. This animal was first styled the 'ship-worm' by Linnæus and his contemporaries; and in truth it resembles a worm much more closely than its shell-fish neighbours. As a worm, indeed, it was at first classified by naturalists. But appearances in zoological science are as deceptive as they are known proverbially to be in common life, and the progress of research afterwards duly discovered beneath the worm-like guise of the teredo, all the characters of a true mollusc. The long body of the mollusc simply consists of the breathing-tubes, by which water is admitted to the gills, being extremely developed, the body proper being represented by the small portion to which the two small shells are attached.

The importance of the ship-worm arises from the use it makes of these apparently insignificant shells as a boring-apparatus; and any sea-side visitor, residing on a coast where an ocean-swell or severe storms strew the shore with drift-wood, has but to use his eyes to assure himself of the extent and perfection of the ship-worm's labours. Pieces of drift-wood may be seen to be literally riddled by these molluscs, which live in the burrows they thus excavate. Each habitation is further seen to be coated with a limy layer formed by the tubular body, and the boring for the most part is noted to proceed in the direction of the grain of the wood. The little excavator turns aside in its course, however, when it meets with a knot in the wood, and an iron nail appears of all things to be the ship-worm's greatest obstacle—a fact which has been taken advantage of, as we shall presently see, by way of arresting its work of destruction.

Linnæus long ago designated the ship-worm as

the *calamitas navium*, and although perhaps the expression as applied to ships is somewhat far-fetched—save in the case of broken-down hulks—and utterly inapplicable in this age of iron, there can be little doubt that regarded relatively to wooden piles, piers, and like erections, the ship-worm is unquestionably a calamity personified. So, at any rate, thought the Dutch in the years 1731–32, when the teredo began to pay attentions of too exclusive a nature to the wooden piles which supported the great earth-works or 'dikes' that keep the sea from claiming the United Provinces as its own. A Dutchman has been well said to pay great attention to two things which are euphoniously and shortly expressed by the words 'dams' and 'drams.' The former keep the sea from invading his territory, and the latter aid in protecting him personally from the effects of the perennial damp amidst which he exists. The ship-worm in the years just mentioned caused terror to prevail through the length and breadth of the Netherlands, through its appearance in large numbers in the wooden piles of the dams or dikes. On these piles the fortunes of Holland may be said to depend; and the foundations of the Dutch empire might therefore be regarded, correctly enough, as having been sapped and threatened by an envious enemy in the shape of a mollusc, and one belonging to by no means the highest group of that division of animals. The alarm spread fast through the Netherlands, and the government was not slow to appreciate the danger, or to offer a reward of large amount for the discovery of any plan which would successfully stay the progress of such dreaded invaders.

Inventors, it might be remarked, are not slow, as a rule, to accept invitations of such generous nature; and if report speaks truly, the office of discriminating between the worthless and feasible projects which were submitted to the Dutch nation on the occasion referred to, could not have proved either an easy or enviable one. Then came the chemists with lotions innumerable, and the inventors of varnishes, paints, and poisons were in a state of hopeful anxiety. But none of these preparations was found to fulfil the required conditions, and the only project which appeared to savour of feasibility was one which was rejected on account of its impracticable nature—namely that of picking the teredos from their burrows like whelks from their shells. The kingdom of Holland thus appeared in a fair way of being undermined by an enemy of infinitely greater power and one less capable of being successfully resisted than the Grand Turk, who once upon a time declared his intention of exterminating the nation with an army whose only weapons were spades and shovels. But after a period of unrestricted labour, the ship-worm 'turned tail' on the Netherlands, and disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving only a few stragglers to mark the vantage-ground.

Though Britain has not suffered from teredo-epidemics in the same measure as Holland, there can be little doubt that the ravages of this mollusc on the timber of our piers and dockyards, cost us a large sum annually. The stoutest oak is riddled through with the same ease displayed in perforating the softer pine; and in some of our seaport towns, especially on the southern coasts, the yearly estimates for repairs of damage done by the ship-

worm form no inconsiderable item in the government or local expenditure as the case may be. The most effectual plan for the repression of the teredo and for the prevention of its work of destruction appears to be that of protecting the exposed timber by driving therein short nails with very broad heads. These nails form a kind of armour-casing which is rendered more effective through the chemical action of the water in producing rust.

Some molluscs, near neighbours of the teredo, and which burrow for the most part into stone, but occasionally perforate wood, are those belonging to the Piddock-family—the genera *Pholas* and *Saxicava* of the naturalist—celebrated by Pliny of old as phosphorescent animals. The *Saxicava* have somewhat elongated shells, by means of which they burrow in rocks and lie ensconced in their dwelling-places, and whose perforated rock-homes are eagerly sought after by all who delight in forming rockeries in their gardens. These molluscs have ere now caused fears for the safety of Plymouth breakwater, through the persistence with which they excavated their burrows into the substance of the stones. And as has been well pointed out, the destructive action of these molluscs may pave the way for an inroad of the sea; a riddled mass of rock or stone being rendered through their attack liable to disintegration from the action of the waves.

A final example of an animal enemy of man which as regards size is to be deemed insignificant when compared with the teredo, but which nevertheless adds by its destructive work to our annual expenditure, is the little crustacean known as the *Limnoria terebrans*, or popularly as the wood-boring shrimp or 'gribble.' This animal belongs to the group including the familiar 'Slaters' or 'Wood-lice,' found under stones and in damp situations, and by means of its powerful jaws burrows deeply into wood of all kinds. Occasionally, the ship-worm and gribble have been found at work in the same locality and have committed ravages of great extent; the latter, on account of its small size, being more difficult of detection and eradication than its molluscan neighbour.

The consideration of a subject such as the present, it may lastly be remarked, possesses a phase not without some degree of consolation to minds which, if incapable of seeing 'good in everything,' may nevertheless believe in the adjustment and counterbalancing of most of Nature's operations. The repression of animal life by parasites may in one sense prove a gain to nature at large, viewed from a Malthusian stand-point, although humanly considered, there may be differences of opinion regarding the applicability of the opinion to the case of man. But if the ravages of the teredo and its neighbours on the works of man are to be considered as a veritable affliction, we must not fail to think also of the service these animals render in clearing the ocean of vast masses of drift-wood, which, liberated from the mouths of all the great rivers of the world, would speedily accumulate to check navigation and impede commerce in many quarters of the world. The genius of Brunel, which discerned in the manner of the ship-worm's burrowing the true method of excavating the tunnel associated with his name, and which thus improved engineering science by a

happy thought and observation, may also be regarded as bearing testimony to the consoling fact that there exist few evils which are entirely unmixed with good.

MY JOURNEY TO BRIGHTON.

A FEW years ago, in the second week of September, I found myself, very much against my inclination, still inhaling the dusty atmosphere of my London chambers, Lincoln's Inn. I was anxious that the suit upon which I was engaged should be ready for the commencement of the November term; it was unusually intricate; the client a man of high rank and importance, or I should not have allowed it to detain me in town after the 12th of August, at which date all the ordinary temptations had assailed me and had been resisted; and now having relinquished my favourite recreations, both grouse and partridge shooting, all my friends dispersed far and wide, and no companion left in town with whom I cared to spend the remaining weeks of the long vacation, I was quite at a loss whither to betake myself for a change, so necessary to the exhausted legal brain at that period of the year. I turned over the leaves of my *Bradshaw* in the hope of gaining an idea, but its maddening pages left me more unsettled than ever. At last I suddenly resolved to run down to Brighton by the afternoon express, which I found would just give me time to go home for a portmanteau and make the few necessary arrangements for a short absence; one thing only being clear to my mind, that I should not stay long away.

The transit from Lincoln's Inn to Eaton Place, where as a bachelor I still resided with my mother, was rapidly accomplished; and if I had not been unexpectedly detained at home, I should have reached Victoria in comfortable time; as it was, my hansom only drove into the station as the bell was ringing for the train to start, and I hastily jumped into the first carriage in which I could find room, as the train moved on. It proved to be a second-class.

As soon as I had settled myself in my corner, I naturally took an observation of my companions. There were but two on my side of the carriage: an elderly and very provincial-looking lady; and opposite to her, and in the farthest corner from my own, a very young one, who at once arrested my attention. That she was quite a girl was very evident, though her face was almost concealed by one of those ugly blue veils which render the complexion livid, the hair green; but in this instance the actual shade of the latter was visible in the rich plaits which were coiled round the back of her head, and such golden-brown is sure to be accompanied by a skin as fair as that of the slender throat of which I just caught a glimpse. The figure was extremely petite and graceful, the dress perfectly plain, and the whole appearance so undoubtedly that of a young lady, that it seemed an almost incongruous circumstance that she should have in her lap a sleeping infant.

The child—richly dressed in ample robes, and carefully veiled—was so small that I guessed it to be scarcely a month old.

Now we all know that there are women who adore babies, and it is possible that there are also some girls who are given to a predilection so incomprehensible to the masculine mind generally. I concluded that I beheld one of these wonders in my youthful fellow-traveller, as at any slight movement of her little charge, she soothed and hushed it in a truly maternal manner; while her companion (no doubt, thought I, the child's nurse) was entirely occupied, as it seemed to me for want of something else to do, with a huge packet of sandwiches.

Presently our fast train stopped at Croydon. The elderly female prepared to alight; and having assisted her, I offered to hand out the young lady. To my great surprise she said: 'Thank you very much, but I go on to Brighton.'

'And baby too?' I asked.

'O yes!' she replied. 'I never trust him to any one else.'

I was sorely perplexed. Surely, surely she could not be the mother. The thought was preposterous. My curiosity was fairly roused, and I tried to beguile her into conversation on indifferent topics; but she was a discreet little person, and her replies were so monosyllabic, that we arrived at our destination without having become in the least better acquainted. However, as we entered the station, she did at last throw back the ugly veil as she looked somewhat anxiously from the window, and then disclosed to my admiring gaze one of the loveliest faces I had ever looked upon. She appeared to be about sixteen. Large dark eyes bright as stars, were shaded with long black lashes; a rosebud of a mouth, a small delicate nose ever so slightly *retroussé*, and the sudden blush which increased these charms, when I asked if she expected any one to meet her, made a powerful impression upon me *then*, and were destined, though I knew it not at the time, to affect my peace of mind and influence my future life.

I repeated my question before she gave her hesitating answer: 'The fact is I do not expect any one, as my friends do not know that I am alone.'

'Pray allow me then to help you with your luggage, or in any way.'

'Thank you so much, but I have no luggage; the servants brought it all down yesterday.' Then again blushing, she added: 'If you *would* kindly call a fly, it will be all I shall require.'

Before handing her out of the carriage, I offered (I confess in much tribulation) to relieve her of the infant; but she exclaimed, laughing merrily: 'O no; I really could not trust you for the world.'

So we walked together towards the fly, I having previously observed that her ticket, like my own, was for the first-class. Here was another mystery. In my haste I had been glad to secure a seat anywhere; but I recollected that she must have been settled in her corner of the carriage for some time when I jumped in, as she then appeared to be quite absorbed in a book. We now reached the fly; and not in the least incommoded with her burden, she skipped nimbly up the steps, and requested me to direct the driver to '89 Marine Parade.'

'No mystery about the address at all events,'

I thought as I raised my hat to take leave of my fair companion, who bending towards me, thanked me with the sweet voice and refined pronunciation that I love to hear in women, for the slight service I had rendered her, and left me perfectly bewitched by her grace and beauty. I stood gazing after the fly till it was quite out of sight, before I procured one for myself. I could not understand my feelings. That I, a man of the world, accustomed to the society of attractive women, should in my thirtieth year fall in love at first sight with a little girl scarcely more than half that age, seemed incredible. I could not, and would not believe it. No; it certainly was mere curiosity which induced me to traverse Brighton from morning to night in the hope of seeing her again. For three whole days my rambles were unsuccessful. I fancied once that she passed in a barouche on the drive; but it was only the pose in the carriage which struck me, the face being turned away. At last I began to fear that she and her friends had only stopped at Brighton *en route* for some other destination; and feeling utterly weary of all the frequented parts of the gay town, on the fourth morning I wandered towards Cliftonville. A deep reverie was interrupted by the sound of silvery-toned laughter; and considerably below me on the beach I discerned the fairy form which had become so familiar to my imagination. An adjacent seat was a 'coigne of vantage' whence I could watch her who had so attracted me.

She was attired in a dainty morning-dress of pale blue, looped up over the crisp white frills of an under-skirt; she wore the same hat in which I had first seen her, but without the objectionable veil, and still better, was without the far more objectionable baby. A fashionable-looking lady was seated near her occupied with a book; while the fairy (as I shall call her till I know her name) was frolicking about with a little Maltese dog, which she valuably endeavoured to entice into the sea. The little animal, more like a ball of white wool, scampered readily enough after the pebbles thrown for it as the waves retreated, but rushed back to his mistress, as if for protection from the advancing waters, as they returned and broke upon the shingle.

I watched these gambols with the interest of a school-boy, rather than that of a man of my mature age, and felt that I should never tire of so watching them. Then the elder lady rose and spoke to her companion; the latter immediately picked up the little dog, and they walked slowly up the beach towards the place where I was sitting, without observing me until they were so close that I could not avoid (had I so wished) raising my hat to my late railway companion. She returned my salutation with a blush and a smile; while her friend's inquiring glance was somewhat haughty.

'The gentleman, dear aunt,' explained the fairy, 'who was so kind to me on my journey.'

'I am happy, sir, to have the opportunity of thanking you for your attention to my niece,' was the rejoinder—the words being courteous enough, while the manner was so distant, that it was impossible for me to do otherwise than wish them good-morning, and content myself with gazing after the blue cloud which enveloped my fairy till it had melted away in the distance.

Of course I walked in the same direction the following morning, but no fairy appeared to me. I tried the esplanade, the piers, the shops at all hours, without success. At last one day, which I had almost determined should be my last in Brighton, I thought a book might change my thoughts, and by good-fortune went for it to the library in St James's Street. There, standing in the entrance, I beheld the graceful little lady with her white dog. The stately aunt was at the counter turning over the books; and when at last she had made her choice, she found her niece actually conversing with a comparative stranger. I could see that she was not greatly pleased at the meeting, in spite of her studied politeness; but to my infinite satisfaction, a friendly shower detained her, and she was unavoidably drawn into the conversation, though with true English reserve; her niece, on the contrary, chattered away with all the naïveté of a child.

'We must have a fly, Lily,' said the aunt presently. 'I am sure the rain will not cease for some time.'

'Oh, it is really hardly worth while,' replied that young lady, 'we are so near home, and my considerate fellow-traveller has offered us his umbrella.'

'You are extremely polite, sir,' said the frigid duenna; 'but you require it yourself; we cannot think of'—

'Not at all,' I interrupted. 'Pray favour me by using it. Any time will do for returning it; either to the *Old Ship*, where I am staying; or I am here almost every day; or if you will allow me, I would save all trouble by calling for it.' I then presented my card, which bore my town address. It evidently satisfied her, for the icy manner perceptibly thawed; and taking out her card-case, she gave me her own, expressing her hope that they might have the pleasure of seeing me.

Here was a success. I think I must have returned to the hotel on wings—certainly it was not the ordinary walk of mortals which conveyed me; for I found myself seated before my solitary dinner quite oblivious of everything that might have occurred since that parting at the library.

The following afternoon, on wings again, I flew to the temple which enshrined my divinity. Miss Langdale was at home. I had of course inquired for the elder lady. I was conducted up the broad staircase to an elegant drawing-room, its four French windows opening upon a spacious verandah, which pleasantly shaded this luxuriously furnished apartment. A grand-piano and harp testified to the musical tastes of the family. But there was little time for observation, as Miss Langdale entered the room almost immediately. She was very gracious in her welcome; but that could not make up to me for the absence of her charming niece.

'I am sorry,' observed the placid lady, as if stating a very unimportant fact, 'that my niece is not at home; it is the day for her riding-lesson, and unfortunately she has but just gone.'

I could scarcely conceal my bitter disappointment sufficiently to make a conventional reply: 'I was of course fortunate to have found one of the ladies at home in so fine a day, &c.'

There was no difficulty in 'getting on,' as it is called, with Miss Langdale: the inevitable subject

of the weather was disposed of at once; politics occupied almost as short a time; church matters were settled as briefly; in short every conceivable topic was touched upon before I had an opportunity of leading the conversation to the niece.

'I have two nieces under my charge,' said Miss Langdale—'Lilian, whom you have seen; the younger still a child at school; also a nephew, who I assure you is more trouble than both the girls together; but I am happy to say my brother has now sent him abroad with a tutor, so we must hope he will return much improved.' The voluble lady then proceeded to inform me that Mr Langdale had lost his wife when 'Rosa' was born, and that she, the aunt, had resided with the family ever since—a period of ten years. 'So I have had the entire charge of the children, and now look upon them as my own,' she added.

'The niece I have had the pleasure of seeing,' I observed, 'does infinite credit to her training; I think her perfectly charming.'

'I am very glad to hear you say so,' said Miss Langdale; 'it is certainly the general opinion, and I naturally like to think so myself; but it is possible I may be blinded by partiality. To me, Lilian appears guileless as a child with the sense of a woman, a combination which makes her manners very fascinating. But she is really almost too fearless; I never met with a girl with so much self-reliance.'

Longing to hear more, yet not feeling at liberty to ask questions, I merely murmured some commonplace truism about a 'noble quality.'

'So it is,' replied the sedate aunt, 'when not carried too far; that journey, for instance. I positively shudder when I think of a girl like Lily, brought up as she has been, undertaking it quite alone.'

'With the exception of'—I stammered.

Taking advantage of my hesitation, the talkative lady interrupted, as if to help me to my meaning: 'I beg your pardon, Mr Farquhar. She certainly was fortunate enough to meet with a companion who would, I feel sure, have protected her from any annoyance. But think how different it might have been; and she left home expecting to take care of herself.'

Much vexed at being misunderstood, I was hastening to explain, when the door was thrown open and visitors were announced. I had already exceeded the orthodox limits of a morning call, so I rose to take leave, disappointed, yet consoled by an invitation to call again. 'When I hope,' said my hostess, 'that Lily will be at home.'

I need scarcely say that the invitation was accepted; and I made my next visit at an earlier hour than I had ventured upon at the first, which was necessarily more ceremonious. I was on this occasion shewn into a small, exceedingly pretty morning-room, with glass doors opening into a garden, fragrant with mignonette and gay with autumn flowers. I was standing at these open doors inhaling the perfumed air, when Miss Langdale joined me.

'You are admiring our garden, I see,' said that lady. 'I assure you we are very proud of it; for though other people have recently found out that flowers will flourish at Brighton, my brother has always cultivated his. Being his own, he has spared no pains upon the property. We live here almost

as much as at Kensington; and he comes to us as often as business will permit.'

This information was interesting in its way; but my thoughts were with the fairest flower of them all. A slight rustle of silk behind us made me aware of her presence. I held the tiny gloved hand which was placed so frankly in mine a moment longer than was necessary, while I noticed that she was more elaborately dressed than I had before seen her, her hat being of white felt, with a long fleecy ostrich feather lying upon her burnished hair.

'You are going out, I perceive, Miss Lilian,' I observed, preparing regretfully to take leave; 'pray do not let me detain you.'

'You are not detaining us at all,' she replied, 'for you see my aunt has not even begun to dress; but as we generally take a drive in the afternoon, and not knowing you were here, I thought I might as well be ready for it.'

'We shall be extremely pleased if you will accompany us,' said Miss Langdale, addressing me; 'that is, if it will not bore you.'

Bore me indeed! I was in ecstasies.

'Then, if you will excuse me, I will dress at once.—In the meantime, Lily, you can shew Mr Farquhar the garden. I shall not be long.'

Dear, good lady; she might have been all day at her toilet as far as I was concerned; for was I not at last alone with my fairy! Walking up and down the broad gravel walk, we chatted for some time before I found an opportunity of mentioning a subject to which no allusion whatever had been made since the never-to-be-forgotten day of our journey to Brighton.

'I ought to apologise,' I began, 'for not having before asked after our young fellow-traveller. I hope the baby'—

'Oh, pray do not mention it,' cried my companion, a vivid blush overspreading face and throat. 'I have heard quite enough of that baby, I assure you, already.'

This was startling. But I was destined to be still more perplexed, for she added earnestly: 'Promise me, Mr Farquhar, never to allude to that subject before my aunt, or Papa when he comes; he will be here on Saturday. So promise me, or I shall never hear the last of it.'

'You may trust me, indeed you may. But surely you will not refuse to tell me.'

A velvet dress and feathered bonnet now appeared in view, and Miss Langdale approaching, told us that the carriage was at the door. We had a perfectly lovely drive, not dawdling up and down the Parade, but far away over the fresh breezy downs; and when it was over I returned to my rooms a bewitched and bewildered man.

The following Saturday I was introduced to Mr Langdale. He was very cordial, and immediately asked me to dinner. I found him a capital host; and I think we were mutually pleased with the acquaintance.

From that time I was a frequent visitor at the house, and the more I saw of Lily the more passionately I loved her. But for that one forbidden subject, I should have been supremely happy, for I could see that she liked my society; and when her lovely eyes met mine with the open truthful expression which was their characteristic, I could scarcely believe that she had a secret in

the world. Sometimes I forgot it altogether; sometimes it haunted me even in the happiest moments of our intercourse, when, as I relapsed into reverie, she would innocently ask why I was 'so absent.'

I hope I shall not therefore be thought guilty of impertinent curiosity when I confess that I became intensely anxious to solve this provoking mystery. It was not easy to do so; as though almost daily now in Lily's society, I was never alone with her, and I was bound by my promise in the presence of others. The wished-for opportunity, however, occurred at last. It was Saturday, and Mr Langdale was as usual expected by an afternoon train. It was the custom for Miss Langdale and Lily to take the carriage to meet him at the station, and it was at the door when I happened to pass the house. The ladies came out at the same moment. I was about to assist them into the carriage, when Miss Langdale, who looked very ill, said: 'I am afraid, my dear, I am not well enough to go with you; I would rather lie down. With this headache the glare is insupportable.'

'I told you so, dear aunt,' replied Lily. 'We need not go; the carriage can be sent for Papa without us.'

But Miss Langdale would not hear of Lily giving up her drive and also disappointing Papa; so after many affectionate remonstrances, Miss Lily was obliged to depart. Just as the footman was closing the carriage-door, Miss Langdale said: 'Will you go with her, Mr Farquhar? We know,' she added smiling, 'by experience that you can take care of her.'

Overjoyed, I sprang into the vacant seat beside Lily, who as we drove off exclaimed: 'What a careful old darling aunt is! She seems to think I am never to be trusted alone; and is more particular than ever since—since,' she added, slightly hesitating, 'that unlucky journey.'

'Will you trust me, Lily?' I asked, for the first time addressing her by that familiar name. 'Will you trust me, and grant me a favour?'

'Certainly, I will, if possible,' she replied. 'What do you wish me to do?'

'I wish you to tell me why that journey from London was unlucky, and—about—the baby.'

'Do you really care to know?' she asked, apparently quite amused.

'I care for everything which concerns you, Lily,' I replied very seriously.

'Then I suppose I must tell you,' said she with a sigh, the glowing colour mantling over her fair young face. 'But I must say it is rather hard to have to proclaim one's own folly, at the risk too of—'

'Of what?' I asked anxiously.

'Well, I was going to say, of forfeiting your good opinion; but I daresay you think me frivolous as it is.'

'I think, Miss Lilian,' I replied, now greatly excited, 'that you are amusing yourself at my expense.'

Startled by my sudden change of manner, she gazed at me in evident amazement, then said: 'What *can* you mean, Mr Farquhar? I am only surprised that you should feel any curiosity on the subject; I thought men were never curious.'

'Then I am an exception,' I exclaimed. 'How can I help being interested in all that concerns

you? So pray, fulfil your promise at once, as we ought to be at the station in a few minutes.'

'Oh, there is not much to tell,' she quietly observed. 'But if I am to constitute you my father-confessor, I must tell you *all*, that you may understand the motives which actuated my conduct.'

'Yes, yes,' I muttered; 'as you please; only, pray, pray go on.'

'Then,' said Lily composedly, 'I must begin with the day you and I travelled together from London. Papa was to have accompanied me, my aunt and the servants having gone the day before; but unexpected business came in the way, and when he came in to luncheon, he told me that he could not possibly go to Brighton till the following week, and asked me if I could also remain in town. I told him it was impossible; the house was dismantled, my clothes sent away, and I was actually dressed for the journey. Papa saw how awkward it was for me; and when I represented to him that I should be little more than an hour alone in the train if I went, while I should be all day by myself in the great empty house if I remained at home, he somewhat reluctantly gave his consent to my going without him. He then desired my brother to take me to the station, and see me safe into a carriage, gave me a book to read, which he said would prevent any one talking to me, and wished me good-bye; and with many injunctions to "take great care of myself," he left me with Harry, who grumbled very much at being detained on my account, as he was also going from home, and had promised to meet some friends who would be waiting for him. I had Papa's permission, however, and was determined to go. Then Harry told me that I should not be allowed to have my dog with me, that it would be put into a dark place, where it would be sure to howl all the way. This was almost too much for me; and I was on the point of giving way to Harry's persuasion, and wait for the escort of Papa, who would be sure to prevent that, as he is known to all the officials on the Brighton line, when a sudden thought struck me. I flew up-stairs to Rosa's room, took her doll, which is as big as a baby, out of its box, and quickly taking off its long robes, I dressed poor little dear struggling Sprite in them.'

'Lily, Lily!' I exclaimed, almost too vexed with myself to laugh at this absurd solution of the mystery. 'Why did you not tell me this before?'

'I did not know you would care about such a trifle, for one thing,' she replied; 'and really aunt was so angry with me at the time that I did not wish to renew the subject in her presence; so you see this has been the first opportunity I have had for telling you; and now I suppose you will think me as childish as aunt did—worse than childish, she said.'

'Shall I tell you what I think, Lily?' I asked.

'Yes,' she said, laughing; 'I should like to know the worst.'

'I think then that you are much too charming to travel alone, and that I should like to take care of you always. Tell me, my darling, if I may hope to do so?'

'Always?' she asked wonderingly, as if scarcely understanding me.

'Yes, Lily, as your devoted and adoring husband.'

At this moment the carriage drove into the station, and stopped at the usual place of meeting. We were not too soon, for the train had just arrived, and Lily's quick eyes caught sight of her father coming towards us. 'There's Papa!' she exclaimed, starting up in the carriage. I took her hand, and gently drawing her back to her seat, I implored her to answer me.

Her lovely face was flushed, the ready tears trembled on the long lashes which veiled her eyes; she hesitated for a moment, then in two words made me happy. 'Ask Papa,' she whispered.

I could only thank her by a silent pressure of her tiny hand, as 'Papa' at that moment joined us, and neither of us was sufficiently composed to explain the reason of my presence.

Lily and I quite understood each other; and I was able to satisfy Mr Langdale as to my position and prospects; but he would only consent to an engagement on condition that our marriage should not take place till his daughter was of age. I pleaded that it would be quite impossible for me to bear the delay of so many years.

'How old,' he inquired, 'do you imagine the child to be?'

'Certainly not more than seventeen.'

'Then let me tell you for your comfort that Lily has reached the mature age of nineteen and a half,' replied her father.

I was equally surprised and pleased, for it made the disparity between us so much less than I thought, as well as the proposed time of probation.

It was a favourite joke of Mr Langdale's that it was my darling's childish trick with the little dog, and not her appearance, which had given me an erroneous opinion of her age. Miss Langdale always pretended to agree with her brother. That good lady highly approved of our engagement, declaring that she had taken a fancy to me from the first. This was not exactly true, but no doubt she thought it was when she said it.

One evening when we were talking over the memorable journey, it occurred to me to ask Lily why she had travelled second-class on that occasion, her ticket being for the first.

'Hush!' she whispered, placing her little hand upon my lips. 'Aunt does not yet know of that flagrant impropriety; but I assure you I had a good reason.'

She told me afterwards that her brother was so charmed with 'the lark,' as he called it, that he quite forgot his ill-humour, and tried to assist her to carry out her plan in every possible way; he had taken her ticket and selected a carriage, when it occurred to him that she would look more like a nursemaid in the second-class; to which she agreed. Lily a nursemaid! Did my darling expect to travel only with the blind?

On the twenty-first anniversary of her birthday, our marriage took place at Brighton, where the first happy days of our courtship were passed. Rosa, a pretty little girl quite as tall as her sister, was the chief bride's-maid, looking scarcely younger than the bride, who is now the beloved mistress of a large establishment. My mother, who resides with us, never interferes with my clever little wife, whom she loves as a daughter;

and as for me, I believe—well, I am sure that I am the most obedient as well as the most devoted of her servants.

THE PROPER THING.

FOREMOST in the ranks of despots of our own creating may be mentioned that allegorical personage Mrs Grundy, who though an unseen power, seems to be armed with all the force and subtlety of a dreaded tyrant. Her kindred partake of the same nature. Some are recognised facts, and known by special names; others are nameless, and perhaps not even supposed to exist; but all are powerful, and all are to be dreaded.

Ancient as Mrs Grundy—generally living side by side with her amongst civilised races—is that great uncompromising tyrant called the Proper Thing; though among barbarous tribes, neither Mrs Grundy nor the Proper Thing is to be found, because both spring from the corruption of a refined instinct—the instinct of order and decorum. Races semi-civilised and over-civilised—terms which mean nearly the same thing—are most subject to the capricious influences of this tyrant. But wherever the slightest improvement has been made on complete savagery, there the gull-nut has appeared upon it, so that a few wild Bush-tribes seem to be the only portions of the human family over whom the Proper Thing has not more or less extended sceptre.

The forms assumed by the Proper Thing in various regions are of infinite variety, and sometimes even more startling than ludicrous. In certain of the South Sea Islands, for instance, it is the Proper Thing for children to kill their parents when verging on old age; and the parents are quite agreeable to the practice, which derives its power from religious belief, as the tyrant's dictates often do in heathen countries. In China the Proper Thing has been a terrible autocrat. There, women's feet have been reduced to the shape and size of a nutmeg, and mandarins' nails lengthened to a proportionate enormity—all out of deference to the Proper Thing, which to them means being idle and known to be idle. There, awe of the imperial presence has made it indispensable to 'nine times knock the noddle;' and we know how a representative of our own country was justly applauded in England for refusing to perform that ceremony, or conform to the exigencies of the Proper Thing as by law established in China. It stalks across the lone expanses of the North American prairies, inspiring men to let their hair grow to the ground and make pompous speeches; while it lays heavy weights on women's shoulders and crops their locks, and in some places flattens children's heads in their cradles. East and west, in the past and in the present, its legislation is always seen taking the most contradictory forms, but almost equally inconvenient in all. Thus in ancient Mexico it decreed that the nobility should go to court in their shabbiest dresses, because no one might dare to be smart in the presence of the Emperor; and in modern Europe it decrees that ladies shall impoverish themselves rather than not go to court in a blaze of splendour. In this

instance, however, there is no question as to which decree is the most convenient.

The capriciousness of this power is its most objectionable characteristic, since its rule would be highly beneficent if it only attacked bad manners and customs, which on the contrary it very often overlooks. In Germany, for example, people with the longest prefaces to their names, the addresses on whose envelopes are a perfect volume of titles, are allowed to pass their knives and forks with alarming celerity in front of their neighbours at dinner, in order to plunge them into some distant coveted dish. No doubt their appetites are more enormous than ours, for in the matter of capacity for food, beyond the widest width there always seems to be a wider still; but the exigencies of the Proper Thing ought at least to make them wait until the dishes are handed to them in civilised form, or even do without the object of their desire rather than risk cutting off their neighbours' noses. But it really seems that the more stringent the rule of the Proper Thing, the more latitude is given to disagreeable manners. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for example, it was much more of an autocrat even than it is now; and yet with all the flattery, the bowing and scraping and long titles, no one put any constraint on his temper, and the best bred people thought nothing of throwing things at each other's heads when they were in a passion. Occurrences of this sort are rare now, at least in high-class and diplomatic society.

But still the rule of the Proper Thing is rather severe on all classes even here at home, nor do any of our liberties and charters interfere with its prerogatives. We may question them nevertheless. Of course we do not mean to question regulations made for the comfort and decency and order of society, such as the hostess sitting at the head of the table, the eating of fish with a silver knife, or even a duchess taking precedence of a marchioness. All these regulations and others of the same kind relate to good manners, which are often quite independent of the Proper Thing; and without a little code of niceties we should soon sink to the lowest depths of animalism. But why should it be improper for a lady to ride alone, whereas a similar fiat has not gone forth against her walking alone in country roads and lanes, though she must be much safer from molestation on horseback than on foot? Why must invited guests to an evening party always be after their time? Why is it necessary to dine at late unwholesome hours, to dance all night, and to go to several parties in one evening? But these are really only the more harmless pranks of the chief ruler. Unfortunately, there are others which interfere tyrannically with the serious business of life.

The Proper Thing has always taken up its stronghold very specially in the institution of Caste, where for unnumbered centuries it has reigned over India with a despotism harsher than that of the native princes. Nor has it by any means confined its caste regulations to Eastern lands. Far be it from us to make hostile reflections on the venerable institution of distinction of classes in our own country; on the contrary, we might rather lament the confusion into which this institution has fallen among us. But none the less we may question the extraordinary laws which govern what is still called 'loss of caste.' Why should a lady

lose hers because she earns her bread as a governess, while a gentleman does not lose his through being a tutor? Of course she can recover her caste if only she has a fortune left her; it is not like Indian caste, once lost for ever lost; but in the majority of cases this does not happen. And why, when wholesome caste laws are thrown to the winds, should an absurd and unjust one like this hold its ground? But after all, it is perhaps natural to the spirit and genius of the Proper Thing, which has always been harsher with women than with men, according to the principles on which human affairs have generally been conducted. However, tyranny of this sort is by no means confined to the upper and middle classes even as regards caste. In this matter the lower ranks, and especially their female half, are very much its slaves. In these, though the women do not therefore hold themselves bound to speak in a low voice, or to cultivate the good quality which is next to godliness, or to refrain from repairing at all costs to crowded and not always very sober scenes of holiday-making, they are fully alive to the necessity of flaunting every new fashion in the public eye on Sunday through a medium of tawdry tint and flimsy material; children wearing a *tablier* or *panier* of totally different material and antagonistic colour to the frock which it was intended to adorn; women with hideous complications of blue feathers and red roses on their heads. Lately, indeed, since ladies have set the good example of wearing the dark colours which become nearly every one, it has been much followed by their imitators below-stairs, though we fear more for the sake of the example than the goodness of it.

Another and still stranger phase is to be found in some of our small sea-side ports and fishing-villages, where it is considered a disgrace to girls to go into service, though it is not derogatory to their dignity to assume male attire and pick cockles all day on a mud-bank. The men are held to have formed a *mésalliance* if they marry gentlemen's servants; a falling-off which, if their wives die, they may retrieve by a second marriage with a lady who (emphatically) 'has never been in service.' But no doubt it is natural enough that the people should copy their superiors' worship of the Proper Thing in this as in the other fashions, though they have different notions of what the Proper Thing really is.

We hope to have established the fact that this tyrant has nothing to do with virtue. Its rule has often flourished most where virtue has been at the lowest ebb. How brilliantly, for example, the Proper Thing reigned in the court of Louis XIV., which was certainly not a school of morality. Neither has it much to do with what may be justly called *les convenances*; we mean those smaller constraints and proprieties which young American ladies set aside without any deterioration of their real goodness, but with a certain detriment to their manners and maidenly charms. Originally, no doubt, the Proper Thing sprang from a sense of true propriety, but it has degenerated so far as sometimes even to contradict that sense; and virtue can stand all the better without such a whimsical attempt at a buttress. Of course it will always set itself up more or less as a buttress, and as necessary to virtue and propriety, unless the real things should make such progress as to

crowd out the counterfeit. But we fear that there never will be a civilisation so pure and simple that delicacy and honour will, of their own goodness, take the place of the true Proper Thing.

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

WE had been putting to rights an old surgery that it might be turned into a dwelling-house. A complete set of drawers, with names of drugs and medical condiments printed thereon, had been torn from the wall; vast heaps of bones, used formerly for scientific purposes, had been taken from a large mouldy cupboard, and had thereafter received Christian burial in a corner of our garden. All had been done that was possible to sweeten and purify the ancient place, when we discovered on a certain shelf several dusty and stained volumes, which looked to our eyes interesting and curious. One of the volumes, entitled *Health and Longevity*, was secured at once by my young children, and some extraordinary woodcuts of venerable individuals, more or less hideous, were cut therefrom, the volume itself being then thrown aside. Some notes regarding these ancient beings may not be uninteresting.

The first, whose portrait lies before me as I write, is named 'Isobel Walker, who lived in the parish of Daviot, Aberdeenshire, and died 2d November 1774, aged one hundred and twelve years.' The period of her birth was established beyond doubt by the records of the parish of Rayne, in Garioch, where she was born. Nothing remarkable is known regarding her mode of life, excepting that she is said to have had 'a placid temper, and to have been in that medium state in regard to leanness and corpulence which is favourable to long life.' She is represented on the plate as a plump-faced, cheerful woman, with no perceptible neck, and with an intelligent expression of countenance.

The next individual whose somewhat stolid countenance lies before me in one of the quaint wood-engravings, is called 'Peter Garden, who lived also in Aberdeenshire, in the parish of Auchterless, and who died on the 12th January 1775, aged one hundred and thirty-one years.' He was above the average height, led a temperate and frugal life; was employed in agricultural pursuits to the last, and preserved his looks so well that he appeared to be a fresher and younger man than his son, who was far advanced in life.' There have, the record goes on to say, 'been several older people in Scotland than either Isobel Walker or Peter Garden, but unfortunately no picture or engraving of them can now be found.' Among these was John Taylor, a miner at the Leadhills, who worked at that employment till he was one hundred and twelve! He did not marry till he was sixty, after which there were nine children born to him. 'He saw to the last without spectacles, had excellent teeth, and enjoyed his existence till 1770, when he yielded to fate, at the age of one hundred and thirty-two.'

The fourth venerable and antique person mentioned is 'Catharine, Countess of Desmond, who died at the age of one hundred and forty years, in the reign of King James I. She was a daughter

of the Fitzgeralds of Dromana in the county of Waterford, and in the reign of Edward IV., married James, fourteenth Earl of Desmond.' She was in England in that reign, and danced at court with Richard, Duke of Gloucester. It appears that she retained her full vigour to an advanced period of life; and the ruin of the House of Desmond obliged her to take a journey from Bristol to London, to solicit relief from the court, when she was nearly one hundred and forty. She twice or thrice renewed her teeth, and is represented with a heavy and voluminous head-dress, and a most stern and masculine cast of features.

So much for Scotland and Ireland. Our fifth wood-cut, much defaced and time-worn, is a portraiture of 'Thomas Parr, son of John Parr of Winnington, in the parish of Alderbury in Shropshire, who was born in 1483, in the reign of Edward IV., and resided in the Strand, London, in 1635; consequently was one hundred and fifty-two years and some odd months. He lived in the reigns of ten kings and queens, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.' When he was about one hundred and fifty-two years of age, he was brought up to London by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king said to him: 'You have lived longer than other men. What have you done more than other men?' He replied: 'I did penance when I was a hundred years old.' His great rules for longevity are well known: 'Keep your head cool by temperance; your feet warm by exercise; rise early; go soon to bed; and if you are inclined to get fat, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.' Or in other words: 'Be moderate both in your sleep and diet.'

Henry Jenkins is the next person on our list. His birthplace is unknown; 'but there is satisfactory evidence of his great longevity.' At the age of between ten and twelve he was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, 'previous to the battle of Flodden, which was fought on the 9th of September 1513; and as he died on the 8th December 1670, he must have then been one hundred and sixty-nine years of age.' He had been often sworn in Chancery and in other courts to above one hundred and forty years' memory; and there is a record preserved in the King's Remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, by which it appears 'that Henry Jenkins of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged one hundred and fifty-seven, was produced and deposed as a witness.' Little is known of his mode of living except that towards the close of his life he 'swam rivers.' His diet is said to have been 'coarse and sour.' He is represented with a long white beard, a shovel-hat, and a pensive expression of face—not unpleasing.

Our next plate represents two very disagreeable-looking Hungarian specimens of humanity, named 'Sarah Roffin or Rovin, and John Rovin, man and wife.' They are depicted as enjoying the sweets of domestic life. John Rovin is entering the hovel in which they live, with a long staff in his hand, a bundle of some kind on his back. Sarah is aged one hundred and sixty-four; her husband is one hundred and seventy-two! In these circumstances, the expression of utter disgust and weariness to be seen on both faces is scarcely to be wondered at. They had at the time their likenesses were taken 'lived together one hundred and forty-seven years, and were both born at Stadova in the directory Casanseber in Temeswaer Banat; their

children, two sons and two daughters, being then alive. The youngest son is one hundred and sixteen years of age, and he has two great-grandsons, the one in the twenty-seventh, the other in the thirty-fifth year of his age.' A description of the picture from which this engraving is taken has been given in the following terms: 'The dress of John Rovin consists of a white frock reaching almost to the knees, and confined round the waist by a girdle made of rushes, in which is hung a knife. He is standing supported by a stick; his knees are rather bent; in his left hand are some heads of Indian corn, which he is presenting to his wife. His hair and beard are a light gray; his eyes are quick, clear, and penetrating; and though his whole aspect proclaims his life to have been a long one, there are no such traces of old age in him as appear in his wife. She stoops very much, is wrinkled, old, and yellow, and in her whole aspect is displayed extreme old age in its most revolting form. Near her feet and on the ground is seated a large handsome tortoise-shell cat, which also appears very old.'

The last of this extraordinary batch of aged people is called Petratch Zortan or Czartan, aged one hundred and eighty-five; and like the preceding pair, is Hungarian. In a Dutch dictionary entitled *Het algemeen Historisch Woordenboek*, there is an account given of this ancient personage, of which the following is a translation: 'Czartan was born in 1537 at Kosrock, a village four miles from Temeswaer, in Hungary, where he had lived one hundred and eighty years. When the Turks took Temeswaer from the Christians, he kept his father's cattle. A few days before his death he walked with the help of his stick to the post-house of Kosrock, to ask alms of the travellers. He had but little eyesight; his hair and beard were of a greenish-white colour; he had few teeth remaining. His son was ninety-seven years of age—by his third wife. Being a Greek, the old man was a strict observer of fasts, and never used any food but milk and cakes, called by the Hungarians "Kollatschen," together with a good glass of brandy. He had descendants in the fifth generation, with whom he sometimes played, carrying them in his arms. He died in 1724. Count Wallis had a portrait taken of this old man, when he fell in with him previous to his death. The Dutch envoy then at Vienna transmitted this account to the States-general.'

DREAMLAND—A SONNET.

At night, when all is hushed in still repose,
When 'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'
Doth o'er our wearied frame soft vigil keep,
And with her gentle hand our eyelids close,
Then doth the restless spirit take its flight,
While soft Imagination lends her wings,
And the chained watchdog Will no longer springs
To bar its progress through the realms of Night.
Reason, the watchful porter at the gate,
Tired with the constant labours of the day,
Retires to rest, and leaves it free to stray
Into the land where Fancy keeps her state,
And her attendant fays glad homage shew
To mortal visitants from earth below.

CATHARINE DAVIDSON.

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LEVI COFFIN.

THE Coffyns or Coffins are a Devonshire family, said to have been founded by one of the followers of the Conqueror. In 1612 Tristram Coffyn, a son of this old house, sailed from Plymouth for New England, taking with him his wife and five children, his mother and two sisters. He settled at Salisbury, in the colony of Massachusetts, and his descendants are now to be found in many of the States. Several of them have won themselves a name of note in the service of their country; but none has a higher claim to the remembrance, not only of their fellow-citizens but of all who honour worth wherever it is to be found, than Levi Coffin, whose memoirs lie before us under the title of *Reminiscences of Levi Coffin, the Reputed President of the Underground Railroad, being a brief History of the Labours of a Lifetime on behalf of the Slave* (London: Sampson Low, 1876). His tale, told in plain homely language, is a stirring one, and shews us a phase of American life which is happily a thing of the past; for now that slavery is abolished there is no longer any need for the devoted labours of the true-hearted men who by means of the once famous 'Underground Railroad' helped the fugitive slave on his way to the land of freedom—over the Canadian border and into British territory, where, and where only, he was safe from kidnappers and hunters.

Levi Coffin was born in 1798. His father was a member of a colony of the Society of Friends, settled at New Garden in North Carolina; and he himself has always belonged to that religious profession. One day when he was about seven years old he was standing beside his father, who was chopping up some wood at a little distance from the house. Along the road came a coffle or gang of slaves, chained in couples on each side of a long chain which extended between them. At some distance behind came the slave-dealer with a wagon-load of supplies. Levi's father spoke pleasantly to the slaves. 'Well boys,' he said, 'why do they chain you?' One of them replied for the rest: 'They have taken us away from our wives

and children, and they chain us lest we should make our escape and go back to them.' The gang trumped off along the dusty road; and in answer to the child's eager questions, his father told him what slavery was; and little Levi endeavoured to realise the troubles of the poor men he had just seen, by thinking—'How terribly we should feel if father were taken away from us!'

This was the first outbreak of a feeling which influenced his whole life. He began his work early. At fifteen years of age he was the means of enabling a slave—who had been kidnapped near Baltimore and brought into North Carolina—to escape from the slave-dealer's gang. He was also often of service to runaway slaves, who used to conceal themselves in the daytime in the woods and thickets near his father's house at New Garden, by going out to them with a small store of provisions, which he distributed to those he found there.

In 1826 Levi Coffin removed to Newport, Indiana, where he took a shop and began business. He was soon a prosperous man; and ten years after he was able to set up a large oil-factory. His place in Newport soon became one of the 'stations' of the Underground Railroad. This was a secret organisation for facilitating the escape of slaves from the Southern States to Canada. It was neither planned nor organised by any one man; it had grown up gradually, to supply a want felt by the Abolitionist party. A slave escaped from a plantation would without it have no means of travelling rapidly, of obtaining relief, or of finding friends to conceal him, and his hope of safety would depend only upon a series of lucky chances and accidents. Gradually, however, along the routes by which the slaves usually escaped certain houses came to be known as those to which the fugitives could safely apply for assistance. These routes were in the secret language of the U. G. R. R. (Underground Railroad) known as lines, and the houses were called 'stations.' In course of time the lines were so well organised that in every town along the route there was a director who had at his command a number of

hiding-places for slaves, funds collected for their relief, wagons for passing them on by night to the next station, and means of acquiring information as to any pursuit that might be attempted.

'I kept,' says Levi Coffin, 'a team and wagon always at command, to convey the fugitive slaves on their journey. These journeys had to be made at night, often through deep and bad roads, and along by-ways that were seldom travelled. Every precaution to evade pursuit had to be used, as the hunters were often on the track, and sometimes ahead of the slaves. We had different routes for sending the slaves to depôts ten, fifteen, or twenty miles distant; and when we heard of slave-hunters having passed on one road, we forwarded our passengers by another. Sometimes we learned that the pursuers were ahead of them; and we sent a messenger and had the fugitives brought back to my house, to lie in concealment till they had lost the trail. . . . Three principal lines from the south converged at my house—one from Cincinnati, one from Madison, and one from Jeffersonville, Indiana. There was no lack of passengers. Seldom a week passed without our receiving them. We knew not what night or what hour of the night we would be roused from slumber by a gentle rap at the door; that was the signal announcing the arrival of a train of the U. G. R. R. I have often been awaked by this signal, and sprung out of bed in the dark and opened the door. Outside in the cold or rain there would be a two-horse wagon loaded with fugitives, perhaps the greater part of them women and children. When they were all safely inside and the door fastened, I would cover the windows, strike a light, and build a good fire. By this time my wife would be up and preparing victuals for them; and in a short time the cold and hungry fugitives would be made comfortable. I would accompany the conductor of the train' [that is, the driver of the wagon; in America the guard of a railway train is always called the conductor] 'to the stable, and care for the horses, that had perhaps been driven twenty-five or thirty miles that night through the cold and rain. The fugitives would rest on pallets before the fire the rest of the night. The companies varied in number from two or three to seventeen fugitives.'

Such was the work which for twenty years this good man carried on in Newport. He had often to set his wits hard at work to foil the slave-hunters, and more than once ran serious personal risk. The whole undertaking must have cost him a heavy expenditure of time, labour, and money. But he was not content with this. He organised in Newport a store where cotton goods were sold that had been manufactured entirely by free labour; and for this purpose took a journey to the South to establish relations with planters who employed only freemen. He and his friends then formed a league, each member of which bound himself to purchase no goods on the production of which slaves had been employed.

In 1847 he removed to Cincinnati, and took charge of one of the most important points in the system of the U. G. R. R. Cincinnati is built on the northern bank of the Ohio River, and thus stood on the very frontier of the slave-land, the opposite shore belonging to the slave state of Kentucky. Here his work went on for about

fifteen years, till the war put an end to slavery in the United States. He tells in his *Reminiscences* many a stirring story of the escape of fugitives that he passed on to Canada. For these we must refer our readers to the book itself. He was so active, enterprising, and successful that he received the name of 'President of the Underground Railroad.' Everywhere he had the fullest confidence reposed in him by the coloured people; and often those who had escaped to Canada would send him their savings, to be employed in buying their relatives and friends out of captivity in the South by a fair bargain with the planters. It may be safely said that his whole life was passed in the cause of promoting the freedom of the slave; and he always found willing helpers and allies, mostly men of his own religious persuasion. He always confined his operations to concealing the slaves that came or were brought to him, and helping them upon their way to Canada or to some free state. He would never actually lure a slave from a plantation; and he condemned any active or forcible resistance to the law, even when it was exercised upon the side of slavery.

A man of quite a different stamp was John Fairfield, another agent of the Underground Railroad, but whom Levi Coffin with his Quaker peace principles could never forgive for making the revolver an auxiliary in his work. 'With all his faults,' he says, 'and misguided impulses and wicked ways, Fairfield was a brave man; he never betrayed a trust that was reposed in him, and he was a true friend to the oppressed and suffering slave.' Fairfield was a Virginian; and his earliest exploit had been to run away to Canada from his uncle's plantation taking one of the slaves with him. From that time till he died he passed an adventurous life, visiting once or twice in the year Virginia or Kentucky, establishing relations with the slaves upon a plantation, and then leading them to Canada. He was soon known to many of the refugees settled there, and they would ask him to bring them their relatives from the Southern plantations, sometimes offering him money they had saved as payment for his exertions.

'Fairfield,' says Levi Coffin, 'was a young man without family, and was fond of adventure and excitement. He wanted employment, and agreed to take the money offered by the fugitives and engage in the undertaking. He obtained the names of masters and slaves, and an exact knowledge of the different localities to be visited, then acted as his shrewd judgment dictated under different circumstances. He would go South, into the neighbourhood where the slaves were whom he intended to conduct away, and under an assumed name and a false pretence of business, would board perhaps at the house of the master whose stock of valuable property he intended to decrease. He would proclaim himself to be a Virginian, and profess to be strongly pro-slavery in his sentiments, thus lulling the suspicions of the slaveholders, while he established a secret understanding with the slaves, gaining their confidence, and making arrangements for their escape. Then he would suddenly disappear from the neighbourhood, and several slaves would be missing at the same time. Fairfield was always ready to take money for his services from the slaves if they had it to offer; but if they had not he helped them all the same. He was equally ready to spend it

in the same cause, and if necessary would part with his last dollar to effect his object.'

Often he would bring a negro or two with him, who would act as his slaves, and whom he would pretend to treat very roughly. These would act as his intermediaries with the men he hoped to rescue. On one occasion he rescued a large number of men from the salt-works on the Kanawha River in Virginia. He assumed the character of a salt-dealer, and had two large boats built on the river for his business. When the boats were finished, a crowd of negroes escaped in them down the river towards the Ohio. As soon as the alarm was given, he pretended to be very anxious to aid in recapturing his boats and the escaped slaves. He rode off at the head of the pursuers, directed the chase, and when they found the abandoned boats on the river-bank, he suggested that they should scatter in various directions, and meet in a few hours to report if they had got any traces of the fugitives. He never appeared at the rendezvous; he had joined the slaves at a previously appointed spot, and was conducting them to one of the stations on the Underground Railroad *en route* for Canada. He generally marched at night, and rested in concealment in the daytime.

Often on these journeys he had to fight his way through patrols of slave-hunters. One moonlight night he had a narrow escape. The patrollers had found his track, and gathered a body of armed men, and lay in ambush waiting for him at both ends of a bridge which his party of fugitives had to cross. Fairfield always armed his men with revolvers, and told them that he would shoot down any one who would not fight for his freedom. On this occasion he was taken by surprise. As the party gained the centre of the bridge they were fired upon from both ends of it. 'They thought, no doubt,' said Fairfield, 'that this sudden attack would intimidate us, and that we would surrender; but in this they were mistaken. I ordered my men to charge to the front, and they did charge. We fired as we went, and the men in ambush scattered and ran like scared sheep.' Fairfield's clothes were torn by balls, and he and one of his party were slightly wounded. Levi reproved him for trying to kill any one, and told him that we should love our enemies. Fairfield's reply was characteristic. 'Love our enemies, indeed! I do not intend to hurt people if they keep out of the way; but if they step in between me and liberty they must take the consequences.' Levi naively adds: 'I saw it was useless to preach peace principles to Fairfield.' Such a man could only have one end. There is reason to believe that shortly before the outbreak of the war in 1861 he was detected arming the negroes in Tennessee, and was lynched by a Southern mob. He had been twelve years engaged in his daring work among the plantations.

The abolition of slavery by the war did not put an end to Levi Coffin's labours for the negroes; it only gave them another form. It became necessary to provide for the thousands to whom a sweeping measure of emancipation had given their freedom and nothing more, in many cases casting them adrift upon the world without any resource, for at the end of the war trade was bad and employment scarce. Relief societies for the freedmen were formed throughout the States. Levi Coffin took a leading part in this work; and when it was decided

to send a delegate to ask for aid from England, he was chosen for this important post. In the summer of 1864 he arrived in London with credentials and introductions to various public men. At his first meeting held in London for the freedmen he was supported by Messrs John Bright, W. E. Forster, Samuel Gurney, and other members of parliament. A second meeting followed at Mr Gurney's house. Levi Coffin notes with satisfaction that 'it was quite aristocratic in character, being largely composed of lords, dukes, bishops, and members of parliament.' A London Freedmen's Aid Society was organised with several prominent men upon its committee. Branches were established and meetings held throughout England and Ireland. Levi Coffin spoke at all these meetings. Perhaps many of our readers will remember having heard him.

Having finished his work in England, he went over to France and continued it there; and when, after having been more than twelve months in Europe, he returned to Cincinnati in 1865, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his journey had borne rich fruit for the freedmen. He paid another visit to Europe in 1867 as a delegate to an Anti-slavery Congress in Paris. With the account of this journey his book of interesting *Reminiscences* concludes. We heartily recommend it to our readers. If nothing else, it shows how much one earnest man can accomplish in a lifetime for a cause that he has thoroughly at heart.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—FOUND.

By some seeming irony of Fate, it is when our fortunes have ebbed to their lowest, and all seems cold, bleak, and dreary in the threatening horizon before us, that light begins to break in upon the oppressive darkness. That we are never so likely to fall as when we deem ourselves to stand in boastful security, proud of our seeming strength, is a truth which the historical student will not be slow to recognise. Down comes the thunderbolt from a clear sky, toppling over to shameful ruin the gilded image propped on feet of sorry clay. But there is a substratum of fact whereon is reared the homely proverb which declares that when things are at the worst they will mend.

For all that, we cannot wrap ourselves in a comfortable mantle of indolent fatalism, assured that our shortcomings will be compensated by some extraordinary turn of Fortune's wheel. It so happens that we are often too dull of vision to know the heavenly messenger when we see him. Our deaf ears fail to catch the strain of hope. We miss the tide that offered to bear our argosy to port. The grass grows, but the steed, all unwitting of the green meadow hard by, starves within a stone's throw of plenty. Chatterton was not the only one who, goaded by despair, has taken the leap in the dark at the very moment when kind hands were held out to lead the truant into the goodly fellowship of honest men. A great hush and stillness had fallen upon those who were shut up in the Hunger Hole. There was that in the situation which forbade useless words. It was getting late. There was every probability of spending the night and the morrow in that dismal place. That amount of imprisonment entailed

cold and misery, perhaps an attack of marsh-fever, since the air from Bitternley Swamp was likely to be fraught with the seeds of ague. But twenty-four hours—thirty-six hours—might not see the end of the captivity of Ethel and Lady Alice, and in that case—

How strange that any one should run the risk of being starved to death, in this blatant nineteenth century of ours, when road and rail, gas and press, have opened up so many an old world nook, and dragged so many an abuse into the killing light of day. Yet Dartmoor remains Dartmoor, and it is quite possible to be smothered in its fogs, sunk in its swamps, or to wander among its blinding mists until the deadly chill of fatigue benumbs the wearied limbs, for there are wildernesses yet where Nature is more than a match for man.

The fickle beauty of the day had not lasted. Clouds went driving by; that much could be distinguished by gazing up through the narrow space which weeds and leaves left free. And presently it began to rain, and the moaning wind grew shrill, and rushed with strange and mournful dissonance through the recesses of the cavern. 'It is all my fault—mine!' sobbed Lady Alice, nestling at Ethel's side. 'I would not say a word, before starting, about the Hunger Hole, for fear the elders should object; and now I am caught in my own trap. It's very hard on you though, Miss Gray.'

Ethel bore up bravely, but she was far from feeling the calm that she affected. Perhaps Lady Alice was too positive in her conviction of the hopelessness of their condition; but if the attention of the seekers was diverted into false channels, who could tell what might result before a happy accident should bring aid? It was for her pupil that she feared, not for herself. In the event of long detention in that wretched place, a large-eyed, excitable slip of a girl, of high spirit but delicate temperament, could scarcely be expected to endure hardships which Ethel, in the bloom of perfect health, might be able to support. It was growing late, and perceptibly colder. Night would be upon them soon, and then—

And then the morrow would dawn laggingly, and hope would leap up a little at the sight of welcome daylight, and flag and droop as the hours went by and relief came not. That Lady Alice could live through a second night in that chill atmosphere of the cave, and without sustenance, Ethel did not believe.

'How cold it strikes!' said the young girl almost peevishly, as she shivered and pressed closer to Ethel. 'I am afraid though,' she added, more gently after a while, 'that we shall be colder yet before the end of this.'

As the moaning wind swept by, and the patter of the rain that lashed the outer walls of the grotto grew louder, Ethel listened, with a sense of hearing which her anxiety had sharpened, for any sound that might indicate that help was near. But no! There was nothing to be distinguished save the beating of the rain, the mournful cadence of the wind, and the dull regular drip of the water that trickled from the spring, and fell deep down, to the hidden waters at the bottom of the abyss.

Was that the tread of a horse? Fancy plays strange tricks with those who watch, but surely that sound resembled nothing so much as the quick beat of hoofs upon grass or heather.

Then the sound ceased, and a long tantalising pause succeeded. Ethel began to imagine that her senses must have played her false. No; for the rattling of loose stones, disturbed by a human foot, at the outer portal of the Hunger Hole, came at last to confirm the first impression that a horse's tramp had really sounded near, and then a man's form darkened the doorway between the two caves.

'Alice, look up! We are found!' cried Ethel, starting from the rocky bench; and almost at the same instant a voice, the very sound of which sent the blood madly coursing through her veins, exclaimed: 'There is some one here then. Alice—Miss Gray, can it be you? Ah! I see how it is,' added the speaker, as his further progress was barred by the gaping chasm, while his foot struck against a fragment of the broken bridge, yet clinging to its rusted holdfast in the rock. The voice was Lord Harrogate's.

'What good angel sent you to our help, brother?' said young Lady Alice, laughing and crying all at once, now that the tension of her overstrained nerves had slackened.

'She is a moorland angel, and here she is to answer for herself,' returned the young man, as Betty Mudge, hot and panting, appeared beside him in the entrance of the cavern. 'This good girl must have wings, I think, as well as a sharp pair of eyes. She almost kept up with my horse as we crossed the moorland, avoiding Bitternley Swamp, where Bay Middleton could never have made his way over the treacherous peat-hags. I can guess now how this awkward business happened.'

'But how to get at you, now I have found you!' added Lord Harrogate in some perplexity, after a pause. It was provoking, to be baffled by the eleven feet of sheer black emptiness that lay between the wet outer grotto and the dry inner compartment of the cave.

'Some one will perhaps arrive before long. A plank put across the gap would set us free,' said Ethel, advancing to the edge of the chasm.

'I wanted to jump it, but Miss Gray would not let me try,' called out Lady Alice.

'And Miss Gray was quite right, Miss Madcap,' answered her brother, scanning the width of the abyss. 'An uglier jump, or a less inviting, I never saw—at all events for a young lady to venture on. The worst of it is, that nobody excepting myself and this excellent Betty Mudge here, is in the secret of the Hunger Hole; so nobody is coming with ropes or planks or civilised contrivances of any sort. I have tied my horse to a bush below, just by the dead alder-tree; but I can't well make a suspension-bridge out of reins and saddle-girths, after all.'

'Please ye, my lord,' put in Betty, who had by this time recovered her breath—'please ye, I might run across to Farmer Fletcher's town, and ask him to get chaise ready for the ladies, and send some of his men with things 'cross Swamp.'

This was a very sensible proposition, for Mr Fletcher was the farmer who dwelt on the ridge, and at whose 'town' or farm-house, clustered round by cottages for the labourers who tilled the fields of that little oasis in the desert, the pony and wagonette had been left. The pony and wagonette had long since returned to High Tor in charge of the lad in the Earl's livery, who had sounded the first note of alarm as to the probable

fate of the missing ones ; but the farmer possessed a green chaise and a serviceable cob to draw it, and would of course send over all that was needed.

'Better ask him then, from me, to send his chaise to the Crossroads, at the north end of the Heronmere. Bitternley Swamp will not be dry walking after the rain,' said Lord Harrogate.

Betty vanished on her errand like a fog-wreath at sunrise.

'Now let me see what I can do single-handed towards the good work,' said Lord Harrogate. 'It strikes me that the withered tree I spoke of, close to which my nag is tethered, might do good service now. There is something ignominious in being balked by a ditch like that.'

He went, and shortly returned, dragging after him the torn-up trunk of the alder of which he had spoken. Lady Alice clapped her hands. 'I like a man to be strong !' she said applaudingly. Ethel said nothing, but her colour heightened and her eyes grew bright. All women do admire the manly virtues in a man, and strength, like courage and truth and wit, takes rank among them.

The uprooted alder-tree bridged the chasm, with some two feet to spare on each bank, and Lord Harrogate tested it with his foot, and assured himself that it would bear a considerable weight. With his handkerchief he tied one end of it tightly to the iron holdfast belonging to the broken bridge, and crossing with a light and elastic step to the other side, with no trifling difficulty persuaded the two girls to follow his example.

'I am afraid we were sad cowards,' said Ethel, when at last the dreaded passage had been effected, not very promptly or easily, for the narrow tree afforded but a sorry and unsteady foothold, and there was that in the recollection of the ghastly depth below, and the remembrance of the narrowness and slippery roundness of the crackling tree-trunk beneath the feet, that was not unlikely to affect feminine nerves. Yet, propped by Lord Harrogate's arm, and encouraged by Lord Harrogate's voice, with shut eyes and scarcely throbbing hearts, the two girls did manage to get across.

Then came the hasty traversing of the damp outer cave, the emerging into the fresh free air from what had seemed a grave closing its hungry jaws upon the living, and then the long walk through the brooding twilight to the north end of Heronmere, where, thanks to the trusty Betty's winged feet, Farmer Fletcher's green chaise was in readiness to receive the two half-fainting girls, and where at length Lord Harrogate, who had hitherto led *Bay Middleton* by the bridle, as he walked beside the rescued prisoners of the Hunger Hole, was able to spring again into the saddle.

To Betty Mudge, as Lord Harrogate laughingly declared when he had escorted his sister and her governess safely back to High Tor, where the warmest welcome awaited those for whom the neighbourhood was already in full search, the whole credit of the rescue was due. Betty it was who, mushroom-gathering on the moor, had espied the signal of distress, Ethel's handkerchief, fluttering from the slender top of the hazel-tree that rose like a thin flagstaff above the rocks. Betty it was who, divining mischief where duller eyes might have seen nothing but a hazard or a frolicsome prank, had been making her way towards the Hunger Hole, when she caught sight of Lord Harrogate spurring across the moor in aimless

quest of the missing ones. And if there could be faith put in the word of as worthy an Earl and as estimable a Countess as any in the peerage, the wind of adversity should never more be suffered to blow too bitingly, for Betty's sake, on any of the Mudge family.

'I shall ask Morford, as a particular favour, not to repair that bridge,' said Lord Harrogate jestingly. 'No chance then that the Hunger Hole should turn again into a trap for catching young ladies.'

CHAPTER XXX.—MAN PROPOSES.

'Harrogate is going, you know, to leave us so very soon,' Lady Maud De Vere had said, in her kindly matter-of-fact way, in the course of conversation with Ethel Gray ; and Ethel had turned away her face instinctively, lest the burning blush which rose there unbidden should betray her secret to her pupil's sister and her own friend. Poor Ethel had communed with her heart in the still hours of more than one night since the evening that had witnessed her release from the Hunger Hole, and she could not but acknowledge to herself that she loved Lord Harrogate.

It was not a welcome conviction that forced itself gradually upon Ethel Gray. The attachment, hopeless as it perforce was, was a thing to be deplored, a misfortune ; not a source of joy. Lord Harrogate could be nothing to her. He was almost as remote from her humble sphere of life as a Prince of the blood-royal would have been. There are girls who know, where their own personal vanity is at stake, no distinction of ranks, and would set their caps without compunction at an Emperor. Ethel was none of these. To fall in love, even with an object as hopelessly out of reach as one of the fixed stars would be, is a forlorn privilege which has been claimed in every age by very humble persons of either sex. But to Ethel's proud, maidenly heart it was pain, not pleasure, to know that the future Earl, the future master of High Tor, had grown to be dearer to her than was well for her peace of mind. That she was in his eyes merely Miss Gray, his sister's governess, was to her thinking a certainty. And she did not even wish that it were otherwise. Why should there be two persons unhappy, on such a subject, instead of one ? It was much better as it was. She had begun to love him before, in that desolate cavern on the moor, he had appeared as the harbinger of safety. But she had not admitted to herself that this was so, until the whirl of strong feelings consequent on the danger and the deliverance had taught her to read her own heart, and to learn that his image was garnered in its innermost core. And now he was going away, going very soon. Well, it was better so. A young man such as he was could not always be expected to linger in a country-house. He was going, and she should see him no more. Doubtless it was for the best.

She was in the garden, and alone. A governess is seldom alone. But lessons were over for the day ; and Lady Alice her pupil was up-stairs finishing a sketch, and Ethel had strayed out into what, from some household tradition of a foreign florist who had been invoked, when Anne was Queen, to shape and stock the flower-beds and to trim the luxuriant holly-hedge into Netherlandish

neatness, was called the Dutch garden. A pleasant spot it was, with its wealth of fragrant old-fashioned roses and gorgeous display of variegated tulips, screened by the immemorial holly-hedge from the rude north-east wind.

Quite suddenly, as she reached the other end of the holly-hedge, Ethel looked up at the rustle of the crisp green leaves, against which some one or something had brushed in passing, and her eyes met those of Lord Harrogate. The latter lifted his hat, but did not immediately speak, while Ethel neither spoke nor stirred. When the thoughts have been busy in conjuring up the image of a particular person, and the original of the air-drawn portrait appears, a kind of dreamy appreciativeness, which is of all sensations the most unlike to surprise, is apt to result. It was so in this case; and for a few brief instants Ethel looked at Lord Harrogate as she would have looked at his picture on the wall.

'I thought I might find you here,' said Lord Harrogate, dissolving the spell by the sound of his voice. 'I hoped I should,' he added, in a lower and more meaning tone. Ethel murmured something, stooping as she did so to lift the drooping tendril of a standard rose-tree beaten down by the heavy rain of yesterday. 'Can you guess at all, Miss Gray,' continued the young man, with an evident effort to speak carelessly and confidently, 'why I wanted to find you here—and alone?'

It was not quite a fair question. Ethel, in her simple honesty, not caring to enter on a course of that verbal fencing which comes so naturally to a woman whose heart has not yet learned to speak, made no reply. Her colour deepened, and she became very intent indeed upon the bruised trail of the rose-tree.

'I am going away, as you know, and that very soon. My plans for the winter are quite undecided. I may not be back at High Tor for a good while,' said the heir to that mansion.

Now there were to be certain autumn manoeuvres in the open country near Aldershot Camp, in which that regiment of militia in which Lord Harrogate was a captain, and towards the perfection of whose drill and discipline he was thought to have contributed more than most militia officers find it convenient to do, had been selected to figure among the auxiliary forces on that occasion.

'Some friends want me,' explained Lord Harrogate, 'when our amateur soldiering is over, to go with them on a yacht-cruise in the Mediterranean, and so on to Egypt, and perhaps farther. What I choose will very much depend on you, Miss Gray.'

'On me!' She could not avoid answering this time, and her tone was one of genuine surprise. 'On me, Lord Harrogate!'

'On you. I should like all my plans to have some reference to you—Ethel!' said the young man, trying to get a full view of the beautiful blushing face that was half averted. 'I say again, can you guess why?'

'Do not ask me to guess,' returned Ethel, with a trembling lip. She was very much frightened. She had not the least experience in that science of flirtation in which the modern young lady graduates so early. But she divined that words had been said which rendered it necessary that other words should be spoken, and with what result! Could it be that the end of the interview would be the dashing down of the half-

idolised image that her fancy had set up as the emblem of pure chivalry?

'Only because I love you—love you very dearly, Ethel!' said the heir of High Tor; and as he spoke he took her unresisting hand in his and drew her towards him. For a moment Ethel was spell-bound, her whole faculties absorbed in the one fact that he had told her that he loved her. Come what might, those words—those dear delicious words had sunk into her ear, and the memory of them must remain to the end of what would very likely be a lonely, loveless life; a treasure, her very own, of which none could rob her! But in the next minute Ethel drew her hand away from the hand that held it, and the crimson of indignant anger mounted to her cheek.

'My lord,' she said, in a voice that all her wish to speak and act calmly could not render quite steady, 'you should not have done this. I could not have believed it of you. It is not generous. It is not like yourself.'

'Why not?' Lord Harrogate blundered out the words awkwardly enough; but Ethel misunderstood him.

'Because,' she said firmly, 'my position beneath your mother's roof, in its very lowliness, ought to have been my protection from insult, which'—

'Insult!' flashed out Lord Harrogate, reddening too, and breaking almost roughly in on the girl's half-uttered speech. 'Can you deem that I mean to insult you when I tell you of my love—that I speak insolently, Miss Gray, when I ask you to be my wife?'

Ethel quivered from head to foot as her half-incredulous ears drank in the words. 'You meant—that is'—she faltered out feebly.

'I meant this,' said Lord Harrogate earnestly. 'Miss Gray—Ethel, darling, I have learned during the time that I have known you, to love you with a true and honest love. I am a clumsy wooer, I daresay, but surely you cannot have deemed that I had any other thought than that of asking you, for weal and woe, to share my fortunes?'

He tried to take her hand; but she eluded his grasp, and covering her face, sobbed aloud.

'Come, Ethel, come, my love! Let it be mine to dry those tears!' said the young man, passing his arm round her waist; but gently and firmly she released herself.

'You have made me very happy and very miserable all at once, my lord,' she said, turning round and facing him; 'but believe me, there must be no more of this. I thank you from my heart for the very great compliment of your preference for a girl so humbly born, without fortune or kindred. But I am your sister's governess; and it shall never be said that Ethel Gray brought disunion and sorrow upon the noble family that had received her with so kindly a welcome. I have my own ideas of right and wrong, Lord Harrogate, and I know that I should be mean and base, even in my own eyes, were I to avail myself of—your great goodness.'

He was taken by surprise. He had made up his mind, and reckoned the difficulties of the step which he proposed to take. That he would meet with some opposition on the part of his family, he was of course aware. It might take much time and much persuasion to bring his parents, and especially the Countess, to consent to a match so



little calculated to advance his worldly prospects. But he was no shallow boy to cry for his toy, and then forget the bauble that had been withheld from him. His offer of marriage would no doubt render Ethel's position at High Tor for a time untenable. He had thought the matter over. There were relatives of the De Veres who, without being partisans of the match, would willingly offer a temporary home to such a girl as Ethel Gray, while his mother and Lady Gladys were in process of being converted to see the matter as he saw it.

Ethel's unlooked-for opposition disconcerted all these projects. She was very grateful, gentle, and almost submissive in her bearing; but she was as steadfast as adamant on the point that it behoved her to return a respectful refusal to Lord Harrogate's proposals.

'Do not tempt me,' she said more than once; 'do not urge me to forfeit my self-respect, or be false to those who have put trust in me. I am no fit match for the future master of High Tor, the future Earl of Wolverhampton. Would the kind Countess have received me here, would Lady Maud have given me her friendship, had they dreamed of this?'

She was very firm. She let him infer, if he chose, that he was not indifferent to her; but to none of his instances would she yield her steady conviction that duty forbade her to say 'Yes' to his entreaties. He became—small blame to him for being so—almost angry, and tried if reproach would succeed where prayer and argument had failed. In vain. His reproaches brought the tears to Ethel's eyes, but she never faltered in her resolve.

If he pressed her unduly on this point, she said simply that she must go away. Let him forget her, or learn, as she hoped he would, to regard her as a friend, and then she need not leave High Tor. And then—

And then Lady Alice, Ethel's pupil, made her appearance, and there was no more opportunity for private conversation; and two days later, Lord Harrogate started for Aldershot.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE SEA ANIMALS.

By the term sea-squirts, the naturalist denominates some of the most remarkable animals which it is his province to study. In more polite phraseology the sea-squirts are termed 'Ascidians,' this appellation being derived from the Greek *askos*, meaning a wine-skin or Eastern leather-bottle, to which, in outward shape and form the sea-squirts bear a very close resemblance. And as a final designation, the animals under discussion may be known as 'Tunicates,' since their bodies are inclosed within a tough bag or 'tunic,' the chemical composition of which forms, as we shall presently shew, one of the notable points of their structure. The sea-squirts present themselves to the zoologist as a group of beings exhibiting many exceptions to the ordinary rules of animal organisation; and it may also be noted that they have attained a degree of scientific fame almost exceeding that which their most ardent admirers could have expected. •The young sea-squirt has thus

been credited in certain scientific speculation presenting the naturalist and mankind at large with a *fac-simile* of the early progenitor and far-back ancestor of the whole vertebrate group of animals, including man himself—in other words, it is maintained that the young sea-squirt, through some peculiar process of modification and elevation, has given origin to the highest group of living beings. With the promise before us of obtaining information regarding a most interesting group of animals, which are thus held by some *savants* to possess relations of no ordinary kind to man himself, the reader will require little incentive to follow out the steps of a brief inquiry into their life-history and relations.

The fame of the sea-squirts is by no means of modern date. Aristotle gives us a succinct description of them in his *History of Animals* under the designation 'Tethea;' and by the same name Pliny has made the sea-squirts of classic reputation, since we learn from this latter author that they were included as articles of importance in the pharmacopœia of the Romans. In their commonest phases, the sea-squirts appear as little leathery bags of clear aspect, through the somewhat transparent wall of which the internal organs can be discerned. The resemblance of the animals to the ancient wine-skin has already been remarked. The wine-skin, as every one knows, was made of the stomach of some animal, or of the skin so arranged as to present two orifices or necks. Thus when we look at a common sea-squirt we see a veritable little 'leather-bottel,' measuring from half an inch to an inch or more in length, attached by one extremity to the rock at low-water mark, or to the shell we have dredged, and bearing on its upper surface two prominent openings, each supported on a short neck. The origin of the common name of 'sea-squirt' is by no means hard to trace. The incautious observer who picks up a sea-squirt which has through unpropitious fate been cast up on the sea-beach after a storm, after a short survey of the sac-like body, may possibly be tempted to squeeze it as a preliminary to further investigation. On being thus irritated, the animal will most likely retaliate by forcibly ejecting jets of water from the two orifices of the 'bottel;' this procedure possibly resulting in the relinquishment of the sea-squirt as altogether an unlikely and unfavourable object for further study. But the observation of this unpolite habit on the part of the animal, will be found to assist our further comprehension of its physiology, and of the manner in which the functions of its life are carried on.

A highly curious item of sea-squirt history is furnished at the outset by the consideration of the rough bag or 'test' in which its organs are inclosed. When the chemist analyses this part of the animal, he finds it to be composed in greater part of a substance known as *cellulose*. It so happens that cellulose is a most important constituent of plants, being almost as common in vegetables as starch. Hence zoologists accounted it a

strange and unwonted proceeding on the part of an animal, that it should manufacture in a seemingly natural manner a substance proper and peculiar to the plant-world. The multiplication of cases of like kind in animals has destroyed the novelty and unique nature of the sea-squirt's case; but none the less curious must the fact be accounted, that the animal should mimic the plant in the mode and results of its life. When the tough outer sac is cut open, we come upon a much more delicate and softer structure, known as the *mantle*. This latter forms an inner lining to the test, and is the structure upon the presence of which the sea-squirt's power of ejecting water depends. The mantle is a highly muscular layer, and lies next the organs and internal belongings of the animal.

The clearest mode of describing the structure of the sea-squirt is that of beginning with that neck of the bottle-shaped body on which the mouth opens. The mouth leads, curiously enough, not into a throat, but into a large chamber, named the breathing-sac. The walls of this chamber may be simply described as composed of a network of fine blood-vessels; the meshes of this network being provided with those delicate vibratile filaments, named cilia, the function of which is to keep up, by their movements, a constant circulation of the water admitted to the breathing-chamber. Just within the mouth-opening a few small tentacles or feelers exist, these organs serving to guard the entrance to the body. On the floor of the breathing-sac an opening may be perceived; this aperture leading into the throat, and being, therefore, by many naturalists termed the true mouth. And in the way of digestive apparatus, we find the sea-squirt to possess a stomach, intestine, and other organs.

It is highly interesting to note the manner in which the sea-squirt obtains its food. The nutritive wherewithal consists of sedimentary matters, such as minute animals and plants, these substances being drawn into the breathing-sac along with the currents of water which are continually being taken into the body. The nutritive sediment is collected together by certain folds of the lining membrane of the breathing-chamber, and is thus transferred to the mouth-opening below. The breathing-chambers of the sea-squirts, it may be noted in passing, frequently afford lodgment to tiny dwellers in the shape of little pea-crabs. The writer has noticed these little lodgers to issue forth at night from the mouth of the sea-squirts, when the latter have been kept in an aquarium, in order to pick up particles of food on the floor of their abode. The crabs retreated to their shelter on the slightest alarm; and this case of companionship presents one of those curious instances of animal association which at present we are wholly unable to explain.

The food being converted into blood in the digestive system, we may next inquire as to the

means which the sea-squirt possesses for circulating the blood through the body. In higher animals, the heart and blood-vessels perform this important task; and in the sea-squirt we find these structures to be represented; the sea-squirt's heart indeed, in respect of its peculiarity of action, being without a parallel in the whole animal world. The heart consists of a simple tube, from each end of which blood-vessels pass, some being distributed to the breathing-chamber, and others to the body generally. In the highest animals the heart has the double function of driving pure blood through the body, and of circulating impure blood through the breathing organs for purification. It is noteworthy to observe, that by a curious and, as already remarked, altogether unparalleled contrivance, Nature has succeeded in causing the simple tube-heart of the sea-squirt to perform the work done by the complex organ of higher animals. When we observe the movements of the sea-squirt's heart, we may see it to propel the blood by its pulsations at first to the breathing-chamber for purification. Then a pause succeeds, and the heart is observed to pulsate in the reverse direction, and to drive the blood from the breathing-chamber through the body. Probably no better illustration of the manner in which, by a modification of function, Nature compensates for simplicity of structure, could be had, than that afforded by the sea-squirt's heart.

The breathing-chamber, as we have seen, receives fresh sea-water from the outside world, this water containing the vivifying oxygen required for the purification and renewal of the blood. Having given up its oxygen to the blood contained in the fine blood-vessels of the breathing-chamber, and its sediment to serve for food, the great bulk of water contained in the breathing-sac has now to be got rid of, to make room for a fresh supply. This process is effected in the most admirable manner through the currents created by the little filaments or cilia, which cause a constant flow of water to pass through the network walls of the breathing-chamber into a second sac or bag which lies parallel with it. This latter sac receives the name of the *atrium*, and communicates with the outer world by the second neck or orifice of the body. Hence the water which enters by the mouth-opening, after passing through the breathing-chamber, is ejected by the second aperture of the body, and affords the material wherewith the sea-squirt vents its indignation on prying humanity in the shape of the *jets d'eau* which have procured for it its popular designation. The sea-squirt regarded in relation to its sedentary habits, would seem to require no great exercise of nervous powers. Accordingly we find its nervous system to be represented by a single mass of nervous matter, placed near the mouth, and from which nerves pass to the other parts of the body. The acts of a sea-squirt may thus be regarded as purely of the character we are accustomed to name 'automatic.' It is provided with instincts enabling it to carry on the acts of its life and to exhibit a certain degree of irritability, without at the same time knowing the 'reason why' of its own actions.

The sea-squirts present no exceptions to the universal rule of Harvey, *omne animal ex ovo*—this philosopher believing in the universal development of the animal-form from an ovum or egg. But unlike most higher animals, the young sea-squirt

does not come from the egg in the likeness of the parent. It first appears as a tadpole-like body, this creature—the larva as it is named—being produced in some thirty hours after the development of the egg begins. The head of the tadpole is provided with pigment spots or rudimentary eyes, and with three little suckers, by means of which it ultimately attaches itself to fixed bodies, prior to assuming the form of the adult and perfect Ascidian. The tail of the tadpole-larva next becomes retracted within its body, and therein disappears, whilst after fixing itself, the well-known features of the sea-squirt become duly developed. A Russian zoologist has remarked that in the tail of the sea-squirt a long rod-like body is to be seen. Now in the lowest fishes, the spine exists in a similar and rod-like condition; and hence, by a certain school of naturalists, it is urged that the vertebrates may have originated in the past from some form resembling the sea-squirt larva, in whose tail we are therefore invited to behold the first stage of the vertebrate backbone or spine. It is noteworthy to observe, however, that the opinions of these naturalists are by no means accepted by the scientific world at large; and one eminent German observer declared that the rod-like body in the sea-squirt larva's tail was not situated in the back, but in the opposite region of the body, and that therefore it could not be regarded as corresponding to the 'back'-bone of higher animals.

Certain near relations of the sea-squirt become of exceeding interest from their departure from the more usual and staid type of Ascidian structure. Amongst these errant members of the sea-squirt tribe the most remarkable perhaps are the *Salpæ*—clear, gelatinous animals, met with swimming in long connected chains on the surface of the sea in tropical regions. The celebrated novelist Chamisso, author of the charming story, *Peter Schlemihl or the Shadowless Man*, who to his literary tastes united a striking aptitude for natural history research, discovered that the young of these chain-salpæ invariably appears as a *single* form; whilst each single salpæ has the power of producing a connected chain. Thus the salpæ sea-squirts exist in two distinct forms—chain-salpæ and single salpæ, and to use Chamisso's own words: 'A salpæ mother is not like its daughter or its own mother, but resembles its grand-daughter and its grand-mother.'

Another curious group of the sea-squirts is that known by the name of the *Pyrosomæ*, a name literally meaning 'fiery-bodies.' These latter forms exist as connected masses of sea-squirts aggregated together, so as to form a hollow cylinder or tube, closed at one end; this animal-colony swimming on the surface of the sea, by the admission and forcible ejection of water from the interior of the tube. Such a means of locomotion reminds us of a veritable hydraulic engine, and is decidedly a useful modification of the common sea-squirt's habit. The pyrosomas exhibit a strange phosphorescent light, seen also in such animals as the jelly-fishes. These luminous sea-squirts when seen in shoals, have well been described as 'miniature pillars of fire,' gleaming out of the dark sea, with an ever-waning, ever-brightening, soft, bluish light, as far as the eye could reach on every side.' Side by side with this description from the pen of a distinguished naturalist, may be placed the poetic

realisation of a similar scene by Sir Walter Scott, who in the *Lord of the Isles* has happily noted the luminosity of the sea when,

Awaked before the rushing prow
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave;
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,
And flashing round the vessel's sides,
With elfish lustre lave;
While far behind, their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendour gave.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

A STORY OF THE PAST.

SHORTLY after Waterloo had been fought, one of our English regiments (which had taken a distinguished part in that great victory) stationed in a Mediterranean garrison, gained an undeniable notoriety there by a sudden mania for duelling that broke out amongst its officers, and which threatened to become so chronic in its character as seriously to interfere with the discipline of the corps. Quarrels were literally 'made to order' at mess-time for the most trifling affairs, and scarcely a day passed without a hostile meeting taking place, which the colonel—a weak-minded man—expressed himself powerless to prevent. Indeed he had already been sent to 'Coventry' by his subordinates, which, as our readers doubtless know, is a kind of social excommunication that, when acted upon in an English regiment, generally ends in the retirement from the corps of the individual on whom it falls. It was so in this instance, for the colonel saw that the vendetta-like conduct of his officers towards him was gradually divesting him of all authority in the eyes of his men; and as he had none but his social inferiors to whom he could turn for counsel and advice, he was compelled to relinquish his command and return to England. On arrival in this country he lost no time in proceeding to the Horse Guards, where he sought and gained an interview with the Duke of Wellington, to whom he gave a graphic account of the state of affairs which existed in the regiment he had just left.

The Iron Duke listened attentively to the narration, and knitted his brow in anger as the colonel related the story of the duelling; and when the latter had finished speaking, he exclaimed in an unmistakably stern and uncompromising tone: 'It is *your* fault, sir! You should have brought some of the ringleaders to a court-martial, and cashiered them on the spot. You have sadly neglected your duty, and that is a thing which I never pardon.'

The colonel left the Horse Guards in a very crest-fallen state, and he was hardly surprised when he saw in the next *Gazette* the announcement that 'His Majesty had no further need of his services.'

In the meantime the Duke had obtained a special audience of the Prince Regent, to whom he explained the condition of affairs in connection with the regiment in question. The result of the interview was that Colonel A—, a well-known martinet, then on half-pay, was 'sent for, and the

circumstances explained to him; the Prince offering him the command of the regiment on condition that he would undertake to cure the duelling propensities of its officers. Colonel A—— was delighted at the prospect of active service, and he willingly accepted the task assigned to him, it being understood that he was to be granted a royal indemnity for anything serious which might happen to anybody else in his endeavours to put a stop to the duelling. He was a man of high reputation, and had previously held other difficult commands, being known throughout the army as a good soldier but a stern disciplinarian.

Such was the old soldier's feelings at the special honour conferred on him that on leaving St James's Palace he actually forgot to return the salute of the sentinels posted at the gates, to the great astonishment of the latter, who knew his punctilious habits.

On his arrival at the garrison he lost no time in making himself acquainted with his brother-officers. He had already laid out his plan of action in his own mind, and was fully determined to allow nothing to swerve him a hair's-breadth from the path of duty. At the mess-table he behaved with studied politeness and amiability of manner; and his subordinates indicated that they were greatly pleased with their new commander. He chatted pleasantly with all, from the senior major down to the youngest ensign, and when the cloth was removed, regaled them with the latest gossip and doings of London society. Before they separated for the night, however, he took the opportunity of informing them in a very quiet manner, that he had heard of the frequent duels which had lately taken place in the corps, and that it seemed a matter of regret to him that they could not manage to live in peace and unity. 'However,' he said, 'if it be your wish, gentlemen, to fight out your quarrels in this way, I shall interpose no obstacle to your doing so. But this can only be by your pledging your word of honour *now*, to the effect that in future no duel shall take place without my permission having been first obtained. As I am your colonel, it is necessary that my authority should be acknowledged in all that relates to the honour of the regiment.'

The officers looked at each other and then at the colonel, and a somewhat embarrassing silence ensued; but it was broken by Colonel A——, who said: 'Don't be afraid that I shall refuse your request; on the contrary, I shall only be too pleased to grant my permission if, on examining the facts of the case, I find sufficient reason to think that the applicant's *amour propre* has been wounded, and that a hostile meeting is indispensable.'

At these reassuring words the young fire-eaters were satisfied, and at once gave the promise demanded; and Colonel A—— then retired to his chamber, where, overcome with the fatigue of a rough voyage, he soon found himself snugly ensconced in the arms of Morpheus.

On the following morning he was rather rudely awakened from a refreshing slumber by a loud rapping at his chamber-door; and on challenging his early visitors, he was informed that it was Captain Lord Vellum and Ensign Warbottle who wished to speak to him on a matter of the gravest importance.

'You might have chosen a more convenient hour for your visit, gentlemen,' said the colonel, who was naturally loath to rise from his bed at five o'clock on the first morning after his voyage.

'It is an "affair of honour," colonel,' was the significant reply, 'and cannot be delayed. We beg you will admit us instantly.'

The colonel rose and opened the door to the early comers. They were two handsome young men, who had on the previous evening already attracted Colonel A——'s attention by the extreme friendliness which they exhibited for each other. They respectfully saluted their commanding officer as they entered the room, and the latter broke an awkward silence by demanding of them the object of their visit.

Ensign Warbottle again raised his hand in salute as he replied: 'We have come to ask your permission to fight, colonel.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Colonel A——. 'I thought you were great friends.'

'Yes, colonel, we have been most intimate friends from our youth upward,' said Lord Vellum, 'and we respect each other very sincerely; but we have had a dispute, and our wounded honour must be satisfied.'

'Then I presume that something very serious must have occurred, gentlemen, to make the only remedy for it a recourse to the pistol?'

'It is indeed a very serious matter, colonel,' replied Ensign Warbottle; 'and it is this. After you had left the table last night, we chatted over what you told us about the doings in London lately; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I remarked that I should like to be there, riding at the head of a troop of Life Guards, and escorting the Prince Regent, with my silver helmet glittering in the sun and my drawn sword in my hand. Whereupon Lord Vellum said with a sneer that I was a feather-bed soldier, and that a leathern helmet would be quite good enough for such as I. I took no notice of this remark; but I was annoyed and excited; and when he further asserted that the officers of the Life Guards wore brass helmets, human nature could stand it no longer, and I gave him the lie. He retaliated by striking me on the face; an insult, Colonel A——, which justifies me, I think, in demanding a hostile meeting.' The last words were said in a manner which admitted of only one meaning, and the two young officers exchanged glances of mutual hatred and defiance.

'It is indeed grave, gentlemen,' sententiously remarked the colonel: 'the helmets worn by the officers of His Majesty's Life Guards are neither silver nor brass, but white metal lacquered with silver-gilt; but this information will not, I presume, alter the position of affairs. Do you still wish to fight the question out?'

'Certainly, sir!' exclaimed the two officers.

'Very well,' replied the colonel gravely, 'far be it from me to interpose any obstacle to your meeting, gentlemen; but this duel must be a serious one, as befits so important a question as the Life Guards' helmets, and not an affair resulting in a mere scratch, as I am given to understand is generally the case in these mess quarrels. Remember that you are British officers and not Spanish bravoes, and that the honour of a British officer can only be vindicated by the death of his

opponent. Go, gentlemen, and fight your duel; and I will meet the survivor on his return.'

The two young men saluted the colonel and retired. A few minutes afterwards, they and their seconds were seen hurrying off to the place of meeting—a spot which is known in the garrison to this day as 'Duel Avenue.'

Three hours later, Colonel A—— went down into the parade-ground to inspect the regiment, and he was surprised to see both Lord Vellum and Ensign Warbottle amongst the officers who approached him to give their morning salute. The latter had his arm in a sling; and to the stern inquiry of Colonel A—— as to whether the duel had yet taken place, he replied, with a forced smile lighting up his face: 'Yes, colonel; his lordship has given me a nasty scratch in the arm.'

'A scratch in the arm!' exclaimed the colonel contemptuously. 'And do you call *that* fighting, gentlemen—do you call *that* fighting? And for so important a question as the helmets of His Majesty's Life Guards! Bah! it is nothing! This matter must be fought over again, under pain of instant dismissal from the service if my order be disobeyed!'

'But'—— began Lord Vellum, attempting to express his satisfaction at the reparation his wounded honour had received.

'But me no *buts*, gentlemen!' exclaimed the colonel angrily. 'I have the Prince's instructions on this point, and it is for *you* to vindicate your own honour in a proper manner, or retire disgraced from His Majesty's service.'

This alternative was one not to be thought of; and it need scarcely be said that the young fire-eaters chose rather to fight again than be cashiered. The duel was fought again, and this time Lord Vellum was shot through the body—a wound which laid him on a sick-bed for two months.

During this long period many quarrels had taken place at the mess-table, some of which had been settled by the colonel acting as 'arbitrator'; and others stood over for his permission to fight—a permission which he refused to grant until the result of Lord Vellum's illness should become known. In the meantime Colonel A—— had communicated with the Duke of Wellington, from whom he received explicit instructions to carry the matter out to the bitter end, as the only means of putting a stop to a matter which was fast becoming a world-wide scandal.

Lord Vellum was carefully attended to during his illness by his 'friend and enemy' Ensign Warbottle, to whose efforts he not only owed his life, but was enabled at the end of the two months to take a short walk every morning. His recovery then proceeded rapidly, and he soon became enabled to walk without any support whatever.

The two friends were walking together one morning, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with Colonel A——.

'Ah, gentlemen, good-morning!' exclaimed the latter. 'I am delighted to see his lordship out again, especially as it will now enable you to finish your *affaire d'honneur* in a more satisfactory manner.'

The young officers, scarcely believing their own ears, were for a time struck dumb with astonishment, and they gazed at each other and at the colonel with looks of bewilderment and despair.

'You see, gentlemen,' said the colonel gravely, 'that this question of the Life Guards' helmets is of such importance that I deemed it advisable, since his lordship's illness, to write to the Duke of Wellington on the subject; and I have here His Grace's orders that the duel should be renewed again and again until the life of one of the combatants has been forfeited.' As he spoke, Colonel A—— drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a large letter, bearing on its envelope the words 'On His Majesty's Service' in large black letters, and in one corner the notice in red ink, 'Very Urgent.'

'But,' said the young ensign, 'his lordship has not recovered yet; besides'——

'When one can walk,' interrupted the colonel, 'one can also fire off a pistol; and it is not conducive to the interests and dignity of the service that so important a question as the equipment of His Majesty's body-guard should any longer be left undecided.'

The two young officers, who had cemented their friendship anew during the period of illness, here took each other's hands and gazed long and silently into each other's face. Colonel A—— turned away to hide his emotion; for being really possessed of a kindly disposition, he began to regret the stern and unbending part he had been called upon to perform. Brushing the signs of his weakness away from his eyes, he turned once more towards the young officers and said: 'Gentlemen, I have orders from England to supersede you in the regiment to which we all have the honour to belong; and I am only to waive the execution of these orders on condition that the duel is renewed, as already stated. Your honour is absolutely in your own hands, and you must choose your own course. I leave you to decide, gentlemen, what that course shall be, and bid you for the present adieu.' So saying, the colonel left the two friends to decide upon their own fate. They ultimately decided to consult with their brother-officers on the subject, and to be guided by the general opinion. This opinion turned out to be in favour of another fight; and they once more proceeded to the place of meeting, each mentally resolving not to injure the other, but each exchanging portraits and letters for their friends. The fatal weapons were discharged, and Ensign Warbottle fell to the earth with a shot buried in his heart.

The grief of Lord Vellum knew no bounds, for he had been led to believe that the balls had been withdrawn from the pistols. He threw himself on the inanimate body of his friend, and could with great difficulty be removed therefrom. At length he was conducted to the house of a married officer; and from there he indited a letter to Colonel A——, tendering his resignation, and reproaching the latter with the death of his friend.

The same afternoon, Colonel A—— assembled the other officers, and addressing himself especially to those whose applications to fight were in suspension, declared himself ready to grant one more permission on the same conditions as the other, namely that 'for honour's sake' the combatants should fight to the death. In the pause which ensued, one officer after another saluted the colonel respectfully, and then retired as silently as they came, leaving him alone in the mess-room and master of the situation.

It was a rude lesson which these officers had received, but it fully accomplished its purpose, and from that day to this duelling has been almost unknown in the British army.

'SUPERS' ON THE STAGE.

SUPERNUMERARIES on the stage, ordinarily called 'supers,' receive a small pay, but are not reckoned within the rôle of actors. They make up a crowd, when a crowd is wanted in the piece, and so on. Though viewed as a kind of nobodies, they cannot be done without, and managers need to take care not to give them offence.

These humble players have been aptly described as serfs of the stage, for whom there is no manumission. Let them work as hard as they will, play their parts as well as they may, their merits meet scant recognition either before or behind the curtain. For the wage of some threepence an hour, they have to submit to being bullied and badgered, and put to all manner of personal discomfort. Still, with a sense of inferiority, the super considers himself an actor. He treads but the lowest rung; but his foot *is* on the theatrical ladder. The climbers above may superciliously ignore the connection; but he feels that he too is an actor, and sometimes asserts his fellowship; like the poverty-stricken fellow who publicly hailed David Garrick as his 'dear colleague,' on the score that it was his crowing that made the ghost of buried Denmark start like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons; and the less obtrusive super who, when told of Macready's death, exclaimed: 'Ah! another of us gone!'

It is recorded that a French super playing an assistant-footman in a popular *opéra-bouffe* for the first time, fell down in a fit, brought on by the excitement consequent upon his having to 'create the rôle.' Too much zeal is always inconvenient. At a performance not very long since of *Richard III.*, the armies contending at Bosworth were so carried away by professional ardour that the mimic fray came very near the real thing; and one gallant archer introduced himself to the manager's notice with an arrow through his nose, so astonishing that gentleman that he salved the wound with half a sovereign. The next evening the casualties rose to such alarming proportions, that a like treatment would have well-nigh exhausted the treasury.

Such realistic combats would have delighted Forrest the American tragedian, famous for his 'powerful' acting. Rehearsing the part of a brave Roman warrior at the Albany Theatre, Forrest stormed at the representatives of the minions of a tyrant for not attacking him with sufficient spirit. At last the captain of the supers inquired if he wanted to make 'a bully-fight of it,' and received an affirmative answer. Evening came, and in due course the fighting scene was reached. Forrest 'took the stage,' and the half-dozen myrmidons advanced against him in skirmishing order. 'Seize him!' cried the tyrant. Striking a pugilistic atti-

tude, the first minion hit out from the shoulder, and gave the Roman hero a fair 'facer'; the second minion following up with a well-judged kick from behind; while the others rushed in for a bout at close-quarters. The eyes of the astounded actor flashed fire; there was a short scrimmage of seven, and then one super went head first into the big drum and stopped there, four retired behind the scenes to have their wounds dressed, and the last of the valiant crew finding himself somehow up in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre bawling 'Fire!' with all the energy left him; while the breathless tragedian was bowing his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic plaudits of the excited audience.

Considering how often the super changes his nationality, one would expect him to be too thorough a cosmopolitan to cherish any insular or continental prejudices. They nevertheless have their sympathies and antipathies. 'Shure, sir,' said an Irishman who had for some nights died a glorious death fighting for Fatherland, 'it's mighty onpleasant to have to be a German; I'd rather play a Frenchman.' He had to be contented by receiving the manager's assurance that if he continued to work up his agony well, he might be permitted to change his uniform at the end of the month. Greater success awaited a stalwart navvy, who after crossing the Danube several times at Alexandra Park, declared he must 'chuck it up' if he could not be a Turk. His desire was granted; and the next afternoon he was pitching Russians into the water with a will.

In the old days of the Paris Cirque, a rule is said to have obtained, compelling supers who had incurred the management's displeasure to go on as 'the enemy,' destined to succumb to native valour, by which means the difficulty of getting men to appear as the foes of France was obviated. When the *Battle of Waterloo* was first produced on the English stage, in one of the battle-scenes the French troops drove a British division across the mimic field. This was done for a few nights. One morning, after rehearsal, the leader of the supernumerary red-coat corps, gathering his followers around him, said: 'Boys, we mustn't retreat before the Johnny Crapeuds again, to be goosed by the pit. It's all very well at rehearsal, but when it comes to real acting it won't do. Let us turn upon the yelling demons and pitch them into the pit!' And they did it too, astonishing the 'Frenchmen,' to say nothing of the audience; as greatly as Mr George Jones was once astonished by certain theatrical pirates. He, as an American sailor, had to rescue a fair captive from the clutches of the afore-said ruffians. Unfortunately he had contrived to mortally offend the four supers concerned; and when he rushed to the lady's aid with: 'Come on, ye villains! One Yankee tar is more than a match for four lubberly sharks!' instead of leading off in a broadsword fight, the pirate captain shouted: 'I guess not!' and seizing Jones by the legs and arms, the pirates carried him off the stage, deposited him in the property closet, and then returning,

bore off the damsel to their rocky retreat; leaving the curtain to come down before a very much puzzled audience, to whom no explanation was vouchsafed.

Somebody—we think Mr Dutton Cook—tells a good story of an *accessoire* once attached to the Porte St-Martin Theatre. M. Fombonne had won managerial praise for the adroitness with which he handed letters or coffee-cups upon a salver and his excellent manner of announcing the names of stage-guests and visitors. Naturally enough, he thought his services might be more liberally rewarded, and made his thought known.

'Monsieur Fombonne,' said the manager, 'I acknowledge the justice of your application. I admire and esteem you. You are one of the most useful members of my company. I well know your worth; no one better.'

Glowing with pleasure at this recognition of his merits, M. Fombonne, with one of his best bows, said: 'I may venture then to hope'—

'By all means, Monsieur Fombonne,' interrupted the manager. 'Hope sustains us under all our afflictions. Always hope. For my part, hope is the only thing left me. Business is wretched. The treasury is empty. I cannot possibly raise your salary. But you are an artist, and therefore above pecuniary considerations. I do not, I cannot offer you money; but I can gratify a laudable ambition. Hitherto you have ranked only as an *accessoire*; from this time you are an actor. I give you the right of entering the *grand foyer*. You are permitted to call Monsieur Lemaître *mon camarade*; to tutoyer Mademoiselle Theodorine. I am sure, Monsieur Fombonne, that you will thoroughly appreciate the distinction I have conferred upon you.' The manager read his man rightly; the promoted *accessoire* was more than satisfied.

Not so well pleased was the English super who asked for a rise, pleading that he had been playing his part with the utmost care and zeal for a hundred consecutive nights. The manager inquired what part he played.

'Why, sir,' said he, 'I am in the fourth act; I have to stake twenty pounds in the gambling scene.'

'Very well,' quoth the manager; 'from to-night you shall double the stakes.'

Was it the same manager, we wonder, to whom Mr Sala's small super came crying for a redress of his grievance? He had been cast to play 'double-four' in a pantomimic game of animated dominoes; but the dresser had allotted 'double-four' to his brother Jim, and insisted upon his being contented with donning the tabard of 'four and a blank.' He had protested, he had howled, he had punched Jim's head, without effect.

'What am I to do?' the little pantomimist cried. 'I'd sooner give up the profession, than be took down so many pegs without never 'avin done nuffin.'

'Never mind, my boy,' replied the amused stage-manager; 'you shall play double-four; and if you behave yourself properly till Boxing Night you shall play double-six.'

That little fellow would never have made such a mess of his 'business' as did a street urchin who made his first appearance on any stage under the auspices of Mr J. C. Williamson, when the latter was playing *Struck Oil* in a country town.

Led on by the ear by Lizzie Stofel, and asked: 'What for you call me Dutchy?' the debutant blurted out: 'Cause you told me to!'—to the immense delight of the house. As soon as the act was over, he was told he might go in front; and before any one could stop him, he pulled back the curtain, climbed over the footlights into the orchestra, and coolly left the theatre.

At a performance of *Norma* at the Cork Theatre, in which Cruvelli played the heroine, the little daughters of the carpenter were pressed into service to represent the children of the priestess. As the curtain drew up on the second act they were seen lying on Norma's couch quiet enough, for they were frightened nearly to death by the glare of light, the noise in front, and their unaccustomed surroundings. Their fright increased as Norma vented her jealous rage in recitative; and when, dagger in hand, she rushed towards them, they gave a shriek, tumbled off their couch, and ran off the stage as fast as their legs would take them, while the theatre rang with laughter, and Norma herself was fain to sit down until she had recovered from the effect of the unexpected episode.

Boleño the clown never evoked heartier merriment than that caused by his first appearance in public as one of the 'principal waves' in the nautical piece *Paul Jones*. It was at Sadler's Wells Theatre, soon after the 'real water,' for which that house was long famous, had given place to the conventional canvas sea with its wave-rolling boys underneath. The last scene represented the ocean, bearing on its expanse of waters two ships preparing for action. The waves rolled as the boys bobbed up and down, and all would have gone well, had not Master Harry discovered a small hole in the canvas above him. Into this hole he put two fingers, intending to take a peep at the front of the house. The rotten stuff gave way; the waters of the Atlantic divided, and disclosed a small head besmeared with blue paint—the result of friction against the painted cloth. Catching sight of this, young Joe Grimaldi, who was the captain in command of one of the vessels, called out: 'Man overboard!' while the stage-carpenter shook his fist at the appalled offender, causing that luckless young rascal to disappear from view, and bob with such vigour at a remote distance, that a sudden storm seemed to have broken over the ocean far away.

An American critic, disgusted with the mob in *Julius Caesar*, when that play was acted lately at Booth's Theatre, because they shewed no discrimination, cheering the meanest soldier walking in procession, while they let Caesar and Antony go by unrecognised, insists upon the supernumeraries being better taught. It is certainly the duty of the stage-manager to see that they are properly instructed, but it is no use to ask too much of them; like the actor-manager who called upon his supers to assume an oily smile of truculent defiance; and the author of *Jeanne d'Arc*, who in his stage directions requires the representatives of the English spectators at the procession to the pyre to give vent to a buzz and murmur of hatred and exultation; and the representatives of the Amazon's countrymen to express their feelings in a buzz and murmur of love, pity, and sympathy. Such exacting gentlemen remind one of the French manager who fined one of the

supernumeraries engaged in *Paul et Virginie* for not making himself black enough, and afterwards discovered that the man he had fined was a nigger born.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE paragraphs on the use of zinc as a preventive of scale in steam-boilers, in the *Month* for March last (*ante* 207), have brought us many inquiries for further particulars. One correspondent wishes to know what length of time the lump of zinc will last? to which we answer, that on this point there is nothing more precise in the original Report than that the zinc lasts the usual time of working the boiler between the periods of cleaning. The zinc is more efficacious in the form of an ingot or solid lump, than when small heaps of clippings are employed; and we cannot imagine that it would be difficult for any intelligent person to determine by observation the dissolution of the zinc.

The theoretical explanation of the preservative action is, that in the process of oxidation the zinc borrows oxygen from the air dissolved in the feed-water only. The two metals, zinc and iron, surrounded by water at a high temperature, form an electrical 'pile' with a single liquid which slowly decomposes the water. The oxygen flies to the most oxidisable metal, the zinc, while the hydrogen is set free on the surface of the iron. This release of hydrogen goes on over the whole extent of the iron in contact with the water, and the minute bubbles of this gas isolate at each instant the sides of the boiler from the incrusting substance. If the quantity of this substance is small, it becomes so penetrated by the bubbles that it remains soft as mud; and if in greater quantity, coherent incrustations are formed, but in such a state of isolation as to be readily separated from the iron.

This remarkable action of zinc was first discovered in 1861, during the repair of a steam-vessel at Havre; and since then it has with approval been taken into use in some of the large manufacturing establishments of France. Readers desirous of consulting the original Report will find it in the *Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*, No. 51, March 1878, which may be obtained through Messrs Trubner, the well-known London publishers, or any foreign bookseller.

The Institution of Mechanical Engineers have published their usual yearly list of subjects on which they would be glad to have papers for reading at their meetings. As may be supposed, their scheme includes all branches of mechanical engineering; but we mention a few as likely to occupy the attention of some of the many ingenious artificers who are always inventing or improving. For example, there are hot-air engines, engines worked by gas, and electro-magnetic engines. Corn-mills, results of working with an air-blast and ring-stones. Flax, lace, and knitting machin-

ery. Wood-working machines, for morticing, dovetailing, planing, rounding, surfacing and copying. Paper-making and paper-cutting machines. Machines for printing from engraved surfaces, and type-composing and distributing machines. Best plans for seasoning timber and cordage. Ventilation of mines. Prevention of rust in iron ships and tanks; and a way to diminish the dead-weight in railway trains.

One of the subjects is improvements in lighthouses; by which we are reminded that a new lighthouse at the Eddystone is talked of. The present structure was built by Smeaton in 1756-59; and ever since, as long before, as indicated by the name, the sea has been wearing away the rock on which it stands, and now threatens to undermine the foundations. The new tower would be built on an adjacent rock with, as we may easily believe, all the best improvements in construction and lighting.

Descriptions have been given at meetings of the Institution of machines for pressing cotton in bales for shipment. Some machines will press twice as much cotton into a bale of given size as others; which effects an important economy as regards stowage and in cost of packing, for it is estimated that the outlay for fuel for the pressing engine amounts to only a penny a bale.

Messrs Siemens' improvements in the dynamo-electric machine appear likely to settle the question as regards transmission of mechanical power to long distances. Given the power to work one machine, it can be transmitted by wires to a second, from that to a third, and so on continuously through many miles. A waterfall or steam-engine of one hundred horse-power working the first machine in the series would produce fifty horse-power at a distance of thirty miles. Hence it would be possible to grind wheat, to shape iron in a lathe, to saw wood, or weave cotton by machinery, in a district where all the coal was exhausted. This consideration ought to be appreciated by the people who imagine that our coal-fields will all too soon be dug completely out. Another advantage of the dynamo-machine is that if thrown out of gear for a few minutes or for a longer time there is no loss or waste of power.

Considering that slag can be made into glass, and that slag is a disagreeable encumbrance which many manufacturers would gladly get rid of, a suggestion has been offered that, instead of being made of metal, tanks and cisterns should be made of slag glass, in a single casting. There would then be no leaky joints, no unpleasant taste from paint or metal; cleaning would be easy; and if large dimensions were required, a number of small tanks might be placed side by side, and connected by slag-glass tubes. When this suggestion comes to be adopted, there will be no need to inquire about prevention of rust in tanks, nor to be timorous of lead-poisoning.

Very tedious is the work of reducing tables of observations to their true value, whatever their nature. Observations of tides are no exception; and as their reduction is of great importance in working out a true theory of the tides, attempts have been made to accomplish the tedious task by machinery, and at length with success. Sir William Thomson, of the University of Glasgow, has now constructed what he calls an 'harmonic analyser,' with which he can work out the analyses

of a twenty-four-hour tide-curve in about a minute. It is usual in taking tidal observations that the gauge records the rise and fall in the twenty-four hours in the form of a curve on a sheet or roll of paper; and the labour of analysing the sheets of a whole year may be imagined. But, as Sir W. Thomson's machine will clear sixty or more sheets in an hour, a year's work may be satisfactorily disposed of in half a day. This will indeed be good news to the able investigators who have for some years investigated the voluminous series of arctic tides, and are still far from completion. Their work will be greatly simplified; but the machine by which this happy result is achieved involves some of the most refined principles in natural philosophy.

'The Worshipful Company of Turners' of the City of London have published their list of prizes for the present year, stating the conditions on which they will grant the freedom of the Company, and of the City if the Court of Aldermen agree, and sums of money and medals to successful competitors. Any one skilful in turning in wood, throwing and turning in pottery, and in diamond cutting and polishing, is qualified to compete, but will be expected to remember that 'beauty of design, symmetry of shape, utility, and general excellence of workmanship,' are qualities which will be considered in awarding the prizes. The specimens are to be delivered at the Mansion House, London, within the first week of October next.

Mr Du Moncel, in discoursing on the phonograph to a scientific Society in Paris, suggested that by successive improvements the instrument would be made capable of recording a speech with all the intonations of the speaker; and that sheets of phonographic music might be kept in a portfolio for the entertainment of amateurs many years after the air was first played or sung. But while waiting for that result, there might be contrived a clock which would speak, instead of striking the hours. Such a clock would announce one o'clock, two o'clock, as the hours passed by, and might be made to say *Time to get up*, at any required moment. But this is a trifle in comparison with what is reported from the United States—namely that steam has been applied to the phonograph, and that a locomotive provided with the proper apparatus can talk messages which would be heard at some miles' distance. In the Crystal Palace at Sydenham we lately saw the cylinder of the instrument made to revolve by clockwork. The result was that words and songs were reproduced with much more regularity than by the ordinary handle, as hitherto turned by the operator. As yet, however, much remains to be done before a speech or a song, as spoken or warbled into the instrument, shall be reproduced with faultless exactitude. As with the telephone, so is it with the phonograph—there is still a lack both of sound-volume, and quality.

Mr N. J. Holmes, well known as a scientific inventor and electrician, has brought out a portable self-igniting beacon, which may be placed on a wreck, a buoy, or in any position where a flashing signal is required, and render good service. When in use, it lights itself at any given moment; when once alight, cannot be put out by wind or water, will keep burning from fifteen to twenty hours, and shew itself by a flash every half-minute.

Flashing signals are sometimes wanted inland, far away from the sea; but along the coast an appliance that can be carried from place to place with a certainty that it will act as required, can hardly fail to be appreciated.

In a communication to the National Academy of Sciences, New York, Mr Le Conte treats of the 'glycogenic function of the liver and its relation to vital force and vital heat,' in a way which will perhaps be interesting to many readers. In the ordinary process of nutrition much sugar is formed in the body: if the health be good, the whole of the sugar is arrested in the liver, changed into a less soluble substance nearly related to sugar—namely glycogen, and is thus withdrawn from circulation and stored in the liver. This store is slowly rechanged into the oxidable form of liver-sugar, and is re-delivered, little by little, to the blood by the hepatic vein, as the necessities of combustion for animal heat and vital force require. The sole object of the glycogenic function of the liver is to prepare food and waste tissue for final elimination by lungs and kidneys; to prepare an easily combustible fuel, liver-sugar, for the generation of vital force and vital heat by combustion, and at the same time a residuum suitable for elimination as urea. (Glycogen-making is a true vital function; sugar-making is a pure chemical process. The former is an ascensive, the latter a descensive metamorphosis.)

Mr Le Conte continues: In the well-known and usually fatal disease diabetes, sugar is excreted in large quantities by the kidneys. But the kidneys are not the organ in fault: they do all they can to remedy the evil by getting rid of the sugar which, in the blood, is extremely hurtful. In such cases the liver is in fault, and seems to have lost its glycogen-making power. It has been proved that an excess of sugar in the blood produces, among other hurtful effects, cataract and blindness. The cataract so common among diabetic patients is thus accounted for; and it is obvious that the physiologist who will discover a way to keep going the glycogen-making function of the liver will be a benefactor to the human race.

Well worth reading is Professor Boyd Dawkins' *Preliminary Treatise on the Relation of the Pleistocene Mammalia to those now living in Europe*, published by the Palaeontographical Society. It makes clear the evidence by which the relationship has been established, and abounds with interesting and remarkable facts in the history of the animals of Europe. For example, the reindeer lingered in Caithness down to the twelfth century, and, as Professor Dawkins observes, we see 'that it ranged still farther south in the Prehistoric age, and ultimately in the Pleistocene, it reached the Alps and Pyrenees. It is surprising,' he continues, 'that the lion, the panther, and the *urus* are the only three mammals which have been exterminated in Europe. The principal interest centres in the domestic animals. The fact that the *urus* breed was introduced into Britain by the English is most important for the student of history. The distribution of the fallow-deer was due to the direct influence of the Roman power; while the northward distribution of the cat stands in direct relation to the intercourse which the people of France, Germany, and Britain had with the south and east of Europe.'

Mr Meldrum of the Royal Alfred Observatory, Mauritius, whose researches we have from time to time noticed, reiterates the expression of his opinion on the sunspot and rainfall question, and shews as the result of observation that there is a rainfall cycle for Europe and America as well as for India. 'I long ago,' he remarks, 'obtained similar results for India, Mauritius, the Cape, and Australia, as well as for the depths of water in the Elbe, Rhine, Oder, Danube, and Vistula, and have shewn that the mean rainfall curve for the mean sunspot cycle of eleven years exhibits the characteristics of the mean sunspot curve.' Mr Meldrum is satisfied that he has 'evidence of a connection between sunspots and rainfall nearly, if not fully as strong as the evidence of a connection between sunspots and terrestrial magnetism.' There are many anomalies; but 'underlying them all, and pervading them all, a well-marked rainfall cycle is assuredly to be found, especially for Europe, where the observations are most numerous.' It would be interesting to have a satisfactory proof that these theories are correct.

In 1874 the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Suez was determined under instructions from the Astronomer-royal. Since then, as we learn from Colonel Walker's Report on the Trigonometrical Survey of India, the differences between Bombay, Aden, and Suez have been determined, and the connection between England and India is now complete. In these later observations, clocks were compared through the telegraph cables, which effectually eliminated the 'personal equation' from the numerical result. 'It is believed,' says Colonel Walker, 'that this is the first instance of such perfection of method having been attained.'

A Report on the Progress and Resources of New South Wales, by Mr C. Robinson, published at Sydney, states that the estimated area of Australia is three million square miles, of which the colony in question occupies 323,437 square miles—that the population in 1871 was 501,579—that the clip of wool in 1876 amounted to 73,147,608 pounds—that the sugar-crop for 1875 was more than fifteen million pounds—that one seam of coal will yield 84,208,298,667 tons—that a bed of kerosene oil shale will turn out 2000 gallons of refined oil every week for seventy-two years—that in all (up to 1874) 12,387,279 tons of coal had been raised, and that the total weight of gold produced was 8,205,232 ounces. Add to this the other minerals, and ships, corn, wine, and cattle, and it will be seen that New South Wales may look forward with confidence to the time when, should the population become as dense as in England, it will contain within its borders a hundred million souls.

From a recently published Report we learn that the population of Tasmania is more than one hundred and four thousand, and that the total area of the island is nearly seventeen million acres, great part of which is suitable for the growth of wheat and other grain. Less hot and dry than Australia, Tasmania (or Van Diemen's Land, as it was formerly called) has a very salubrious climate, and is, we are informed, 'an excellent breeding-station for stud stock for all the Australian continent, especially as regards animals of large muscular development, and of the hardy constitution so requisite in the ox, the mutton-sheep, and the

draught-horse.' The best evidence that the Tasmanian climate deserves all that has been said in its favour is to be found in the fact, that the mortality of children, especially of infants under twelve months, is very small.

THE TWO ROSES.

Two roses once in my garden grew :
The one was brilliant and rich of hue ;
Proud of her beauty and perfume rare,
She spread her sweets to each passing air :
The other, timid and chaste of mind,
Shrank from the kiss of the fickle wind ;
Proud in the pride of her virtue meek,
She veiled the blush on her modest cheek.

Dazed with the glare of her gaudy bloom,
Drunk with the breath of her rich perfume,
I tended the one with ceaseless care ;
I marked the growth of each beauty rare,
And dreamed that all on some future day
Would own the power of her peerless sway.

At length my flower, that I loved the best,
I sought to take and wear on my breast,
That won from her parent stem to part,
She might rest awhile on my loving heart.
But frown was the lure of her witching spell,
As fluttering to earth her petals fell ;
Her heart was rotten and dead at the core—
And I knew that my foolish dream was o'er.

I saw how poor was the full-blown blaze
That had charmed my senses and won my praise ;
And I thought at last of the timid flower
Which had pined unheeded for cooling shower,
But drought unslaked had her life-spring dried ;
So, fading and faded, she drooped and died.

I saw too now, with awakening eyes,
How near I had been to my longed-for prize ;
One half of the care I had spent in vain—
Care that had brought me but grief and pain—
If spent on the rose that had pined away,
Would have reared a flower so chastely gay,
That the joy of its countless charms unfolded
My care had repaid a thousandfold.

Ah ! how oft in the toil and strife,
The chances and changes which we call life,
By slight and neglect in time of need,
We kill the flower, and we rear the weed ;
Then when we see it, and know too late,
We blame not ourselves, but curse our fate,
For no solace have we on which to lean,
When we know what we long for might have been.

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GEORGE MOORE.

A FEW years ago, George Moore was noted as one of the merchant princes of London, a man of great wealth and benevolence, who had a hand in the principal charities in the metropolis. The story of his life has been told by Dr Smiles in a ponderous volume, likely to be seen by only a few of our readers; for which and other reasons we present the following condensed sketch, along with such critical remarks as seem to be called for.

George Moore was born in 1806, one of five children of a Cumberland statesman—that is, proprietor of a small piece of land which he hereditarily cultivated as a means of livelihood for his family. All worked, the men at ploughing or management of cattle, the women at milking cows, making butter and cheese, or in affairs of the household. It was a primitive state of things; but in a plain way there was no want of food, though the comforts enjoyed were little better than those of a hired labourer. With no wish to change, the Moores had lived at the paternal estate of Overgates for more than three hundred years. Like other youngsters, George got a little schooling, with a proportionate amount of ill-usage from his teachers, as was then customary. Disliking the prospect of never rising beyond the sphere of those about him, he became an apprentice to a draper named Messenger, in the Cumberland town of Wigton; and with a fortitude that did him credit, he determined to quit Wigton as soon as his apprenticeship was at an end, and make his way to London. This he did at the appointed time. Proceeding in the first place to Carlisle, he put up for a night at the Gray Goat Inn; and next morning, at five o'clock, he started on the outside of the stage-coach for London.

At present, the journey from Carlisle to London by railway is a matter of seven hours. George Moore was, by coach, two days and two nights on the road, the suffering, as we may suppose, being considerable. He arrived much fatigued in London on Good-Friday 1825. Next day, having got accommodation in a lodging-house 'kept by a

neighbourly body from the north,' he set forth to look for a situation. Of all places in the world, London, with its vast multitudes of people, is the most cheerless for a stranger who is totally unknown, and has little means at his disposal. George went along the streets, looking for drapers' shops, and trying one after the other, without avail. There was 'no vacancy.' He was in despair, and thought he should emigrate to America. On calling at Swan and Edgar's, in Piccadilly, he told a young man named Wood of his intentions. Wood advised him to call on Mr Ray, of Flint, Ray, and Co., Soho Square, for Ray was a Cumberland man, and had been asking for him. At once he went off to see Mr Ray, who out of pity engaged him at a salary of thirty pounds a year. Here, then, as a junior assistant, he was planted in a large retail drapery concern in the metropolis. He had fortunately got his foot on the lowest step of the ladder, and it would be his own blame if he did not climb to the top.

Having obtained a situation in a house of business, George says in one of his speeches late in life: 'I soon found that coming green from the country, I laboured under many disadvantages. Compared with the young men with whom I was associated, I found my education very deficient. The first thing I did to remedy my defects was to put myself to school at night, after the hours of employment were over; and many an hour have I borrowed from sleep in order to employ it in the improvement of my mind. At the end of eighteen months I had acquired a considerable addition to my previous knowledge, and felt myself able to take my stand side by side with my competitors. Let no one rely in such cases on what is termed Luck. Depend upon it, that the only luck is merit, and that no young man will make his way unless he possesses knowledge, and exerts all his powers in the accomplishment of his objects.' While pushing forward in his daily duties, he one day saw a bright little girl come tripping into the warehouse, whom he learned to be Eliza Ray, a daughter of one of his employers. From that moment he resolved to do all in his power, by diligence in his calling, to win

that young creature as his wife. The idea took possession of his mind, and beneficially influenced his conduct. In a short time he took a dislike to retail dealing, and procured a situation, at a salary of forty pounds a year, in a wholesale concern, that of Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson, Watling Street, then the first lace-house in the City.

In this new line of duty, there was much greater scope for his skill in effecting sales. To perfect himself as an accountant he continued to work hard at the evening school. By the efforts he made, he gained the respect of everybody in the firm. He was attentive, careful, accurate, hard-working. At the end of a year he was promoted to be town traveller, in which capacity he distanced all competitors, and sold more goods than any traveller had done before. He was, in fact, found to be too good for town travelling, and was despatched on the Liverpool and Manchester circuit. In his visits to dealers in the northern towns, he soon established a large business. The rapid way in which he finished off town after town was truly astonishing. He did not dawdle about, as was once the common practice. He never lost a moment. Somewhere or other, he was at work from morning till night. Among commercial travellers he began to be spoken of as the Napoleon of Watling Street. Sent off to Ireland to beat up for orders, he there acquitted himself in a manner equally satisfactory. While in Ireland, he met Mr Groucock, member of a rival lace firm, who spoke of returning to London and taking Lancashire in his route. The hint was enough. George hastened to England, and had done the Lancashire towns before Groucock made his appearance. Groucock saw it was no use contending with such a man. He must buy him up. He offered a salary of five hundred a year. It was very tempting, as all that George was still getting was one hundred and fifty pounds. The offer, however, was declined. The only inducement to leave Fisher would be a partnership. In self-defence, Groucock yielded to the terms; and in 1830, 'at the age of twenty-three, George Moore entered as a partner into the firm of Groucock and Copestake, long afterwards known as Groucock, Copestake, and Moore.'

The firm of which he became a member had begun in a small way, and had still a limited business. Moore put life into it; and soon vastly extended its operations. Flying from town to town, he worked sixteen hours a day, everywhere making himself popular in the trade. For ten years he never took a holiday, so greatly was his heart in his work. Many stories are recorded of his determination to get orders. 'On one occasion, he sold his clothes off his back to get an order. A tenacious draper in a Lancashire town refused to deal with him. The draper was quite satisfied with the firm that supplied him, and he would make no change. This became known amongst the commercial travellers at the hotel, and one of

them made a bet of five pounds with George Moore that he would not obtain an order. George set out again. The draper saw him entering the shop, and cried out: "All full! all full, Mr Moore! I told you so before!" "Never mind," said George; "you won't object to a crack?" "O no!" said the draper. They cracked about many things; and then George Moore, calling the draper's attention to a new coat which he wore, asked what he thought of it. "It's a capital coat," said the draper. "Yes, first-rate; made in the best style by a first-rate London tailor." The draper looked at it again, and again admired it. "Why," said George, "you are exactly my size; it's quite new; I'll sell it to you." "What's the price?" "Twenty-five shillings." "What? That's very cheap." "Yes; it's a great bargain." "Then I'll buy it," said the draper. George went back to his hotel, donned another suit, and sent the "great bargain" to the draper. George calling again, the draper offered to pay him. "No, no," said George; "I'll book it: you've opened an account." Mr Moore had sold the coat at a loss, but he was recouped by the five-pound bet which he won, and he obtained an order besides. The draper afterwards became one of his best customers.'

On another occasion, a draper at Newcastle-on-Tyne was called upon many times without securing an order. Moore discovered that he was fond of a particular kind of snuff—rappee with a touch of beggar's brown in it. Providing himself with a box of this kind of snuff, he offered a pinch to the draper next time he called. The draper 'took a pinch with zest, and said that it was very fine. George had him now. He said: "Let me present you with the box; I have plenty more." The draper accepted the box. No order was asked; but the next time George called on him, he got his first order, and the draper long continued to be one of his best customers.'

There is a drollery in these anecdotes; but they reveal a degree of cunning and trickery far from pleasing. If business can be done only by such craftiness of procedure, it should not be done at all. Unscrupulous as it would appear in wheedling drapers to give him orders for goods, and restless in his energy, George Moore so much increased the business of the firm—consequently benefiting himself—that he thought he might with propriety make his long pent-up feelings known to Miss Ray. She refused him. Five years passed, and he tried again. This time his offer was accepted. The pair were married in 1840, and they took up house in a modest style befitting their means. Business continued to increase. The premises of the firm in Bow Churchyard were enlarged. More assistants were employed. Everything was prosperous. To superintend affairs, Moore gave up travelling. This proved a bad arrangement. During his journeys he had plenty of exercise and breathed pure air. Now he sat at a desk in a stuffy warehouse, and as a natural

result his health gave way. What signified his cleverness and his growing wealth, if he could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and was in a fair way of dying from disregard of the laws which govern human existence? His case was exactly that of thousands of keen men in business in London, a large number of whom drop off between forty and fifty years of age, through pure want of knowing how to live properly. By a doctor's advice, George Moore burst away for a time from business. He went to the country, and took to horse-exercise, galloping over the downs at Brighton in company with a party of fox-hunters. At first he had some falls, but these he did not mind. He became a bold rider. His health was improved by the open-air exercise and freedom from tasking brain-work. To effect a complete recovery he took a voyage to the United States in 1844. With all that he saw in America he was much pleased, and he says so in his autobiographic notes.

Returning to London, Mr Moore resumed business with his accustomed eagerness, but taking some exercise in hunting to keep himself in good health. He now began to feel an interest in benevolent institutions, and to become a director in several of them. One for which he exerted himself considerably was an establishment for maintaining and educating the children of Commercial Travellers. A trait in Moore's character which peculiarly commends itself to our approbation, was the kindness he shewed to old friends who had been unfortunate in their career. 'His old master, Messenger, for whom, notwithstanding his failings, he had a great respect, failed in business after his apprentice had left for London. His breakdown was one of the numerous instances of the effects of drink. Messenger came up to London, where he obtained a situation. Then his health failed, and he was obliged to give up work. He applied to George Moore, who maintained him while he lived, and paid his funeral expenses at his death.' Others in a like manner he helped in time of need. In occasional visits to old haunts in Cumberland, his benevolence was peculiarly conspicuous. He established schools where they were needed, gave prizes, addressed the children, and treated them to tea and sports after the examinations. Education being still in a sleepy condition in Cumberland, he may be said to have wakened it up; and here beyond doubt he did substantial good. The operation of the recent and much-needed School Act will, we presume, have superseded any necessity for efforts of this kind.

A man who has been successful in his enterprises, stands a fair chance of being sought after to take his part in public affairs. George Moore had attained to such a good position that a kind of run was made to place him in all sorts of responsible offices. In 1852, the Lord Mayor designated him as Sheriff; but he declined the offer, and paid the penalty of four hundred pounds. More honours were offered to him. Two of the

wards in London elected him an alderman, and he refused to serve in both cases. He had at least six offers of being elected a member of parliament. All were firmly declined. He had made up his mind to devote all his spare time in connection with public charities. Every one, of course, is entitled to decide how he shall employ his leisure time according to his own particular fancies; it is obvious, however, that when properly called on, a man is bound, if he can, to take his share in the public administration. In his resolution to refuse office, George Moore did not, as we think, shew a correct sense of duty.

With a largely extended and well organised business, Mr Moore found himself able, in 1854, to afford to reside in a superbly furnished mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. After this, he kept a good deal of company, of whom there is never any lack where there is a profuse hospitality. A large dinner was given weekly. In a short time, his wife reckoned that above eight hundred persons had dined with them. This kind of life did not prove satisfactory. It did not afford lasting pleasure, as how could it? Giving up this dinnering system, he devoted himself still more intently to the metropolitan charities, such as ragged schools, city missions, free hospitals, reformatories, and refuges, on all which he spent large sums of money. His mind also became strongly affected with religious impressions, accompanied with that sense of the worthlessness of mere wealth which creeps over men who through long years have been engrossed, with little intermission, in the successful acquisition of riches. Besides copiously giving from his own means, he did not grudge the trouble of begging money from neighbours on behalf of some charity or other. 'With his friends he was often very abrupt. When he entered their offices they knew what he was about. "What is it now, Mr Moore?" "Well, I am on a begging expedition!" "Oh, I know that very well. What is it?" "It's for the Royal Free Hospital—a hospital free to all, without any letters of recommendation. I want twenty guineas." "It's a large sum." "Well, it's the sum I have set down for you to give. You must help me. Look sharp!" The cheque was got, and away he started on a fresh expedition.'

Learning, through the agency of missionaries, that large numbers among the poorer classes in the metropolis who had families were living unmarried, in consequence, as was alleged, of inability to pay the marriage fees, Mr Moore volunteered to remove the difficulty, by paying the fees out of his own pocket. His contributions first and last for this purpose amounted to upwards of five hundred pounds. In the midst of his various benevolently meant efforts, he had the misfortune to lose his wife. She died in 1858, and was much lamented. His old malady, sleeplessness, came back, and for relief he tried the effects of a journey to Italy. He likewise, as a

solacement, purchased an estate in Cumberland, situated near the place of his birth, and took much interest in restoring and beautifying the old Border tower of Whitehall on the property. He had now two dwellings—a splendid mansion in London, and a species of ancient castle in the country. Both were solitary, without a companion, for which reason he looked about for a wife; and one in all respects suitable fell in his way, the daughter of a gentleman in Westmoreland. They were married in 1861. Established as a country gentleman in Cumberland, he was received with marked respect by the resident nobility and gentry. He hunted with them, dined with them, and plunged into innumerable schemes of local improvement. The higher clergy hailed him as a precious benefactor in all laudable undertakings.

Back at times to London, he went on as before among his numerous charities. Whatever he set his face to, he went at it with an almost unexampled earnestness of purpose. His money appeared to him to be only a gift wherewith to do good. A church and school were wanted for Somers Town, a poor district in the metropolis. 'Mr Moore spent fifteen thousand pounds on the buildings, and also subscribed two hundred and fifty pounds a year to carry on the parish work necessary in so poor and miserable a locality.' On being complimented by the present Archbishop of Canterbury on his beneficence, he said 'he did not wish to claim any credit for building the church; and if anybody owed any gratitude to God, he was the man.'

At the consecration of the church at Somers Town, Mr Moore appeared with his arm in a sling. He had met with an accident when out hunting which caused intense pain in the shoulder. Dr Smiles relates the ineffectual efforts at cure by the first physicians in London. One of them said 'it was a most painful affection of the shoulder-joint.' Moore knew that already; but the physicians and the surgeons could do nothing for him. At length, when he could bear the pain no longer, and found he could get no relief from regular practitioners, he was persuaded by his friends to try a bone-setter named Hutton. Having first had the shoulder rubbed with hot neats'-foot oil, 'Hutton took the arm in his hand, gave it two or three turns, and then gave it a tremendous twist round in the socket. The shoulder-joint was got in. George Moore threw out his arm with strength, straight before him, and said, "I could fight;" whereas a moment before he could not raise it two inches. It had been out for nearly two years!' Why bone-setters should so adroitly do what regularly instructed surgeons occasionally fail to perform, or even to understand, is somewhat incomprehensible. The public would like some explanations on the subject.

An interesting event in the life of George Moore was his appointment as one of the Commissioners from London to distribute relief in food and money to the starving population of Paris, on the termination of the Franco-German war in 1871. From the state of the roads—torn-up rails, broken-down bridges, and general disorder—there was much difficulty in getting supplies to Paris; and on arrival at the barriers there was the further difficulty of procuring means of conveyance into the city, for fifty thousand horses had been eaten, and few remained available for work.

At length, the food was ready for distribution at the business agency of Mr Moore's firm in the Place des Petits Pères, and what a scene ensued!

'Never,' says George Moore, 'did I see such an assembly of hollow, lean, hungry faces—such a shrunk, famine-stricken, diseased-looking crowd. They were very quiet. They seemed utterly crushed and hopeless. It is now ten days since the armistice began, and yet there is no food in Paris except what we have brought. There is still the black bread made of hay and straw, and twenty-five per cent. of the coarsest flour. . . In the markets, there was nothing to see except a few dead dogs and cats—no flour, no vegetables; hundreds, perhaps, thousands of old people and little children have died of hunger.' To get through the work, and to prevent overcrowding in the street, the distribution was on one occasion kept up all night, by which means ninety-six thousand five hundred persons were succoured. George Moore was again in Paris after the mad proceedings of the Commune, when some fresh succours were administered, and the Commission wound up.

Our limited space will not allow us to do more than run over a few concluding particulars in the life of this remarkable man. In appreciation of his character, he was made High Sheriff of Cumberland, where he latterly spent much of his time. In this new position he endeavoured to move the Poor-law administrators of four northern English counties to introduce the practice of boarding orphan paupers among private families, instead of huddling them up in the Union workhouse. What was the result of this effort, we do not know. It is at least curious to note that a practice which has been in successful operation in Scotland for a century, should need to be forced on the attention of the nearest English counties, as if it were a new discovery in social economics. In winter, when in London, he resumed his benevolences, which latterly amounted to seventeen thousand pounds a year. His health again gave way, and for its recovery he went for a time to Vichy. In the autumn, he got back to Cumberland. With the view of attending a meeting for a benevolent object, he drove with his wife to Carlisle. While standing in the street talking to a friend, two runaway horses which had escaped from a livery-stable came galloping at a furious pace. By one of them he was knocked down, and fell on his head and shoulder. He was taken up insensible, and carried into the Gray Goat Inn, in which he had slept fifty-two years before; and here, notwithstanding all medical aid, he died from the injuries he had sustained, on the 21st of November 1876.

The sad intelligence of George Moore's death produced a universal and sorrowful sensation in town and country. A gap had been made in the ranks of Christian heroism which it would be difficult to fill up. He was doubtless a great and good man, quite a wonder for his extraordinary energy and singleness of purpose, and a greater wonder still for his marvellous spirit of benevolence. We do not learn that he devoted any part of his great wealth to purposes connected with the cultivation of science or the higher branches of learning; and indeed, to judge from a passing observation made by him, he seems to have fallen into the error of identifying

scientific demonstrations with the teachings of atheism. Under pious impulses, giving for objects for which he had a fancy, became a kind of frenzy; and although it is mentioned that he ordinarily took pains to inquire into the merits of cases calling for his pecuniary aid, it is to be feared he was often imposed on, and that taking the mildest view of his charitable contributions, they could for the most part have no other tendency than to aggravate the very pauperism they were designed to meliorate. To the prodigious mischief done in all our large cities by the sapping effects of inconsiderate philanthropy, we have lately drawn attention in an article 'THE POWER OF DRAW,' and looking at the vast importance of the subject, we shall endeavour to return to it at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile, giving Dr Smiles credit for his laboriously executed work, we trust the sketch we have offered may be accepted as a small tribute to the many acknowledged excellences in the character of GEORGE MOORE.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLI.—STRICKEN DOWN.

'HURRAH! hurrah! hurrah!' and yet again 'Hurrah!' The deep ringing shout grew louder—so it seemed—at every repetition, as though the shouters, at the sound of their own voices, had warmed to their work. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' Shrill boys, gruff men, stripling yokels that alternated between bass and treble, helped to swell the increasing roar of popular exultation. The carrier passing with his cart, the rustic trudging with shouldered hoe homewards, the wandering tinker stopped and marvelled at the unaccustomed sounds floated on the noonday breeze.

The English farm-labourer is—as those who know him well and, with all his shortcomings, like him well, will admit—a dumb animal. His efforts to speak articulately are often painful to his best friends, and indeed, as a rule, his tongue is an organ which from lack of use has almost ceased to be efficient. Your town workman uses six words, your operative ten, to his one growlingly uttered monosyllable. But under the pressure of excitement, if he cannot talk, he can cheer. Stir his slow blood to anger and he can be loud enough. Give him beer gratis and he will be louder.

There was beer flowing without stint, and of better quality than the neighbouring alehouse supplied, and there was cider also for all comers on that day at Carbery Chase; and it was quite wonderful with what rapidity the news spread, or how it was telegraphed to solitary shepherds amid the heather, to husbandmen kindling weed-fires on hill-tops, to woodcutters plying axe and hedge-bill in the coppice, that the lost heiress of the De Veres was found, and that there was eleemosynary liquor at Carbery for whatsoever thirsty soul came that way.

Richard Hold had done it all. He had come down that morning from *The Traveller's Rest* to Carbery Court, had effected an entry with but faint-hearted opposition on the part of the half-terrified servants; and after the briefest interview with Sir Sykes, had called together the startled household, and had roundly, and in a discourse

garnished with strange expletives, proclaimed Miss Ruth Willis to be Helena, Lady Harrogate, the only child (supposed to have been drowned in the Thames nearly twenty years before) of the late Baroness Clare, and whose rightful name had only just by accident been revealed.

It was an astounding story, thus told, and one which needed to be confirmed; but what better confirmation could the hearers have than that which was afforded by the presence of the baronet, standing ever at Hold's side, conferring with him in confidential tones, and corroborating by word and gesture the loose and random statements of this extraordinary coadjutor! That the servants should bow, smirk, and submit, when once they found that Sir Sykes lent his countenance to the new order of things, was but natural. Well-trained servants, to pleasure a solvent master, would accede to most doctrines. And the idea of the finding of the lost child, lost under circumstances so touching, had in itself the power to arouse the heaven of romance that lies dormant in almost every mind.

The sad story of that poor young Clare, in her own right Lady Harrogate, whose child had disappeared within a few months of its father's death in the hunting-field, was known to every village gossip on the shady side of forty. That the lost heiress—heiress to a bare title, but as such the head of the ancient race of the De Veres—should be found, was precisely one of those marvels which suit with the popular imagination. Heirs, and heiresses too, have been before to-day reinstated in their rights amidst bell-ringing and triumphal arches and the honest joy of sympathetic multitudes.

But—there was a *but* in the case—to the credit of the local population, although people were quite willing to fling up their hats and bawl themselves hoarse for the providential recovery of the missing Helena, Lady Harrogate, all seemed reluctant to believe that the brows on which the coronet should devolve were those of Miss Willis. Had the Indian orphan been suddenly 'wanted' by London policemen on suspicion of ring-stealing or the passing of forged bank-notes, fifty village oracles would have been found to declare that the surprise was no surprise to them. But in the midst of all the buzz and hum and stir which the tidings occasioned, might be distinguished an undercurrent of regret that fortune should have selected so sly a young person as the recipient of her favours.

Rumour, the general voice of fame concerning man or woman, grossly as it exaggerates, seldom fails to hit off some salient point, and so contains a germ of truth. And it is extraordinary by what unknown means facts the most carefully concealed do contrive to gain a surreptitious publicity. Excepting Sir Sykes and his two daughters, there was hardly a man, woman, or child on the estate who had not some hazy notions to the effect that Miss Ruth Willis slipped from the house by night to meet somebody, had mysterious correspondence with somebody, stole letters, played the spy on other inmates of the house, and was indeed by no means an model of feminine innocence and candour.

The servants and the villagers—glad of the temporary excitement which the proclamation of the new-found heiress afforded—yet grudging

Ruth her promotion. She bore her blushing honours modestly enough, it was admitted; but then, as it was uncharitably surmised, that was all a part of those artful 'goings-on' that were attributed to her. What had she to do with that seafaring fellow, with the blue thin scar over one eyebrow, as likely to have been got from the brass-hilted cutlass of a man-of-war's man as from the creese of a Malay? Why did she glide, cat-like, through the shadows of night, and why drop letters with her own hand into the slits of village post-offices, not trusting the locked letter-bag of the mansion, as an honest young lady should do? Why, indeed? And yet it seemed she was to be called 'my Lady' now; and those who remembered the pomp and power of the late lord regarded her as little less than a princess.

Sir Sykes Denzil, tottering rather than walking at Hold's side, resembled a somnambulist rather than a man in the full possession of his waking faculties. 'He don't seem to be quite hisself, he don't!' was the remark of more than one sympathetic hedger and ditcher, as he marked the feeble gait, the vacant eye, and the abject pomposity—if such a phrase may be coined for the occasion—of the master of all. It was a cruel ordeal for Sir Sykes. It had not come upon him without warning. Ruth had spoken to him overnight, and he had sat up alone in the library till very late, schooling himself how best to bear the trial. He thought he had learned the necessary lesson when at length he laid his throbbing head on its soft pillows.

But the trial, in its hard, nude reality, in the garish, searching light of day, had seemed so much more terrible to Sir Sykes than his previous idea of it had been, that he had proved all too weak an Atlas to cope with such a load of care. In the course of the morning, Hold had arrived, bold and boastful; and in ten minutes more the dreaded publicity was given to the fact that Ruth Willis was the heiress of the De Veres, and that the living voucher for her claims was Sir Sykes Denzil. A more miserable position than that of the master of Carbery Chase cannot well be conceived. Had he been suddenly called on to account for some old crime, which tardy justice had at length scented out, he could better have borne it than when he found himself dragged along at Hold's side, to sanction the adventurer's statements and commands. It was by Hold's orders that the ale was flowing from a score of casks, that the bells in three church towers had struck up a joy-peal, that a bawling crowd of untimely revellers had collected around the ancient buttery hatch. All the other members of the family had acquitted themselves fairly well. Jasper had publicly congratulated his bride-elect on the lucky discovery. Jasper's excellent sisters had kissed Ruth, crying, as girls will kiss and cry on every occasion of mirth or sorrow. 'I am so glad, dear!' Lucy had said bewildered, and Blanche had echoed her words. It had never occurred to either of the baronet's daughters to question the truth of a revelation for which their father stood sponsor.

'Ale and cider, since they like it, for the clodhoppers; punch and wine for the farmers,' commanded Hold. 'None of your washy claret, but good old-fashioned port and sherry, d'ye hear?—Up with the cobwebbed bottles, Mr Butler, and make the corks fly.—And you, lads, shew the

metal you're made of! One cheer more, and let it be a good one—Helena, Lady Harrogate!'

To this and much more Sir Sykes gave an obsequious assent. He had not as yet had to run the gantlet of any positive questioning as to the details of the story of the lost heiress's disappearance and recovery. His own household, in the excitement of the hour, accepted assertion in the place of proof. Two phrases there were which Sir Sykes, with dull iteration, often repeated. 'My esteemed friend Mr Hold, to whose active exertions this discovery is chiefly due;' that was one of them. The other was: 'This young lady, whose rights I consider to be beyond dispute, and whose champion, in case of need, I shall ever be willing to be.' The baronet repeated these catchwords over and over again, like a lesson imperfectly learned, and each time there came a murmur of mild applause from the docile audience.

At last there was a murmur as of expectation, and almost of alarm, amid the crowd, and Lord Harrogate, who had ridden over from High Tor, came into the centre of the principal group, smiling.

'The great news has brought me, like the other neighbours,' he said half-jestingly, as he shook hands first with Lucy and Blanche Denzil, and then bowed gravely to Ruth, as he passed on to take the trembling hand that Sir Sykes half-mechanically extended. 'If I have heard aright, I have no further claim to the name they call me by; although, more fortunate than other usurpers, I have another title on which to fall back, and need not become just plain Mr De Vere. But this is a surprise for us all, Sir Sykes.'

Sir Sykes Denzil's face worked painfully, every muscle seeming to quiver like that of a martyr at the stake. He glanced at Hold more with the piteous appealing look that a performing dog directs at his master than with the expression of a responsible human being.

'My esteemed friend, Mr Hold,' he muttered in a thick voice that struck strangely on the ear.

'Ah! Mr Hold then knows all about the mystery?' said Lord Harrogate with a quiet smile. 'Yes; I know a thing or two,' boldly returned Richard; 'and so too does Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet. Don't doubt, squire, or "my lord"—though you must down your flag now, and give up the Harrogate title to "my Lady" here—that we shall be able to produce manifest, invoice, and log-book to make good the ship's claims to the name she's called by.—Shan't we, Sir Sykes?'

Sir Sykes thus cited, made an effort to speak. 'This young lady,' he began, and then was mute.

'This young lady,' said Lord Harrogate, turning to Ruth, and speaking with a graceful courtesy that became him well, 'shall not, I assure you, be delayed in the acquisition of her lawful due by any act of mine or of my family, when once the romantic history has been explained a little more clearly than has hitherto been the case. If she turns out to be really the lost child of my cousin Clare, Lady Harrogate, I can promise that all at High Tor will'—

'Whose champion—champion,' interrupted Sir Sykes, continuing the sentence he had begun, in the same thick unnatural voice as before, 'yes, whose champion'—

Then there came a crash and a shriek and a rush of feet, and the gabble and outcry and up-lifting of many voices. All seemed to speak and none to listen; but one thing was certain—Sir Sykes had fallen down in a fit; and they raised him speechless and helpless, with distorted face and stiffened limbs, and bore him in and laid him on his bed. ‘Paralysis,’ was the verdict of the doctor who was summoned in hot haste; ‘and I fear his death-blow.’

ACCLIMATISATION OF ANIMALS.

MUSEUMS of natural history and collections of wild animals, either in gardens or in travelling shows, have spread a taste for natural history and the acclimatisation of animals over all countries and among all classes. Everywhere scientific institutions have risen up, and to the knowledge of living beings has been closely allied the study of physical geography. Climates suitable to each animal have to be provided—warmth for those from the equator, marshy ground for the amphibious tribes, a northern aspect for the polar bears; thus surrounding them artificially with the natural conditions of their country.

The question of taming and acclimatising animals belonging to other countries has occupied the minds of our naturalists for some time past. Every one agrees that the acquisition of new species would be a real benefit, by making our means of subsistence more certain. What has been done in times long past may be done in the present day. The greater number of domestic animals, now forming such a source of riches to Europe, do not originally belong to this continent. When the races of men wandered over this part of the world, where we now see all the wonders of industry and the conquests of agriculture, what did they find? Among trees, the oak; among animals, the wild boar. All our fine domestic varieties are borrowed from other lands. What Nature had refused to our climate, man's patience has given to it. Possessor of a superior intellect, the European has augmented his strength by the cosmopolitan force of the animal kingdom.

Can this peaceful conquest be said to have terminated? Is the work of domesticating animals accomplished? Science says No. There are still a great number of exotics upon which man may try his skill. Most of these are to be found in menageries, but only as objects of curiosity. Some may be brought under the yoke, even tamed, without being domesticated. There is an hereditary law by which these modifications can be acquired: the progeny of wild parents is wild, that of a tamed father and mother is born tame. The inclinations, character, and faculties which the conquered species acquire in connection with man, are transmitted to their offspring. A sort of slow progress in the constitution of the creature is continued from generation to generation, until a new course of life is finally adopted. If man has not appropriated the help and the flesh of a greater number of animals, he must neither accuse his

climate, nor the different temperatures of the globe, nor the primitive ways of refractory beasts; but must rather own, that having provided for his more urgent necessities by the assimilation of a small number of useful species, he has now abandoned a pursuit which demands many sacrifices and much patient industry.

Europe possesses some thirty-five domestic species of animals, among which about thirty-one may be counted as belonging to the older world, and four to that of America. Most naturalists agree in thinking this number too few. To possess an adequate idea of the benefits which arise from them to agriculture, trade, and art, we must picture the loss which would accrue if one species only, as the horse, the ass, the sheep, or the fowl, were to disappear. Among these, some contribute to our nourishment; others, like the sheep, give us clothing as well; whilst others, as efficient auxiliaries, undertake with their strong limbs an amount of work which would otherwise fall entirely on man.

Let us glance at a few specimens of the animal kingdom over which it would be reasonable to expect a conquest. Among carnivorous types the most useful and intelligent is undoubtedly the dog. Some persons, ignorant of facts, imagine that if man has not reclaimed from a state of nature more of the great flesh-eaters, it is on account of the natural ferocity of these creatures. But that is not the obstacle. There are examples of lions, tigers, bears, and wolves which have become tractable and even completely tamed. The hyena, which has been treated as an object of aversion, and which naturalists of a former period painted under such dark colours, has already passed into the domestic state in many parts of Africa, where it gives services to its master akin to those of the most faithful and attached dog. The education of the feline race has also begun, as, for instance, the cheetah or hunting cat, which belies the general notion of the tiger's cruelty. Good and docile in a state of liberty, it follows its Indian lords to the chase; when confined, it pleases its keepers by its amiability. It is true that it presents certain structural differences from others of the feline tribe; the anterior part of the brain is higher, and its claws, which are not retractile, are differently formed from those of the tiger; but it may be asked if these have been furnished by nature or created by education?

There exists another animal which might be trained to render us great service, that is the seal, which is slaughtered so mercilessly for the sake of its oil and skin. Intelligent and affectionate, it possesses all the qualities suitable for a domestic state. The director of the Museum at Dijon had so skilfully tamed one some years ago, that though by nature amphibious, its primitive habits were changed, and it rarely went into the water, placing itself during the winter close to its master in the warm corner of the fireside, stretched on the wood-ashes. If pains were taken to teach the seal, it might become to the fisherman what the dog is to the hunter. Nor need we despair of such a result, for the Chinese train the remora or sucking-fish to catch turtles, and the heron and cormorant to capture fishes. The coasts of England would be fit places for the education of the seal. The value of such help may be imagined when we think of the great solitude of the sea—so many

times larger than the space covered by land—where man has no ally, and can only count upon those who dread him. What an interest for him in the very element itself, to have a friend and companion who would follow him in his fishing expeditions! There are not wanting conclusive results which have been obtained in individual cases; and if the same care were extended to the race, we may say that the seal is an ally ready prepared by Nature.

If we pass from the carnivorous tribes to the herbivorous we soon perceive that many species are domesticated by the people of Asia, Africa, and America, to which they owe much of their riches; such as the camel, the quagga, the llama, and the alpaca. The camel and the dromedary, by their patience, and through the structure of their stomach which allows of their enduring the privation of water, might render their services, in many parts of Europe, more valuable than those of the best horses. They have been put to work in some zoological gardens with economical results; in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, they have for a long time past drawn the water from the well for the use of the large establishment; and it is found that the labour of one is just double that performed by a strong horse. They require less food; and thus there is a clear profit for the Society. The camel's foot, however, is not adapted like that of the llama for scaling rocks and mountainous districts.

The llama is the camel of America. Although slow in its movements and small in size, it need not be despised as a beast of burden, especially in poor mountainous districts, where the ass, the horse, and the mule have some difficulty in finding nourishment. In some parts of Switzerland, Hungary, and the Alps of Dauphiné, perhaps even in Scotland, their introduction would be a real piece of good fortune. Natives of the Andes, the highest mountains in the world, their step is very sure; they can descend, when heavily laden, most dangerous ravines, and take roads through rocks on the borders of precipices where man would hesitate to follow. The llama requires little care; it needs no shelter, and finds for itself a means of subsistence wherever it may be. Nor is it only a carrying animal, but also valuable to the butcher, the flesh being much esteemed; whilst the hair when spun produces beautiful stuffs. It is not, however, equal in this respect to the alpaca, the hair of which is as fine as that of the Cashmere goat, and much longer. Where these two animals have been introduced into Europe, they have retained their health and produced young ones. There are few zoological gardens where this result has not been obtained. The llama is indeed already partly acclimatised in Holland. If these attempts were steadily carried on, in half a century llamas would make a good show among our flocks. Without forgetting our old friends the horse or the sheep, we should have introduced a new element into agriculture and commerce.

There is an animal possessed of great rapidity of motion, known in the United States as the wapiti or eland. It is a species of deer, and is certainly a noble creature, the pride of the American forests, and has been tamed by the Indians, to whom it renders all the services of a domestic race, carrying their burdens, and

drawing sledges over the ice of winter with perfect ease. Its flesh is also very palatable. A German naturalist was the first to introduce it into the streets of Baltimore some time ago; and four were brought to England so long since as 1817, when they were purchased at a high price by Lord James Murray, who succeeded in rearing three generations. One was seen in London harnessed to a tilbury, like a horse, and drawing it with remarkable vigour. It is supposed to be allied to the race of antediluvian elks, whose enormous bones are found as fossils buried in the remains of forests in the Irish bogs.

We must allow that the range of our alimentary food is poor compared with the rich supply which Nature has scattered over the globe, and of which we have appropriated but a small part. It would occupy too much space to mention the foreign mammals which might enrich our tables; but there is one which recommends itself strongly by its large size, the abundance of its flesh, and the ease with which it can be tamed, namely the American tapir. This quadruped would complete our race of pigs with all their well-known utility. There is one important consideration to be taken into account in connection with this and many other species; it is, that all animals which are brought into a domestic state increase rapidly in numbers, notwithstanding the continual sacrifices made upon them for our wants. On the other hand, those which still exist only in a wild state diminish periodically; some indeed, such as the American bison, to all appearance will soon vanish altogether. As the races of men reclaim the land, they drive back the wild beasts; the larger varieties cannot maintain themselves in the vicinity of their enemies. Should Africa and Asia be one day peopled like North America, and the axe of the pioneer open the dense forests, two alternatives alone will remain—either the animals must be tamed by man, or disappear. By favouring the attempts to increase our domestic treasures, science is acting as a conservator. Many races exposed to the perpetual attacks of enemies, like the lion and tiger, or marked out, like the giraffe, by their size or brilliancy of colour, are likely in a few centuries to rank among lost species, unless they obtain protection from man.

Such has already been the fate of the dodo, a large bird allied to the pigeons, with short wings, formerly inhabiting Mauritius. Certain extermination seems to be in store for the beaver, which is so mercilessly trapped in many parts of America, its regular destruction going on without any regard to the breeding period. The emu is withdrawing rapidly before the Australian colonists; and the kangaroo, which was known but as yesterday, is slaughtered by thousands. It is, however, anticipated that this animal may be naturalised among us, births of marsupials having been obtained in some of our collections of natural history. But it seems as if it were only suited to its own regions; it leaps rather than runs; its attitude is often vertical, the tail when in this position serving as a pillar. The enormous size which some of them reach, the great strength in the hind-legs, the bounds of twelve or twenty feet high which it performs with ease—all tell us of a country where immense tufts of grass grow at considerable distances from each other, and where

the eye has to look onward from rock to rock and from bush to bush to find nourishment. It has been said that kangaroos which have been domesticated for a long period on the coast of Australia have lost their leaping power, that the height and strength of their form have diminished, and that they run on four legs more frequently. If these facts could be confirmed by experience, they would throw light on an obscure question: namely, 'What is the degree of influence exercised by exterior circumstances on the organisation of living beings?'

Of all the animals belonging to our temperate climates which might be made the most valuable, the reindeer merits our interest. It constitutes the great riches of the northern nations; stands in the place of the cow, the sheep, and the horse; for it nourishes its owner with its milk, warms him with its skin, and carries his burdens; its flesh also is excellent. What a prize would such an addition form in our country! Attempts have already been made to introduce it into the northern parts of Great Britain, but so far without happy results. The chief difficulty seems to rest with the climate; the reindeer, like all northern species, adheres with peculiar tenacity to its own latitudes. M. Esquiro, who writes with much earnestness on this subject, suggests that greater pains should be taken in managing the shades of temperature; an animal torn violently from its original home takes root in a new country with some difficulty. To successfully bring it from the cold of Norway, a system of organised and gradual transition is required.

Naturalists having observed the fact that no animal now acclimatised in Europe has come from a colder country, have perhaps been too ready to accept this observation as a law. Our civilisation coming from the east, the races brought with them the animals so indispensable to them. Commerce and steam uniting the different regions of the globe in peaceful relations, man might thus begin an organised action on animals by submitting them to a graduated scale of temperature, and thus enrich us with the exotic species so far denied to our climates.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—SIBYL LORTON.

Most people in this world of changes and chances have at some period or other of their lives been placed, either through their own fault or that of others, or it may be by some sudden and unlooked-for mishap, in what is familiarly termed an 'awkward position.' For instance, a young gentleman of my acquaintance, by nature rather bashful than otherwise, informed me that on one occasion, while dancing the Lancers, his partner fainted in his arms in the middle of the grand chain. 'How could anything have been more uncomfortable for me?' said he. 'My dear fellow,' replied I, 'it might have been worse. You might have fainted in *her* arms, which would have made it far more uncomfortable for you—and for her.'

When I was at my first dinner-party, a lady asked me the question: 'Have you ever been placed in an awkward position?' Not being ready

with a suitable reply, and being desirous of avoiding even the appearance of awkwardness, I, Irish-like, answered the question by another: 'What is your idea of an awkward position, Mrs Reeves?' 'Asking after some one's nearest relation or dearest friend, and being told they are dead,' was her reply.

Certainly such a position would be rightly termed awkward; and I was glad to be able to assert with truth that I had never been similarly placed. But on one occasion—now many years ago—it was my lot to be placed in a very awkward position, not once only but several times; and the first of these occasions was the beginning of a series of events, which commonplace and unimportant as they may seem to those who may read of them in these pages, made a great and lasting impression upon me, and caused me to alter my whole course of life for a period of nearly two years. I was in India at the time, and had been there about eighteen months, during which time I had been for the most part living in Calcutta, studying my profession, and hoping one day to be fortunate enough to be appointed to one of the European civil stations. This good fortune came to me sooner than I had even ventured to hope for. A very old friend of my father's, who had been for some years the civil surgeon at Moode-rand, a station about fifty miles from Calcutta, was compelled to go to England on sick-leave; and having interest, as it is called, and being willing to do the son of his old friend a good turn, he managed to get me appointed as his successor; and at the time of which I now speak I had been there about a fortnight, and was well satisfied with the station, and just then with my neighbours. In fact I was as happy as most young fellows of five-and-twenty would have been in my place; not very arduous duties to perform, plenty to amuse me, either at the club—which was the gift of the Maharajah of Moode-rand—or at the houses of my fellow-countrymen; and this state of affairs might have lasted longer, had it not been for the occurrence of events which, as I said before, altered the whole course of my life, and of which the beginning was my being placed in an 'awkward position.'

I had risen early one morning, that is to say at five A.M., and started for my daily constitutional canter, when about a hundred yards or so from my own house I met the Judge on foot. 'Where are you going, Stanmore?' asked he.

'Oh, just for a gallop somewhere,' replied I. 'Whereabouts is the best place?'

'Go on to the old race-course,' said the Judge; 'you can get a good long gallop round it; and if you have a fancy for exploring, there are several roads leading off it; they will most of them take you on to the high-road. Take care not to lose yourself altogether.'

'Which way?' inquired I.

'Straight on till you come to a sign-post marked "Race-course No. 1;" then turn to the right.'

I thanked him, rode on, and following his directions, soon found myself at the race-course, which was about two miles distant. There, as the Judge had said, was plenty of smooth ground for a gallop; and after indulging in the pace till both my steed and myself were thoroughly heated, I drew rein, turned leisurely down one of the many roads leading off the race-course, and began to

wonder where it would take me to. I was not long left in doubt. In about a quarter of an hour I found myself again upon the race-course, having, like the man who followed his nose, returned to the place from which I had started. I tried another road. This time, my steed, a spirited young Burmah pony, grew impatient walking, and broke into a canter. I did not attempt to check him; but we had not proceeded far before an unlooked-for misfortune put an effectual stop to his impetuosity and my pleasure. A large stone, almost hidden by thick dust, lay in our path; my steed put his foot on it, stumbled and fell, throwing me right over his head. I was not hurt at all, and sprang to my feet instantly. Not so my poor pony: he too staggered up, but both his knees were severely cut, and in the fall the saddle-girths had broken. Here truly was an awkward position. I did not know where I was. I should have to find my way home on foot and lead my pony; which was, to say the least of it, ignominious; while to add to my troubles, the sun was rising, and in falling, I had so battered my large pith-hat that to wear it again was an impossibility. I was not desirous of perishing from sunstroke, but such a fate did not seem improbable. Fortunately round my hat was a large white 'puggeree'; this I took, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, wound it round and over my head after the fashion of a Hindu turban, still further securing it with my pocket-handkerchief; then taking hold of the bridle, I prepared for a fresh start.

'Which way should I go? Back to the race-course or straight on?'

I soon decided the latter, although I had not an idea where it could lead me to; but it was by far the most shady; and I hoped to meet with some low-caste Hindu on the road who would agree to go to my house and direct one of my servants to come to my assistance. I had not proceeded above two hundred yards down the road, which was on each side bordered by high and thick jungle, when all at once I came in sight of a house; no mud hut, no thatched bungalow, but a real stone house, small indeed and low built, but with stables and servants' quarters attached. My hopes rose at the prospect of so soon getting assistance, but almost immediately sank again, for I reflected that in all probability this was the dwelling-place of some high-caste Brahmin, who would regard my presence, did I intrude it upon him, as an insult. Standing still, I took a survey of the building, which was close to the road; the entrance was to the side, and a square piece of ground was between the house and the stables. While I hesitated, the sound of a long shrill whistle broke upon my ear.

'Come now,' said I to myself; 'that sounds European; I never yet heard a Bengalee whistle. I'll go in.' So I entered the compound, and advanced slowly towards the house, still leading my pony. The whistle was repeated. A lady emerged suddenly from the house, and stood before me; then she started, and for a minute or two we both stared at each other in silence. Well might we, for the outward appearance in both cases was, to say the least of it, uncommon, especially in mine. In coat and trousers that had once been white, but were now gray with dust, and in places stained with the blood of my unfortunate steed; no hat, but in its stead an extremely dirty white puggeree,

and a red silk bandana, I am conscious that I must have looked anything but an English gentleman, and that any one not acquainted with me would have been justified in taking me for a loafer. But if my companion had good reason for staring at me, which I can assure you she did, I also might be excused for returning her the compliment, for her attire, though not disreputable like mine, was, well—peculiar. She had evidently not expected visitors so early. She had on a brown holland dress, which, like my coat, would look better after it had been to the wash. Nothing very strange, so far. But what did surprise me was, that she was wearing a regimental mess-jacket that had once been scarlet, but was now faded to a dingy red; while a Turkish fez, several shades darker in colour, was set on her light yellow locks, which were cut quite short. In one hand she held a long bamboo cane; by the other she led in a chain a half-bred, black and tan, collie dog. She was quite young, apparently not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, and in spite of her strange attire, both pretty and lady-like. But there was something about her face, a sort of nervous, restless expression in the blue eyes, now fixed so intently upon me, that at once gave the idea that, young as she was, she had already seen more than the ordinary every-day trials of this life.

'I beg your pardon,' I began confusedly, feeling that to raise my hat—an impossible task under the circumstances—would have somewhat relieved my embarrassment; 'but, I—I have had an accident; my pony is badly hurt. I do not know the way; and the sun'—

Here the girl, who had not once taken her eyes off my face, broke in, saying: 'You are English then?'

'Certainly I am,' I replied, speaking with all the pride an Englishman thinks fit to adopt when owning to his nationality in a foreign land.

'I do not like the English!' exclaimed my companion.

'Good gracious!' was my mental comment. 'What a sentiment to fall from the lips of a lady in an Indian jungle.—I am sorry for it,' I remarked aloud, 'as it is one of your own countrymen who now asks a favour of you.'

'I am not English, at least only partly.'

'Indeed,' said I, feeling relieved as I noted her flaxen hair and fair skin.

'Yes; my mother was a Swede.'

I cannot say I felt particularly interested in the fact; perhaps at any other time I should have been more sympathetic; but just then my thoughts were occupied far more with the ways and means of getting home than anything else. I was hot, tired, and not at all disposed to stand about in the sun chattering to a young lady, however pretty and agreeable she might be. So without any reply to her remark beyond a cold 'Indeed,' I continued: 'I am very sorry to have intruded at this early hour. I had not ventured to hope for such good-luck as meeting one of my own nation here.'

'Good-luck you call it!' exclaimed the girl, coming closer and gazing into my face with an interest that gave me quite an uncomfortable feeling. 'What, then, do you think it must be for me, who have not seen a white face, except one, for the last— How long was it? I cannot remember,'

she added, putting her hand to her head, and looking at me with an air of such utter helplessness as I had never seen before, and hope never to see again in one so young.

For a moment I forgot all about myself and my anxiety to get home as quickly as possible; a feeling of indescribable interest for this oddly attired, strange-speaking girl awoke in me, and prompted me to remain and converse with her; only for a moment though. I am by no means a romantic man; on the contrary, I am generally set down as matter of fact; and in spite of a strong yet natural desire to stay a little longer with my newly formed acquaintance, the mere switching of my pony's tail as some flies settled on his back, and the buzzing of one or two more of the same obnoxious insects in my face, recalled me instantly to the stern necessity of getting home without delay.

'Pardon me,' said I hastily; 'I must get home before the sun gets high. I have lost my way. Can you direct me?'

'Where to?' she inquired listlessly. 'I do not know where you live.'

'In Mooderand,' I replied; 'one of those houses beyond the railway.'

'The railway?' she repeated, surprised. 'Is there a railway here? Sometimes I have fancied I heard the trains, at night chiefly. Tell me,' she went on eagerly, 'is it anywhere near the river?'

'The river?' said I. 'What?'

'The river down there,' she interrupted, waving her hand vaguely. 'There is a bank. Yes; that must be the railway embankment. In one place the road crosses it; does it not?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but it is not near the river.'

'Not near the river! What, then, can that bank be?' she exclaimed quickly. 'Is it another railway?—Ah,' dropping her voice, and moving suddenly away from me—'here he is!'

I looked round, wondering what could have caused such a change in my companion; the eager, excited look in her blue eyes was one of actual terror, and her whole bearing was that of one under the influence of fear. I beheld nothing more formidable than an elderly gray-bearded, gray-haired gentleman, who had come up behind me on foot, and was now standing eyeing me with mingled curiosity, surprise, suspicion, and displeasure. I thought him a very forbidding, unpleasant-looking old party; but after all, he had reason to feel surprised at finding a strange young man of such disreputable appearance talking to his daughter—for such I judged was the relationship between them—so I hastened to explain the cause of my presence in his domains!

'Ahem!' said he when I had finished the account of my misfortunes. 'May I inquire whom I have the honour of addressing?'

'Eustace Stanmore, Civil Surgeon of Mooderand,' I replied, with all a young man's pride in his first appointment; 'at your service, sir.'

The elderly gentleman did not seem much impressed by the fact, I thought, for he merely bowed slightly and stiffly, and inquired in what way he could serve me.

'If you will lend me a hat, and tell me which way to go,' was my reply, 'I will walk home; and if you would be kind enough to let my pony stand in your stables until I can send my syce for him, I shall be very much obliged.'

'I will send one of my own servants with him,

Mr Stanmore,' said the old gentleman, 'if you will tell me where your house is.—Oh, the other side of the line. I will see to it. And now I must ask a favour of you. Will you give me your word of honour as a gentleman never to mention to any one that you have seen me and this young lady here?'

I hesitated a moment, not so much from unwillingness to comply with the request, as from astonishment at the nature of it. Unconsciously my eyes wandered to the young girl, who had not moved since the old gentleman's arrival. Our eyes met for an instant; and I saw her lips frame the word 'Promise.' What impulse moved me to give the required pledge I know not. I was young, thoughtless, and did not pause to think what might be the consequences of my impetuosity; but I faithfully promised secrecy.

'Thank you, Mr Stanmore,' said the elderly gentleman; 'I feel sure I can trust you. Now, come in and have a cup of tea before you start home.'

This offer, however, I declined, feeling that I had already stayed long enough, and that it was quite time for me to be returning to my professional duties in Mooderand; so, after assuming one of my new acquaintance's sun-hats, in lieu of the aforesaid dirty white puggeree, and giving my pony in charge to a syce whom he summoned, I wished him good-morning; and receiving ample directions as to the way, started homewards. As I passed the windows, or rather the green shutters which served for windows, that looked out on the road, I again saw the girl—who had disappeared while I was selecting a hat—leaning out, evidently on the watch for some one. Seeing me, she threw something white at my feet, entreated me almost in a whisper not to look at it till I got home, and vanished.

I picked up the scrap of paper, put it in my pocket, and hurried away down the road, wondering much at the strange events of the morning. Arrived at home I at once opened and read the note, which ran thus: 'Are you willing to serve a woman in distress and danger? If so, come on Friday night at eight o'clock to where the road crosses the bank by the river. It will be moonlight.' There was no signature to this mysterious letter; the writing, though evidently done in haste, was unmistakably that of a lady.

To say that I was puzzled by these circumstances would be giving but a faint description of my wonder and perplexity. 'Who could this strange girl be? Why were she and her father living in such an isolated spot? What did she mean by "distress and danger"? So ran my thoughts; until at last, after indulging in a series of the wildest conjectures, I worked myself up into such a state of curiosity and excitement, that I determined, no matter what came of it, to obey the strange summons, and be at the appointed place on Friday night. A difficulty presented itself immediately. Being, as I have already said, a stranger to the locality, I did not know what was meant by the bank, the road, or the river. Fortune favoured me, however. The next morning I was out riding again (luckily for my pleasure, I could afford to keep two ponies), and met the superintendent of police, likewise on horseback. We rode on together to the race-course, and after galloping round it, my com-

panion struck off straight across country, I following him till we reached a long dike.

'What is this for?' inquired I.

'It was made some years ago after the river Dum broke its banks and flooded the land as far as the railway,' replied he.

'Where then is the river?'

'Close by. Ride up on the dike and you will see it.'

I did so. A regular pathway had been trodden on the top of the dike, or 'bun,' as it is called; and I walked my horse along it, while I viewed the now shallow waters and the sandy shores of the Dum. Presently some way ahead I saw some natives, driving before them oxen laden with straw, cross right over the bund.

'Do the roads cross over this?' asked I of my companion.

'Yes,' replied he; 'at different places. There is one a little way from here.'

Evidently this was the spot that strange young girl had appointed for our meeting-place next Friday night. I was beginning to grow very excited about it, and to long for Friday evening to come; though, as that day was only Tuesday, I had to exercise a little patience.

At last the time came; and with a beating heart and bounding pulse I rode my pony to the appointed meeting-place, at which I arrived a few minutes after eight. It was, as the unknown fair one had said it would be, a moonlight night; but although in general an ardent admirer of Nature and its beauties, I thought only now of the advantage we should both of us gain by having light. I had not long to wait; first a loud bark broke the stillness of the air, and the black collie appeared; then followed his mistress with a slow hesitating step, looking anxiously around her all the while, as though in fear of detection. Her attire was different from what it had been when I first saw her; the scarlet mess-jacket was replaced by an opera cloak, somewhat the worse for wear; but the Turkish fez still adorned her short fair locks.

Seeing her, I dismounted, and leaving my docile steed standing alone, advanced to greet her.

She recognised me instantly, for she laid her hand on her dog's collar, and addressed me by my name. 'Good-evening, Mr Stanmore; I am so glad you have come.'

'Good-evening,' replied I. 'You have the advantage of me. I am still ignorant how to address one who has so far honoured me as to ask for my assistance.'

'My name is Sibyl Lorton,' returned my companion, quickly. 'Did he not tell you?'

'Who?' asked I. 'Your father?—No; he did not.'

'He is not my father,' interrupted the girl hastily. 'Bad as he was, my father would never have treated me like this.'

'Is he then your uncle?' inquired I.

'Yes,' she replied; 'my father's brother. Brothers in all that was bad, they were.—Tell me,' she went on hurriedly, 'has it ever occurred to you what I am, and why I am here?'

It had more than once occurred to me that my fair companion was a little out of her mind, but I did not like to tell her so, and only answered something to the effect that I wondered at any European lady living in such a solitary place.

'It is not of my own free will that I live there, I can assure you,' she responded earnestly. 'Have you the patience to listen to a long story, Mr Stanmore?'

I assented, for my curiosity was more than ever excited.

'First of all then,' began the girl, drawing closer to me, and looking anxiously around her, as if she feared some one might be watching us, 'I must tell you of my mother. She was a Swedish opera singer, who being left an orphan when only twenty years of age, joined one or two of her countrymen, like herself in search of fortune, and came to London, where, after a little time she, being a good English scholar, succeeded in procuring an engagement at one of the minor theatres. At the end of a year she became acquainted with two brothers, Norris and Osmond Lorton, the latter of whom it was afterwards my misfortune to call "father." No two brothers could have been more alike in disposition; no two more unlike in outward appearance. Norris Lorton there is no need to describe; you have already seen him. Osmond was fully three inches taller than his brother, well made, dark haired and eyed, handsome enough to captivate many a simple maiden, and with a soft voice and fascinating manners that soon won for him the love of my poor mother, who believed in him as implicitly as so many do ere they are deceived. He married her, and then she soon learned her mistake; soon found that he, with his agreeable exterior, was to the full as selfish, grasping, and cruel as Norris Lorton, the villain in whose power I now am. I will not dwell upon the misery of her married life; her husband's cruel treatment in time broke her heart; and at twelve years of age—the time when it seemed to me I needed her most—I lost her.

'About three months before her death an event occurred which I may say was the beginning of my troubles, and is the cause of my imprisonment in this jungle. A distant relation of my mother's, of whom she had not heard for years, died suddenly and left her a considerable sum of money, quite sufficient to have maintained her in comfort for life; but she never lived to enjoy it. After her death I never knew my father speak a kind word to me. He never had been an affectionate parent as long as I could remember, but now his treatment of me became so harsh that I dreaded being in the same room with him. Child-like, I often wondered what was the cause of this dislike to me, but it was not long before I learned the truth. My mother, ere she died, had made a will leaving the bulk of her newly acquired fortune—reserving only a small annuity for my father—to me, and he was unable to touch a penny of it. My poor mother, knowing her husband's extravagant habits, had taken this precaution for securing a maintenance to her only child. Ah, could she but have foreseen the troubles it has brought upon me! Thank God, she is spared that now!' Here my companion's voice broke down, and a sob escaped her lips; but before I could offer her my sympathy, she resumed her narrative.

'I did not know about it at the time, being too young to understand; but my father went to law and disputed my mother's right to settle the money on me, on the ground that she was

insane—the most false accusation ever brought against a good noble woman!’ she exclaimed fiercely. ‘But his villainous brother supported him strongly, and so did several other of his relations. I had but one to help me—the manager of the theatre at which my mother had so long been employed, and whom she had appointed as the trustee of my fortune. He stood by me bravely, and we won; the verdict was given in our favour, and our enemies were baffled.

‘My life even then was a very unhappy one. I was under the charge of Mrs Norris Lorton, a stern puritanical woman, who used to delight to give me daily discourses upon the wickedness of the rising generation and the love of money being the root of all evil, in which I frequently read allusions to myself and my ill-fated fortune. My education too was sadly neglected; I was sent to a cheap third-rate day-school, where I learned next to nothing. At the age of sixteen I was taken away altogether, and for another year dragged out a miserable existence at Norris Lorton’s house. At the end of that time, I did the most foolish thing I could have done under the circumstances, as it gave my enemies a handle against me—I ran away. Yes; one afternoon in November I, with five shillings in my pocket, left my aunt’s house, resolving in my mind never to return, feeling sure that among the crowds in the great metropolis I should never be discovered, and without the slightest thought or care as to how I should find my living for the future. My flight was speedily terminated by an unforeseen circumstance.’

GOSSIP ABOUT PEDLERS AND BEGGARS.

A SHORT time ago we were at work quietly in our usual sitting-room, when glancing from the window we noticed a swaggering individual approach. He rang the door-bell imperiously, and told the servant to say that he had got a box which contained a quantity of fragrant wood from Brazil, excellent for exterminating moths and other troublesome insects. To get rid of the fellow, we invested in two bits of this wood, for which we paid sixpence. The pieces were each about two inches long and an inch broad. They were of a dark-red colour, and had a strong odour, somewhat like cinnamon and cloves. We laid them on a table in the only room where we had ever seen moths—namely the drawing-room; and not placing especial faith in their powers of destruction, we straightway forgot all about them. Some little time after, a visitor chanced to call, and remarked that we had got two pieces of touchwood on the table, asking us also if there was anything remarkable about them. To our surprise, on lifting and examining our recent purchase we found the bits of wood no longer red, but white; while not a vestige of scent remained in them. The imposture was ingenious. Ordinary touchwood had been steeped in some strong-smelling, high-coloured essence, and we as well as some other people had been ‘taken in.’ We had a good laugh at our own expense. But experience does not *always* teach, as will be presently proved.

One day while at dinner, a sponge-merchant came to the door. He was well dressed, had a good manner, and his wares looked fresh and new. We bought a large fine sponge, for which we paid an unusually small price. After soaking the sponge in water to take out the sand, we were amazed to find not only a very considerable sandy deposit, but an utterly astonishing and overwhelming smell of the sea—not to be accounted for by any previous experience of sponges. Upon examination we found that our sponge had been cleverly ‘doctored.’ It was a very old one evidently, quite rotten and utterly worthless; but the vendor had stiffened it well with sea-sand, had thereafter impregnated it with iodine—and after this had boldly ventured forth and traded upon our simplicity. Of course we again laughed, though not so heartily this time. The article had been well ‘got up,’ and this was all we could say. We never bought another sponge at the door again, preferring to patronise the legitimate emporiums for that useful article.

Some years ago we found it very difficult to procure as many eggs as we needed—they were scarce and very dear; and one winter day we were much pleased to see a tall country-looking man come up the street with a huge basket of very fine specimens. We despatched the servant to invite him to the door; and upon the man’s earnest assurance that he had just come from a farm which he mentioned, we bought several dozens of the beautiful large eggs. They were below the usual exorbitant market-price, and we rejoiced greatly at the prospect of enjoying these rural dainties at our breakfast for a week to come. Alas, every egg was rotten! We found that they had been old eggs purchased for a few pence, dexterously painted up and whitened, and palmed off on the public. The man never returned our way again.

It is amusing to see the different ways in which those who are by habit and repute beggars, manage to throw a little halo of industry round themselves, by carrying about all sorts of cheap and meretricious jewellery, lace, paper, pencils, and other wares. An old soldier comes often and begs earnestly for sixpence, ‘just to help him to get to Newcastle.’ This same old soldier, by the way, came one night in the dark and received a shilling, upon which he departed, calling loudly upon Heaven to bless us all. Next morning he came in broad daylight professing to be *quite another man*. This time we were not duped.

An old and very odd-looking woman called ‘Dummy’ has come to our door and many other doors for the last twenty years, every Saturday. Our town seemed to be a splendid ‘Draw.’ Every door she went to sent forth a penny or broken victuals, &c., for her support. In the course of years, many of Dummy’s old friends died, but she always got lots of aid in coppers and food. For several Saturdays she did not appear at our door, and on inquiry it was found that the poor creature was ill. Being deaf and dumb, it was of course very difficult to communicate with her, especially as she had bolted and barred the door of her small dark

room. Medical aid, however, found its way at last to Dummy; and when her door was forced open, the atmosphere of her confined and dirty apartment was too awful to be described. Dummy was laid hold of by the authorities, borne off sullenly to the hospital, and was there cleaned, cared for, and fed. What they did with her household goods, we do not know, but from Dummy's bed were taken parcels of money amounting to several pounds, the proceeds of indiscriminate charity. Fourteen shillings of this were in coppers, no doubt the hoardings of her Saturday pennies. Her only way of asking for clothes was by a fantastic display of some ragged part of her dress accompanied by various uncouth sounds. Last time I heard of her she was clean and comfortable, and seemed to have a good appetite. What became of the hoarded coins we do not know.

A couple came to the door begging; the husband led the wife affectionately by the hand, for as he explained to us, 'she had been stone-blind for years, and was able to do nothing for herself.' Our tender hearts were of course touched by such an indication of affection, and we presented the pair with coppers and cold meat. The same afternoon we met the couple going along hand-in-hand, but this time the man was blind and the woman was leading him.

It is pleasant to pass from the foregoing instances to the following *bout-faite* ways and means of making a livelihood. An old woman with a clean white cap on her head, surmounted by a curious black silk poke-bonnet, came and stood in front of our windows one day. She held in her hand a large basket, and would not go away till we had looked at her pretty things. They consisted of neat little pin-cushions, match-boxes, and pin-trays made of the pith from rushes, and adorned with strips of coloured paper. A superior sort had gold paper on them instead of red or blue, and were a few pence dearer. We could detect no fraud here; so we bought several, marvelling much at the neat fingers which could make such very tasteful gimcracks from such poor materials. The old woman told us that these articles were made by two respectable old ladies who were reduced by poverty to do something for themselves, and that they employed her to sell for them. Nothing could exceed the delicacy and neatness of the work. There was not a single break in the smooth white pith, and it is well known that it requires great nicety to extract this substance from an ordinary rush without breaking it. A friend tells us that she has had two match-boxes formed of pith which look pretty after twenty years' use.

We noticed on the street one day a large crowd of dirty little urchins, seemingly attracted by a man in ragged clothing, who held in his hand an immense lot of long slender sticks, at the end of which there fluttered scraps of red, blue, yellow, and green paper. Stepping forward to inspect these articles, we found that they were small flags, constructed of bits of stick and odds and ends of paper-cuttings; they were a halfpenny each, and delighted the little mob immensely. After the lapse of two hours, the man had sold nearly all his wares, and the street was covered by a merry throng of small children, each waving a tiny paper flag. Here, by the outlay of a little time

and trouble, and by the aid of a few bits of cast-away wall-papers, a grown man was actually making a living, though certainly not a large one.

LOST AND FOUND.

ON various occasions in this *Journal*, cases have been given of curious losses and subsequent recoveries of rings and other articles. The following additional examples have been kindly placed at our disposal by correspondents in various parts of the globe.

Some little time ago, Mr J. Cordy Jeaffreson, the well-known author of several capital books, received from his brother, a surgeon residing in Framlingham, Suffolk, a note informing him that a hamper was on its way to him. Just before closing the letter, the writer discovered that he had lost a diamond ring, and deeming it probable that it had dropped off his hand into the hamper while packing it, he added a postscript begging that the straw might be well searched. In due time the hamper arrived in London, was opened by Mr Jeaffreson and thoroughly examined; but no trace of the ring could be found. A little later, a clerk from the Great Eastern Railway Station called on Mr Jeaffreson, asked him if he had received a hamper on such a day, if there was anything missing which he had hoped to find; and on receiving answers, asked him to describe the missing property. That done, the clerk handed the ring over. It appeared that the hamper had been put down with several other parcels on the platform at Liverpool Street, and that a porter named Parininter, on removing them, noticed a diamond ring on the ground near this particular hamper; that being convinced it was not there before, he concluded it had fallen out of the hamper, and like an honest man, took it at once to the clerk.

The *Wife Herald* of May 25, 1876, told the story of a valuable find thus: 'One morning last week, a workman at West Bridge Flour-mills, Cupar, whilst in the act of washing a quantity of Egyptian beans, had his attention directed to something sparkling at the bottom of the vessel. He at once lifted the article, which proved to be a valuable diamond ring of chaste workmanship in fine gold. There had originally been seven diamonds in the ring, but one had been lost out of the setting; otherwise the ring was uninjured. The mystery, however, is, how did it find its way there? The beans, we believe, came direct from Egypt; and of course, as some one must have lost the ring in that country, means were taken, and we believe with success, to discover the rightful owner. The far-travelled ring has returned to the East.'

In the *Scotsman* of 9th January 1878, a correspondent gives this curious instance of the loss and recovery of a ring: 'About three weeks ago, two gentlemen were out fishing on Loch Eriboll, north-west of Sutherlandshire, and one of them dropped a valuable ring into the water. Last week a fisherman on the same loch had amongst his haul a pretty large cod, and inside it was found the identical ring safe and sound. The fisherman was handed a pound-note on his returning the ring to the owner.'

'Those persons who have seen the Lord Mayor of London,' says the *World*, 'not merely in his most festive garb, but in semi-state, will not have failed to notice that the chief magistrate wears at such times a large oval ornament hung round his neck by a piece of Garter-blue ribbon. This ornament is composed of large diamonds. It is of great value, and has a history extending over something like eight hundred years—the age of the corporation. Shortly after Lord Mayor Cotton came into office, one of the enormous brilliants of the "jewel"—for that is its proper appellation—was missed. It had either fallen out or been stolen, and search was made for it high and low. The Mansion House was presumably closely looked over, but unsuccessfully; and a West End jeweller was called in to provide a substitute for the lost diamond, the actual worth of which was very great, while its historical value might hardly be appraised. One day, however, as the Lord Mayor was reading in one of the drawing-rooms at the Mansion House, a gleam of sunshine fell upon something lying near a couch, and when Mr Cotton went to look, he found that that something was the missing diamond, which now gleams as brightly as ever in its old setting-place.'

Fifty years ago or thereabouts, Admiral X— was in command of one of His Majesty's ships on the Mediterranean station. He always wore an antique ring of rare workmanship and very great value; it was curiously engraved with Arabic or Egyptian characters (a ring that nobody could possibly mistake). One day when on deck, in giving some orders he lifted his hand, and his ring slipped off his finger and fell overboard. Of course he concluded that he had seen the last of his favourite ring; but a few weeks afterwards, he received a letter from a friend, Captain C—, who was stationed at Gibraltar, and who had heard of his loss, telling him he had found the ring in the following singular manner. He was buying some fish, when on the vender's finger he saw the ring, which he at once recognised (as I said before, it was one it was impossible to mistake). He inquired of the woman how she got it; when she directly answered: 'Sir, it is very odd, and perhaps you will hardly believe me, but I found it inside a fish I was cleaning.' I need scarcely add that Captain C— bought the ring, and returned it to his old friend, who, you may be sure, was more careful of it after this adventure, having a double value for it.

In the year 1857, Mr and Mrs C— of L— were going from a favourite watering-place in North Devon to a village on the coast near, in their little pleasure-boat. The weather becoming very rough, they had some difficulty in managing their tiny craft, and Mr C— had to assist the men and lend a hand. He was wearing a valuable diamond ring (a memorial ring to Lord R—, once a most popular and justly esteemed personage in Devon), and having a great regard for his ring, both on account of its worth and for his old friend's sake, he took it off and gave it to his wife to take care of. She put it on her finger, but becoming very much alarmed at the weather, quite forgot all about it till she was safely landed on L— beach. She then had time to remember it, but to her dismay it was gone. Every search

was made, and continued for many days, but unavailingly. Nothing more was seen of it until 1870. During that summer, some children of a family lodging in the village, while amusing themselves on the beach, picked up the ring, which although it had been either in the sea or among the rocks for thirteen years, was perfectly uninjured, looking as bright and fresh as if it had only just been dropped. Strange to say the lady who had lost it was (accidentally) almost the first person to whom it was shewn.

Some years since, Miss G—, when taking a walk with a friend on the shore at S—, lost her watch. She had looked at it only about twenty minutes before she missed it, and knowing exactly the place where she had taken it out, she and her companion returned along the beach to look for it. When they were within a short distance of the spot, they saw a fisherman coming towards them, and also saw him stoop down, and apparently pick up something, which they very naturally concluded was the watch. As he came near, they recognised him as J—, an idle fellow of very indifferent character. They of course asked him, if he had found the watch; but he said no, and what he had picked up was the lady's glove. This was true, as Miss G— had, while collecting seaweed, touched something which made her glove smell so disagreeably, that she had thrown it away. However, the young ladies felt certain J— had got the watch, and he was taken before the magistrates; but as there was no evidence against him, he was discharged with a caution. Not very long after this, Miss G— married, and went away from S—, not returning there for four years, when she came back, on a visit to some friends. One day while standing on the beach with them and her husband, she said: 'It was exactly here I lost my watch, four years ago.' As she spoke, she looked down, and there on the shingle lay the watch. It was quite black, and of course spoilt; but there was the watch, with her initials, C. G., still perfectly legible on it. So poor J— was at least innocent of that charge.

Travelling in the province of Ontario with samples of goods some years ago, in the month of August, I arrived at the village of Ulsome, three hundred and thirty miles from Montreal, my home; and having unpacked my sample cases and gone to the dining-room for dinner, I missed a valuable ring, usually worn on my left hand, and which I remembered distinctly having seen on my finger that day. After having searched the wash-room, and made full inquiry of the landlord of the hotel and servants, I transacted my business, and left for L—, my next stopping-place. Months passed, and I had given up all hopes of getting my ring. In the following February, men were carting away from the cellar of our warehouse in Montreal a lot of rubbish and dirt, when a lad observing a kid mitten amongst the rubbish, and taking it up and putting it on, saying to himself, 'It looks warm and comfortable,' felt a hard substance, which proved to be a ring. On shewing it to the young men in the warehouse, one of them recognised it as being the one I had worn and lost. Query, How came the ring there? The solution came to me slowly. Among my 'samples' in the previous summer were mittens,

fastened to a sample card by an elastic cord; and on lifting out the cards, the ring, being loose on my finger, had dropped off, and fallen into the open cuff of the mitten. Months after, in preparing my samples for another trip, this particular mitten (the stock being all sold) was thrown out, and carelessly swept into the cellar. Need I say how thankful I was to get my old friend back, and that since I have always worn a guard for it.

The island of Galveston, which lies on the north side of the Gulf of Mexico, is about thirty miles long, and is possessed of a beautiful beach, the whole extent of the gulf shore sloping very gently into the water. It is a great resort for bathing, and for driving on the sandy beach. The bathers enjoy their sport at night. A few years ago, a lady, Mrs L'E—, while enjoying her ocean bath, and whilst fronting one of the coming waves, received a mouthful of the briny liquid, and in relieving herself thereof, unfortunately lost her set of false teeth, in water about three feet deep, and probably a hundred yards from the dry beach. The matter was talked of a good deal, and became generally known; but no publication was made of the fact, and the teeth were given up as lost for ever. Not so, however; for some weeks afterwards a party driving along the shingle discovered something bright, and on stepping out, picked up the missing teeth, which were restored to the lady as good as ever, the polish given to them by the scouring of the sand far exceeding the dentist's art!

When Mr and Mrs G— were spending their honeymoon at L—, in Lancashire, Mrs G—, one day when sitting by the seaside (in taking off her glove) dropped her wedding-ring; they looked for it immediately, but it could not be found. Twelve years later, several after this lady's death, Mr G— was sitting in the same place with his second wife, when remembering the ring, he told her the story of its loss. As he was speaking, he put the end of his stick into a hole, adding: 'She always said it had gone in here;' when extraordinary and almost impossible as it may appear, he drew the ring out on the point of the stick.

[It will give us pleasure to receive from correspondents further guaranteed instances of curious losses and recoveries.]

TELEGRAPH PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

By the last mail we learn that the Japanese government, on the occasion of the opening of a new central telegraph office at Tôkiô, has undertaken the task of conducting hereafter the foreign telegraph business of that country. Up till that time the business arising between Japan and other countries had been conducted at an office of the (Danish) Great Northern Telegraph Company at Yokohama; but Japan has now for itself entered into the St Petersburg Convention, and henceforth takes its place amongst the recognised telegraph administrations of the day. It is less than eight years since the first telegraph in Japan was erected, and there are now nearly six thousand miles of wire in operation. And what is more remarkable, probably, is that the whole of the Morse instruments in the new head office, as well

as the 'test-box,' and a 'chronofer' or time transmitter, by which the correct time is transmitted daily to the one hundred and twenty-five offices in Japan, are of native make. In fact it is stated that wire is the only part of the telegraph system which is now imported, and it is expected that even the wire may soon be manufactured. When the new office at Tôkiô was thrown open to public inspection before being used for business, the building was inconveniently crowded by multitudes of the lower orders of Japanese, who seemed 'unwearied in displaying their open-mouthed enjoyment and surprise at the novel spectacle presented to them,' and to look with delighted awe on the small and simple-looking instruments which they knew would in some mysterious way convey a message instantaneously to places far distant. The official opening of the new office was witnessed by Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.B., British Minister at Japan; and amongst others by Mr Edward Gilbert, the English Chief-Superintendent, to whom the development of telegraphy in Japan owes so much.

ON A SHEET OF BLANK PAPER.

O VIRGIN page, untouched, unstained,
Without a line, without a blot,
Thou cream-laid blank-faced mystery
Of untold thoughts, of unsung songs;
Who can foresee thy end, thy lot,
Who tell thy future history?

Perchance thou art reserved to bear
The record of a lofty mind,
Whose echo shall defy Time's wave;
Or in the rubbish basket near
Some cruel hand may bid thee find
Oblivion, and a wicker grave.

Or shall, upon thy vacant face,
Some poet write a stirring ode,
Some wondrous lay, some graceful sonnet?
Or shall Miss Jones's fingers trace
Some lines to Madame à la Mode
About the colour of her bonnet?

Thou mayst some doctor's mandate bear
For horrid drugs or an emetic;
Or serve to write an I O U;
Some love-sick swain to Dulcinea,
In halting doggerel most pathetic,
May send thee as a *billet-doux*.

Or on thee, haply, shall be wrought
Some Picture, to for aye remain,
A masterpiece of tint and line?
Or shall the baneful pen and thought
Of Thomas, or of Sarah Jane,
Degrade thee to a valentine?

O empty blank! that only craves
A touch, a word, in paint or rhyme;
Thou silent monument of shame
On cowards, idlers, Fashion's slaves,
On brains that have no thoughts sublime,
On hands that cannot give thee fame.

What ill destroyed, what good abused!
So ready thou to cheer or pain,
So prompt for blessing or for curse—
And here, half-conscious, as I mused,
I took the paper up again,
And scribbled off this idle verse!

T. P.

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GOOD MANNERS.

'MANNERS make the man,' says the old proverb; expressing in few words the truth, that of most of those with whom we have any intercourse, we know little, except the outer garb of manner, which as often hides as it reveals the inner man.

If we pass in review our acquaintance, we shall all, we think, find that those whom we are most glad to meet, whose companionship is pleasantest to us, are not always those whose characters we esteem most highly, but rather those in whose manners and conversation we find that peculiar charm which the French call *je ne sais quoi*. There are many people who despise, or affect to despise, all the outward embellishments which constitute the life of civilised society, who speak of 'rough diamonds,' and who have always got Burns's song *A Man's a Man for a' that* on the tip of their tongue. Yet without the forms and conventionalities which some chafe at, what would our intercourse be but that of our savage days. And how often would the refined and sensitive man or woman sigh for 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' rather than endure the uncongenial company of their kind.

It is difficult, almost impossible, to give a definition of good manners. That indescribable 'something' by which we recognise, after five minutes' acquaintance, a gentleman or a gentlewoman, is not to be told in words. It is like the true ring of the coin, subtlest yet surest test of its genuineness. No books of etiquette can help us to lay down rules on the subject. There are well-mannered men and women who have never received a lesson in manners or deportment in all their lives, who do not know a single conventional rule, and who have never mixed in what is called fashionable society. Accident of birth seems but of small account in the matter—stranger still, difference of early surroundings. There are bores with blue blood in their veins, and there are gentlemen who have followed the plough. If the old saying that 'it takes three generations to make a gentleman,' be a rule, there are many

exceptions to it. The mere inheritance of an aristocratic name, the possession of a long line of noble or gentle-blooded ancestors, does not always imply gentle demeanour. Good blood must, however, be considered a favouring circumstance, chiefly because it generally insures refined surroundings, intercourse with elegant and cultivated persons, and gives that perfect ease of manner in society which is the result of a consciousness of a high position and of seldom meeting one's superior in rank.

Of the qualities which seem indispensable in those who are candidates for the title of gentleman, we would certainly place first refinement of mind. This, which brings much of pain to the possessor, in the sensitiveness and irritability with which it is almost always accompanied, is nevertheless an invaluable gift in our intercourse with others. It gives that instinctive knowledge of what the effect of our words may be; that capability of putting one's self in the place of another, which is an effectual safeguard against anything unpleasant in intimacies. Tact is the outward expression of a refined mind, and we all know what tact does, how by a word or a look it seems to keep all right in a mixed company. With people of tact we are never afraid that an awkward subject will be introduced, that a question will be asked which it would be difficult to answer, or that the line between friendliness and ultra-familiarity will be overpassed; a matter in which vulgar people so often transgress. Still there are some people of essentially refined mind who are *gauche* and awkward in society. So here again our rule has exceptions.

Ease is an essential component of good manners. By ease we do not exactly mean self-possession; this last is a quality which some well-mannered people—in consequence perhaps of a nervous temperament—never acquire, and which the very young of both sexes are or ought to be deficient in. A girl of seventeen may have perfect ease of manner in society, and still possess that shyness and retiringness which is always her chief, though nowadays rare charm. Ease of manner is merely the result

of a consciousness of being in one's place in any society, which is a preventive of awkwardness, that quality so entirely incompatible with good manners. The instinctive knowledge of what is right to do under any circumstances which may arise, is a great assistance toward ease of manner, and prevents that clumsiness which results from being what is called 'taken aback.' We may be thought, in what has been said above, to have placed the standard of good manners rather too low; but it must be remembered that we have as yet merely spoken of that which constitutes a gentlemanlike or ladylike demeanour.

There are many to whom without a moment's hesitation, we would accord the title of gentleman, in the truest sense of the word, but who may be very deficient in what may be called graces of manner. Some well-bred people are so excessively *brusque* in manner as to offend constantly against the laws of society. Others have that distracting 'absent' manner which is so difficult to get on with. In fact, so various are the faults of manner in those rightly bearing the names of gentlemen or gentlewomen, that it would require a separate essay to treat of them.

There are, on the other hand, various graces of manner—adjuncts, not indispensables—which we express when we talk of fascinating, elegant, sweet, courtly, &c. in connection with manner. With regard to fascination, if it be difficult to lay down rules on the subject of merely 'good manners,' how can one be expected to define this rare and subtle charm? It dwells neither in appearance, voice, manner, nor style of conversation, but seems to pervade all. Why is it that some people never leave a mixed company without having gained a favourable verdict from every person present, and that no prejudice can stand out against the test of half an hour's conversation? Such gifted individuals may perhaps have only addressed a few commonplace words to those who will always afterwards speak of them as 'such a pleasant man!'—'such a sweet woman!' We cannot account for their success in society, but merely know that we are as much under the influence of this mysterious charm as though we were victims of the love-philters of the middle ages.

Elegant or polished manners are those which we sometimes see in people accustomed to mix a great deal in the world, especially the fashionable world. They are partly natural, as the result of such mixture; partly studied by those who set much store by such things, and who put on company manners as they put on full dress.

A sweet manner, when the effort to please is too evident, the affability too deliberate, the flattery too gross, is rarely agreeable; but a slight *souçon* or compliment in manner is, however we may disclaim the fact, acceptable to all, especially to the gentler sex.

A courtly manner, which we now and then come across, chiefly in elderly gentlemen, is fast becoming a thing of the past. It reminds us of traditions of the days of chivalry, when ladies were accustomed to consider themselves superior beings, and to exact the most exaggerated services from men as matters of course. In our days of free and easy intercourse between the sexes, a courtly or ultra-gallant manner rather puts us out, and makes us feel a kind of restraint or stiff-

ness, as if we should sit straight and speak very precisely.

We have passed over without notice many varieties of manner which will occur to all, in reviewing their acquaintances or friends. Given a gentleman or lady with that ease of manner which must characterise such—a determination to try and feel, or at least to appear interested in whatever is going on around, and to avoid, as far as conscience will allow, anything which may offend the prejudices of those whose company he or she may be in, and we have undoubtedly a well-mannered person, although all extra graces may be absent. 'Be natural' (the answer to a conundrum which we have somewhere seen: 'What is the key to good manners?') is perhaps the most useful hint to give to those who feel it their duty to try and please in society. Absence of affectation is a charm which compensates for the want of many a grace, and a put-on manner rarely deceives, and is always unpleasing.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE INSPECTOR'S TELEGRAM.

LORD HARROGATE, riding slowly homewards across the High Tor park, came suddenly upon his young sister Lady Alice and Miss Gray her governess, as they emerged from amid the deep fern, light green in summer, fawn-yellow now, that clothed the upper dells of that picturesque inclosure. He dismounted, and passing his horse's bridle over his arm, walked slowly on with the two girls towards the house.

'I am fresh from Carbery,' he said. 'I bring bad news though, so far as our friends at the Chase are concerned. Sir Sykes, poor man, has been struck down by paralysis.'

'How dreadful!' said Ethel. 'We did but just hear, your sister and I, as we started for our walk, that some wonderful good-fortune had befallen the young lady Miss Willis, who lives at the Chase, and were wondering at the bell-ringing and shouts, which seemed so persistent, when you bring back these tidings. Poor Sir Sykes!'

'My father will be shocked and sorry,' said Lord Harrogate thoughtfully. 'Maud and Gladys too will feel it for the sake of the Denzil girls. It is a strange affair altogether. Sir Sykes's behaviour, when I saw him first, was like that of a sleep-walker, while he seemed quite submissive to that piratical-looking fellow, Captain Richard Hold as he calls himself—the swarthy man whose presence seems so out of keeping with our peaceful Devonshire lanes.'

'He used to hang about the school-house in the village formerly, until I was more than half-afraid of the gaze of his bold keen eyes,' returned Ethel; while her pupil vehemently exclaimed: 'I hate the wretch! I'm sure he has murdered—oh, I can't say how many poor creatures at the other side of the world! I wouldn't take his word, if it is he who tells the story about Miss Willis being a great heiress, as I suppose he does.'

'Do not you really know, Alice,' rejoined Lord Harrogate, 'who it is that Sir Sykes's ward is now declared to be? It is no mighty heritage after all which her supporters claim on her behalf; only the Baron's coronet which, by courtesy, belongs to me. I should be very glad to cede it

to a more rightful wearer, only I should be glad to know how Miss Willis is the rightful wearer. My own idea is that she is not.'

'You think then, Lord Harrogate, that the claim is a wrongful one?' asked Ethel timidly.

'Of course I do,' answered the young man, smiling. 'Think for a moment of what we are asked to believe. First, Sir Sykes receives a ward, recommended to him by a dying brother-officer, Major Willis; and in the course of a few weeks we hear that this orphaned young lady from India is to be married to our friend Captain Denzil, whom we had not looked upon as being of such susceptible stuff as to be capable of a Romeo-and-Juliet courtship. All the time, a singular-looking ruffian of the seafaring persuasion, who only needs the pistols and the silk scarf and red Catalan cap to make up into a stage pirate, hovers about the place, and has a finger in the pie which is baking. Lastly, under the direction of this same maritime rascal, we are told to call the young lady from India our cousin, and to recognise as Helena, Lady Harrogate, one whom yesterday we knew as Miss Ruth Willis.'

'Ruth—Ruth?' murmured Ethel, putting her hand to her forehead, as if to recall some wandering thought that had for an instant glanced athwart her mind. 'Was not that *my* name, very long ago, at Sandston?'

'Was it so?' asked Lord Harrogate with a sudden interest.

'I thought so for a moment,' answered Miss Gray thoughtfully. 'For an instant there seemed to flit before my eyes the image of a little child, playing on the beach, and who was called Ruth by those who came to chide her kindly, for venturing too near to the summer sea-waves. And yet I only know myself by the name you all know me by.'

'I wish, if Lady Clare's child had to be found,' said young Lady Alice impulsively, 'that you had been the one, Ethel dear, and not that odious, scheming Miss Willis.'

'I am afraid,' returned Ethel, in her gentle way, 'there is nothing very wonderful to be made out of my origin. I know nothing of my father in Australia, except his name of Gray.'

'And are you sure that you never bore another name than that of Gray?' asked Lord Harrogate, with the same appearance of a sudden interest which he had previously shewn.

'No; I cannot be sure,' answered Ethel, turning her beautiful eyes towards him for the first time. 'Young children, I think, are seldom as clear about the surname as the Christian name they hear so often. I do not think it was I who was called Ruth. And the earliest recollection I have—it is so vague and confused that it does not deserve to be called a recollection at all—is that I was very much frightened, and was crying, and was bidden not to cry, by a man whose face and voice were strange to me, and of whom I have often dreamed since, as though he had been the ogre of a nursery tale.'

'Can you remember no more?' asked Lord Harrogate attentively.

'No,' answered Ethel, smiling. 'I have often tried to summon my recollections on that point, and could never succeed in making out more than that I was very frightened, and was carried somewhere by somebody, and cried, and was chidden for

crying. One thing—it seems too trivial to be worth speaking of—comes back to me persistently. I was sitting on the ground—I must have been very little indeed—and playing with some great sea-shells of a rose-pink colour, with spikes on them that reminded me of the horns of a pet goat that I seemed to have had as a playfellow somewhere else. It is childish, is it not, to remember such trifles?'

'I don't know about that,' said Lord Harrogate seriously; 'very important affairs have been decided before this on the strength of seeming trifles, and will be again. You never, I think—forgive me if I distress you—had any direct communication with the gentleman in Australia whom you have been taught to regard as your father?'

'No,' Ethel answered with a trembling lip; 'he never wrote. He sent money during the first years, but it was through the hands of a lawyer, as I believe, in London; but he never wrote. Even the colony in which he lives was not mentioned when first he left me at Sandston.'

'How delightful it would be!' burst out youthful Lady Alice, who was energetic in her likes and dislikes, 'if it should turn out that this Mr Gray was not your father at all, Ethel love, and that you were'—

'A telegram, my lord,' said one of the High Tor footmen, who had hurried down across the park to deliver the missive, since the tardy approach of the conversing group had been observed. There are still households in which the primitive respect for news flashed along the wires exists as when the telegraph was a startling novelty, and besides, there was a high respect entertained among the Earl's domestics for the character and abilities of 'my young lord,' and a half-superstitious idea that he might be one day summoned to great promotion at Windsor or Whitehall.

The telegram was from Inspector Drew of the detective police.

'"Discovery—further examination of card,"' read out Lord Harrogate; '"seems important. Wish for interview."—Ah, well, I shall have to go to London, I suppose.—What's this? "Sandston should be our next try."'

'Sandston? How strange!' murmured Ethel, scarcely aware that the words had passed her lips.

Then she remembered, with a sigh and a blush, who she was, and what was her real position in the High Tor household.

'I think it is time for us to go in now,' she said, looking round to Lady Alice.

'One moment!' said Lord Harrogate. 'These are startling times, Miss Gray, and I need no excuse for believing, with these bawlers yonder at Carbery, that there may be some foundation for the report that my unhappy housewife's child was not drowned in the Thames, but lives, it may be, to this day. Only I revolt against the theory that bids me hail her in the shape of Miss Willis. I would much rather believe that I see in you the missing Helena.'

'And that would be so nice!' exclaimed Lady Alice, clapping her hands.

Ethel was for a moment dazzled. We never quite know on what our belief is based, from what subtle storehouses and recondite nooks of the mind we gradually extract and blend the garnered facts, guesses, and impressions which make up the sum of our knowledge. Vague,

formless memories, early day-dreams, wild conjectures, came crowding back upon her; and for a moment she was almost inclined to regard herself as the missing link in the ancestral chain of the De Vere succession.

But she had sense and firmness enough to reply: 'What you talk of, Lord Harrogate, might be very pretty in a novel, but in real life we do not have coincidences of this sort. Depend upon it, Ethel Gray will be Ethel Gray to the end of the chapter; and your governess, Alice dear, not your cousin, so that she is obliged to remember the school-room and our early dinner and the afternoon lessons.'

By this time the Earl had somehow heard the tidings of Sir Sykes Denzil's illness, which had flown, as bad news is reputed to fly, from Carbery Chase to High Tor. He came to the hall-door to meet his son. 'This is a shocking business! They have murdered poor Sir Sykes among them!' he said warmly.

'It is an unfortunate affair altogether,' answered Lord Harrogate.

'That he should have become the partisan of an impostor! Of a creature who is no more of the De Vere blood than she is own sister to the Emperor of China!' exclaimed the Earl, whose honest mind was now stirred to honest wrath. 'We punish gipsy crones who tell the fortunes of silly serving-wenches, and we are expected to do honour to such a one as this Miss Willis, with that buccaneering vagabond for her Ladyship's prime-minister, I suppose. To my mind, the whole thing is a rascally plot.'

The Earl of Wolverhampton was one of the least suspicious and most placable of men. He had never resented the cruel caprice by which old Lord Harrogate had left the great family property away from the De Vere name and blood; but this audacious attempt to appropriate the honours of his ancient stock was too much for his patience.

'Of course the child's death was never proved,' said Lord Harrogate diplomatically.

'Let the child come forward then,' answered his father with unwonted irritation; 'but do not let her come in the shape of Miss Slyboots there. And as for the ruffian who backs her claim, if ever there was a neck moulded by Nature for a hempen cravat, it is that of Hull, Hole, Hold, or whatever they call the fellow.'

'Can't he be punished—I should think he might,' said Lady Alice, with that intense earnestness which belonged to her years—'for something he did out there?'

Young Lady Alice, like many of her age, sex, and degree, was hazy in her geography, and merely dreamed of a wide-spreading world of sunshine and blue sea and sharks, pirates, and savers. To her eyes Hold was as a malevolent Sindbad the Sailor may have appeared to some Leila or Fatima in her peaceful Arab home, and had she been a jurorress impanelled to try him, her verdict would certainly have been for heavy irons and a cell in Newgate.

The Earl was an experienced county magistrate, and his good-humour was at once restored by his daughter's speech.

'No chance of it, Alice,' he said, smiling. 'Trouble enough it is in these days to deal with our British rogues whose picking and stealing have been conveniently limited by the compass

of the four seas. I am afraid that Mr Hold, unless he be ill-advised enough to commit some offence where the Queen's writ runs, may elude Nemesis yet. But as regards the recognition by the House of Lords that this Miss Willis is poor Clare's child, that is another affair, and I at any rate shall oppose it to the utmost of my power.'

LEAVES FROM A PRISON CHAPLAIN'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE SWELL-MOBSMAN.—PART I.

PRISON-LIFE brings all sorts and conditions of men under my supervision, as chaplain of one of our large English prisons—men of almost every race and religious profession. I found that the criminal classes are interesting objects of study. It seems they have amongst themselves almost as many divisions of labour as the various crafts of the work-a-day world, and they rarely intrude upon each other's 'calling.' Of the different varieties, the members of the swell-mob are the fewest that I have met with. The others are common enough; but somehow or other the 'gentleman' thief manages more frequently to elude the clutches of the law. In these papers I intend to give some account of a representative member of this sort, and by one or two illustrations shew how cool and cunning, courageous and intelligent, such persons are.

No. 3250, D.32—for in this way the inmates of our prison are known—was one of a gang of 'gentlemen' thieves who had been arrested, after a very clever case of shop-lifting. He was over fifty years of age, of good address, tall, and in his own clothes might pass for a gentleman of independent means. He was exceedingly intelligent, could speak several modern languages, and after his conviction and sentence of penal servitude, was very communicative. On one of my visits to his cell, he said: 'The police have made a capital catch this time. They have not only taken one but the whole male gang at a swoop. If that stupid fool Smith had left the diamond necklace in Paris, we should have got away. I really did not know that he had it about him. Well, I must say that we have had a fair trial. Money in this country is of no use in helping a fellow out of trouble. Now, in America we could easily have managed the business. The dollar there is mighty indeed; few locks resist its key. Why, bless you, sir, police affairs in America, especially in New York, are rotten from top to bottom. I have actually dined with the judge who was to try me the following day; and I have been passed from one place to another with a note of introduction—as an English gentleman travelling to see the country—from one superintendent of police to another.'

'You seem to have travelled a great deal. Your description of American police arrangements astonishes me, though I am aware that bribery is a charge commonly made against many officials in that country.'

'I assure you, sir, that I am not at all exaggerating. I know most countries well. I have travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, and I have never met anywhere such corruption as I

have witnessed in the States. I wish I had been there now, by-the-by. rather than have to spend so many years in an English convict establishment. Please to understand me; I don't mean to say that every common fellow, caught red-handed in a theft, can escape punishment there. Such a one is sure to get his deserts; but what I mean to say is that a man like myself, with pals to assist him outside, can in nine cases out of ten make all things square; though on one occasion I must confess that our plan of operations failed, on account of the notoriety of the offence, and I was sent to durance vile for many months. Perhaps it might interest you to hear something of police and prison life across the Atlantic; so if you can spare time, I shall have much pleasure in telling you my experiences. But you must excuse me if I decline to particularise the various businesses in which my friends and I were engaged; that I must leave to your own imagination.

From time to time as my duties called me to D. corridor, I visited my charge, and ultimately received from him the promised narrative, which I now give as far as possible in his own words, in order to shew, in addition to other interesting matter, his intelligence and traits of character.

'I always keep my eyes and ears open, sir, wherever I go. It is an important part of my profession to study human character; and in my passage out to America I took care to notice closely all my fellow-passengers; a study, I assure you, which amply repaid me, because I afterwards came in contact with several of them during my journeys in the States.

'Accompanied by my wife, I left Paris after the close of the Exhibition of '67, and struck out for New York, having obtained a passage at the Cunard Company's office, *via* Liverpool, twenty-six pounds each, per *Java*, Captain Lott. On arrival at Liverpool we found the *Java* disabled, and the *Samaria*, one of the Company's Boston boats, preparing to take her place. Some waited another week for the *Java*; but I preferred to proceed, as there was a dark cloud surrounding me, and I was anxious to put the Atlantic between me and Europe. My fellow-passengers were not numerous, but a very curious mixture. First was a Mormon bishop, with whom I had the pleasure of spending a day in Salt Lake City, some two years afterwards; next were two United States gentlemen, officers of course, Colonel M—— and Colonel G——; the former returning home after a business transaction in China; and the latter returning to answer a criminal court action. A German Baron ranks next, fresh from Hamburg, going out to teach languages, or pick up an heiress in one of the fashionable watering-places on the strength of his title and good looks. The Baron's cabin-companion was a Lieutenant O'B——, going out to join his regiment in Canada. He was a fine young fellow, the spirit of mischief and fun, a plague to the poor Baron, whom he managed to involve in three or four little affairs of honour, to be settled on landing in New York, but which were all amicably arranged on Washington's birthday, before we arrived in port. We had several families on board. One Jones and wife, and three little children, reminded me of poor Martin Chuzzlewit. Jones had been down South, and purchased a ruined plantation, desolated by the

war, in probably a fever-stricken swampy location, for a mere nominal price of three dollars the acre. He, poor fellow, was dragging a delicate young wife and little family from a land of plenty to find an early grave in this out-of-the-way hole in South Carolina or Georgia. He was christened by our lively O'B—— "Jones the devoted," because of his affectionate attention to his wife and family, as well as of his contemplated sacrifice of the whole lot. In contrast to him was a bluff San Francisco man with his wife and family. He was a Cornish miner, who had emigrated nearly thirty years before. He was one of the first of Judge Lynch's Vigilance Committee-men, who in '48 organised themselves, and introduced the "Mexican Greasers" and the "Californian desperadoes" to a tall tree and a short rope, until law and order were restored in some shape. He was then settled in Grass Valley, Upper California, and was a very large farmer. So profitable did he find his farm, that he said he would not open a gold mine on his estate even if he knew of one. He was just returning from the old country after a lengthened visit.

'Opposite to me at table sat one of my own countrymen, evidently of good family and well educated, a Cantab without a degree, but with many a blemish. He was a most insufferable fop and puppy. "He could not think why some one else could not have been chosen for his mission; he thought he stood better at Downing Street; he looked for Italy, Vienna, or Paris, at least not to be ordered off at a moment's notice this long weary monotonous sea-voyage—this tossing and tumbling; he wished Washington and United States to Hades, &c." Poor fellow! his fall was very rapid. I left him in 1875 in one of the lowest dives in New York, playing the piano to the lowest of the low for a miserable existence, after having undergone a term of four years in Sing-Sing prison for a heartless robbery.

'Another young Englishman in contrast with him was a Manchester-man, who was leaving home on the strength of a promised engagement in a large New York house, where he still is the manager with his four thousand dollars a year. This young fellow was not like our *vis-à-vis* at the same table, who drank champagne at every meal. When I invited him to take wine, he told me his pocket would not allow him to do so. I soon gained his confidence, and learned much of his history. His indeed was a sad case; but he has bravely fought his way to a good position. I cultivated his acquaintance for some years, until I found I should do him harm; but before I left New York I called on him at his business house, and then learned what a good position he was in.

'The remainder of the male portion of cabin passengers consisted of merchants and commercial travellers for large houses, with the exception of two or three others, among whom was a most eccentric character, who night and day posted himself on watch in the bows of the vessel, continually gazing ahead.

'A word about the ladies, and I shall have nearly exhausted my fellow-travellers. The weather being rough, they kept pretty much to themselves in their cabins and saloon; but there was one whom all the ship loved. She was a little mite of a Creole, with an immense love for her

husband, a French planter, enormously fat. Her chief occupation was to read him off to sleep; and then she would flit away to all parts of the vessel, just like a pretty little humming-bird, which, from the varied colours of her dress, she much resembled. She scorned all assistance on deck, and I really think would have gone half-way up the rigging if no one had been watching her. She was a very bright specimen of the Southern ladies, and as kind and good as she was *petite* and *jolie*. My wife and the little dame became great friends; we stayed together for a week at the same hotel in New York before they proceeded South. I can never mention my wife without thinking of her tragic fate. Poor Laura! her end was sad. When I had the misfortune to be imprisoned, she ventured to Europe, in spite of her promise to the contrary, with two or three of my companions, who had joined us in the States. They made for Constantinople, where for a time they did pretty well with flash notes and forged cheques, but were eventually arrested, and condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment. They managed, however, to escape from the place of confinement, but only to fall into the clutches of some Greek brigands, who exacted a considerable ransom, as "honour among thieves" in that part of the world was not, it seems, in vogue. There was no way of raising the ransom without communicating with "headquarters" in London; and the difficulty was how to do this. It was decided to send an agent of the brigands to England to negotiate with my wife, who had returned home, about raising the money. The upshot of the matter was that poor Laura was found murdered in her house, whether slain by the Greek or other foreigner (it was a foreigner of some sort, as evidence proved), is not known; but what became of the captives, I was never able to learn.

(Note. From inquiries which I made in reliable quarters I ascertained that this story was quite true.—*Chaplain*.)

'Now, sir, I suppose you will wonder how I could become so well acquainted with my fellow-passengers and learn so much about them; but you must know it was my business to study others, and I did so without being a Paul Pry or making myself obtrusive. For means of information I had a whole army of reporters in poor Laura, who was a very intelligent and well-educated woman, with a vast deal of tact. On board ship you are thrown so much together; you meet at every meal; you fraternise in the smoking-room; you are jostled about, thrown into each other's arms, sometimes pitched and tossed all of a heap together; you become better acquainted with each other in the few days at sea than you would in as many years on land, and lasting friendships are often formed in a voyage across the Atlantic.

'I ought to have told you that my first object on board was to ascertain if there were any of the "sharper" element there; for I knew there were some who cross many times in the course of the year, and pick out some victim whom they may fleece, and who will follow their victim if need be across the continent. I will give you an instance which you may depend upon, of the amount of travel, perseverance, and expense a Yankee adventurer will incur to secure a prize.

'After successfully clearing out the vaults of one of the largest banks in New York, and after

each party engaged had received his share of the cash thus obtained, and the detectives their handsome commission of fifteen or twenty per cent., which I know was their price, two of the party engaged in the robbery resolved to make a tour in the Old World. When in England, they purchased some machinery, quartz-crushing machines, steam-engine and gear complete, which, with themselves, they shipped for the Cape of Good Hope. Arrived there, they forthwith transported their plant up to the Diamond Fields, and quickly disposed of it at a very considerable profit. The fact of their introduction to the "Fields" in such a beneficial business capacity so gained them the confidence of several lucky finders of the sparkling gem, that when about to leave under the pretence of returning with fresh supplies of machinery, they were intrusted with many parcels of stones to be delivered to absent friends in Europe. The small speculation of the Diamond Fields was not enough to satisfy them for their trouble and outlay, so they cast about in Cape Town for other fish, and found one in the shape of a Bostonian who had come to the Cape to buy diamonds. They sailed with him in the English mail. On landing at Southampton, they divided their forces. Mr Fleece-man instantly went across the Channel to Havre, caught the *Ville de Paris*, one of the New York and French line of boats, and thus obtained a start of a day or two to prepare a reception on the other side. The other, Mr Catchem, stuck to his victim, and landed him, diamonds and all, safe and sound in Jersey City, United States. They dined together, compared notes, bade each other good-bye, shook hands, and parted. The Bostonian reached his house with his bag, but minus one hundred thousand dollars' worth of stones. Fleece-man, who had landed first, *via* Havre, had obtained a bag the fac-simile of the merchant's, and obtained a third party to board the train and manage to change it.

'I told you I looked about for the ocean sharpers. I saw none but a suspicious personage, with that peculiar look as if always gazing at vacancy, yet you feel aware that he is looking at you. He was a sour disappointed man, a Washington detective returning without his man, whom he had hunted half-way over Europe, to let him slip through his fingers at last, and take refuge in La Brevine in the Swiss cantons. This fellow had the *Alabama* claim on the brain, and was always harping upon the subject. His bounce disgusted every one, and he was soon left to himself to chew his quid and disappointment.

'I need not trouble you any further about any other incidents of our voyage; and I need not tell you about the appearance of New York, for that, no doubt, you know. But I must say that the Custom-house officers there despatch their business very expeditiously, and with not the least annoyance; that is to say, if you dip your fingers in your purse and produce the *pour-boire*, as the French term it, you are quickly attended to, and any little contraband you may have assumes an invisible green and is passed.

'I took up my quarters in the very centre of the "Empire City," at the *Clarendon*, one of the first hotels. Hoffman, who had just been made Governor of New York State, was staying there at the same time. Strange to say, I dined at the same table with the judge who, years after-

wards, sent me to durance vile, and with the governor who obtained my pardon.'

[In a future paper I will relate D.32's experiences of police bribery and corruption in America and his description of prison-life there.—*Chaplain.*]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DARTMOOR.

For the antiquarian, the general tourist, and geologist, there is wealth of interest in that little tract of Devonshire country called the Royal Forest of Dartmoor. The present scenery is probably far grander in outline than it was before atmospheric influence, succeeding volcanic changes, scooped out the valleys, and weathered those rugged masses called the Tors into their castellated and eccentric forms. The climate must have varied as much as vegetation. Brent Tor, near Tavistock, is frequently spoken of as the site of an old volcano, though Mr Rutley affirms its form to be due to denudation. Volcanic ashes and cinders were met with by De la Beche, which he regarded as suggestive of a volcano in the vicinity.

The strange forms of the Dartmoor Tors are owing, we are told, to the weathering of the vertical and horizontal joints, and can nowhere be better studied than at Mis Tor, near Prince's Town, at the Rippon Tors, Hey Tor, and Helnen Tor, composed of blocks of granite, several of which may be rocked with ease. Here, too, will the curious rock basins be found whose origin is still a matter of speculation.

Leaving these, however, for the geologist to determine, we will proceed to say a few words regarding the early inhabitants of this interesting region. Woodward in his *Epitome of Geology* tells us that 'Man lived in this country, and throughout Western Europe, with the lion, the hairy elephant, the hyena, and the woolly rhinoceros, and was more or less nomadic, following the urns and the elk, and shifting from place to place as they migrated with the seasons. His weapons both of warfare and the chase resembled those of the Eskimo; and judging from the associated animals, he existed when climatic differences were much greater. In many places, he probably followed hard the receding glaciers, as his ancestors may have retreated before them.' Pengelly finds traces of two races of men in Kent's Cavern, Torquay, the earliest of which may have witnessed the separation of England from the continent, and the other have flourished long after. Do the flints then, which have been gathered there in such quantities, tell of one or both of these races who roamed with their herds over the dreary wastes, as the Laplander wanders now in the north of Europe? Was it the Cave-man or the ancient Celt who reared the dolmen at Drewsteigton, and laid down the alignments, one of which, after climbing up hill and down for many miles, terminates at Caddaford Bridge in a circle of large stones? Who arranged the Gray Wethers on the flank of Sittaford Tor, the noble circle on the down beyond Gidleigh Park, the hut circles inclosed within walls at Grinspound, without them at Merivale? Those curious structures generally named kistvaens, menhirs, and rude bridges of vast slabs laid on piles of stones, are still waiting, as they have waited for centuries, patiently, silently, to have the riddle of their existence read.

It is impossible to survey these various

monuments, preserved to us by the very dreariness of the wastes where they are found, without speculating in dumb wonderment and resistless curiosity as to their origin, use, and meaning. The bridges called British, and the encampments whether British or Roman, land us in historic times; and it is easy to picture the people whom Julius Caesar describes as being 'reported by tradition to be indigenous to the island,' collected in the camp at Cranbrooke, or on the sister-heights at Prestonbury and Wooston: all three guard the noble ravine near Fingle Bridge, while the Hunter's Path winds along nearly at the summit of the rocky defile.

The Royal Forest of Dartmoor, now barren and bare, except where the foliage gathers in the folds of its outer edge, or Wistman's Wood displays its plantings of dwarf oaks, the tops of which a man can touch with his hand, may have originally been intended to express a waste rather than a wood, as is denoted by the term 'forest' in the north of Scotland. The blackened trunks of oak and other trees found in its bogs, called significantly the 'Stables of Dartmoor,' belonged to prehistoric times. Celtic words of all kinds remain to prove who were the ancestors of the present inhabitants, such as *Wallaforde*, the road of the Welshmen; *worthy*, a farm or homestead, which has become *worth* elsewhere. Some of the transformations they have undergone in the lapse of time are amusing. Lynx Tor is probably derived from *lynnick*, marshy; Brown Queen from *bron gwyn*, white mound; Cothele from *coed heyle*, woods by the river, a name fully carried out by the features of the spot, where dense foliage clusters above the Tamar; Greymare signifies *grüg mor*, great heath; Penquite, *pen coed*, head of wood; Millandraft, probably *melancoes*, hill in wood; Castledoor, *castel an dour*, castle on the water; and others equally curious.

Another fruitful source of interest in Dartmoor is its rivers. A well-known writer says: 'The whole mass seems as if it had been pressed down, and become split and crumpled at its edges; and now every split has been hollowed out by a busy torrent, where fern and rock, wood and water, await the artist's brush to paint them. The East and West Dart, the Plym, Tavy, Yealm, the North and South Teign, the East and West Ockment, the Taw, and smaller brooks, all take their rise on the boggy moor, and after dallying by pixies' houses, rippling under ancient British bridges, and past stone circles, rush with increasing volume through gorges and furzy hills, where the dodder trails its crimson threads, and the bog pimpernel, the sundew, and the dwarf pinguicula make rare patchwork on the short, close turf between slabs of granite.

It matters little from what point we storm this grand old fortress of Nature; its approaches are all romantic. Okehampton boasts the only true keep in Devon; Lidford, where Jeffreys held his bloody assizes, that are commemorated in the lines—

I've oftentimes heard of Lidford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after;

and which he still haunts in the form of a black pig, has its waterfall, but alas! artificial, not natural. It has a bridge also, built over a chasm seventy feet deep, from which a benighted traveller

was saved by his horse springing over the gulf when the bridge had been carried away by a storm. There are the beautiful valleys of Ivy Bridge and Plympton running up from the south; Horrabridge and Bickleigh from the west, fertile, softly beautiful, with forest glades of tender green, where the red Devons grow fat on the luscious pastures. Moreton-Hampstead, Chagford, Ashburton, Tavistock, Bovey-Tracey, and Widdicombe-in-the-cold-country—where in the great thunderstorm of 1638 the church was struck by lightning, and four people were killed and sixty-two wounded—have all tidy rustic inns and lodgings, some even hotels of more than moderate pretensions; and each and all form a succession of centres for endless rambles, interesting to the visitor, be he angler, geologist, ethnologist, botanist, or simple tourist in search of health or rest. Here many a family in reduced circumstances might thrive on the low prices of food and the small social demands of these little dwelling-places! There is another kind of house of entertainment on the summit of the bleak moor itself; but thither the guests go uninvited, and do not stay with their own consent; the wind speaks not to them of freedom, nor the sunshine of gladness, nor toil of honest reward. The black gangs of prisoners who there work out their sentence seem like a mocking shadow of evil, when the light is playing in opal tints on the broad expanse of rolling moor, and cloudlets throw thin fleeting veils over the noble landscape round them. Alas, that God's fair earth, even in this rocky fastness, should be dimmed by the sight and sound of sin!

Take time, traveller, to get acquainted with the kindly Devonshire folk; hear the old ones tell of those who have heard the ghastly cry of the Wish hounds, as they swept on the wings of the fierce blasts across the black moor, drowned in mist and rain. Listen yourself to the weird crying of the Dart, as it comes over the still noonday air; it forebodes evil, they say, or perhaps it is murmuring the old couplet—

River of Dart! River of Dart!
Every year thou claim'st a heart!

See if you cannot conjure up the black shaggy dog that haunts Dean, or catch sight of the refractory spirits hovering over Crannmere Pool. Watch in the beautiful ruins of the abbey at Tavistock for the ghost of wicked Elfrida, the faithless queen of King Edgar. Visit the well of the pixies, some of whose houses you will find on Sheep's Tor. And be careful to take Browne's exquisite description of Oberon's feast in your pocket, to read as you lie on your back in the sunshine, or under the shadow of the little people's dwelling. Be tender to their superstitions, for the railway whistle and the telegraph wires are screaming and humming them out of countenance.

The simple folk of Dartmoor retain many old absurd superstitions. There are farmers yet who will not sow anything the first three days of March; and a more cruel superstition, that killing the first butterfly even in summer brings good luck, may account for the superhuman efforts made by children in that direction. Go and hear the pretty custom of 'crying the neck' over the last sheaf of corn, which is hung up until harvest comes round again. At Christmas, the yule-log and the ashen fagot are realities

in the great open fireplaces of the farm-houses scattered among the higher valleys. Go and see some of the 'pretty play' when these hardy moorsmen wrestle, and a man has been known to come off with three ribs broken and a dislocated shoulder. If you are troubled with ague, the remedy suggested by superstition is as follows: Visit at midnight the nearest spot where two cross-roads meet, five different times, and bury a new-laid egg at the point of junction!

There are many historical names round which the glamour of romance lingers. Sir Francis Drake was great on land as well as sea. The Fitzes, Mohuns, Carews, Powderhams, Champenownes, and Childes all had their day, and played stirring parts in the history of Dartmoor, which strongly inclined to support the Royalists in the Civil War. Risdon could only see three remarkable things there: Crockern Tor, Childe of Plymstocke's tomb (built on the spot where he perished, spite of ripping up his horse and taking shelter in its body), and Wistman's or Wiseman's Wood, which Isabella de Fortibus had planted. Also to those who have an eye to the beauties of art as well as of nature, there is a wide field for research. The handsome Devon churches—and only those of Norfolk and Suffolk surpass them—are full of quaint carving and splendid stone screens and pulpits.

The lovely children, spirited little ponies, the otter, and the beautiful shepherd dogs are found, though the red-deer, the wolf, and the wild-cat exist no longer. And spite of the fact that the doggerel still holds good—

The South wind blows and brings wet weather,
The North gives cold and wet together,
The West wind comes brimful of rain,
The East wind drives it back again;
Then if the sun in red doth set,
We know the morrow must be wet;
And if the eve be clad in gray,
The next is sure a rainy day—

take heart of grace, and you will find ample to reward you. Even the phonetic speller may profit. None but a Devonshire man could have been equal to the effort of spelling usage without one of its original letters, and of writing *yozeitch* instead. Sit with Carrington on the Dewerstone, and try, as he did, to see the old moor in storm and sunshine, and you will soon learn to love it as enthusiastically. A sojourn in Dartmoor will well repay the wandering tourist.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE. IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I. CONTINUED.—SIBYL LORTON'S
NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

'I HAD got as far as Cornhill in my wanderings; in attempting to cross the crowded thoroughfare I was knocked down by a cab-horse, and would no doubt have been run over, perhaps killed, had not a gentleman rushed forward (I had fortunately fallen close to the pavement) and drawn me out of danger. I was not hurt beyond a few bruises, but was so dazed and bewildered with the fall and the fright, that in my confusion I, not knowing what I did, told my preserver my name and address, and only became aware of what

I had done when I found myself seated in a cab, being driven back to the house from which I had so lately attempted to escape. The gentleman to whose presence of mind I owed my life was with me, evidently deeming me not fit to be trusted alone; had it not been for this, I should have tried a second time; but I felt ashamed for him to know that I had been running away, so was silent, and let him take me back to my aunt and explain the accident to her, while I stood by not offering to speak or move.

"Good-bye, Miss Lorton," said he presently. "I hope you will not experience any ill effects from the fright."

"Then I looked up at him, and saw that he was young, handsome, that he had kindly gray eyes and a bright pleasant smile, and I felt as if it were a friend who was leaving me instead of a stranger.

"When he had gone, my aunt instead of scolding me, as I fully expected she would, merely remarked quietly: "You must be tired; had you not better lie down for a little while? I expect your father this evening; he will wonder to see you so pale."

"Thankful to escape without any further observation, I hastened to my bedroom, and there, worn out by fatigue and excitement, forgot for a time my troubles in sleep. That evening, Osmond Lorton came to the house, and I accidentally overheard part of a conversation between him and his sister-in-law, which occasioned me no small surprise. They were coming up-stairs, and did not see me on the landing above them."

"She ran away to-day," Mrs Lorton was saying, "and was nearly run over by a cab. A gentleman—Vivian Clare he called himself—brought her back."

"She did, did she?" I heard my father reply. "So much the better. I know Clare; he is an artist. Let her run away again if she likes, only watch her closely, and bring her back each time."

"I wondered much at these words; but they were now too close for me to remain undiscovered any longer, so I advanced towards them.

"Well, Sib," said my father carelessly, "I hope you enjoyed your walk. Did Clare make himself agreeable? Going out to meet him again?"

"I stared at him in amazement; but he passed by without another word; and my aunt rather sharply ordered me to go instantly into the drawing-room.

"A day or two after this I did another foolish thing. I was young and simple, and did not dream of the cruel plot they were laying for me. My father's words rang in my ears; and determined to discover if possible their meaning, I made a feint of running away, not once only, but two or three times, and on each occasion I found I was closely followed by a tall grim-looking maid of my aunt's. Upon the last of my pretended flights, I met, quite unexpectedly in the Kensington Gardens, Mr Clare. He recognised me instantly; came and walked by my side, talking so kindly and pleasantly; at last, to my unutterable dismay, he asked if I had been running away lately. I felt

ready to sink into the ground with shame; it seemed to me that I had disgraced myself in attempting to escape even from a life of misery. He saw my confusion, and said kindly: "There, do not mind; I was only joking. I have the honour to be slightly acquainted with Mrs Lorton. I should not imagine her society was particularly lively for a young thing like you."

"Lively!" exclaimed I. "If you only knew how wretched I am!"

"He paused in his walk and regarded me attentively.

"Poor child," said he gently; "you do not look happy. Would you like a change?"

"What do you mean?" asked I eagerly.

"Yours is just the right face for Elaine," he went on musingly. "Will you come to my studio, and let me paint you?"

"I looked at him in silence, not understanding; so he hastened to explain.

"I am an artist; the picture I am now engaged upon is 'The Death of Elaine.' Will you sit to me? If you consent, I will call and see your father about it."

"I agreed at once, welcoming anything as a change in the monotony of my life. Mr Clare was as good as his word; he called the next day, and informed my aunt that he had obtained my father's consent to the proposed plan. She at once gave her consent, and it was all arranged. I went every day to the studio, and soon grew to take almost as much interest in "Elaine" as Mr Clare himself. At the same time he asked leave to paint a small portrait of me, to keep, as he said, in case he should wish to introduce my face into another picture, and not be able to find the original model. Of course I consented. Those hours in the studio were the only bright spots in my existence, and naturally I wished to prolong them; however, they came to an end only too soon. "Elaine" was finished, and my portrait nearly done, when one day, as I was leaving the studio, Mr Clare detained me, not against my will, and asked me to be his wife. Let me confess that I had learned to love him during our short acquaintance; he had always been so kind and gentle to me, to whom soft words were almost unknown; his bright cheerful conversation had been to me like a sun-beam on a rainy day; he had talked to me of my dead mother, whom, he told me, he had known slightly. I had confided my troubles to him; he had sympathised with me, and promised to try to help me. Can you wonder then that I loved him—that I love him still? for since that day in the studio I have never seen him once, and have never had a kind word from any one since! My love for him made me for a time forget my fear of the Lortons. I promised to marry him; and though I have neither seen nor heard of him from that day to this, I will, by heaven's help, be true to him! You can guess what followed. Osmond Lorton positively forbade our marriage. I was kept a close prisoner, and never suffered to walk out unless accompanied by one or other of my persecutors.

"One day, about two months after I had paid my last visit to Mr Clare's studio, I was sitting alone and disconsolate in the drawing-room, when my father came in with a gentleman I had never seen before. "Sibyl," he began at once, "this

is Dr Chester. I have been talking to him of you for some time past. He thinks you require change of air. Now tell him all you have been doing lately—about Clare, I mean."

"Somewhat surprised at this command, but being too much afraid of my father to disobey him, I gave Dr Chester a brief account of my visits to Vivian's studio, avoiding, however, any allusion to our love for each other.

"There!" said my father, when I had finished; "you see what is the matter with her, poor child. As if I would ever have allowed her to go alone to an artist's house."

"What have you to say against Mr Clare?" asked I hotly, forgetting for a moment that it was my father I spoke to.

"Nothing whatever, my dear," replied he in a tone of quiet meaning. "I have not even the honour of his acquaintance."

"I looked at him in surprise, and a vague feeling of terror began to steal over me.

"Are you sure such a person ever existed, except in your imagination?" inquired Dr Chester.

"Yes," answered I eagerly; "he lives in X. Street; his picture 'Elaine' was sent to the Royal Academy."

"The Academy is open to-day—the private view," remarked my father quietly. "I have three admission tickets. Get ready, Sibyl. We will go there, and see if you can point out the picture you mean, to us."

"To the Academy accordingly we repaired; but in vain did I look for Vivian Clare's "Elaine." It was not there.

"Perhaps now," observed Dr Chester coldly, "you will be good enough to shew me Mr Clare's house?"

"I can," exclaimed I, though my heart sank within me. "He lives at No. 2 X. Street."

"My father hailed a four-wheeled cab; we all got in; and half an hour's drive brought us to X. Street. "No. 2," said he with a peculiar smile. "Here we are. Now we shall see."

"A prim-looking old maid about fifty, with stiff gray curls and an antiquated cap, sat looking out of the first-floor window; she had certainly not been there in Vivian's time. Seeing us, I suppose her curiosity was excited, for she left the window and opened the front-door to us herself.

"Madam," began my father in his smoothest tones, "I am sorry to have troubled you. I was informed that an artist, Mr Vivian Clare, lived here."

"The old maid ushered us into the room she had just quitted; and then replied stiffly and briefly: "No such thing. I am the tenant. I never heard a word about any artist ever having lived here."

"Sa. I said," remarked Osmond Lorton in a tone of satisfaction. "The truth is that my daughter here is subject to delusions, one of which is, that an artist, whom she calls Vivian Clare, lives here. Now I hope I have convinced her that the said Mr Clare is but a creation of her fancy"—

"He is not!" interrupted I eagerly. "He used to live here, I know."

"This unfortunate girl," continued my father calmly, "was so imbued with the idea that a young artist lived here, that she used to come day after day and sit in an empty room, doing nothing for hours at a time, under the impression that she

was the model for 'Elaine;' a picture which is likewise one of her delusions."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the old maid, shrinking away from me; while I remained silent from sheer horror.

"I had my daughter carefully watched by a trustworthy servant, from whom, as well as from an elderly lady of my acquaintance, who was then occupying this house, I obtained all this melancholy information. It is a very heavy trial to a father to see his only child thus sadly afflicted. But I will not trespass any longer on your kindness. I had hoped, by bringing her here, to convince her of her delusions; but it has been to no purpose. We must now try what careful nursing, mild restraint, and change of scene will do for her. Alas! I fear all my efforts will be unavailing. Her excellent mother, my devoted and beloved wife, died in a lunatic asylum eight years ago!"

"Of the scene that followed these cruel lying words—words which in an instant revealed the whole horrible plot to me—I can retain no distinct recollection. I have only some confused remembrance of clinging to some one; of being dragged roughly away; of shrieking wildly for help; of the room filling with people; the old maid going into hysterics; of hearing the words "She is mad" repeated two or three times; a door banging loudly, and then I lost consciousness altogether.

"There, Dr Stanmore," said Miss Lorton, as she finished her strange narrative—"there is the history of my life for you. What think you of it?"

"You have indeed seen trouble," replied I warmly; for the tale of such cruelty had excited my indignation as well as my compassion. "Heaven grant that happier days may be in store for you yet! But you have not yet told me how you come to be living in India."

"That I cannot tell you, for I do not know," said Miss Lorton simply. "Yes," she went on, noting my look of astonishment; "you may look surprised, but it is true. Since the day I lost consciousness in X. Street I remember almost nothing, not even my father's death."

"Is he dead?" inquired I, my astonishment increasing every minute.

"So they tell me. I daresay it is so, as I have not seen him since that day. Norris Lorton brought me here; at least he lives in that house where you first saw me."

"And his wife—where is she?"

"As far as I can make out—in Calcutta; their son's regiment is there."

"Has he ever been up to see you?—the son, I mean."

"Yes," exclaimed my companion indignantly. "He wanted me to marry him; as if I would break my word to Vivian Clare for a son of Norris Lorton's!"

"You told me you had seen only one white face since you came here," remarked I carelessly.

"I had forgotten Stephen Lorton," she returned; "besides, I saw him only once. Norris Lorton says, unless I write to Stephen and promise to marry him, I shall never leave this jungle."

"How long is it since you came here?" asked I next.

"I do not know," answered she, looking piteously at me: "it seems ages since I saw Vivian!"

There was silence then between us for a few

minutes. I was pondering over my companion's narrative. If it was all true, she had been cruelly wronged; if, on the other hand, it was but the wanderings of a disordered mind, there was still every reason to suspect that there had been foul play somewhere, for whatever else might be fictitious, this one fact still remained—she was living in the very worst place for one of weak intellect. So I reasoned within myself; and a strong desire awoke in me to help this friendless girl; to find out the truth of her strange sad story; to rescue her, if necessary, from the hands of her persecutors.

'Miss Lorton,' said I presently, 'I should like to ask you a few questions. Will you answer them?'

'If I can,' was the reply.

'First of all then,' I began, 'what is your first distinct recollection, since that day, you know?'

'I seemed to awake from a long sleep, and to find myself in that house over there,' answered the girl; 'Norris Lorton only was with me.'

'Did he tell you you had been ill?'

'No; he only asked me if I had recovered my senses at last.'

'Did you feel ill?'

'Not exactly; only very tired. My head used to ache a great deal. I asked where I was, and he told me in India. It was at night. There was a strange howling going on round the house: it frightened me.—There it is again!' she exclaimed, drawing closer to me as a sharp prolonged cry broke the stillness of the air. 'What is it?'

'Only the jackals,' said I reassuringly. 'They will not hurt you. Now tell me, can you recollect how you were brought thus far inland? By train, was it?'

'No; not by train. I have some vague remembrance of being carried in something, and of men shouting.'

'How long is it since you heard of your father's death?'

'Some time ago, I think. I could not say how long.'

'Do you know what month we are in?'

'No,' replied she bitterly; 'all the seasons seem changed now.'

'We are in May,' said I. 'Now think. Can you remember its raining heavily since you came here?'

'Yes!' exclaimed she suddenly; 'that is the first thing almost I can recall. It used to rain day after day and night after night, as if it would never leave off. It was very hot too, and there were thunder-storms.'

'How long did this weather last?'

'I am not sure; it seemed months to me. Then it got much cooler, almost cold, and now it is hot again.'

'Good!' said I triumphantly. 'Miss Lorton, you have been in this jungle not quite a year.'

She looked at me in utter amazement. 'How can you tell that?'

'By the rainy season,' replied I. 'But tell me, why do you wear men's things?'

'What do you mean?'

'When I first saw you, you were wearing a mess-jacket, and to-night you have on a Turkish fez.'

'I have no other covering for my head except this fez,' said Miss Lorton. 'I had a hat once, but Gyp got at it and tore it up.'

'Who is Gyp?'

'This dog here. He belongs to Norris Lorton, but has taken a great fancy to me.'

'Whom do the mess-jacket and fez belong to?'

'To his son Stephen, I believe.'

Again we were both silent for some minutes; then Miss Lorton spoke again.

'Dr Stanmore, you see now how helpless I am in the power of a man like Norris Lorton. Will you not help me to escape from him?'

'I will,' exclaimed I impulsively. 'Tell me what to do for you.'

'Will you meet me again here next Friday night at the same time? I will try and think of some plan by then. Norris Lorton goes to Calcutta every Friday. What time is it, Dr Stanmore, please?'

I drew out my watch and studied it by the moonlight. 'Nearly ten o'clock,' replied I.

'I must go,' said Miss Lorton. 'My uncle returns about this time from Calcutta. He must not come to the house and find me out.'

'Let me see you back,' said I.

'No,' replied she; 'it would not be safe. I am not afraid. Gyp will take care of me. Will you stay here until I whistle, in case any one should be about and see us together?'

I promised, and Miss Lorton extended her hand to me with a sweet sad smile. 'You are my friend, Dr Stanmore, are you not?'

'Indeed I hope so,' replied I impetuously.

'Good-night then. Wait for the signal.'

She pressed my hand warmly, and then walked on, Gyp the black collie trotting by her side, and soon they were both out of sight.

I waited where she had left me until the sound of a long shrill whistle broke upon my ear; then mounted my pony, and hastened with all possible speed to my own house.

CHAPTER II.—NORRIS LORTON.

I will not attempt to describe the state of mind in which I remained during the few days that must elapse ere I should again be able to meet and converse with my strange acquaintance. Still, I would not have any one think that I was in love with Sibyl Lorton. Far from it. My interest was fully aroused; and when I reflected on the strange sad story she had told me that night by the river, a strong desire to serve her, as far as it lay in my power, would come over me; but yet I could not get rid of a horrid haunting suspicion that she either was or had been a little out of her mind. Miss Lorton's history was so strange and improbable, that if I had repeated it among my neighbours all would doubtless have agreed that it was nothing but the wanderings of an unsound mind; and perhaps have been justified in their surmise. But on the other hand, as told to me it was too connected and well put together for me to adopt that view of the matter; so I wavered between the two opinions, not knowing which to choose, dreading lest I should one day discover that all my interest had been concentrated upon a lunatic, yet feeling too much excited and curious to discontinue the acquaintanceship. At last Friday evening came, the time appointed for our meeting. Once again I rode across the race-course and alongside of the dike till I reached the spot where the dusty road crossed it; but no one joined me there. The

time flew by; all was silent, except the occasional howling of the jackals. No one came to break in on my solitude, not even a coolie. At last, about ten o'clock, tired of waiting, with resentful feelings, I galloped home again, and almost made up my mind to think no more of Sibyl Lorton and her misfortunes.

Three or four days after this I was out riding in the evening, a somewhat unusual thing for me; but one of the ladies in the station had asked me to try a new horse which her husband had just purchased, and give my opinion as to its paces and temper; and I, nothing loath, had willingly undertaken the task. As before, I rode to the race-course, and was galloping round it swiftly, when all at once the horse shied violently, nearly throwing me from the saddle; and before I had time to wonder what could have been the cause of his terror, I beheld a sight which made my blood run cold with horror. A few yards to my left lay a dark motionless object. I knew at once what it was, but dismounted nevertheless, and led the terrified animal as close to it as he would allow me. It was the corpse of a Hindu, so battered and disfigured that I at once concluded murder had been committed. It was a ghastly sight; and for a minute or two I felt so sick and faint that I was unable to think what it would be best to do.

'Bad job this, sir,' said some one in English behind me.

I looked round with a start, not having heard any come up, and saw a rough, ragged, disreputable-looking fellow, bearing the appearance of a runaway sailor, standing close by my shoulder. 'Who has done this?' I asked.

'Twas a horse, sir, a chestnut mare. This fellow here was leading her, and there was another behind him with a black horse. The mare all at once began kicking and rearing; she knocked him over, and then lay down and rolled on him.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed I; 'could you not help him?'

'Too far off, sir,' answered my companion. 'I ran as fast as I could when I saw her begin rolling; but before I could reach her, she had got up again and galloped away. He must have been dragged by the halter before it broke. Look there!' He pointed as he spoke to the dead man's arm, round which a broken piece of rope was still wound.

'Which way did the mare go?'

'Across there somewhere. The other syce said he would go and get assistance.'

'You do not know whom they belonged to?'

'No, sir. I asked the syce, but he would not tell me.'

'This is a case for the authorities,' said I, after a little consideration. 'Where are you likely to be heard of again? They will want you at the inquest to give evidence, I expect. Can you get a lodging anywhere in the station?'

'O yes, sir,' replied the fellow, touching his hat, 'if I can but pay for it.' Which broad hint I need hardly say I took. The loafer promised to be ready to give his evidence whenever he should be required to; so, after charging him to remain by the corpse till help should arrive, I remounted and rode away.

A strange, horrible idea had taken possession of me, and I was quite unable to shake it off. I felt

convinced that the chestnut mare which had so lately trampled out the life of the unfortunate Hindu was the property of Norris Lorton, and that perhaps his niece was in the habit of riding it. I knew quite well by sight all the horses belonging to my fellow-countrymen in the station, and that there was not a chestnut mare among them; and the direction in which the loafer had declared it to have galloped, seemed to me to lead towards the lonely little house in the jungle; and the more I thought, the more my suspicions increased that the mare's home was there, so I determined at all events to ride over and ascertain for myself if my impressions were correct. I had no trouble in finding my way to the house; and as I drew rein before it, several natives came hurrying out from the house and the stables, all talking loud and fast in their own language and gesticulating violently. Then Norris Lorton appeared on the steps of his dwelling. Seeing him, I dismounted and walked up to him. He eyed me suspiciously, and I thought uneasily, but I gave him no time to question me.

'Has your chestnut mare come back?' inquired I eagerly.

'Yes,' he replied with a start.

To this day, I believe the suddenness of my question forced the truth from his lips ere they had time to frame a falsehood.

'You have heard of the accident then?' was my next remark.

'I have,' answered he. 'Will you come in, Dr Stanmore? I should like to talk this over with you, if you can spare me half an hour or so.'

I gave my horse into the charge of one of the servants, and ascending the steps, entered the house, and for the first time found myself under the same roof as Sibyl Lorton. I looked round for her; but she was nowhere to be seen. So hiding my disappointment as best I could, I seated myself in the chair Norris Lorton handed to me, and waited for him to begin the conversation.

'This is an unfortunate business for me, Dr Stanmore,' said he presently.

'Yes,' replied I. 'It is certainly not pleasant for you. There will be an inquest of course.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed he incredulously, looking at the same time both startled and annoyed. 'Surely there will not be all that fuss over a dead nigger.'

'I beg your pardon,' returned I warmly; for a vision of the crushed mangled corpse lying on the race-course rose up before me, and the selfishness and heartlessness of the English gentleman considerably lowered him in my estimation. 'But when a man is killed suddenly, as your syce has been this evening, there is generally some inquiry made into the affair, even though it be only a poor Hindu who claims our attention.'

'The affair is simple enough, I should think,' retorted he petulantly. 'The stupid fellow wound the halter round his arm; and then, when the mare began kicking, he could not get free, and was dragged along the ground. At least that is what the other syce gave me to understand.'

'I could not see that after this accident you will not keep a dangerous animal?' I remarked presently.

'Pooh! She is no more dangerous than your pony; it was just chance, ill-luck.'

'Pardon me; I do not believe one horse in

twenty would set to work to kill a man; as your mare did this evening.'

'Nonsense. It was all the fellow's stupidity. He should have kept clear of her heels; horses often get fresh and inclined to kick, on turf.'

'I never yet heard of one rolling on a man to kill him.'

'Nor I. My mare never did that.'

'I am sorry to contradict you. She did.'

'So the other syce came and told me, but I did not believe him,' said Mr Lorton, looking rather uneasy. 'Pray, how do you know anything about it?'

'From an eye-witness,' was my reply, 'and an Englishman.' And then, as briefly as I could, I gave him the particulars of the accident, as told me by the loafer on the race-course.

'What a provoking nuisance!' exclaimed Mr Lorton when I had finished, with a petulance I could not then understand. 'Look here, Dr Stanmore; when will the inquest be?'

'To-morrow,' answered I, 'as early as possible.'

Something very like an oath escaped Mr Lorton's lips, and for a moment or two there was silence between us. Suddenly I saw his face light up as if a weight was cast from his mind.

'Of course you will be there?' said he.

'Yes; I may be required to certify the cause of the man's death.'

'Do you intend to reveal the owner of the chestnut mare?'

It instantly flashed upon me then, his uneasiness at the idea of an inquest; and my suspicions were more than ever confirmed that Sibyl Lorton had met with foul play at his hands.

'I had really not thought about you,' I responded coldly.

'Remember your promise,' said he eagerly: 'you gave me your word of honour never to mention to any one that I was living here. That promise binds you still. You will not breathe my name at the inquest?'

'There will be inquiries made about the syce and the mare,' said I, 'from others besides me.'

'Leave all that to me. The fellow had no friends here; he is not a Bengalee; I brought him from the North-West Provinces. All will be right if you keep your word to me. You will; will you not?' He looked at me almost pleadingly as he spoke.

Before I could reply, a frightful hullabaloo was heard out of doors; the clattering of hoofs, the barking of dogs, and the shouting and yelling of the native servants above all. Mr Lorton started from his chair with an impatient exclamation, and ran out to see what it was all about.

'Bother that mare—she has got loose again!' he called out. 'No one dares go near her. I must catch her myself. Stay here, Dr Stanmore; I shall not be long.'

As soon as he was gone, a door was opened slowly and cautiously, and Sibyl Lorton appeared. 'Oh, Dr Stanmore,' said she in a half-whisper, 'I am so glad you have come. I could not come to meet you that night, because he did not go to Calcutta. Tell me, have you heard of the accident?'

'Yes,' was my reply; 'I saw the poor fellow'—

'Dr Stanmore,' interrupted she, speaking eagerly and excitedly, 'that horse was bought for me to ride.'

'For you to ride!' exclaimed I; 'surely you are mistaken?'

'I am not, I assure you; he bought that horse three days ago, and said it was for me to ride. I am to try it to-morrow.'

'Your uncle could not have been aware how vicious the brute was,' said I. 'Do not be afraid, Miss Lorton; you shall not be asked to ride it now.'

'You can promise me?' returned she anxiously. 'I do not know how to ride, for one thing; and then that dreadful mare! Oh, Dr Stanmore, he means to kill me! Will you not save me?'

'Hush!' said I soothingly, for her excitement was quite painful to see; 'you are alarming yourself unnecessarily. Why should you think your uncle capable of such wickedness?'

'I know it!' replied she wildly. 'Stephen Lorton is coming here to-night. When he and his father meet, there is no saying what they will not do. Oh, Dr Stanmore, you have a kind heart, I am sure; do save a poor friendless girl! For Vivian's sake, help me! Think what you would feel if they separated you from the woman you loved, and you knew not where she was! O think, and help me!'

'What can I do for you?' asked I mechanically.

'Save me from Stephen Lorton,' she went on eagerly; 'he wants me to marry him. It is all that money. I wish it had never been mine. Norris Lorton says; unless I marry his son, I shall die in this jungle; or'—here she dropped her voice to a whisper—'this frightens me most—he vows he will put me in an asylum.'

'That he cannot do,' replied I confidently, 'without a medical certificate.'

'He says he can prove me mad.'

'Then he must be mad himself to think so.'

'But my illness,' exclaimed Miss Lorton sorrowfully, 'that has made me forget everything so. Do you think I could have been mad then?'

That idea had occurred to me more than once, but I shrank from mentioning it to her; so I made answer: 'Probably you had brain-fever. But try to think now if there is anything you can recall; anything you have the faintest remembrance of, before coming to this house.'

The poor girl put her hand to her head, and a look of pain crossed her face. 'I cannot remember,' she said sadly.

'Did you always live in London?' I asked.

'Always. I had never been out of it, to my recollection.'

'What was the sea like when you came out to India?'

'The sea!' repeated the girl eagerly. 'Have I seen the sea? Yes; I must have. I could see nothing all round but water; it was blowing, and I felt giddy.'

'Now,' said I, 'try to recollect if Norris Lorton was with you at the time.'

Miss Lorton looked perplexed; but in a minute or two went on slowly: 'Yes; it comes back to me now. There was one day the wind was high. I felt very ill. I tried to walk, but fell down. My head was hurt. I remember no more.'

'Let me see,' said I, drawing closer to her. 'Is there a scar?'

She pushed her light wavy hair off her forehead, and there, just above the left temple, was a long deep scar.

'Was your head bad when you came here?'

'Yes,' she replied; 'it used to ache very much; and for a time there was court-plaster on this cut.'

'Did not Norris Lorton tell you what had caused it?'

'He said I had fallen down on board ship.'

'And you can recollect nothing since then?'

'Not distinctly. But I have a confused remembrance of being always in pain, and having horrible dreams. What does that betoken?'

'I should say you had been suffering from brain-fever,' replied I; 'probably a relapse.'

'Relapse! Have I ever had it before then, do you think?'

'I think it very likely after that day in X. Street, you know. But what I cannot understand is your being taken on board ship without knowing anything about it. However, do not despond, Miss Lorton,' said I cheerily; 'I will do my best to help you now. Quick; some one is coming; tell me when and where to meet you again?'

'The same place next Friday night,' she answered hurriedly, and disappeared just as Norris Lorton re-entered the room.

WAGER OF BATTEL.

It is not a little strange to know that the barbarous practice of trial by wager of battel (which was a duel between the parties, founded on a presumptuous appeal to heaven to give the victory to the injured or innocent party) was part and parcel of the English law from the time of its introduction by William the Conqueror down to the year 1819.

From a careful research into the old Reports, we gather two authentic cases of trial by wager of battel. The first one is *Reade v. Rochforth*, which occurred about the year 1554-5; in which, however, although the defendant offered to prove his defence by the body of his champion, the dispute was ultimately determined by judgment on demurrer for the plaintiff; and no battle took place. But in the second case, which was the last instance of such a trial on a writ of right, the whole ancient formula was carried out in all its legal pomp and circumstance. The case was *Lowe and Kyme v. Another*, in the year 1571; and it arose on a writ of right to which the defendant (the tenant) pleaded the general issue, and chose the wager of battel as the mode of trial to prove his right to the property of which he was in possession. The offer was accepted; and the defendant following the ancient forms, produced his champion, who threw down his glove as a gage or pledge to the champion of the plaintiff's; 'thus waging or stipulating battel with him.' The latter accepted the challenge by taking up the glove.

In due course the day was named for fighting the duel, which was appointed to take place in Tothill Fields, Westminster, not without consulting the authorities, however (for the custom had fallen into desuetude, no such a trial having been held then for over one hundred and fifty years), and with all due forms strictly adhered to. A piece of ground was then set out sixty feet square, inclosed with lists, and on one side a court was erected for the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and a bar was prepared for the learned sergeants-at-law. On the day appointed, at sunrise,

three of the judges (Chief-justice Dyer and Justices Weston and Harper), in their scarlet robes, attended by the officers and officials of the Court of Common Pleas and the sergeants-at-law, opened the court and the proceedings in Tothill Fields. It is said there were above four thousand persons present. Two knights-at-arms officiated as masters of the ceremonies; and by one of them the defendant's champion was introduced into the lists. According to the form required, he was dressed in a coat of armour, with red sandals; he was barelegged from the knee downwards; bareheaded and with bare arms to the elbows; having as his weapon a baton or stave of an ell long and a four-cornered leather target. Proclamation was made, and the plaintiff's champion was called upon. But the assemblage was doomed to disappointment, for he did not appear; altering his mind perhaps at the last moment. Whereupon the plaintiff was called three times, and not answering, the defendant's counsel moved the court there and then for judgment of nonsuit; which was granted. The Chief-justice then exhorted the people to disperse peaceably and quietly; he adjourned the court, and the display was at an end. The defendant had a bloodless victory.

But the unperformed part of the ceremony, which must have been carried out had the plaintiff's champion appeared, would have been as follows, according to the authorities.

The two champions being introduced into the lists, take hold of each other's hand, and pronounce the oath alternately on the Bible: for the defendant, that the tenements in dispute are not in the right of the plaintiffs; and for the plaintiffs, the champion swearing that they are. The champions then would each take the oath separately against sorcery thus: 'Hear this, ye justices! That I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me neither bone, stone, ne grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the evil one exalted.' The battle being begun, the combatants were bound to fight till the stars appeared in the evening. If the champion of the tenant (the defendant) could defend himself till then, the tenant should prevail in his cause, for it was sufficient for him to maintain his ground and make it a drawn battle, he being already in possession; but if victory declared itself for either party, judgment was given for him. This victory might arise either from the death of one of the champions, or if either of them proved recreant (that is, yielded) and pronounced the horrible word of craven; a word of 'disgrace and obloquy,' as the old writers have it.

This was certainly a serious thing for the vanquished champion, for he was condemned as a 'recreant' to be infamous; and lost his rights as a freeman; being supposed by the event to be proved perjured, and therefore never put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause. In *Minshaw's Dictionary*, a very old work, there appears a circumstantial detail of what must be observed in this mode of trial.

After this 'barbarous and unchristian custom,' as an old writer terms it, had lapsed into disuse, and become obsolete and forgotten, it was suddenly revived in Ireland in 1815 under the following circumstances. One O'Reilly had committed a murder, and there were several witnesses to the

fact. He afterwards made a confession of his guilt in writing. On his trial, the counsel for the prosecution did not call the witnesses to prove the murder, but proceeded to read the prisoner's confession. His counsel (a very astute lawyer in his day) perceiving this unlooked-for advantage, advised his client to plead not guilty, and offer to prove his defence by his body. Following this advice, the prisoner, to the consternation of the prosecution and astonishment of the court, challenged the prosecutor, one Clancy, in due form to 'wage battel' with him. The case was adjourned; and afterwards the prisoner withdrew his plea of not guilty (by compromise of the counsel engaged), and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. In that case there were glaring circumstances of the prisoner's guilt, which the prosecutor might have counterpleaded, and which would have taken away the right of the prisoner to a wager of battel. This was no doubt the reason of the withdrawal of the plea of not guilty.

The sudden revival of this antiquated custom did not, however, make the stir that might have been expected. But two years later, in 1817, it was destined that much wonder and excitement should be caused by another revival of it, under most shocking and painful circumstances, which were these.

On the 26th of May 1817, a beautiful young woman named Mary Ashford, in the bloom of her youth, being but twenty years of age, went to dance at a village called Sutton Coldfield, near Erdington in Warwickshire. It was a village gathering held by a miscellaneous party at *The Tyburn Tree* tavern. Cakes and ale were provided in plenty; and the swains of the neighbourhood there collected, by degrees became boisterous and riotous. The girl there met a farmer's son named Abraham Thornton, who resided in the immediate vicinity, and with whom she danced during the evening. She did not leave the gay scene until a late hour, saying she would pass the night at her grandfather's house, which was handier to reach than her own home; and on leaving, she was escorted by Abraham Thornton as far as a stile in the vicinity of the village, where the two were seen talking together. It was the last time the poor girl was seen alive, for the next morning she was found dead in a pit of water; and there were evidences on her that shewed her death to have been caused by another. General suspicion pointed to Thornton, and this became so intensified, that he was arrested and tried for the murder at the ensuing Warwick assizes in August following. There was powerful circumstantial evidence adduced against him: there were marks of a struggle at the supposed place of the murder, and the prisoner's boots fitted the imprints found on that spot; and other evidence was given which formed a strong chain encircling him with the guilty crime. He, however, set up in defence an alibi, which was so well supported that it obtained for him a verdict of not guilty.

So great was the feeling of indignation and surprise at his obtaining an acquittal, that a new trial was asked for. Under the advice of an acute lawyer in the neighbourhood, the brother of the murdered girl and her next of kin, William Ashford, at once entered an appeal against the verdict. Abraham Thornton was again arrested, and sent to London in November following, to be

tried before Lord Ellenborough and the full Court of King's Bench. The whole affair was noised about, and great excitement prevailed, for an appeal of murder was an uncommon case. The lawyers even interested themselves, and discussed the case in its legal bearings.

In due course Abraham Thornton appeared before the full Court of King's Bench in the custody of the sheriff, by whom he was handed over, under the order of the court, to the governor of the Marshalsea Prison. All formal preliminaries were got through, and the prisoner was called upon to plead. He was efficiently and ably defended by counsel; and instead of a regular and usual defence by arguments, evidence, and witnesses, the prisoner boldly defied all common forms of procedure. He pleaded 'Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same by my body.' He challenged his accuser to single combat, to decide his innocence or guilt by the ancient custom of 'the wager of battel.' He accompanied his plea by the old form of taking off a glove (a large horse glove), handed to him by his counsel, and throwing it down on the floor of the court as a gage.

William Ashford (a delicate-looking young man) was in court, and actually came forward to accept the challenge, by picking up the glove, when he was restrained by those about him. The prisoner's plea and challenge came upon all concerned in the prosecution with so much surprise, and indeed upon the court also, that the counsel for the prosecution moved for time to counterplead, which was granted. With what surprise and amazement did the assembly, and indeed the nation, ask, whether such an obsolete mode of trial could be insisted on by a prisoner? Lawyers with infinite trouble searched through the musty ancient records, in order to discuss the question authoritatively; and all wondered at such an old right being so suddenly unearthed from the depths of ancient law!

In due time the prosecutor counterpleaded, setting forth the whole facts, and further circumstances which had come to light, tending to fix the prisoner with his guilt, so as to take away the right to wage battel. But after a further adjournment, the prisoner delivered the replication, setting forth his alibi, and insisting on his ancient right. The prosecution demurred that the replication was bad in law; and the demurrer came on to be heard in due course. The case was learnedly and ably argued for the prosecution. All the ancient writers were cited in support of the argument of the prosecution, that under such a set of circumstances, as set out, the prisoner could not claim a wager of battel. On the other hand, for the prisoner, it was just as learnedly argued that he could. The arguments of the case were not concluded until after four separate sittings of the court; and on April 16, 1818, after much deep research into the authorities and consideration thereof, the court unanimously gave judgment for the prisoner in favour of the ancient right of wager of battel which he claimed; Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-justice, saying: 'The general law of the land is in favour of the wager of battel; and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, and not as we may wish it to be. Whatever prejudice, therefore, may justly exist against this mode of trial, still, as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce judgment for it.' The appellee, William Ashford, through his counsel

informed the court he did not now feel himself justified in accepting the challenge; and the prisoner was thereupon discharged from custody. He afterwards married and left this country for America, where he died in obscurity. (This case and the elaborate arguments are fully reported in the first volume of Barnewall and Alderson's Reports.)

This was the last case of wager of battel; for such was the wonder and regret at the judgment of the court; such was the popular excitement aroused by the case, and the law as propounded by the judges, that in the next session of parliament an Act was passed by which wager of battel, appeal of murder, and other incongruous 'privileges' were abolished. We may further state, that if the challenge in the above case had been accepted, the trial must have been carried out with all the solemnity and detail required on a similar trial of writ of right, which we have already adverted to; with this addition, that the combat must have been fought by the adversaries *in person*, as champions were not allowed on a criminal appeal; and if the prisoner had been successful, he would have been acquitted; if defeated, he would have been hanged immediately, with all the ignominy attending a felon's death by execution in those days.

FRESH NEWS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exertions of many gallant men and the active hopefulness of his brave-hearted widow, but very little has ever been found out regarding the actual fate of Sir John Franklin and his followers. Some eighteen or twenty years ago Captain (now Admiral Sir Leopold) McClintock, it is true, discovered in the western part of King William's Land sad evidence that all had perished, in the shape of a paper recording the death of Franklin and twenty-three of his men, and a boat with two bleached skeletons inside it; but in what manner and in what precise locality the melancholy event happened, was still as much as ever a mystery.

At length, however, we gather from a Transatlantic contemporary, a ray of light has been unexpectedly thrown upon the matter, and there appears ground for hope that some details respecting the expedition may yet become known. A vessel named the *A. Houghton* sailed from New Bedford in the summer of 1876, on a whaling cruise, and in the early autumn reached a place a few miles to the south of Cape Inglefield. The ice-floes soon began to surround the vessel, and it was resolved to lay her up for the winter at Marble Island, in the upper part of Hudson's Bay. During her stay there a party of Eskimos, some two hundred in number, came from the Nechelli Settlement, near Cape Inglefield, and made a village of snow-huts in the neighbourhood of the vessel.

As good-luck would have it, her second-mate Mr Thomas Barry was able to converse with them easily, having learned their language during previous voyages. During their intercourse with the whalers' crew, the Eskimos told Mr Barry about a party of white men who had come among them many years before, and whom some of the tribe distinctly remembered, describing their ap-

pearance, especially one large man, whom they called the great chief, from the obedience and respect paid to him by the rest.

The winter after their arrival—according to the account of these Eskimo wanderers—chanced to be one of more than usual severity; game failed, and many of the natives died, inured though they were to the rigours of the climate and scarcity of food. All were reduced to the necessity of eating raw seal-skin, which of course could not sustain life in the white men; and one by one they succumbed to cold and hunger, and before the return of spring they had all perished. The Eskimos wrapped their bodies in skins, and buried them underneath small heaps of stones near the Nechelli Settlement; but the books, journals, and some other articles that had belonged to the strangers, were collected and carefully deposited in a cairn, built for the purpose, which was ever afterwards regarded with a kind of sacred awe, no one daring to open the mound or disturb its contents. Some articles, however, belonging to Sir John Franklin and his party had been retained by the Eskimos; and Mr Barry succeeded in obtaining from them three large silver spoons, undoubtedly the property of the expedition, as one of them bore the Franklin crest—a fish's head surrounded by a wreath. This he has brought to New York; and the others, engraved with now undecipherable letters, he gave to the United States consul at St John's, Newfoundland, at which place he touched on his way home. The Eskimos offered to conduct the whaler's crew to the Nechelli Settlement, and to shew them the cairn above referred to; but as the distance was nearly one thousand miles, it was not possible for them then to undertake the journey.

The interesting discovery, to which we have alluded, will lead, it may be hoped, to a renewed search, from which more definite results may be confidently expected; and, indeed, it is said that the New York agents who fitted out the *Polaris*, have already proposed to send out a vessel this summer.

[Since the foregoing was set up in type, intelligence has been received from New York, to the effect that the schooner *Eothen* has sailed for the Arctic regions to search for relics of the Franklin Expedition.]

TAKEN AWAY.

DEATH came and touched with icy hand my babe,
And changed its living loveliness to sleep;
Changed into marble white the restless limbs,
And hid the violet eyes in drifts of snow;
Gathered the roses from the dimpled cheeks;
But where they bloomed he left a pale rose-leaf,
In token that my darling did but sleep.
Ah me! the sleep that never breaks on earth.
He wreathed a smile about the lips, and framed
In rings of burnished gold the snowy brow;
Then bade us bring the fairest buds in bloom,
White Stars of Bethlehem, gleaming fresh with dew,
And strew them o'er my sleeping angel-babe,
In memory of the Heavenly Child of yore.
Then raised it, wrapped it in his sable robe,
And took it home to God.

SARA.

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MISCHIEVOUS PHILANTHROPY.

IN lately calling attention to the Life of George Moore, the merchant-prince and philanthropist, we ventured to express a doubt whether he acted judiciously in scattering his wealth with almost unheard-of profusion on the so-called charities of the metropolis. It was hard for us to make any remark of this kind on a man so generally estimable. Only a sense of duty to society, along with some experience, induced us to do so. If the press is worth anything at all, it should speak out when so great a matter is presented for discussion as the indiscriminate support of public charities to the extent, of enfeebling self-dependence, and stamping out the cultivation of thrift and moral responsibility. Has it not become a painfully recognised fact that London, and in a lesser degree other cities, is overstocked with professed charities, and that thoughtful persons are beginning to get alarmed at the consequences? The establishing of charities of one kind or other has attained to the character of a regular business. Catching at some popular notion, two or three individuals set up a charity as they would set up a shop, or organise a Joint-stock Company (Limited) with a flamingly seductive prospectus. Securing a few names as patrons, the thing is done. The machine needs to be only well worked.

The practice of originating charities is a feature in modern society. According to the primary injunctions of Christianity, every man was to be his own almoner, that is to say, he was personally and privately to administer relief to the needy and deserving. In the New Testament we do not hear a word of great wholesale schemes of beneficence, with an array of secretaries and directors, and of men going about as collectors to gather money from subscribers, whose names, with the sums they respectively give, are guaranteed to be published to all the world. The original idea is totally laid aside. The givers know little or nothing personally of the receivers. It would be too much trouble to look after them, nor would it perhaps be pleasant to speak to them, and offer

a word of sympathy or admonition. The whole affair has degenerated into a system of tossing away money, which is left to be distributed by delegation on no one knows whom or how. Can these cold-hearted money gifts out of a superfluity be reconciled with the primary injunctions we have alluded to? They may be viewed as a make-shift, and that is all. The worst of it is, that charitable distribution being elevated into a trade, discourages habits of self-reliance, and creates the pauperism it is professedly designed to alleviate.

Under a consciousness of this growing mischief, have sprung up those supplementary societies which propose to act as a check on that species of imposture which preys on public credulity. How far they will answer the purpose, remains to be seen. As yet, they seem to have done some good. If they only put a stop to the concoction of new charities, they will deserve public confidence and support. To give a notion of the kind of trickery they are designed to circumvent, a little book has been prepared by Mr J. Hornsby Wright, one of the honorary secretaries of the St Marylebone Charity-Organisation Committee, and styled 'Thoughts and Experiences of a Charity-Organisationist.' We shall present a few of his experiences in an abbreviated form.

In a room in Lisson Grove there dwelt, or seemed to dwell, a family apparently in a pitiable degree of distress; the husband with a hacking cough, the wife emaciated, the children in wretchedness. All these appearances were put on to extort charity, and were successful as a means of living. It turned out that the family had two homes, one for day, the other for night. The night residence was in a street leading out of Oxford Street, and was a very comfortable abode. Hither, the family repaired after the fatigues of the day, to enjoy the contributions of the charitable societies they preyed upon. No one seeing them in their evening dress, in their evening quarters, could have imagined they were the same beings who seemed so woe-begone during the day. A number of similar anecdotes follow,

descriptive of the demoralisation produced by giving money to persons who have not properly earned it.

At a meeting held at St Pancras in 1877 for the purpose of establishing a committee of the Charity-Organisation Society, the Bishop of London made some remarks corroborative of the practice followed by gangs of impostors in having two houses—one in which to receive donations, and the other in which to spend their ill-gotten gains. His lordship said that money given without previous investigation, instead of relieving human misery, increases vice and beggary; for the impostors find it very easy to have different places of abode, and receive three, or four, or five families' allowances from the various agencies. 'It is easy to conceive that they thus have the means of obtaining larger incomes than they could receive if they were to devote themselves assiduously to the paths of honest industry. And can you conceive this going on within sight of the labouring people among whom the impostors dwell without deteriorating the honesty of that population? When men—honest working-men—see another man, living in the same rank of life as themselves, obtaining more comforts by idleness than they can obtain by industry, and learn, perhaps, that this is done by receiving visits from societies, they, too, are ready to follow the example, and independence is broken down. It is a sorrowful thing when a working-man among working-men finds that the wages of mendicancy are better than the wages of honest industry, for he is tempted to continue the downward course, in which he tempts others; and in nine cases out of ten from that downward course there is no return. But this is not the only evil. People who have commenced life as good givers are hardened into an opposite course when they come to investigate cases brought before them, and find only one reliable case out of about thirty. Discovery of the deceit practised makes one have a growing distrust of human nature, and so we suspect everybody of being dishonest until we prove them to be honest. Thus persons, after giving large sums, when they have made these discoveries, feel that it is better to leave poverty to its legal relief than to run the risk of being thus imposed upon. Having seen all these influences at work, I have become interested in the work proposed by this association,' &c.

Mr Hornsby Wright narrates some curious cases connected with Begging-letter Impostors. In 1874, he says, the Charity-Organisation Society came into possession of thirty-four street Directories, that had belonged to a gang of these impostors. On the Directories were five different marks opposite names, each mark having a distinct meaning. A short dash meant 'Doubtful,' or 'Not called on before.' A cross signified 'Good,' or 'Likely to give.' A star was 'Very good,' or 'Very likely to give.' A round 'O' signified 'Has given something recently.' An 'O' with a line across it meant 'Has given something recently, and will give again if called on.' The members of the gang are said to have picked up on an average five pounds apiece weekly.

No abuse is on so widely spread a scale as that connected with Dispensaries and Hospitals. There seems to be absolutely no shame in trying to procure medicines, or medical assistance, for nothing. Ladies of rank are known to dress themselves shabbily in order to get medicine gratuitously at a

Dispensary. The Hospitals are crowded with people who are capable of paying a fee to a doctor. In many cases, physicians are to blame for the lavish way they encourage free consultations. The writer of the book before us recalls attention to the well-known case of the late Dr Wardrop and the nobleman who imposed on him as a pauper. 'The doctor had for many years given advice to "poor people" at his house in Charles Street: he discontinued the practice after the following occurrence. Returning one morning from a patient to whom he had been summoned at an early hour, he observed alighting from a coroneted carriage a shabby old man, whom he recognised as one of his gratuitous morning patients. He made a detour, and returning, learned from the footman that it was the Earl of —. By-and-by, when the sham pauper was ushered in, in his turn, the doctor addressed him by name, and demanded as many guineas as he had made visits; which under threat of exposure, the noble deceiver reluctantly paid.' The writer adds: 'Of scores of applicants to the Children's Hospital, whom our inquiries have proved to be utterly ineligible for gratuitous relief, no mean proportion have sneeringly said: "Well, no matter; we can get what we want at the — Hospital without any of this bother."'

It will be recollected with what zeal George Moore went about gathering money from his neighbours on behalf of his pet charitable institution, the Royal Free Hospital—'an hospital free to all without any letters of recommendation'—such were his own words. Listen to what has been the upshot, as related by one of the faculty, Dr Fairlie Clark, on the subject: 'An inquiry lately instituted at the Royal Free Hospital showed that forty-nine per cent. of the out-patients were in a position to contribute towards their own medical relief; and the same has been proved by investigations carried on at the Children's Hospital during the last two years. For practical purposes, we may say that half the applicants at London Hospitals could afford a few shillings a year for what they are now seeking in *forma pauperum*.' Philanthropists of the George Moore type cannot too soon take facts of this kind to heart. In their eagerness to do good, they appear to be entirely forgetful of the fact that every fresh charity adds to the Power of Draw; that, besides lowering the self-dependence of residents who take advantage of the offered beneficence, it attracts, as if by gravitation, idly inclined families from distant quarters, and so aids in filling the town with a pauperised and dissolute population. If not actually demoralised on arrival, these strangers are made so by the innumerable contrivances to render them thriftless and abandoned. Nothing is left undone to pollute their moral sensibilities, nor can all the efforts of clerical ministration do more than mitigate the evils which well-meaning people are habitually and unintentionally cultivating. Very hard is it that the industriously disposed inhabitants in our large cities are to be embarrassed by crowds of paupers and ne'er-do-weels through a headlong course of mischievous Philanthropy, which, to give it its proper name, is a system of wanton cruelty.

According to late accounts, twenty-eight hospitals in the metropolis are urgently in want of funds. This will not create surprise. The free admission to hospitals is overdone. A reform

in the system is clearly required, in the interests of society. Let the benevolently disposed begin to encourage frugality and self-exertion among the classes who are at present indiscriminately pauperised by accepting medical assistance gratuitously. Instead of attracting many of these classes to free Hospitals and free Dispensaries that are supported with difficulty, they should make a reasonable effort to induce them to co-operate in establishing institutions on the Provident principle, by which, at a comparatively trifling cost per annum, they would be entitled to insure medical assistance for themselves on all needful occasions. Sanatoria, or medical boarding establishments, of different classes, somewhat on the plan of the Parisian *Maisons de Santé*, would, we think, be a useful appendage to all our large towns. The promotion of such institutions, however, would hardly meet the approval of that wild order of Philanthropists who are bent on pauperising everybody and everything.

In *The Times* of May 2, a correspondent (C. E. Trevelyan) pointedly calls attention to the impropriety of indiscriminate free medical treatment, as exemplified in the metropolis. He says: 'The central fact is that we have hitherto attempted to provide medical treatment on a purely cleemosynary footing for the entire working-class, and a considerable portion of the lower middle-class, population of London, and that this is a greater burden than private charity can bear. A vast multitude is encouraged to throw itself for medical aid on a few central points. Hence overcrowded waiting-rooms; the exhaustion of the strength of the patients by delay; mutual infection among large numbers of persons brought into close contact in a susceptible state; the vitiation of the air of the hospitals themselves; and more than all, the mockery of medical relief, owing to the impossibility of giving sufficient time to each case. There is also a great misdirection and waste of charitable funds from the notorious fact that the out-patient departments are largely used by persons who can well afford to pay something for their medical treatment. The medical profession is deprived of its just and necessary remuneration, and our people are educated to improvident and mendicant habits, being entirely relieved, as regards this requirement of civilised life, from all necessity for forethought and thrift.' This is exactly the argument we have here and elsewhere been trying to bring under public attention.

There is another view of the matter. Has it never occurred to persons of a reflective turn of mind, that the profuse and reckless dispensation of charity on very many who rely on this mode of existence, is contrary to the clear demands of moral retribution? Every departure from rectitude is destined by an imprescriptible natural law to bring its own punishment. A want of thrift is followed by poverty. A shameful neglect of duties brings remorse, if not some more expressive visitation. In the ancient classic superstition, that there is a Nemesis which executes the decrees of a strict retributive Providence, there is a glimmering of Divine Truth. We can no more escape from the effects of wrongdoing than we can from the sickness and pain resulting from a neglect of the laws of health. Inconsiderate Philanthropists have set themselves to overturn or neutralise this expiatory principle

in the moral world. The prodigal who spends all in riotous living is to be coddled, pampered, and sympathised with. The wretch who yields to the basest passions is to be put on a level with the man or woman who, through many a weary year of good conduct and pinching thrift, has supported a good name and cherished a conscience void of offence. Is this practice of confounding right and wrong consistent with common-sense or expediency. Is it fair, and likely to be beneficial? To one who remembers the severities of the criminal law sixty years since, the present penalties, bounding to an opposite extreme, seem little better than a farce. Philanthropy has turned the moral world upside down. A monster of iniquity knocks down, kicks, and tramples on his wife, till she has hardly the breath of life left in her, and it has been the practice to let him off with a month's imprisonment—that is to say, to be indulged with excellent board and lodging for a month as the appropriate punishment for his heinous offence. But the indignity? The scoundrel who behaves so has no sense of indignity. He is only alive to physical suffering, and from that the law, as it now stands, strangely exempts him. His sin meets with no adequate retribution. The decrees of Providence are reversed.

Such are some of the conspicuous results of inconsiderate benevolence. With the best intentions, a wrong is done to society. We could wish it to be otherwise. Relief and sympathy are of course due to sufferers by misfortunes over which they have had no control; and it would be coming back to something like primary injunctions to succour these to the best of our ability. Charity of this kind will ever command a blessing. It is only the abuse of charity, as developed in great trading associations, to the extent of breaking down self-reliance and encouraging profligacy, that merits general reprobation.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLIII.—AT THE 'OLD VINE'

'NAME of Parsons, sir? Certainly. Mr Parsons, which he is an old customer, uses this house, and just now he has the parlour to himself.' So said the ringleted barmaid of the *Old Vine* in Walsall Street, Euston Road, as she emerged from her bower of bliss, festooned with jugs, lemons, bright glasses, and burnished pewter, and bristling with the ivory-tipped handles of beer-engines, to shew the stranger who had inquired for Mr Parsons, and was presumably his friend, the way to the *Old Vine's* best parlour.

A notable hostelry in its way was this same *Old Vine*, the very name of which had a respectable flavour of quasi-antiquity, for it takes some years to grow a vine, and a good many more before that twining and tough-limbed plant can be said to have attained to the dignity of age. Probably some ancient inn or tavern had been standing on that site when the Oxford fields and Gallows meadows, with the miry lanes adjacent, were yet a happy hunting-ground for bludgeon-bearing footpads, and unsafe lounging-places for the prudent citizen coming home from his excursion to the suburbs.

The *Old Vine*, whether an aboriginal house of entertainment or not, had never laid itself out for the modern adornments that are usually thought necessary to attract custom. There was no fine front decorated with mock-marble pilasters, paint, and gilding, no display of plate-glass, no imposing array of lamps. The small-paned windows and white walls were inscribed in narrow letters with quaint legends having reference to 'neat cordials,' 'fine wines,' and the like, which almost seemed to take the observant wayfarer back to the Tom-and-Jerry days. And there was one announcement less immediately intelligible, which seemed to possess a semi-religious character, since it hinted at 'An Ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock.'

The *Old Vine*, dingy, commonplace, and unattractive as it might appear, never seemed to lack custom. In its unpretentious way it thrived remarkably well. It was not a 'brewer's house,' and as such was freed from the vassalage to which many a public of comelier aspect has to submit. But although the *Old Vine* bought its beer where it liked, instead of being constrained to promulgate the strong ale, mild ale, and 'entire' of one mighty vatocrat, the *Old Vine* did a good business in the broo of John Barleycorn. There were landlords hard by whose sumptuous establishments out-glittered the modest outside of the *Old Vine*, yet who spoke of the house with a resentful respect. 'Draw a power of beer, they do, let alone sperrits. Ten pound, oftener twelve! And they buy as they choose. It's along of the Staffordshire-men that stand by 'em so.'

That was the secret of the flourishing of the *Old Vine*. Its roots were struck deep in that occult sentiment of local patriotism that everywhere clings closer to the heart than does that grand Imperial patriotism about which leading articles discourse so nobly. The *Old Vine* was simply a bit of Staffordshire transplanted to London. It took in the *Hanley Guardian*, the *Rugeley Argus*, the *Tamworth Times*, and the *Etruria Standard*, to say nothing of the *Stafford Times* and the *Lichfield Argus*. It was the Nailers' house of call. It was the Potters' city of refuge. Round it rallied, when cast into the unfamiliar world of London, the men of clay and the men of iron, the lovers of dog—and perhaps dwarf—fights, the pounders of wives, the grimy, liquor-loving, unconventional population of the Black Country.

For all that, the *Old Vine* was not by any means a noisy or disreputable public-house. The Staffordshire-men who frequented it might be often enough rough-spoken and roughly behaved; but London produced on them a tranquillising effect, and they were quite as docile as though Suffolk or Sussex or Somerset had been their native county. It was enough for them that landlord and landlady, barmaid and barman, and the very pot-boys, were 'Staffordshire to the back-bone,' and that the old accent, the old provincialisms, and the old gossip were to be heard within its doors.

The supporters of the *Old Vine* were wont to say boastfully in praise of its situation, that it was 'within a jiffy of everywhere.' It certainly was very near to the Euston Station of the London and North-western line, and an active man might have covered the distance between Walsall Street

and King's Cross in a small indeterminate space of time which might not inaptly have been defined as a jiffy. Otherwise it was not so easy to see how the *Old Vine* came to be within easy reach of all places of business and pleasure.

It was the dead-time, in a commercial sense, of the day, and the roaring trade of the *Old Vine* was proportionably at a low ebb. The outer bar contained but some eighteen customers; the young lady who presided over the bottle and jug department had leisure to plunge deeply into the chapters of *The Mysteries of Belgrave Square, or Marquis and Milliner* (illustrated, at one penny per number); while of the three parlours the 'best' had no other tenant than Mr Parsons, better known to Lord Harrogate whom the barmaid now ushered in, as Inspector Drew. Why the inspector frequented the *Old Vine*, and whether he was a Staffordshire-man, or only feigned to be one, and lastly, why he had there conciliated golden opinions under a fictitious name, were questions which he alone would have been able to solve.

'Glad to see you, Jones,' said the inspector very heartily, rising as Lord Harrogate entered.—'We'll take a pint of sherry, brown and old, if you please, miss,' he added parenthetically; and then expressed his delight at the circumstance that Mr Jones was looking 'right well,' and that travelling seemed to agree with him. The pint of old brown sherry, the tint of which undoubtedly answered to the order, as the age too may have done, was produced with business-like promptitude; and having solemnly filled both glasses, the inspector thus guardedly entered upon the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

'Think I see my way, my lord, to making a good job of it—really I do,' said the detective, slowly closing one eye as he sipped the dusky amber of the sherry that he held up between him and the mellow daylight. 'At first I simply thought I was picking your lordship's pocket; but now I feel as if we could get a true bill from the grand jury when we ask for one.'

'You wished to see me with reference to the card, or rather the half-card, which I left in your possession?' said Lord Harrogate.

In lieu of a verbal reply, the inspector extracted from an inner coat-pocket a flat tin case, and opening it, drew forth something heedfully wrapped in silver-paper, and unswathing it, disclosed the treasured scrap of pasteboard. Then he produced his pocket magnifying glass, adjusted it, and proffered it to Lord Harrogate.

'My eyes are tolerably strong ones,' answered the young patrician, smiling as he took up the card.

'They had need to be, my lord, if you mean to see anything without the glass,' said the detective in a tone of pique.

'I can make out nothing—nothing,' said Lord Harrogate, after a lengthened survey of the fragment of card. 'A slight smear or indentation in the left corner, I think I saw.'

'Tackle the smear, my lord, with the help of this,' returned the inspector, again offering his horn-rimmed series of lenses. 'I've trimmed the focus to what, according to my fancy, would suit.'

'It is certainly pencil-writing, very dim, faint, and small; but sufficiently legible, with the aid of good glasses,' said Lord Harrogate, after long

scrutiny of the card. 'You were right too, Inspector Drew, about the word. It is "Sandston" beyond a doubt.'

'Sandston it is, my lord,' replied the detective, with a slight smile of self-complacency. 'The wonder of the thing is of course that pencil-marks, so easy to be rubbed out, should have lasted so long, or leastways so it seems. We of the Force know by experience what a good friend to us the pencil is, in the way of leaving its writing plain to be read, when ink, on account of the acids, has faded from damp and mildew. Once we got a verdict against a forger, all because of his betting-book and the pencilled entries in it, months after he had chucked it and all his papers into the Thames that ran by his villa at Rochampton.'

Inspectors of even the detective branch of that small and active army of police which intervenes between quiet householders and the predatory classes, share the common weaknesses of mortal men. Lord Harrogate saw that this superior officer of the drilled and disciplined constabulary was as vain of his discovery as though he had been the finder of a new metal or a new star, and resolved not to cloud the policeman's joy by any depreciatory criticism.

'It is lucky,' he said, 'that the card came into good hands—professional hands, I mean. A layman like myself could have made nothing of it.'

'Umph! perhaps not!' said the inspector, coughing behind his broad hand. 'Always excepting Mr Bobbins.—Your lordship never heard of Mr Bobbins? That's odd; but to be sure he did his best to keep out of the newspapers; and the reporters, except on grand occasions at the Central Criminal Court, didn't so much as hint at him. Gentleman of property, my lord, was Mr Bobbins, who took to police business as a duck takes to the water, out of pure love for it. Wonderful captions he made, of burglars chiefly; so that our best officers got to be almost jealous, they did, of Mr Bobbins.'

'He grew tired of it perhaps—or married, and found other objects of interest?' asked Lord Harrogate, amused at the policeman's enthusiasm.

'Died, my lord,' answered Drew solemnly. 'Never recovered a trial at the Old Bailey in which he was a witness, and the cross-examination by Mr Serjeant Blathers, who was counsel for the prisoner. "It's my nature," said poor Bobbins, "to attend to matters of this sort, and I can't help it." "Then, sir," roared Blathers (the Serjeant was a big red-faced man with a bullying manner, and a voice that made you wince, whoever you were), "you are no better than a monomaniac, and ought to be locked up as one. Your friends, if you have any friends, should know better than to leave you at large, Mr Bobbins. An amateur thief-taker! Before long perhaps we shall come across an amateur hangman! Who can tell, Mr Bobbins, what your next craze may be?"—It broke poor Bobbins's heart. It did indeed, my lord. Never held up his head once since that day.'

Lord Harrogate waited to give time for the subsidence of the inspector's natural emotions at the recollection of the untimely end of this brilliant volunteer, and then recurred to the card.

'The word "Sandston,"' he said, 'I should take to be a hurried memorandum. I agree with you,

however, that it points out the most probable field for a fresh discovery.'

By this time Inspector Drew, with whom the melting mood was rare and of brief duration, was himself again, and he proceeded, glancing now and then at the card, as if to make sure that it had not evaporated into thin air, to express his opinion on the subject.

'We guess, don't we, my lord,' he began argumentatively, 'that whoever did the actual job of stealing the child—since I suppose we may take it for granted she was stolen—was a commonish sort of person, not too well educated, now?'

Lord Harrogate agreed with this preliminary proposition. 'Gipsies, chimney-sweepers, and beggars,' he remarked, smiling, 'are the only kidnappers of children of whom I have heard since the days of the Burkers, and none of these can be suspected of much erudition.'

'But neither a chimney-sweep nor a cadger nor yet a gipsy,' returned the inspector with perfect seriousness, 'wrote down that word in pencil. It was a gentleman wrote that. And I should like to know, my lord, if not too great a liberty, whether your lordship never met with a handwriting similar to that before?'

Now, it had instantly, on seeing the pencilled word, occurred to Lord Harrogate that it was in the handwriting of Sir Sykes Denzil; but he felt as yet unwilling to mention the name of the presumed writer. Inspector Drew, who was quick to read faces as well as half-effaced inscriptions, did not press the question, but proceeded: 'You see, my lord, all turns on whether the job was a put-up job or not. I think it was. There are vagrants of course who would make no bones of snapping up a pretty bit of a child likely to bring 'em in money, if they met with her in a lane somewhere, alone. But they'd be scared by the idea of a real quality child, at play in her mamma's own garden, where, for aught they knew, maids and men might come running at a cry. It took a determined sort of chap, with a strong motive for what he was about, to risk it.'

'That motive you conclude was gain of course?' observed Lord Harrogate, as the detective came to a pause.

'Must have been gain,' said the inspector dogmatically. 'And tidily too, the work must have been paid for. Now, it seems to me that this little word "Sandston" was pencilled down on the scrap of card by the paymaster of the actual scoundrel who undertook the business. Your lordship can guess why?'

'I suppose, to refresh the man's memory, in case he should forget the name of the place whither he was to convey the stolen child,' said Lord Harrogate, after a moment's thought. 'We are assuming of course that the infant was carried off, not drowned.'

'Well—we may, my lord,' answered the inspector, with the assurance of an expert. 'It wouldn't be easy, really now, to get any man, even the worst, to kill a smiling, innocent bit of a thing of that age; indeed it wouldn't. There's an old hag here and there,' he added, 'would be less particular; but whoever scaled that terrace-bank from the river must have been an active man. No; the little one left that place safe and sound, rely on it.'

'And you think,' said Lord Harrogate, as a host

of sudden hopes crowded on him, 'that we shall find her at Sandston, or a clue to her?'

'Find a clue to her, my lord, we almost certainly shall,' returned the detective earnestly, 'if we do but look long enough and hard enough. Murder will out, they say; and not that alone, but other crime, of whatever sort it may be. If your lordship will be at the Shoreditch Station at 9.30 to-night, we can travel down to Sandston—not together, though—and set about our inquiries in the morning without loss of time.'

DEMONSTRATIONS IN COOKERY.

IN teaching cookery by practical demonstration, a kitchen is necessary, where students can work out the recipes with their own hands. The School at South Kensington is the only one which confers diplomas; but many smaller ones are established in various parts of the country, and conducted by competent teachers. Most of these schools combine the advantages of teaching both by demonstration and practice; and thus only can cookery be taught effectually. However, when practice is impossible, demonstration may do good work; and an effort is being made to bring instruction within the reach of poor and busy women, who could afford neither time nor money to attend schools for practice.

The Committee of the School for Cookery has authorised the lady-superintendent to open cookery classes in districts where she can obtain the use of a suitable room and gas, on condition that forty pupils will take tickets at five shillings each for a course of ten lessons in plain cookery, and twenty pupils will take tickets at a guinea each for a course of ten lessons in middle-class cookery. When by the sale of the above number of tickets, a reasonable prospect of success is given, the school supplies all that is necessary, and takes the risk of loss or profit. Programmes are drawn out for both courses, in which the subjects are admirably selected and arranged. To the lessons in plain cookery, twopence is charged for admission and sixpence for reserved seats; for a single lesson in middle-class cookery two shillings and sixpence is charged. These latter are adapted for ladies with some knowledge of the art, who wish to obtain information about special dishes or improved methods; and cooks would find profit here when they are intelligent enough to be good listeners.

Many clergymen have placed their rooms at the service of the Committee, and classes have started in all directions, at some places for plain cookery only. These lessons, lasting two hours, are necessarily given by demonstration. The teacher cooks five or six dishes before the students, explaining the reason of every process; and naming the ingredients required, she shews how to prepare and combine them, and gives many practical hints. A gas stove is used; and an excellent one can be bought for four guineas which will boil four pots at once besides baking and roasting. The ingredients are prepared upon any available table, and

make-shifts are unavoidable in many instances. Some rooms are far better fitted for this purpose than others, though unfortunately no room appears too small, for these demonstrations are not so largely attended as they ought to be. This failure we attribute chiefly to the dislike of innovation which characterises certain British matrons. The cookery, however bad, which has served them for years, may prevail till the end, rather than that they should attempt to effect an improvement. We must rather look to the rising generation for reform in our national cookery; and this fact is so generally acknowledged, that lessons in cookery are becoming in many places an essential part of school education for girls in all classes of society.

The staff teacher at Kensington who gives the demonstrations is always accompanied by a kitchen-maid from the School, and often also by a teacher in training, who assists in the various operations. Lessons in plain cookery are more in demand in the neighbourhood of London than elsewhere—those of a higher class obtaining favour in country places where ladies reside who cannot conveniently attend the school at South Kensington. The number of staff teachers being limited, many excellent teachers are separated from the School, and carry on the work successfully in various towns in England and Scotland. Ladies who wish to promote the interests of cookery can do much good by forming these classes in their own neighbourhoods, and many energetic helpers are to be found outside the School.

The interest of the demonstration depends mainly upon the ability of the demonstrator. It is not enough to cook a given number of dishes in two hours without mistakes. The teacher should sustain the interest of her audience, not by an uninterrupted flow of language, as in a lecture, but by apt and comprehensive remarks regarding the food, or the process in cookery under consideration at the time. Many demonstrators commit the mistake of speaking too quickly for the sense of their words to be easily grasped, or for notes of the lesson to be taken accurately. Much obscurity is avoided when the recipe is first given out to be copied into the note-books of the hearers, the demonstrator afterwards shewing how to prepare the requisite ingredients, and then how to combine them so as to form a certain dish.

During the preparation she may find time to say a good deal about the various articles of food; and while she is frying or boiling, as the case may be, she can give general rules for the perfection of that process. Sometimes, during the progress of the lesson, she may have an opportunity of conveying a slight knowledge of theory; but she must be careful not to involve herself in a labyrinth of words containing little meaning. To attempt high flights and find that one's wings are clipped, is most humiliating; one had better not soar without the sustaining power of well-defined thought. In demonstrations, as the name implies, the teacher *shews* how things are done, in order that she may be copied; however, in these demonstrations it frequently happens that very little is seen, because the students sit too far back or the table is not placed to advantage. For this reason, it is desirable that the demonstrator should audibly

describe what she is doing, so as to bring the operation before the mental eyes of those students who cannot see the details perfectly.

When school children are present, it adds much to the interest of the lesson to question them upon what they heard on a previous occasion; and fresh questions may be framed for them to answer next time. A special programme, consisting of twenty lessons, has been made for the use of schools, by which instruction may be given in a more simple form. This demonstration-work gives much scope to an intelligent teacher, for many lessons may be conveyed beyond the actual cookery. Few of our poorer neighbours understand the right meaning of economy, the word implying to them nothing but stinginess or scanty fare. To object to the waste of bones or fat, would appear to them the extreme of meanness. To expel this pernicious notion, it ought to be the duty of every teacher to inculcate the maxim, that economy is the art of extracting the utmost amount of nourishment from every scrap of food, and to shew them how they can make wholesome and tasty dishes from bones and dry pieces of meat, and how the fat can be best utilised.

It has sometimes been argued that we cannot teach cookery to the poor unless we use cooking utensils similar to theirs. However, many ideas which look well in theory fail when reduced to practice, and we think that this is one of them. We ought to shew people the *best* way to cook; and though it is inexpedient to give demonstrations in the very poorest cookery to mixed audiences, we may by suggestions adapt our lessons to the wants of all. The uneducated classes, knowing nothing of general principles, can seldom educe conclusions, and will not substitute one thing for another unless they are told what might be done under less favourable circumstances. There is much prejudice to be overcome; but they are nevertheless alive to the persuasive influence of a genial teacher who recognises their needs and makes due allowance for their shortcomings. A public teacher must have in a measure the true sympathies which can transplant fitting lessons into the minds of others, and adapt her teaching to the peculiar needs of the learners.

Originality is also an essential element in good teaching: the words should be of the simplest and to the point, and no mere imitation of another's ideas. As Goethe said: 'There are many echoes in the world, but few voices.' Eccentricity, which is a distortion of originality, should be avoided; and with so all-important a subject as cookery, there should be nothing comical in the lesson, though a touch of humour may sometimes be thrown in as a *bonne bouche*. It is necessary to speak distinctly in giving demonstrations, and not let the voice sink too low. A well-modulated voice is a great desideratum. One hardly knows why it is so much more pleasant to listen to some talkers than to others, for charm does not lie in mere cleverness.

An experienced demonstrator may be detected by the *ease* with which she cooks and serves up her dishes. She shews no agitation, no hurry towards the end, such as one sees in those who are new to the work; so that one really imagines that the task is as easy as she makes it appear. We may say that ease is perfection. Ease of manner is the perfection of good-breeding; ease

in conversation flows from a well-stored mind; and the style of composition which seems so easy and unstudied is often the outcome of ripe intelligence and the mark of a practised hand.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—THE PICTURE.

I HAD formed a resolve in my own mind during that short conversation with my interesting protégée, and now without a moment's hesitation, I addressed myself thus to her uncle: 'Do you intend to keep that mare, Mr Lorton?'

'I am afraid I shall not be able to,' he replied surlily; 'not one of those fools of servants dares go near her.'

'Would it be impertinent in me to inquire how much you would sell her for?'

He looked at me attentively, then replied suavely: 'Not at all. I should ask four hundred rupees, the price I paid for her.'

I knew he was lying; but I did not attempt to bargain with him. I wanted the chestnut mare; and though in general an economical man, was quite prepared now to throw away a considerable sum of money, in order that Miss Lorton's mind might be set at rest. 'I will give you four hundred for her,' said I.

Mr Lorton at once closed with this offer; the bargain was concluded, and the chestnut mare became mine.

'Will you take her with you to-night?' he asked. 'How will you manage?'

'I will lead her,' replied I, 'till I meet a coolie; then he can bring her on.'

Norris Lorton seemed pleased with the plan; and the question of payment having been satisfactorily settled between us, I bade him good-night, and started homewards, riding very slowly, and leading my newly purchased steed by a halter. I soon met some coolies, one of whom, for a few annas, consented to take charge of the mare, which in the course of half an hour or so arrived at my house without, to my inexpressible relief, having done any damage by the way.

It soon became known throughout the station that I had purchased the chestnut whose hoof had trampled out the life of a fellow-man, for the tale of the inquest was soon public property. Nothing, however, in the inquiry transpired about Norris Lorton. The English runaway sailor did not appear, so that the only evidence given was that of the other syce, who averred that he and his companion were travelling to Calcutta, where the horses were to be sold; they had turned off the high-road on to the race-course, in order to cut grass for their beasts, and then the accident had happened. I knew the whole account to be false; but my pledge of secrecy had been given, and I held my peace.

Various remarks, neither kind nor charitable, were made upon my bravado, as they termed it, in keeping so dangerous an animal; but I cared nought just then for the opinion of my neighbours, though in general anxious to be thought well of. Miss Lorton was safe from one danger, and I was satisfied.

Friday came round again. At six P.M., instead of taking part in a game of Badminton, which was going on in the club grounds, I was inside the building, looking through a large pile of last year's *Pall Mall Weekly Budgets*. After about half an hour's search, I found what I wanted: 'On the 20th of June, suddenly, Osmond, youngest son of the late Stephen Lorton, aged 23.' I then looked at the Shipping Intelligence in the same paper, and saw among the list of passengers by the Star-line steamer *Candace*, of the 22d instant, bound for Calcutta, 'Mr Norris Lorton and daughter.' But this was not all; the name next on the same list was Mrs Francis Horley, whom I knew to be my first-cousin, the wife of a merchant in Calcutta; and it all at once occurred to me that I might gain from her some information respecting the Lortons. Before I left the club that night I had made up my mind to go down and call upon my cousin in Calcutta the following Sunday.

The interview that night with Sibyl Lorton was very brief. She met me at the accustomed spot, but told me that she would have to hurry back to the house as soon as possible, for Norris Lorton had only gone out riding, saying he should be back in an hour; so that I had only time to shew her the notice of her father's death in the newspaper which I had brought with me, and to promise to meet her again the following Friday. Her dread of her uncle would not permit her to remain a moment longer.

Sunday came. As soon as my daily duties were over, I journeyed to Calcutta, and, arrived there, repaired instantly to my cousin's house, where I found her at home, and fortunately alone, as I was able then to converse more freely upon the subject which had brought me to her. As we had not met since her arrival in India, she having been paying a series of visits in the North-West Provinces, it was but natural that I should ere long ask her a few questions about the voyage from England.

'By-the-by,' said I, when she had told me that the weather had been stormy, and the passengers more or less afflicted by the usual malady, 'did you come out with a Mr and Miss Lorton?'

'Yes,' she exclaimed, looking rather surprised. 'Do you know them?'

'I know the name,' returned I evasively. 'What were they like?'

Mrs Horley looked a little curiously at me, I thought. 'Well,' she answered with a smile, 'Miss Lorton was the most peculiar girl I ever met in my life.'

'Indeed,' said I eagerly. 'In what way?'

Again my cousin glanced at me sharply ere she went on: 'I have no idea, Eustace, what you may know about the Lortons, but if they are any friends of yours, I am very sorry.'

'Why,' inquired I a little stiffly.

'From what I saw of them during the voyage, I can only form one of two opinions: either that Mr Lorton is a very wicked cruel man, or that his poor daughter is what every one on board believed her to be—mad.'

'Ah!' was my mental comment. 'Suppose this should be the case what a fool I should look!'

'Eustace,' said my cousin, seeing I did not answer, 'you have seen these Lortons; I can tell it by your face; you men can never keep a secret. Confess, have the beauty and misfortunes of Miss Lorton touched your heart?'

'No!' replied I earnestly; 'not so bad as that. I believe the girl has been infamously treated by all her relations, and that her sufferings may have affected her brain.'

'How and where came you to know them? Are they living in Mooderland?'

'No; I have seen and conversed with them both, but am bound by a solemn promise not to reveal where they are.'

'Well, Eustace,' said Mrs Horley, smiling, 'a promise is of course sacred, and I will not ask you to break it. Perhaps you would like to hear my account of them.'

I eagerly assented; so she continued: 'In the first place, the captain of the *Candace* was, in my opinion, very much to blame in allowing the girl to be brought on board at Southampton. I was on deck at the time, and saw her, supported by her father, who said that she had been very ill, and that a sea-voyage had been recommended for her. The captain was anxious to start, and the doctor was engaged down below with an hysterical old lady, or else perhaps they would have seen and noticed what I did, her extraordinary appearance.'

'What did she look like?' inquired I.

'To tell you the truth,' responded my cousin gravely, 'her looks and actions gave me the idea that she was under the influence of drink. She was quite unable to stand alone, had almost to be carried down the companion-ladder; and when, a few minutes after, I went into the saloon, I found her lying on one of the benches, in a slumber so heavy that I am sure it was not natural. I did not see her again then until we reached Malta. She looked rather better, but was still very strange in her manners. One or two of the passengers would have it that she was given to drink, but the rest said she was mad. I asked her once where she was going; she told me she did not know. "She had been taken away from Vivian," she said. Just then her father came up, and led her down below again. One stormy day after we had left Suez, she had been on deck a little while, and attempted to descend the companion alone; she slipped and fell, cutting her head severely, and was laid up for the rest of the voyage. Unfortunately the ship-doctor was at the time unable to perform his duties, being prostrated by intermittent fever, so that the poor girl was nursed only by her father and the stewardess; and by the time we reached Calcutta, she looked far worse than she did at Southampton.'

'And you do not know what became of them afterwards?'

'No; they went away somewhere by train the same day. I expect you know where they are, Eustace,' said my cousin, laughing mischievously.

I made no reply to this insinuation, not wishing to get on dangerous ground, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, contrived to change the conversation. But the events of the day were not over yet.

During tiffin (lunch), to which my cousin and I sat down *tête-à-tête*, Francis Horley not being expected till the evening, our conversation turned upon pictures, and my cousin exclaimed suddenly: 'By-the-bye, Eustace, you must see the lovely picture Frank's father sent out to me last mail. I have not had it hung up yet. You are a judge

of paintings, I know; you must help me to find a place for it.'

I assented; and after tiffin, two servants brought the picture and laid it on the sofa in the drawing-room. After a little consultation and one or two experiments, we found a good light; and my cousin wishing it to be hung up instantly, I performed the task myself.

'It looks lovely—does it not?' said she, as I stepped back to have a better view of the picture, which had hitherto appeared little better than an indistinct mass of colouring. The subject was well known, one that painters have frequently handled: 'Elaine lying Lifeless in the Funeral Barge.' I recognised it at once; then I could not conceal a start; for the face of the dead woman was strangely familiar. True, as I had seen it in the moonlight by the banks of the Duff, it differed much from the painting before me. I had not seen the long fair locks which, in the picture, almost shrouded Elaine's pale still face. The features of the dead had a peaceful, calm expression, which in the living was one of restless longing and fear; and yet they were the same: they were Sibyl Lorton's.

'Who painted this picture?' I asked.

'I have forgotten his name,' replied Mrs Horley carelessly. 'Some young fellow who was going abroad. Let me see—what was his name? Something to do with Tennyson.'

'Was it Vivian? Vivian Clare?'

'Yes; that was the name. Old Mr Horley said he could not understand why it was rejected for the Royal Academy; he thought it a fine painting.—What do you think of it?' went on my cousin, seeing I did not speak.

'The likeness is excellent,' murmured I absently.

'What are you talking about, Eustace? The likeness?'

'Have you never seen that face before?' I asked.

'It does not seem altogether strange to me,' was the reply; 'but I cannot recall when or where I have seen it before.'

'Have you ever seen any one in so sound a sleep that it resembled death?'

Mrs Horley looked eagerly at me; then a light broke suddenly upon her, and she exclaimed: 'Miss Lorton! What could she have known of Mr Clare? Is it possible she could have meant him, when she said she had been taken away from Vivian?'

'Well,' replied I evasively, pointing to the picture, 'they must have been pretty well acquainted, for her to sit to him.'

'Ah yes,' returned my cousin compassionately. 'Poor girl, I suppose it pleased her. Mad people have strange fancies sometimes.'

I allowed my cousin to take this view of the case in silence, wishing to avoid any more questions; then as the time for my departure drew near, I asked her to grant me a favour.

'Anything in reason, Eustace.'

'Will you let me make a copy of that picture?'

'Certainly, if you wish it. How will you manage? Are you going to get the original model to sit to you?'

'I am going to copy,' I answered, rather stiffly, 'not design.'

My cousin looked curiously at me, but said nothing; and soon after I took my leave.

CHAPTER III. CONTINUED.—NORRIS LORTON IS BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH THE PICTURE.

Time passed on; and it was long before I saw Miss Lorton again. Rain set in earlier than usual that year; and by some strange ill-luck, it always seemed to rain heavier on a Friday night than any other in the week; thereby rendering it quite impossible either for me to ride to our appointed meeting-place, or for Miss Lorton to walk there. All my spare time now was devoted to the completion of the copy of 'Elaine.' Painting had always been a favourite occupation of mine, though I had never tried to earn my living by it: now I had another object in view. The picture when finished was to aid me in exposing Norris Lorton's villainy to the world and delivering his niece out of his hands. This work necessarily took me a long time. I could not trust entirely to memory; and my visits to Calcutta, though frequent enough to arouse the curiosity of my neighbours, were fewer than I should have wished them to be. However, I went down whenever the opportunity presented itself, greatly to the amusement of my cousin Mrs Horley, who declared that the picture had bewitched me; and at last, one day about the middle of November, I had the satisfaction of seeing my copy of 'Elaine' completed, and of hearing my cousin, to whom I shewed it, say that it was a very fair representation of the original in the drawing-room.

All this time I had fallen into disgrace with my neighbours in the station. I never went to the club, never played rackets, billiards, or Badminton, and seldom accepted any invitations to dinner; all my spare time was devoted to my picture; and such evenings as the weather permitted, I used to ride on the chestnut mare—now much sobered by constant exercise, and whom I had named 'Elaine'—by the river Dum, or past the house in the jungle, in the hope of again meeting Miss Lorton; but always without success. 'Stanmore is quite an altered man,' people would say; 'he used to be such a sociable pleasant young fellow at one time. We cannot think what has come over him.'

Any remark like the preceding one was very certain to be repeated sooner or later to me; but I cared little or nothing for the opinion of my neighbours just then; my thoughts were too much occupied with Sibyl Lorton's troubles, and with plans for rescuing her from the hands of her persecutors. This state of affairs went on till nearly Christmas, and then there was a change, which came about in this way. After a great deal of grave deliberation, I had formed a plan, the result of which shall be shewn presently. One Sunday evening I rode out on Elaine, and presented myself boldly at the doors of the house in the jungle and asked for Mr Lorton.

He was at home, and received me in the same room where, on a previous occasion, we had arranged the sale of the chestnut mare in my possession. We discoursed for some little time upon the politics of the day, after which I contrived to lead the conversation on to pictures; then rather suddenly I asked my host if he was a judge of paintings.

'Not particularly,' he replied. 'I know a good picture when I see it; that is all.'

'I wish you would give me your opinion upon one in my house,' said I.

'Indeed,' he asked, looking a little curiously at me. 'What is the subject?'

'The death of Elaine,' answered I, with assumed indifference. 'But it is on quite a small scale; about the size now of that engraving there.'

He started and changed colour when I said the word 'Elaine;' but glancing at the engraving on the wall which I pointed out to him, and of which the subject was 'Isaac and Rebecca,' he looked reassured, and replied lightly: 'I should be proud to oblige you, Dr Stanmore; but I do not see how I can come to your house. Your friends might surprise me there, and I am most desirous not to be seen. Perhaps you wonder at me?'

'Most of us, sir, have reasons for what we do,' said I hypocritically; 'yours, I am sure, must be good ones. But still, if you would honour me with a visit, I could certainly manage so that no one should know of it.'

'You are very good, Dr Stanmore. May I inquire how you propose to do it?'

'If you will come next Tuesday and dine with me, I will tell my servants that you have come from Calcutta; friends of mine often run up from there; they will see nothing unusual in your coming. There is a large dinner-party the same night at the Judge's house; all the station will be there, so there is no fear of your being seen by any one. Come, Mr Lorton; take compassion on me; say I may expect you?'

He hesitated a moment; then, to my secret delight, accepted the invitation.

'I shall look forward to Tuesday,' said I, as I prepared to take my departure. 'By-the-bye, how rude I am; I hope Miss Lorton is well?'

'Quite well, thank you,' replied he stiffly. 'She has been out walking, and is a little tired; otherwise she would have been glad to see you.'

Tuesday came; and punctually at half-past seven Norris Lorton and I sat down together at my dining-table. I had purposely deferred the examination of the picture till after the meal, feeling sure that the coming events of the evening were calculated rather to destroy than increase a man's appetite, and wishing to render affairs as pleasant as possible in the commencement. For myself, excitement prevented me from eating much; but I am conscious of drinking a great deal more wine than was my wont; perhaps this it was that gave me additional courage, for I do not think I am altogether a bold man by nature. At last the critical moment came. I led Norris Lorton into the small room which I had of late converted into a kind of studio, and where the picture still stood on the easel, the light being so arranged that the features of the dead maiden shone out clearly and distinctly; and their likeness to Sibyl Lorton would have struck the most casual observer, had he previously seen her.

'Now, Mr Lorton, your candid opinion, if you please.'

The moment his eyes fell on the picture, I saw that he turned deadly pale and his hands twitched nervously. I affected not to notice this, and repeated my question.

'This is your work?' said he hoarsely.

'It is,' I replied lightly. 'I am anxious to know what you think of my poor rendering of such a pathetic subject?'

'What do you mean by this?' asked he, pointing to the dead face in the picture.

'That is "Elaine." Have you never read Tennyson?'

'The likeness, I mean!' exclaimed he. Then as I pretended not to understand him, he went on: 'That is my niece's portrait; you must have seen and conversed with her.'

'What would that have to do with this picture?'

'She has told you that wild story about Vivian Clare, and you have believed it.'

For a moment or two I hesitated whether to tell him or not of my moonlight interview with his niece. I dreaded the consequences of his anger to her, and would perhaps have tried to evade his inquiry, but he gave me no choice.

'Dr Stanmore,' said he hurriedly and nervously, 'are you aware that my poor unfortunate niece is mad?'

'Pardon me, sir; I have every reason to believe that statement incorrect.'

'I can prove it!' exclaimed he excitedly. 'Ask her how she came out to India; she cannot tell you. Ask her about the house in X. Street, where she declared Vivian Clare lived. Ask her about the picture which she said was in the Royal Academy. Delusions, sir, all delusions!'

'Not so,' replied I coldly. 'The picture at least cannot be a delusion.'

'How say you so?'

'That,' said I, pointing to the painting on the easel, 'is a copy of the original by Vivian Clare, now in the possession of a lady, a cousin of mine, in Calcutta.'

Norris Lorton grew white as death, his limbs trembled, and sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. 'Her father,' he moaned, 'was a dreadful scoundrel!'

'And you, sir, are his brother.'

Mr Lorton collapsed still more.

'Look here!' said I presently; 'you may as well hear everything. A few evenings after I first saw you, I met your niece by the river, and from her own lips heard of the infamously cruel treatment she had received at your hands and her father's. I own that at first I was in doubt as to her sanity; but I soon grew to regard her as a victim to other people's avarice. The painting, of which you see a copy here, confirmed my suspicions; and I now stand here convinced that Miss Lorton has been, and still is, a martyr to the most horrible villainy. She had no one to befriend her; she has no one now but me, and by heaven's help I will do all that is in my power to rescue her out of your hands.'

SOME CURIOSITIES IN LETTER-WRITING.

CHARACTERISTIC letters are always read with interest, and frequently with much amusement, by the student of human nature; and the few following specimens will, we think, repay perusal. The first we find in the Harleian Miscellany, and is 'a private letter sent from one Quaker to another.' It is quaintly prefaced thus: 'The following letter (which was really sent from a country Quaker to his friend in London), I here publish, not with design to reflect on the Quakers, but that the reader may see I am so impartial that I will insert everything wrote either by Church-

man, Presbyterian, or Quaker, &c. that I think deserves it.'

FRIEND JOHN—I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument, with a seal fixed thereunto; by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by: and so I rest thy friend in the light.

M. G.

In Seton's *Gossip about Letters and Letter-writers*, he says: 'About three years ago, I happened to come across a very solicitous epistle from a Midlothian farm-servant to a well-known photographer in the Scottish metropolis.' It is as follows:

M— MAINS, *Abriel 26th '65.*

MR A——. DARE SIR—I write to you in order to see if you are going to send my cards devisit or not for there is kno excuse for dull wether this mounth back for it has ben Good wether for other People geting theres down so if you intend to get my wones reddy sends them to me as quick as posoble for i have looked for them this last mounth or if you dont send my cards you mus send the money for i have wated till i can wate no longer and if you dont send eathere the wone or the other i. [Then follows a full stop] so I will look for a ansure this week so i close and remain your truelay

JOHN M——.

It has been said that the pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript, and as an illustration of this, Mr Seton tells us that a young lady having gone out to India, and writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: 'P.S.—You will see by my signature that I am married.' That the same may sometimes be said of a gentleman's letter is proved by the subjoined, said to have been sent to the late Bishop of Norwich, Dr S——, in answer to an invitation given by him: 'Mr O——'s private affairs turn out so sadly that he cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next. N.B. His wife is dead.'

Here are one or two specimens of laconic epistles given by Mr Seton:

MY DEAR DORSET—I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. (*Signed*) BERKELEY.

Answer:

MY DEAR BERKELEY—Every dog has his day! (*Signed*) DORSET.

A young man when at college addressed his uncle, on whose liberality he entirely depended, as follows:

MY DEAR UNCLE—Ready for the needful.—Your affectionate Nephew.

To which the uncle replied:

MY DEAR NEPHEW—The needful is not ready.—Your affectionate Uncle.

Perhaps nothing is more amusing, from the absurdity of the thing, than the stiff 'overlooked' letters of children. I (the writer of this article) have amongst others the following, sent to me by an early friend of nine or ten, when I was not much older myself. Of course there had been pencil-lines very carefully erased, and the writing is remarkably small and neat.

MY DEAR FRIEND—It was my intention to write before now, but I have had so many engagements [fancy at that age!] that I could not make it convenient. I am happy to inform you that I have again commenced my half-year's studies, and feel it my duty to begin earnestly. I shall feel great pleasure in visiting you, dear S——, whenever I may be permitted, and shall be happy of your company again when your mother will be kind enough to allow you to come. Please send word whether you have begun school and how you are in health. Be kind enough to present our kind regards to Father, Mother, Sisters, and Brothers, and accept the warmest love of your affectionate friend,
A. W. M——.

There is a postscript, which evidently was not 'overlooked,' as it is very crooked and very badly written: 'Please remind Sister B—— [*my sister*] of the pattern she mentioned to Sister M—— [*her sister*].'

The letters of foreigners with an imperfect knowledge of English are often very amusing. The following was written by a French Count visiting England.

C— D——'s PRIORY, *Aug. 27,*
till Sept. 10, that I shall go at Lady E—— F——.

MY DEAR E——. i am shameful to have not had the pleasure to entertain you since you have with disdain abandon London; but the respect to which i am indebted for your eldest sister had oblige me to think of her Ladyship before you. i hope that you have a better weather during your excursions on the lacs than we have here; for almost every day the tunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey; but what is more tiresome is the lamentations of peoples, which seeing the rains fall all the days, predict us with famine, plage, and civil wars, by the scarcity of bread, but it is a great error, for the harvest look very well. Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English; but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English; and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, i tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Sir G——e is suffering with rheumatism. Lady H—— I——, who have the pretension to be a very good Physicien, but who is very ignorant, after that we have yesterday well breakfast, has given him a physic, and after we have dined she give him another and she desire that he take *au clair de la lune*, in place of to be near good fire. No: a dog or cat would be more prudent. Before yesterday, the brother having eat and drank too much, and being tormented with a strong indigestion, my lady gave him 8 grains of James Powder: the unhappy brother was near to die, and one was obliged to send to a physicien at Folgate, who arriving, found him so well, that he judged it best to wait if the nature would save him or not; but happily

being a strong nature, he was restored. Lady H—the best of women is the worst of Physitien. She had killed some year ago a superb ox with James powder; and on another occasion, having received 24 turkeys very fatigued to have walked to foot a too long journey, she contrive to refresh them to give them some *huile de castor*; but 12 of that number died and the rest did look melancholy so long as they did live. I have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S—n. I put my thanks at her feet as the post go at 2 o'clock. I have not time to write to her ladyship, but I will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that I have not forget Lady S—n in my prayers, though not so good as I could wish indeed. Believe the faithful friendship that I feel for you my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger. Write me often and my old wife. Believe me that I love a friendly letter more than a purse of guineas.—Yours,
COMTE DE C—Z.

Mr Seton gives a love-letter written by a French sculptor, who went out of his mind for love of the young but cruel widow to whom it was addressed, and who only looked upon it as a witty joke.

DIVINE PEBBLE—Were you not harder than porphyry or agate, the chisel of my love, guided by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression upon you. I, who have given every form to the roughest materials, had hoped that with the compass of reason, the saw of constancy, the fine file of friendship, and the polish of my words, I should have made of you one of the prettiest statues in the world. But, alas! you are but an insensible stone; and yet you fire my soul, yourself remaining cold as marble. Have pity on me; I no longer know what I say or do. When I have a dragon to sculpture, it is Cupid that rises under my chisel. Dear column of my hopes, pedestal of my happiness, cornice of my joy, if you make me happy, I will raise to you statues and pyramids. To-morrow I will call for your answer.
AUGUSTE.

In J. C. Young's *Journal* we find, amongst other amusing matters, the following entry: '1840, July 3d. I have been amused by a letter which has been sent me from a clerk to his rector. It would appear that the clerk had complained of the insignificant remuneration he had received for his services, and finding that there was no idea on the part of the rector or the churchwardens of raising his fees, he threw up his office in disgust. Subsequent reflection convinced him he had made a mistake. It was therefore in the spirit of penitence that he wrote the following extraordinary production to his rector:—'

DEAR AND REV. SIR—I avail myself of the opportunity of troubling your honour with these blundered-up lines, which I hope you will excuse, and which is the very sentiments of your humble servant's heart. I ignorantly, rashly, but reluctantly, gave warning to leave your highly respected office and most amiable duty, as being your servant and clerk of this your most well-worked parish, and place of my succour and support. But, dear sir, I well know it was no fault of yours, nor any of my most worthy parishioners. It was because I thought I were not sufficiently paid for the interment of the silent dead. But will I be a

Judas, and leave the house of my God, the place where His honour dwelleth, for a few pieces of silver? No! Will I be a Peter, and deny myself of an office in His sanctuary, and cause myself to weep bitterly? No! Can I be so unreasonable as to deny, if I live and am well, the pleasure to ring that solemn toll that speaks the departure of a soul? No! Can I leave off digging the tombs of my neighbours and acquaintance, which have many a time made me shudder and think of my mortality, [especially when I have dug up the mortal remains of some one as I perhaps very well knew? No! Can I so abruptly forsake the services of my beloved church, which I have not failed to attend of every Sunday for this seven year and a half? No! Can I leave waiting upon you, a minister of that Being that sitteth between the cherubims, and flieth upon the wings of the wind? No! Can I leave the place where our most holy service calls forth, and says, 'Those whom God hath joined together (and being, as I am, a married man) let no man put asunder?' No! Can I leave that ordinance where you say, 'Thou and thus, I baptise thee in the name of, &c. &c.: and he becomes 'regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's church?' No! Can I think of leaving off cleaning at Easter the house of God, in whom I take such delight, in looking down her aisles, and beholding her sanctuary and the table of the Lord? No! Can I forsake taking a part in the service of thanksgiving of women after childbirth, when mine own wife has been delivered these ten times? No! Can I leave off waiting on the congregation of the Lord, which you well know, sir, is my delight? No! Can I leave the table of the Lord, at which I have feasted a matter of, I daresay, full thirty times? No! And, dear sir, can I ever forsake you, who has ever been kind to me? No! And I well know 'you will entreat me not to leave you, neither to return from following after you: for where you pray, there will I pray; where you worship, will I worship; your church shall be my church, your people shall be my people, and your God shall be my God.'

By the waters of Babylon am I to sit down and weep, and leave thee, O my church, and hang my harp upon the trees that grow in the yard? No! One thing have I desired of the Lord all the days of my life—to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. 'More to be desired art thou, O my church, than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter to me than honey and the honey-comb.' Now think, sir, this is the very desire of my heart, still to wait upon you, which I hope you will find to be my delight as hitherto; but I unthinkingly and rashly said I would no longer; for which 'I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart.'

Now, if you think me worthy to wait upon you, please to tell the churchwardens that all is reconciled; and if not, 'I will get me away into the wilderness, and hide me in the desert in the clefts of the rocks;' but I hope still to be your Gehazi; and when I meet my Shunamite, to be able to say, 'All, all is well.' I will conclude my blunders with my oft-repeated prayer, that it may be 'as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.'

Now, sir, I shall go on with my fees a same as I found them, and will make no more trouble about them; but I will not, I cannot, I must not

leave you nor my delightful duties.—Your most obedient servant,

Let us hope that the penitent clerk was reinstated, and was not obliged to get himself 'away into the wilderness.'

A WILD WESTERN ADVENTURE.

MANY years ago—upwards of twenty-five, I find on counting them over—when the eyes of nearly all adventurers in the States were attracted to the newly acquired Mexican possessions, and when wild stories were afloat of the fortunes to be made, and the power to be acquired in those little known but strangely fascinating regions, I found myself in the vanguard of what promised to be a movement of population toward the south-west, similar in character, if on a smaller scale, to that which was at the same time pressing overland to California. I was a young man then, and though making a fortune was of course uppermost in my mind, I was nearly as much influenced by the desire for adventure; and this it was perhaps that caused me to turn my steps toward the far southern frontier rather than to California. Stories were already coming back from the Golden State, of disappointment and overplus of population and famine; and it occurred to me that New Mexico—where, as I had heard, the early Spanish conquerors found the richest mines—gave surer promise both of easily acquired wealth and of more romantic and unique experiences.

I will confess at the start that, like most of the components of the vast caravan then surging westward, I little thought what a journey across the Plains meant. That it involved hardship, I knew, and that it was not less perilous than difficult; but of the precise nature of the obstacles to be encountered, I was fortunately, or unfortunately, in entire ignorance. It is necessary to remind the reader that what is now known as the 'Plains'—stretching from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, and from the interior of Texas to the boundary-line of British America—was at that period a great open space on the maps, across which was written the legend, 'Great American Desert.' Geographers had in this case followed their immemorial usage of stigmatising as uncanny any region with which they are unacquainted; and mysterious terrors, borrowed from the experience of African explorers, brooded over some of the fairest portions of the continent. Genuine terrors there were in plenty, as the reader will presently see; but I can never recall without a smile my primitive idea of the vast wastes which lay between me and my then eagerly desired goal.

The foregoing paragraphs will explain under what influences and for what objects I found myself in St Louis early in the year 1850. The little city had suffered from several paroxysms of the 'California fever,' and was just beginning to settle down upon the conviction of its own brilliant destiny. Strangers were there in great numbers from all parts; but I soon discovered that nobody knew anything of the country 'beyond the settlements' in the direction I wanted to go. At first

I thought of descending the Mississippi to New Orleans, and then striking westward, and this I had far better have done; but I finally concluded to proceed to Fort Smith, on the extreme western border of Arkansas, procure a guide, and push directly for New Mexico.

The journey to Fort Smith, though tedious, was not difficult; and I had the good fortune, almost immediately on arriving there, to fall in with an experienced trapper and plainsman, who was more than willing to 'git away from the settlements' and make venture in new fields. This guide was a noteworthy character in his way. His name was James Mitchell; but he was almost universally known as 'Surlly Jim,' a sobriquet which he had acquired by reason of his morose temper and repellent ways. I have never seen on a human countenance such an expression of grim and pervailing discontent as he carried when I first met him, and he could certainly behave ugly enough when he chose; but I am convinced that his surliness was simply the spontaneous and irrepressible expression of his disgust at being crowded out of his hunting-grounds and scarcely less dear solitude, by the slowly rising tide of population. As soon as we had left civilisation behind us, the crust vanished like frost before the morning sun, and I have seldom had a more cheerful, entertaining, and good-natured companion than Mitchell proved himself during the trip about to be described. The sole point of misunderstanding between us was my pocket compass, for which I entertained a perhaps exaggerated respect, while Mitchell felt for it the aggressive contempt characteristic of old plainsmen. It always provoked his wrath when I consulted that little monitor upon our route, though the service which it subsequently rendered in two or three emergencies compelled him to recognise that it was not altogether a device of the Evil One.

Our preparations for the journey were soon made. I was already the possessor of a good horse; Mitchell had one for his own use; and I bought two pack-mules for the transportation of our 'kit,' which consisted of a small wall-tent, a very few cooking utensils, and a supply of such articles of food as we were least likely to be able to obtain *en route*. To these I added a collection of such trade-goods as I thought most likely to be in demand in a new country unacquainted as yet with American manufactures. None of the animals was heavily burdened, and we expected to make, and in fact did make, good time. The first stage of the journey, from the Arkansas to the Red River, lay through the reservations of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, occupying the south-eastern portion of what is now the Indian Territory. It was traversed rapidly and with little difficulty, the Indians being even at that early date initiated into all the ways of civilisation, and living in a manner scarcely different from that of their white neighbours down east. They treated us amicably, though somewhat suspicious of our intentions; often gave us what we would willingly have bought; and seemed as eager as ourselves to speed us on our journey.

We crossed the Red River about twenty miles above the mouth of the Big Wichita, and then bearing a little south-of-west on a course nearly parallel with the latter stream, entered upon the unknown 'Desert' region of the maps. We were

now in a country where we were liable at any moment to fall in with roving or wild Indians, and I was speedily initiated into all the mysteries of plainsmen's craft. Mitchell, who had hitherto jogged along like any ordinary traveller, now became so extremely cautious in selecting our path and so incessantly alert and watchful, that it kept me at first in a constant fume of anxiety and alarm, which was only dissipated after several days by my becoming used to it and in a measure infected by it. Not a speck on the remote horizon, nor the faintest film of mist, nor the most insignificant mark on the ground, escaped his minute and careful scrutiny; and whenever we approached a slight elevation in the boundless and nearly level expanse of plain, he made me remain behind with the horses, and creeping forward alone to the summit, swept the horizon in all directions. An hour before sunset, if a favourable spot could be found, it was our custom to halt, picket the animals for grazing, and kindle a fire of dried buffalo-chips (which produce scarcely any smoke) for the preparation of our supper. As soon as it was dark, Mitchell carefully obliterated all traces of our fire, and saddling our horses, we went forward a mile or two to some sheltered locality, where we pitched our tent and settled down for the night. So much depended upon our horses, that we spared no pains in securing their safety. Mitchell's horse was an old stager, and only needed to have his halter attached to a wooden stake driven in the ground near the tent. My own horse and the two mules, besides being attached firmly to stakes, were provided with 'side-lines,' tying together the two legs on the same side and completely disabling them from running.

Much of this painstaking seemed to me superfluous at the time, and I confess that I rather fretted under it; but I have had some experience of Plains-life since then, and I am convinced that it saved our scalps. Without knowing it, we were exactly crossing the track of the great buffalo migration from the south, to their summer grazing-grounds on the northern plains. Though the movement for that season was well-nigh finished, we saw great numbers every day; and as the Indians always follow the buffalo route in order to secure their summer hunts, the wonder is that we did not run into their clutches a dozen times. On several occasions, indeed, we came upon indications of their close proximity, and often saw their signal-smokes on the horizon, but only once did we actually fall in with them. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and we were slowly ascending a gentle slope, when on arriving at the crest, we saw on the other side, and coming almost directly toward us, a party of nine mounted Comanches. They were not more than six hundred yards off, and it would have been impossible to avoid the meeting; but even if we had intended making the effort it would have been thwarted, for immediately on sighting them one of our mules gave out a most prodigious bray, which brought them all instantly to attention. Halting a moment to consult, they dashed off at a gallop in an oblique direction to our right, yelling like demons and brandishing their weapons. They evidently suspected there were more of us behind the slope, and wanted to gain its crest at a safe distance, instead of coming directly upon us. My first natural impulse on seeing that there was to be a

fight at such odds, was to seek a sheltered position, and I urged Mitchell to enter a rocky thicket which lay a short distance to our left. Instead, he shouted to me to keep close up, and galloped back about a quarter of a mile on the track we had come, to a broad and perfectly level space. In the centre of this he dismounted, put the side-lines on the horses, tied their heads close together, and then taking his gun on his arm, sat down on the ground between them and the Indians, telling me to do the same. Seeing this, the Indians consulted together again, and forming into a compact body, galloped furiously toward us, uttering such yells as I had never before heard, and giving me the impression that they would ride right over us. When they were about two hundred yards away, Mitchell raised his rifle; and instantly each man threw himself on the side of his horse and circled back to the starting-point. This manoeuvre was repeated about half-a-dozen times, until, contrary to Mitchell's orders, I fired and wounded one of the ponies. This inspired them with such respect for our weapons that they did not again come within range, but divided into groups, and examined the ground on every side, in search of some point where they could approach under cover. Finding none, they again came together, watched us intently for a while, and then turning tail, galloped off. I supposed we had done with them, and wanted to resume our journey; but Mitchell only made the horses more secure, and quietly resumed his position. In about half an hour the Indians reappeared on the part of the crest nearest us, and dashed down, yelling worse than ever, and shaking blankets and buffalo robes. The object of this manoeuvre was to stampee our horses; but Mitchell had rendered this impossible, and speedily discovering the fact, the rascals galloped off once more and disappeared.

It was growing dark by this time; and knowing how easy it would be to creep upon us under cover of the darkness, I fully expected a night attack; but Mitchell rightly assured me that Indians would not attack at night, and that we had seen the last of them. I could not understand this at the time, and my trusty guide could tell me nothing beyond the mere fact; but I have since learned that one of the common superstitions of the Plains Indians is that a man killed in the dark will dwell in darkness throughout eternity. This is for the white man a most fortunate belief, for the characteristic Indian qualities are precisely of the kind which make night attacks terrible.

Another quality of the Indians which is fortunate for their white antagonists is also exemplified in the foregoing anecdote. If we had taken to cover, as I wished, we should probably have been scalped in ten minutes; for his knowledge of the ground, and his wonderful skill in profiting by its inequalities, give the Indian overwhelming advantages in such a contest. While adventurous enough, however, in availing himself of any advantages which his superior craft gives him, the Indian has no relish for a fair stand-up fight, in which blood is certain to be shed on both sides. Superiority of numbers seems to have no effect in diminishing this repugnance, for each Indian thinks *he* is the one that will be killed, and an Indian has no more fondness for being killed or wounded than a white man. The raising of a single rifle is often sufficient to stop a party of thirty or forty charging

in full career; and only the largest war-party will run directly upon two or three well-armed men, who have taken a favourable position in the open. Such a party they consider 'bad medicine.'

Four or five days after our adventure with the Indians, we found ourselves approaching the eastern border of the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain, and were congratulating each other on the excellent progress made, when a catastrophe occurred which put a peremptory end to our westward journey, and seemed more than likely at the time to put an end to our lives. We had halted as usual for supper, and then pitched our tent just on the verge of a deep, wide, and somewhat precipitous ravine, at the bottom of which ran a small stream of water. Mitchell's horse was picketed just in rear of the tent; mine and the mules about a dozen yards off. We sat up rather late that night, and when I turned in I took less than the usual care to have my gun, &c. convenient, but by a great piece of good fortune kept on my coat, vest, and socks. Shortly after midnight, Mitchell shook me by the arm; and sitting up and obeying his injunction to listen, I heard a low continuous roaring sound like the noise of a distant cataract, but steadily increasing in volume. I was utterly bewildered, and we lost many precious moments in trying to make out what it was; but at last Mitchell rushed from the tent, and drawing on my boots I followed. The roar was much more distinct now; and turning toward the broad prairie whence it came we could see a wavering black line approaching rapidly, and steadily increasing both in width and blackness. One appalled look revealed to us the nature of the phenomenon—an immense herd of stampeded buffalo was rushing directly upon us with tremendous speed and irresistible force. The advance line was not more than three hundred yards distant, so there was no time even to think of a plan of escape, much less to carry it out. For myself I could only gaze at the surging mass with a sort of horrid fascination, and I scarcely saw Mitchell as he flung down his gun and ran to the tent, striking matches as fast as he could and applying them to the grass and tent-cloth. Fortunately the grass was very dry and the cloth inflammable, and almost instantly the entire tent was in a blaze. Then seizing me by the shoulder, Mitchell dragged me to the verge of the bluff directly in front of the tent, and we both fell rather than jumped to a ledge just beneath. As we went over, my powder-can in the tent exploded with a prodigious report, and a moment afterwards the first ranks of the buffalo plunged down the declivity, not ten yards distant on each side of us. Every moment for what seemed hours I expected to feel the fatal tramp of the huge beasts as they rushed over the bank above our heads; but the fire and the noise of the explosion had split the frantic herd scarcely twenty yards away, and the two divergent streams thundered harmlessly by into the darkness. Swift as were their movements, they were upwards of five minutes in passing, and Mitchell himself estimated that there could not have been less than five thousand animals in this stampede.

When the tumultuous roar had subsided again into a faint and rapidly vanishing murmur, we clambered up the bank; and the scene which met our eyes might well strike us with dismay. On

the spot where our tent had stood was a glowing bed of embers and ashes; while scattered about in every direction, whither they had been driven by the explosion, were pots, kettles, and the hardware truck with which I had designed to trade. Of our blankets and clothing hardly a vestige remained; every item of our ammunition had been destroyed; and the woodwork of my gun and pistol was completely burned away. Mitchell's rifle had fallen in the track of the buffalo and was trodden into a shapeless mass of iron. Flour, salt, coffee, all had fed the flames; and the sole residue of our stock, not discovered till the morning, was a large tin box full of crackers (biscuits). Saddest of all, our animals were also lost. Mitchell's horse lay dead just behind the tent, killed probably by the shock of the explosion. My horse and the mules, paralysed with fright and unable to break away, had been trodden by the buffalo into an unrecognisable mass of pulp.

As if Fortune had not already done her worst, Mitchell was apprehensive lest the fire and smoke should bring the Indians upon us, and dragged me down to the densest thickets at the bottom of the ravine, where, strange to say, I at once fell asleep, and slept soundly till sunrise. In the morning we made two important discoveries: first, that five buffalo had been killed in the desperate scramble across the ravine; second, that a large tin box filled with crackers had preserved its contents unharmed. As soon as we made these discoveries we sat down to consider our situation and to decide upon our future course. Between us and our contemplated destination in New Mexico lay the great Staked Plain, utterly impassable to any one on foot. To retrace our steps towards the Red River was to invite almost certain death by starvation and to run terrible risks from the Indians, now on their summer migration northwards. It was finally decided that our best chance lay in pushing south-east for the settlements in Northern Texas. The chief danger in this direction, as we estimated it, lay in our utter ignorance of the intervening country and the probable scarcity of water; but an effort must be made, and this seemed to promise better than any other.

Our resolution being formed, it only remained to devise the ways and means of carrying it out; and the first step was to secure, if possible, an adequate amount of food for the journey. The crackers would last but a few days if we depended on them alone; and having no weapon of any kind except a couple of hunter's knives, we could not depend on getting any game *en route*; but the dead buffaloes seemed to offer ample store of food if we could only utilise them; and here Mitchell's knowledge of Plains-craft was, once more of inestimable advantage. The Plains Indians live almost exclusively upon buffalo-meat, which they procure in their summer hunts, and prepare by drying it thoroughly in the sun, pounding it to powder between two stones, and packing it away in air-tight skins. We could not spare the time for this process, for every day of a meagre and limited diet would diminish our strength, while every hour increased the danger of being discovered by passing Indians. Under Mitchell's direction, therefore, we contrived a more expeditious method. Selecting the leanest and juiciest

meat, we cut it into long and thin strips, spread it in the sun upon a rudely constructed platform, and built under it a fire of green wood, which kept it constantly enshrouded in smoke. By this means we had at the end of two days and nights about fifty pounds of tolerably well-preserved meat, which, if dry and tough and flavourless, would at least sustain life. In the meantime we had recovered several uninjured bottles from the wreck of the tent; and these, for the purpose of carrying water, Mitchell covered with buffalo-skin tied on with raw-hide thongs, so that on the morning of the third day we were ready to start with about five pounds of crackers, as much dried meat as we could comfortably carry, and a gallon or so of water.

A detailed account of our journey would not be without interest perhaps, if I could recall it with sufficient vividness, but it was singularly free from adventurous episodes; and though infinitely fatiguing and not without privations, involved less of downright suffering than was to have been expected. Suffice it to say, that after a fortnight's somewhat devils wanderings, we found ourselves approaching the frontier settlements, and before reaching them fell in with a body of United States' troops *en route* from Texas to New Mexico. I easily obtained permission to accompany them; and so at last, in a roundabout way, reached my original destination. Mitchell preferred to return to Arkansas, where, as I have heard, he entered the government service, and rendered valuable service to the army as scout and guide.

I may observe in conclusion that the adventure I have described was not an altogether exceptional one. For many years after the period of which I write, buffalo 'stampedes' constituted one of the characteristic dangers of travel on the Plains. The barbarous slaughter that has been going on since 1871, however, has not only completely eliminated this danger, but has rendered it certain that the American bison will soon be as extinct as the other strange animals whose fossil remains are found throughout the whole length and breadth of the Plains.

GRAVE-DIGGING BEETLES.

ONE of the wonderful provisions of Nature is the existence of certain beetles, with the function of digging graves for dead rats, moles, birds, and other small creatures left upon the surface of the earth, and the effluvia from which might be offensive and baleful. Beetles of this kind are known as the *Necrophorus Germanicus*. About these remarkable animals, Mr Gleditch, an entomologist, has given us several interesting and curious particulars. Being desirous to test the strength of the grave-diggers, he provided a glass vessel half-filled with moist earth, into which he put four beetles with a dead linnet. No alarm was shewn by the captives. Apparently intent on the one sole object of their existence, they began immediately to inspect the bird; and then commenced the digging of a hollow underneath it, removing the earth, and slovenlying it away on each side. This was accomplished by leaning strongly upon their collars, bending down their heads, and working with singleness of purpose. After labouring for nearly two hours, one of the beetles was driven away and not allowed to

work again. This Mr Gleditch concluded was a female, as it was smaller than the others, who continued their labour, until one by one they ceased, leaving only one beetle at his work. *Five hours* more hard work were given by the remaining beetle, who at last sank exhausted on the earth and rested from his task, and finally, suddenly rousing himself, stiffened his collar, and by an extraordinary effort of strength, lifted up the bird and arranged it within the spacious grave. In three days the grave was finished, and the bird safely deposited within its narrow limits.

During a space of fifty days, these busy workers interred the bodies of four frogs, three small birds, two grasshoppers, and one mole. This singular occupation, which continues from the middle of April until the end of October, proceeds from an instinctive desire for the preservation of their offspring. Eggs deposited by the parent in the substances which they inter, when hatched, produce larvæ, which, feeding on the carrion which surrounds them, grow to an inch in length. These in their turn change into yellow chrysalids, and lastly into beetles; and the latter, when emerged from the earth, begin to dig graves and inter dead animals for the benefit of another generation.

In September 1877, the writer had unexpectedly an opportunity of making the acquaintance of these curious insects. Two of the grave-digging beetles made their appearance in one of two underground kitchens, in the window of which stood a very large pot filled with mould prepared for the reception of plant-cuttings. To this pot the insects made their way, and at once began casting up the earth. On being observed, they were provided with a dead mouse, and set to work exactly in the manner described by Mr Gleditch; but as soon as they became tired and rested from their labour, they were carried into the adjoining kitchen and placed close to the fire-place. The following morning discovered them again at work, having travelled to their former quarters during the night; and again they laboured perseveringly till the body of the mouse gradually disappeared. At the end of the second day, it was neatly covered in, and the insects were turned out of their home and again placed in the back kitchen. Meanwhile, the body of the mouse was removed; but on the following morning the beetles had returned to their flower-pot, and were again burrowing in search of the dead mouse, throwing out nearly the whole of the mould in their untiring efforts. Finally, as a reward for their industry and perseverance, they were transferred to the garden and placed close to the dead mouse, which they at once began to bury afresh. Doubtless there is much of poetry as well as kindly feeling associated with this plodding insect.

And thus from sire to son, through circling years,
Labour these watchful creatures, noting well
If falls a small bird from the bending spray,
Or mole tost out by ruthless hands, his home
Laid waste, himself a corpse, where late he wrought
With patient toil, his humble shed to rear;
Or brown mouse, sleeping his last sleep, beside
Some tuft of wild thyme: all and each are borne
From curious ken, and laid the earth beneath
With decent care.

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THE STORY OF MADAME TUSSAUD.

MOST persons of the present day only know that estimable lady, Madame Tussaud, as associated with the wax-work exhibition in Baker Street, Portman Square; they little dream of the part she took in the French crisis, nor the position she held in French society.

About the year 1750, John Christopher Curtius was practising his profession of medicine at Bern in Switzerland when the Prince de Conti happened to be sojourning in that city, and having accidentally seen some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled in wax by Dr Curtius, the Prince was struck with the exquisite delicacy and beauty which those ingenious specimens of art displayed, and after complimenting the modeller upon the perfection of his work, invited him to take up his residence in Paris, promising him, if he did so, the patronage of all the influential persons in that great city; and the Prince, as a further incentive, promised to provide suitable apartments for the purpose of modelling and receiving visitors. M. Curtius was of course grateful for the recognition of himself and his art by a royal Prince who was known and acknowledged as one only second in authority to the king his father; and in a very short time after this interview we find him in possession of splendid apartments in the Hôtel d'Allègre, Rue St-Honoré.

In 1760, his sister, Madame Grosholtz, became a widow, and two months afterwards gave birth to a daughter, who was named Marie. The girl was six years of age when her uncle M. Curtius came to Switzerland for the purpose of taking charge of his widowed sister and her children, and conveying them to Paris. The widow had by a previous husband seven sons; but the daughter so won her uncle's affection that he adopted her as his own child, and little Marie looked upon him as a father. At this time, children were in France introduced very early into society, and at eight years of age Marie Grosholtz—who afterwards married a French gentle-

man named Tussaud, and thus became the well-known Madame Tussaud—was allowed to sit at her uncle's table, and was ever in the habit of hearing the conversation of adults and persons possessed of superior talent, for M. Curtius's house had become the resort of the élite, and more especially the literati and artists. Among the most frequent visitors, Madame Tussaud distinctly remembered Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr Franklin, Mirabeau, and Lafayette; and although she was very young when Voltaire and Rousseau died, every circumstance connected with them made a powerful impression on her mind. Early reminiscences are often the most permanent, and when the *amour propre* is flattered by a personal compliment, it remains indelibly impressed upon the mind even in childhood. Thus Madame Tussaud recollected in her extreme age that when she was scarcely nine years old, Voltaire used to pat her on the cheek and call her a pretty little dark-eyed girl.

Marie Grosholtz, or as we must term her, Madame Tussaud, loved her uncle's art, and so closely imitated him, that when she was yet in her teens it was impossible to distinguish between the excellence of their works. At that period, modelling in wax was much in vogue, representations of flowers, fruit, and other subjects being moulded from the originals, and painted with a rare fidelity to life. To such a perfection had Madame Tussaud arrived in giving character and accuracy to her models, that when quite a girl she was intrusted to take casts from the heads of celebrities of that period, who most patiently submitted themselves to the hands of the fair artist. She cast the head of Voltaire only two months before his death.

Amongst members of the royal family who visited M. Curtius's apartments and admired his works and those of his niece, was Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister; and being desirous herself of learning the art of modelling in wax, Madame Tussaud was appointed to teach the Princess, between whom and the skilful modeller sprung up an attachment so warm, that the

former applied to M. Curtius to permit his niece to take up a prolonged residence at the palace of Versailles. The invitation could not be refused, and Madame Tussaud was treated more as an attached friend than as a dependent. She attended all the brilliant assemblies at the royal palace of Versailles, which was then revelling in the acme of its gaiety. In the preceding reign, pleasure, luxury, dissipation, and even debauchery had arrived at their climax; but when Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette ascended the throne, a higher cultivation of the arts, the improving state of literature, the study of different accomplishments, an increased attention to the various branches of education, all contributed to introduce a greater degree of refinement in the court of Versailles. Madame Tussaud thus came into close association with the highest personages of the realm. She described Marie Antoinette as 'combining every attribute which could be united to constitute loveliness in woman; possessing youth, beauty, grace, and elegance to a degree perhaps never surpassed; a sweetness and fascination in her manners, enchanting all who ever had the happiness to be greeted by her smile, in which there was a witchery that has more than once converted the fury of her most brutal enemies into admiration.'

Madame Tussaud's services were, however, too valuable to her uncle to admit of her remaining long at the palace; so we find her again installed at her uncle's, where, however, during her absence certain changes had taken place. Madame Tussaud found that his guests were different from those she had been wont to meet previously. Formerly, philosophers, professors of literature, arts, and sciences, had resorted to the hospitable dwelling of M. Curtius; these were now replaced by fanatic politicians and demagogues, who were sending forth their anathemas against monarchy, haranguing on the different forms of government, and propounding their extravagant ideas on republicanism. When the royal palace was ruthlessly attacked by the mob, Madame Tussaud was in terrible suspense, having three brothers and two uncles in the Swiss guards who were fighting for the king; and her torturing anxiety led her to the palace when the murderous action of the mob was at its height, to find that all her relatives had been slain.

Amid all the political changes which were taking place, M. Curtius's establishment in Paris was visited by persons of the highest rank; amongst these was Joseph, emperor of Austria, who appeared to be delighted with all he saw. Of other distinguished personages who came to see the celebrated studio was the Emperor Paul Petrovitch of Russia, accompanied by the Empress; also Stanislaus Lyzinski, king of Poland; Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden; Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to Frederick the Great; the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Charles IV., king of Spain; and many other notable personages.

After the flight of Louis XVI., M. Curtius turned Republican, and was visited by Camille Desmoulins, Santerre, Thomas Paine, Paul Jones, Chabot, General Dumouriez, Marat, Robespierre, &c. Madame Tussaud, having strong loyalist principles, underwent horrible torture of mind whilst these several leaders of the people in their turn slaughtered the royal family and their adherents,

massacred the priests, and committed unheard-of atrocities. But the most touching incident was perhaps the murder of the amiable Princess de Lamballe. When she was led forth from prison, the Jacobins required two oaths from her: 'That she would swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king, the queen, and royalty.' She replied: 'I will take the first oath; the second I cannot—it is not in my heart.' Upon which one of the by-standers, wishing to save her, said: 'Do swear!' Some one in the mob shouted: 'Let Madame be set at liberty,' which was the dreadful signal for murder, and the fatal stroke was given. Her head, heart, and hands were paraded on pike-heads about the streets, and eventually the horrid spectacle was displayed to the royal prisoners. The queen seeing it, fainted, exclaiming: 'Our doom is also sealed.' The head of the Princess was taken to Madame Tussaud, whose feelings can be easier conceived than described. The savage murderers stood over, whilst she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate victim.

An intense interest was excited in the minds of the people at that time respecting the royal family confined in the Temple. Numbers of people paid high prices for admission to certain rooms, from the windows of which the king and his family could be seen walking in the Temple Gardens. Madame Tussaud was once enabled to obtain that melancholy satisfaction; but felt so pained at the touching sight that she never again desired to witness their misfortunes. Soon after this, Madame Tussaud, her mother, and aunt were carried off in the middle of the night in a *fiacre*, accused of being royalists, and suffered three months' imprisonment in La Force. In the room in which they were confined were about twenty females, amongst others Josephine, who was then Madame Beauharnais, and afterwards became the French Empress. She had with her a little girl, her only daughter Fanny, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte, and became queen of Holland.

The trial and execution of Louis, the war with England, and the troubles and disorders in France, the queen's execution, &c., are all matters of history with which Madame Tussaud was only too terribly familiar. Many were executed whose heads were cast by this lady; amongst the later ones was the cruel Robespierre, whose mutilated head was brought to her uncle's establishment.

A few months after the execution of Robespierre, Madame Tussaud had the misfortune to lose her uncle, who to the very last persisted that he was a loyalist at heart, but that it was only the very politic conduct which he had pursued that had saved their lives and property. A medical examination proved that his death had been occasioned by poison.

At the commencement of the Napoleonic times and the Consulate, Madame Tussaud was sent for to the Tuileries to take the likeness of Napoleon as First Consul, and was desired to be there at six o'clock in the morning. Accordingly she repaired to the palace at the time stated, and was at once ushered into a room where she found Bonaparte with his wife and Madame Grand-Maison, whose husband was a deputy and partisan of Napoleon's. She was treated with great kindness by Josephine, who conversed freely and with extreme affability

with her, and when she put the liquid plaster upon Napoleon's face, begged that she would be very particular, as her husband had consented to the cast being taken, only at her earnest request, adding that it was for herself that the bust was intended. A few days afterwards, Madame Tussaud took casts of General Massena, Cambacérès, and several other French celebrities who were prominent members under the First Consulate.

Peace being temporarily arranged between the English and French governments, Madame Tussaud was desirous of taking the opportunity of visiting England. She endeavoured to get a passport for that purpose; but Fouché the Minister of Police refused to grant one, on the ground that it was contrary to the laws of France for artists to leave the country; and it was only by petitioning the higher authorities that she eventually obtained a *permit*, and to her great delight arrived in London in 1802. 'At last,' says she in her Memoirs, 'I am in a country where genius from whatever clime is fostered, and where the unfortunate exile receives the same protection as the native.' Her talents were justly appreciated by a generous and discerning public, and she was most liberally patronised. She lived amongst us for many years. Young and old alike have over and over again visited her establishment, and the 'history in wax' which is there exhibited has become one of the greatest attractions of the metropolis. Though great changes have since been made, a few specimens of her own special talent are still to be seen in Baker Street; the best being the portrait-model of the famous wit and author Voltaire.

The management of this exhibition is now in the hands of descendants of the second generation, whose efforts to obtain the latest celebrities and notorieties are so well known. The collection at present consists of more than three hundred portrait-models of kings and queens, presidents, statesmen, generals, admirals, poets, actors, &c.; in short, the effigies of celebrities of all nations. The great Emperor Napoleon is a prominent character. The more recent additions to the collection are the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, the various Turkish pachas and Russian officers; a fac-simile of the lying in state of the late Pope Pius IX. at St Peter's, and that of King Victor-Emmanuel. In a dismal room, appropriately called the 'Chamber of Horrors,' are representations of murderers and others who have been executed. Here is to be seen perhaps the most extraordinary relic of the terrible French Revolution—namely the actual knife of the original guillotine used in Paris for the decapitation of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the best and worst blood of France.

Madame Tussaud closed her 'eventful life' in London in 1850, having been a citizen of the greatest capital in the world for forty-eight years. Her family were noted for longevity, her mother having lived to the age of one hundred and four, and her grandmother to one hundred and eleven; whilst she herself reached the mature age of ninety. Her effigy in the wax-work exhibition in Baker Street is so life-like, that those who knew her personally fancy they still see the veritable old lady; and she has her favourite spot too, for she is apparently guarding what is known as the

'Sleeping Beauty,' of whom there is a touching history. The figure represents Madame St Amaranthe, formerly one of the most lovely women in France. She was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body-guard of Louis XVI., who was killed in the attack on the Tuileries in 1792.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AT SANDSTON.

'THE *Great Eastern*, sir, I suppose?' said the railway porter who shouldered Lord Harrogate's portmanteau, as soon as the few passengers for Sandston had been set down on the brick platform; and never having been in Sandston before, and perceiving by the man's confident tone that a voyager of his appearance was expected to put up at the gaunt new railway hotel that towered contiguous to the station, Lord Harrogate submitted to manifest destiny. There was a town omnibus, wherein Inspector Drew took his seat, and was borne rattling away to the *King's Arms Commercial Inn*, in company with other two second-class travellers, whose luggage mainly consisted of black sample-boxes strongly strapped; and then the majority of the gas-burners were turned down, since nobody else was to be looked for in Sandston, which lay on a loop-line, that night.

Early on the next morning Lord Harrogate was astir, and sallying out, made his way to the edge of the crumbling cliff on which stood Sandston, or more correctly, such portions of the old East Anglian borough as had not yet been swallowed up by the all-devouring sea, which heaved and growled, as though hungering for fresh conquests, at the foot of the friable sandstone rock that its waves beat against twice a day. Sandston, in monkish chronicle, is spoken of as a port of some note; but the same change in the coast-line that had swept away its parish church and two hundred roofs besides, had silted up the harbour, whence fifty barks used to set sail for the Baltic or the North Sea. A quiet, dull, dead-alive town, of a class not uncommon in the east and south of England, was Sandston of the grass-grown streets, lying amidst fens and sandy commons and shallow 'broads,' that were the shrunken remnants of huge meres, haunted by white-winged armadas of screaming wild-fowl, and thickets of alder and pollard willows, and windmills—quite a Dutch landscape; save that instead of cunningly constructed dikes, the land was guarded from the encroaching sea by the less sure defence of the soft cliff, that every year yielded up some yards of soil.

Some efforts had been made, once and again, to galvanise Sandston into life as a fashionable watering-place; and crescents and terraces, not seldom unfinished, and isolated villas in gardens screened from the salt breeze by tall hedges of the waving tamarisk, were dotted about. There were libraries, a bazaar, a penitential-looking row of bathing-machines, and other necessary adjuncts of a watering-place, inclusive of donkeys and Bath-chairs. But the frequenters of Sandston-on-Sea were few, and of a languid character, that contributed little to the animation of the spot.

There was a beauty, of a sort, about the place, when once the eyes and the mind had been

averted from the gaunt skeletons of the unfinished houses; the side-saddled donkeys drawn up in line with an array of goat-carriages and open flies, drawn by starveling steeds; the tawdry posters of 'the Great Bounce,' whose forthcoming entertainment of buffo-singing was to enliven the Assembly Rooms; and the other trite features of a bathing resort. The crags were low, and the caves with which the cliffs were honey-combed lacked the grandeur of the basaltic grottoes of Antrim; but the shapes they took were sufficiently wild and suggestive of smugglers' lairs and of earlier days, when more dangerous visitors than the fair trader were not uncommon on that exposed coast. Far and majestic rolled away to north and east the vast expanse of the German Ocean, smiling and dimpling in the sun, as it had smiled and dimpled a thousand years before, when the oar-blades of Danish pirates had tossed the diamond spray in air at every stroke, and the church bells had tolled, and the beacons been got ready on headland and down, to give warning that the Norse were near. The spreading sands were as smooth as a marble floor, mottled in places by the irregular mosaic of tinted pebbles, shells, and weed, and backed by dense beds of the hardy 'marum' grass, encouraged as the best of safeguards against the inruding sea. Lord Harrogate perhaps looked on all these things with an interest which an ordinary tourist could not have been expected to evince, in consideration of the fact that here had been spent the earlier years of her whom he loved. These wave-worn cliffs, this storm-beaten beach, this range of level sand, reached by flights of mouldering steps that led down from the steep cliff top—how often must Ethel Gray's eyes have rested on these objects, which he now beheld for the first time! For her sake, he viewed Sandston with a tolerant approval, in its picturesque and social aspects, which he might not otherwise have been sufficiently eclectic in his tastes to have extended towards it. He went back to his hotel, and having ordered and eaten his breakfast, went forth again, this time taking the hollow way, bordered by high paved foot-walks on each side, which led into the town.

There is a curious family likeness between these sleepy old English towns, which almost makes us feel familiar with a place so much akin to places we have known elsewhere. There are the same bright brass plates on the doors of the same garden-fronted houses of mellowed brick, to tell us how comfortably live the lawyer and the principal doctor, the local banker, and the miller, whose ornamental garden, with its weeping-willows overhanging the silvery mill-dam, is the prettiest sight to be seen on entering by the old London road. That dog reposing snugly on the sunny strip of pavement must surely be gifted with preternatural powers of somnolency, for you seem to remember him as sleeping thus confidently, in much such a spot, when you were a boy at school. The little shops, with their small-paned windows and low doorways, appear to offer buns and cattle-medicines and goose-quill pens and gown-pieces of the kind that were in demand some forty years ago. The coach will probably soon jolt in, bringing with it the day before yesterday's metropolitan gossip, and the shrill shriek of the locomotive is resented as an anachronism.

Lord Harrogate presently recalled to mind that

he had not journeyed to Sandston with archaeological intent, but on a quest that, he was aware, to eight out of ten of the men he knew on the Pall-Mall pavement or in the hunting-field, would appear quixotic. And he dreaded lest he should have allowed what he wished to overpower his usually clear intellect in this matter of the search for the supposed heiress of the De Veres. He was carrying on the hunt, as he knew, with quite other motives than the stern sense of justice which had prompted his earliest endeavours. Sir Sykes, innocent or guilty, had virtually passed beyond human jurisdiction. Earthly blame or praise could be as nothing to the half-animate creature on his couch of suffering at Carbery Chase.

But Lord Harrogate had of late permitted himself to hope that by a coincidence, strange but not impossible, a rainbow bridge might be flung across the gulf which separated his position in life from that of his sister's governess—that beautiful Ethel whose sweet face rose up so often before his mental gaze. He scarcely dared to acknowledge to himself his own thoughts, so well aware was he of the tendency to self-deception which is common to us all; but none the less did he feel spurred on by a double purpose as he pursued the inquiry on which he had entered.

At the corner of the narrow High Street, Lord Harrogate encountered Inspector Drew.

'You are early, my lord,' said the detective, carrying a ready fore-finger to his hat. 'But I have not had my eyes shut either, since they began to open places of business, specially in the licensed victualling line, here in Sandston. This ain't a place though for private conversation, my lord. I see heads peeping over half-a-dozen window blinds already, but Tontine Street here will answer better.'

Tontine Street indeed was lonely enough to have served for a rendezvous in which Talleyrand and Metternich and Pozzo di Borgo, suspicious statesmen as they were, might have conferred together without dread of diplomatic eavesdroppers. Six giant houses, empty, and with dabs of white paint in the centre of each of their blank windows, stood together on one side, and four on the other of this broad thoroughfare, in which the deep dust of sultry summer lay unscoured by hoof or wheel. Farther on, ghastly pits and miscellaneous mounds of rubbish told of toils left incomplete, contracts broken off, insolvency, neglect, decay. Whoever they were who supplied the capital for the commencement of this dreary Tontine Street, sorry was the harvest of profit which seemed likely to devolve upon 'the longest liver' of that speculative Company.

'You have been beating up the inns then, Mr Drew?' said Lord Harrogate, when he found himself, like the Last Man but One, amidst the ghostly echoes and solemn silences of Tontine Street. 'Have you had any success?'

'Well, my lord,' returned the inspector in a tone of expostulation, 'it's too soon to look for much of that. I'm not a sportsman myself—other fish, says your lordship, to fry—but I do believe the fox shews the stuff he's made of before he loses his brush, according to the coloured prints in a window in Waterloo Place, S.W., which taught me, atween ourselves, all I know about it. Now if this child we are looking for was brought here by a stranger or strangers, they

must, in reason, have put up at some house of public entertainment, more or less.'

'How, more or less?' asked Lord Harrogate with a smile.

'Why, my lord,' said the inspector, 'there's private lodgings, a deal safer in some respects, for those who have anything to hide and money in their pockets, than any hotel big or little. Parties in a hurry, however, don't often take lodgings right off, and when they do, they leave more trace behind 'em than they meant to leave. Then there are the common lodging-houses, ranging from three pence to six, where the accommodation's rough, I needn't say, but where it's a point of honour not to split upon a customer. Then we rise to the licensed to be drunk on the premises, which often keep "good beds" in an upper window; and then to publics calling themselves inns, and next to inns that ape at being hotels; and lastly, to hotels, and no mistake. That's about the total,' added the inspector, summing up.

'Which variety, to your mind, here in Sandston, appears the most likely?' demanded Lord Harrogate.

'Just what I've been turning over, and turning over this hour past,' said the detective candidly; 'and my lord, I do assure you I felt inclined to sky a halfpenny and stand by the toss, whether to try the *Robin Hood*, or a much more gen-teel place of business, the *Dolphin*. The *Robin Hood* is a big public-house at the corner of Horsemarket Street yonder, and the folks who keep it don't look the sort who ask troublesome questions. Something of a smuggling flavour, of a mail-coach flavour, of a Blue House at electioneering times, there is about the *Robin Hood*. It is a tumble-down, roomy, seen-better-days kind of establishment, that might tempt queer people on a queer errand, certainly.'

'And the *Dolphin*?' asked Lord Harrogate, as his companion's discourse ended.

'Why, the *Dolphin*,' said the inspector, who was evidently an enthusiastic classifier of hotels, 'is just the very reverse of all that. Quiet, tidy, but maybe a little mouldy; it stands in Paston Street, just off the upper end of High Street, and has a big garden and a big courtyard, and stabling enough for a troop of cavalry. Depend on it, when the gentry of the neighbourhood used to come in to Sandston, once on a time, it was at the *Dolphin* they put up their carriages and ordered dinner, and a bottle of the blue seal and another of the yellow. I think you'll agree with me, my lord, that the likeliest cover to draw is the *Dolphin*, all things considered, and I think you'll guess why.'

Lord Harrogate merely nodded, however, in good-humoured assent; and the inspector, as he led the way up the steep and narrow High Street, the stony kernel whence had sprung the town, proceeded to answer his own question.

'If one of the parties was—as ten to one he was—a gentleman born and bred, he'd have felt more at his ease in a house that he could see was frequented by gentlefolks, my lord. Not only he'd have been sickened at the rags and the dirt and the bad air of the cheap travellers' houses and beer-shops, and so forth, but he'd have felt like a fish out of water in the *King's Arms*, where I put up. Bless you, I've known

those who were up to any game, till it came to soiling their fingers, or eating off a dirty plate, as one may say, and then they were at a dead-lock in a moment.—Here's the *Dolphin*, my lord; though we must not take it amiss if we don't learn much, after so many years.'

(To be continued.)

MAYNE REID'S PET SHEEP.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, the well-known writer of popular romances, who has for some time been residing on the Wye, near Ross, has got into a curious dispute with the Royal and Herefordshire Agricultural Society, concerning a pair of pet sheep with white faces and black wool, which the Society declined to exhibit among other kinds of stock at a prize-show. The rejection appears to have been on the ground, that the introduction of black sheep 'would at once materially reduce the value of that commodity, wool.' Into the general merits of the dispute we are not disposed to enter. As Lucius O'Trigger says, 'The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.' Besides, the Captain is quite adequate to maintain his own cause. The subject, however, is so suggestive that it may bear some useful discussion.

Sheep, as we see them in Great Britain and the colonies, have usually white wool, of different degrees of fineness, according to the breed. But no one, we believe, will aver that sheep from the beginning of time have always been white. There is a breed in the mountainous parts of Scotland with black faces and black feet. It is seemingly an ancient breed, and differs in some respects from the whole of the ordinary breeds in different parts of the United Kingdom. The animals possess a certain independence of character; they can get a living where other sheep would starve; they can nibble and eat the prickly furze without hurt to their mouths, as would be the case with the more highly cultivated breeds from the plains. The wool of this black-faced variety of sheep, which is white, is rather coarse, but its mutton is renowned for its tenderness. Whether as springing from some early alliance with this old black-faced breed, or from other causes, it happens that occasionally lambs wholly black are dropped in flocks which are entirely white. Can it be that these are instances of casting back to some remote original? Captain Mayne Reid's pair of pet sheep with black wool but white faces may possibly be another variety of the same phenomenon.

To whatever cause the blackness may be due, it is certain that the casual appearance of a black-wooled sheep is viewed as a misfortune, for its fleece is less valuable than if it were pure white. Being less appreciated, the creature, from no fault of its own, is considered to be a kind of Pariah, and is in a sense to be pitied. Now, here a question presents itself. Is it quite right economically to degrade and stamp out black-wooled sheep? We allow that for most purposes white

wool is preferable to black, and that explains why white-wooled sheep alone are cultivated. But it would be worth while to inquire whether it might not be advantageous to try the rearing of a breed of sheep with black wool, with a view to certain kinds of manufacture. Nature can hardly be wrong. The black wool is no doubt sent for some useful purpose, if people would only think the matter over. Let it be understood that the term black wool is scarcely correct. The so-called black wool is, properly speaking, a darkish brown. It looks considerably more dark on the live animal than when it is spun and woven into cloth. This modification of colour we have verified.

About twenty years ago, we took a fancy to have an 'Inverness Cape,' a kind of cloak with loose covers for the arms, made from the fleeces of two black-wooled sheep, which browsed daily amidst a flock under our windows. We were determined to see how the manufacture of the wool in its purely natural state would turn out. Accordingly, the fleeces were shorn, washed, carded, spun, woven by a handloom weaver in our neighbourhood, and finally made by a tailor into the required garment. Since that time we have worn it every winter, and as a railway wrap it always accompanies us on our travels. Shrouded in it, we defy the coldest weather. The colour is brown, and as bright as the day it was first worn. It cannot change, as might be the case with wool dyed brown. The colour is inherent in the substance of the wool; and fifty years hence, if kept so long, it would still be unfaded. After making the cloak, there was cloth left sufficient for a lady's jacket, and it has worn equally well. In the caprices of fashion, gentlemen are fond of dressing in rough tweeds, the coarser seemingly the better. We have described a tweed, to call it so, which would undergo any amount of exposure to the atmosphere, and never alter in its original colour, even although worn to be threadbare.

Already, there has sprung up a trade in a coarse kind of hand-woven cloth, composed of brown and white wool, in divers patterns, sent for sale from the western and northern islands, and which, as we learn from a wholesale cloth-merchant, is beginning to rival, in a small way, the regular traffic in tweeds. This home-made insular cloth, produced by poor people in their cottages, resembles in strength of fabric and in durability the *Etoffe du Pays*, which one sees in travelling through Lower Canada. A knowledge of circumstances like these may perhaps help to give a new view of the capabilities of black-wooled (or more properly, brown-wooled) sheep; and it would not astonish us to learn that some enterprising stock-breeder, inspired by the manufacturers of tweeds, is prepared to make an experiment in raising the black sheep from its Pariah condition to the category of an animal specially valuable for its natural covering. We may perhaps live to see Agricultural Societies offering prizes for the best specimens of black sheep for purposes of breeding. If any good comes of trying to

produce a wholly black-wooled breed, we may have to compliment Captain Mayne Reid for agitating the question, by attempting to exhibit his two remarkable pets.
W. C.

THE HOUSE IN THE JUNGLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—SAVED.

TREMBLING all over, with the white lips and scared eyes of a guilty terror, Lorton made a miserable attempt at defiance.

'You are not the first man who would marry even a madwoman for money,' he sneered. 'That, I suppose, is what you mean by rescuing her out of my hands.'

'Happily for me, I am no penniless adventurer, seeking to make my fortunes by a rich marriage; neither,' added I with scornful emphasis, 'am I your son Stephen!'

'How dare you mention my son's name!' exclaimed the wretched man with some show of spirit. 'How dare you even insinuate that he, a brave honest soldier, serving his Queen and country, would seek to ally himself with a madwoman!'

'Then you still maintain that your niece is insane?'

'I do. She inherits it from her mother. See the proofs; she can tell you nothing that happened last year.'

'That is not very surprising,' retorted I coolly. 'Brain-fever would affect her memory. That scar over her left temple is a deep one.'

'She has had it ever since she was a child!' exclaimed Lorton boldly. 'She fell down some stone steps.'

'Excuse me; she fell down the companion-stair of the *Candace*.'

'Who told you so?'

'A fellow-passenger of yours: Mrs Francis Horley, my cousin, and the present owner of Vivian Clare's picture.'

Norris Lorton's white face grew several shades paler. I thought he was going to faint; but he recovered himself so far as to inquire in a hollow voice: 'Where did she get the picture from?'

'It was a present to her from her husband's father, Mr John Horley.'

Norris Lorton groaned again; his lips grew white as death; large drops stood on his brow; and I began to think there must be some other cause for his emotion beyond that which I had already discovered.

'Might I ask for a little brandy, Dr Stanmore?'

I ordered some for him; he drank about a wine-glassful of the raw spirit; it appeared to give him strength, for he staggered up and stood straight before me.

'Dr Stanmore, it is time for me to wish you good-night.'

'Wait, sir,' said I coldly; 'I have more to say to you still.'

Just at this moment my bearer came in with a note which he said one of Mr Lorton's servants had brought. Norris Lorton tore it open, hastily perused the contents, and sank back in his chair exhausted with emotion.

'It is all up,' murmured he; 'I am a lost man now.'

'What do you mean?' cried I.

'Dr Stanmore,' pleaded he, 'I have been very wicked. I will confess; I will make reparation; only save me.'

'Save you!' echoed I. 'From whom? From what?'

'I cannot tell you unless you swear to help me.'

'How can I do that? I might be shielding you from just punishment. I do not know what new crime you may be guilty of.'

'Crime!' repeated he. 'Yes; it was a crime. But I have not injured you. Help me to hide myself.'

A horrid thought suddenly crossed my brain. 'Norris Lorton,' exclaimed I sternly, seizing him by the shoulder, 'answer me truly. Are you guilty of your niece's blood?'

'I am not!' exclaimed he vehemently. 'I swear it!'

I released him, feeling inexpressibly relieved, and remarked slowly and quietly: 'You are trying to evade the law. Speak! what have you done?'

'There is no time to loss,' said he piteously. 'Read that note.'

I did so. It ran thus: 'It is known that you are in hiding somewhere in Mooderaud; they will be down to look for you almost as soon as you receive this warning. Fly at once.'

'There,' said he, as I finished reading, 'you see my danger. How am I to escape? They may be here already. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Tell me what you have done—why there is a warrant out against you.'

'No; I cannot. Help me, Dr Stanmore!'

'Now look here,' said I. 'You say they (by whom I conclude you mean the officers of justice) are after you. If they know you are in hiding somewhere in Mooderaud, they will as a matter of course search the different houses, mine among the rest. You have but little time before you; make the most of it. Tell me your offence; and if I can do so without feeling that I am shielding a scoundrel from just punishment, I will help you.'

'Are you in earnest?' asked he feverishly.

'I am. You may put me to the proof, if you will.'

'It is not for murder they pursue me, but—but—I cannot tell you.'

'Then I cannot help you till you prove to me you are not the villain I now take you for.'

'Dr Stanmore,' said he slowly, 'ride home with me; I will tell you all on the way; we shall be safer in the jungle than here.'

I complied with this request, and ordered my horse Elaine.

'Let us go by the high-road,' said he, as we rode together out of the compound; 'no one will notice us. Is your mare fresh?'

'Not very; she had a long gallop this morning.'

We rode on in silence till we reached the first turning to the race-course, then I spoke.

'Now, Mr Lorton, tell me what it is you are guilty of?' I drew closer to him as I spoke.

All at once the treacherous villain raised the heavy whip he carried, and with all his force struck my mare across the loins. She bounded forward furiously, all the vice in her aroused by the blow, and began rearing and kicking to such an extent that it was all I could do to keep my seat; and when at last, after a sharp struggle, I succeeded in quieting her, Norris Lorton—who

had ridden off at full speed down the high-road to Calcutta—was completely out of sight. I at first thought of pursuing him; but a moment's reflection caused me to change my mind; and instead, I turned and rode swiftly across the race-course to the house in the jungle. The lights were still burning there as I reined in my panting steed before the door, and shouted to the servants slumbering on the steps. They stared in sleepy surprise at seeing me; still more so when I dismounted, bade one of them hold the mare, and ran into the house. 'Miss Lorton!' shouted I; and almost instantly she appeared.

She had altered during the last six months, had grown thinner and paler; and the expression of her features was more melancholy than ever.

'Oh, Dr Stanmore!' she exclaimed; and I could not help noticing with satisfaction that she looked glad to see me.

'Miss Lorton, listen! I believe the time of your escape has come. The detectives are after your uncle upon some charge or other; he has fled on horseback down the Calcutta high-road; and I have hastened here to see what I can do for you.'

'How did it all come about?' she asked, looking at me in utter bewilderment.

I related the events of the evening as briefly as possible. 'You must not remain here,' I concluded.

'Why? What am I to do?'

'That villain is fox enough, if he can elude his pursuers for a while, to slink back here, and carry you off, or else to send his son.—Hark! what is that?' There was a clatter of hoofs outside. I had not arrived a moment too soon; the next instant a young man, in military undress uniform, entered the room.

'It is Stephen!' cried Miss Lorton in dismay.

'Do not be afraid,' whispered I reassuringly; 'I will take care of you.'

'Who are you, and what are you doing here?'

'I am Dr Stanmore; you are Stephen Lorton,' was my cool reply. 'I am here as your cousin's friend. What are you here for?'

'To take her to her aunt's house in Calcutta.'

'Dr Stanmore, do not let me go,' pleaded the girl; 'they will kill me.'

'Have no fear.—You hear,' added I, turning haughtily to young Lorton, 'this lady is under my protection; the sooner you take yourself off the better.'

I will not attempt to describe Stephen Lorton's rage at this, nor repeat the language he made use of. He abused me in the most violent manner; and finally turned fiercely upon his cousin. 'As for you,' he stormed, 'fool, lunatic that you are, the asylum will henceforth be your home, as it should have been your mother's!'

My blood boiled at this cowardly insult far more than it had done at any of the abuse to myself. I could no longer control myself, and seizing the fellow by the collar before he well knew what was coming, I dragged him outside the house and kicked him down the steps, at the bottom of which he lay stunned and motionless. I then returned to Miss Lorton, whom I found cowering in a corner of the room, almost frightened to death.

'Come with me,' said I, taking her hand. 'Do not be afraid; I am your friend, you know.'

'Where will you take me?' asked she mechanically.

'To my house for the present. Put on something warm; the night-air is chilly.'

She disappeared into a side-room for a minute, then returned, wearing the opera-cloak and Turkish fez. 'I have nothing else,' she explained.

'It does not matter,' I replied, as we stepped out into the verandah. 'You have some distance to walk; shall you mind?'

'O no. But there is one thing: may I take Gyp?'

'Certainly you may. Where is he?'

She whistled, and the black collie came bounding up. I waited a moment as we passed Stephen Lorton, who was beginning to shew signs of returning consciousness; then, having satisfied myself that he was not dead, I gave my arm to Miss Lorton, and leading Elaine by the bridle, left for ever the house in the jungle. We walked slowly, and as the distance was considerable, the night was pretty far advanced by the time we arrived at my house.

'Now, Miss Lorton,' said I. 'You have trusted yourself entirely to me; will you do as I tell you?'

'Yes,' replied she simply. 'You know best.'

'Well, then,' I went on; 'this house is yours for the present; my servants will have orders to obey you in everything. One of them can speak English; and you must tell him when you want anything.'

'And you?' inquired she.

'I am going down to Calcutta upon important business. There is a train in about half an hour's time, which I shall catch. I shall be back before long.'

There was little sleep for me that night, speeding along in the train to Calcutta, my brain in a perfect whirl of excitement from the events of the evening. It was about five A.M. when I reached my cousin's house. She was an early riser, and I had only an hour to wait before she appeared in her riding habit.

'What brings you here, Eustace?' asked she in amazement at seeing me. 'Is anything the matter? You look ill.'

'I have come to beg a favour of you,' said I; and then, without any further preamble, I told her the whole of Sibyl Lorton's history as it had been related to me; went on with a brief account of Norris Lorton's flight; of the scene with Stephen at the house in the jungle, and wound up by informing her that Miss Lorton was at my house, alone, and except for me, friendless. 'Will you not help her?' were my concluding words.

Geraldine Horley was impulsive and thoroughly kind-hearted. 'Eustace,' said she, 'you must return to Mooderaud as soon as possible, in order to guard against any fresh villainy on the part of Mr Lorton or his son. I will go with you.'

'Heaven bless you, Geraldine!'

'Listen!' she went on gravely. 'My conscience has often reproached me for not interesting myself in that poor girl when I first saw her. Now I will do my best to make up for that neglect.'

She was as good as her word. In another five hours' time we arrived at the Mooderaud railway station; a large crowd was gathered on the platform, and universal excitement prevailed.

'Caught at last!' the station-master exclaimed excitedly and incoherently.

'Who?' inquired I.

'He they have been after so long. There he stands.' And looking in the direction indicated, I saw, standing handcuffed between two detectives, Norris Lorton.

'Where are you going to take him?' I asked, making my way up to the group.

'To Calcutta,' replied one of the detectives; 'then on to England.'

'There is no train to Calcutta for an hour and a half,' said I. 'Will you bring him to my house for a short time? A relation of his is there.'

The men hesitated; but a promise of reward overcame their scruples, and they consented to grant me an interview with their prisoner. Arrived at my house, I introduced Mrs Horley to Miss Lorton, and leaving them together, repaired to the room known as my studio, into which the detectives and Norris Lorton were presently ushered.

'First of all,' said I, 'will you tell me the charge against Mr Lorton?'

'Theft, sir, and forgery,' was the reply. 'A nice job we have had to run him down.'

'A double charge. Who prosecutes?'

'For the theft, sir, Mr Vivian Clare; for the forgery, Mr John Horley.'

In all my life I have never been so completely taken aback as I was by this speech. I could do nothing but stand and stare in dumb amazement at the detectives and their prisoner.

'Perhaps you would like to hear the whole affair, sir?' said one of the former.

I nodded assent; and the man went on: 'It all began with the theft, sir. He stole an oil-painting belonging to Mr Clare; bribed the servant, it is supposed. That was not found out for some time; for Mr Clare got seriously hurt in an accident on the Metropolitan Railway, was taken to the nearest hospital, and did not know about its having been stolen. In the meantime, this fellow here sold the picture to Mr John Horley, a wealthy merchant, residing at Surbiton, and forged a cheque of his to the tune of some thousands.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed I. 'But you have been a long time finding him out; have you not?'

'Well, yes sir, we have; but it was like this. Owing to Mr Clare's illness, the theft was not found out till long after the forgery; and Mr Lorton contrived to throw suspicion on his brother, who had died suddenly about that time. When Mr Clare got well again, he began about his picture, and he it was who first discovered we were on the wrong scent. A warrant was then made out against this fellow; but he had bolted of course. We had some trouble, as you may imagine, first in tracking him here, and then catching him; but it is done at last; and now he is safe for the next fourteen years.'

I looked at Norris Lorton with a horror and disgust I could not conceal. A common thief and forger; and Sibyl had been in his power so long; he had even tried to marry her to his son.

'Can you allow me a few minutes' private conversation with this man?' asked I. 'I know him well.'

After a little demur, the detectives consented, feeling certain that, being handcuffed, he could not escape, and withdrew to another room, where I had ordered breakfast to be prepared for them.

'Mr Lorton,' said I, 'you have not much time left before you leave this land for ever; the law

will not deal leniently with you; in all probability, I may never see your face again. Before you go, let me entreat you to make a full confession of your conduct to your niece.'

Norris Lorton raised his head and regarded me steadily. 'Dr Stanmore,' said he, 'you are a gentleman; you do not taunt a poor fellow when he is down: I do not mind telling *you* the truth. My niece is no more mad than you or I, and neither was her mother. She has told you her history, you say. Well, after that day they took her to X. Street, she had a severe attack of low nervous fever, and was for a time really off her head. Her father died suddenly when she was ill, and then I had to quit the country; you know why. My niece was then so far recovered as to be able to get up; but her mind was very feeble. I bribed the nurse in charge to secrecy; and gave the poor girl some drugged wine, which had the effect of stupefying her, so that she can remember nothing of the journey from London to Southampton. I got her on board just before the steamer started, so as to leave no time for awkward inquiries. During the voyage, I often heard the passengers speak of her as the "mad girl," and it used to please me. Then one rough day she fell down the companion and cut her head. You have seen the scar. She had slight brain-fever afterwards, which of course helped me out in my plans; but she got over it too quickly for my liking, and the day we landed at Calcutta I repeated the dose.

'What do you mean?' cried I in horror.

'I mean,' continued he, 'that I gave her more drugged wine, just enough to make her look and walk as if she had no idea of what she was doing.'

It was on my lips to tell him in the bitterest terms what I thought of such wickedness; but his hands were chained: I bit my lips and was silent.

He went on: 'My son Stephen told me of the house in the jungle where you first saw me. I thought it a safe place for me to live in. My servants were all bribed to secrecy; one of them, who had been in my son's service for two or three years, acted as interpreter between me and the others, for I am no Bengalee or Hindustanee scholar; and there I lived in safety, hoping one day to see my niece become my son's wife.'

'How did you get here?' asked I.

'I came as far as Barah, the next station to this by rail; and then we took palkis [palanquins] the rest of the way.'

'One more question. Why did you enter your niece's name on the passengers' list as your daughter?'

'I hoped it would throw Vivian Clare off the scent. But it was a failure. Ah, well! I have had my day; now it is some one else's turn. Those detectives were too sharp; they set a trap for me by the railway, and another by the high-road. Stephen said he would go and carry Sibyl off, but I suppose you prevented him?'

'I did,' was the reply. 'Miss Lorton is in this house. Would you wish to see her once more?'

'In this house?' said he incredulously. 'Why—what?—'

'She is under my protection and that of a lady who is staying here; my cousin Mrs Francis Horley.'

'John Horley's daughter-in-law?'

'The same.'

At this moment the detectives returning, respectfully informed me that it was time to start.

'Wait a minute,' I entreated; and without stopping to again ask Norris Lorton, I hastily left the room and summoned his niece. She came in slowly, looking pale and melancholy as usual. Seeing her uncle in handcuffs, she started violently. 'What has he done?' whispered she.

'He has broken the laws,' replied I. 'They will take him to England to be tried there.'

'One word,' she exclaimed. 'Is it on *my* account? If so, I will not prosecute.'

'No. It has nothing to do with his treatment of you.'

'Our time is up, sir,' pleaded one of the detectives.

'Good-bye, uncle,' said Miss Lorton, advancing towards the prisoner—a look of infinite compassion in her blue eyes. 'We may never meet again; say good-bye to me.'

Norris Lorton hung his head, and a crimson flush suffused his cheeks. I believe that for the first time since many a long year, a better feeling awoke in the man's bad selfish nature, and that for the time at least his humiliation was deep. 'Good-bye, girl,' said he hoarsely. 'I have wronged you shamefully. Stanmore knows all. Ask him. Forgive me!'

The young, innocent, and forgiving girl leant forward, the tears standing in her eyes, and kissed the criminal, her persecutor, upon the forehead. 'I forgive you, uncle,' she murmured. 'Good-bye.'

Then the detectives led him away, and we lost sight of him for ever. I afterwards heard that he pleaded 'guilty' at his trial, and was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude; but he died before the third year of his imprisonment had expired.

I have not much more to tell. The story of Norris Lorton's arrest upon the double charge of theft and forgery soon became public property. The English weekly papers were studied with unremitting attention, and it seemed to me that my neighbours regarded me rather as an accomplice in his crime, than as Sibyl Lorton's friend and protector; for they treated me with the utmost indifference and coldness, and would sneeringly remark 'that Dr Stanmore had an eye to a rich wife when he took Miss Lorton under his protection.'

My cousin Geraldine Horley took Miss Lorton to Calcutta with her to stay; there the latter rapidly improved in health, and the two ladies formed a friendship which has never been broken. Soon after their departure to Calcutta, I applied for three months' leave, and obtained it, though not without a great deal of demur and delay on the part of the authorities.

The reader can guess how I spent my holiday. I went to England by the quickest route; had a brief but happy meeting with many dear friends; and more than this, found out Vivian Clare.

I had not much trouble in doing so; a young friend of mine, likewise an artist, furnished me with his address, and I lost no time in repairing to him. I will not dwell upon our conversation. I related to him the events recorded in this chapter and the preceding ones: Sibyl Lorton's wrongs, her uncle's arrest, my cousin's kind protection of her.

'The two ladies are fast friends,' said I, 'but we must part them now. I speak professionally. Miss Lorton must return to England as soon as possible; her health will not stand the Indian climate.'

'My mother,' replied Clare, 'will receive her until the day when, as my wife, she will take her place in this house.' He pressed my hand warmly in his. 'God bless you, Dr Stanmore, for all your goodness to her!' he exclaimed earnestly. 'May He, in your need, send to you as true and noble a friend as you have been to me and mine!' And as I left his presence, the feeling arose in me that in the hour of my need I should find that friend in Vivian Clare.

A week after my return to India, Sibyl Lorton sailed for England. Geraldine Horley and I accompanied her as far as the steamer which was to bear her to the man she loved; and then we parted. My cousin was quite overcome.

'O Eustace,' she sobbed, 'I shall miss her so; I have grown so fond of her.'

I could not console her; I was too much in need of consolation myself. Should I never again look upon that sweet pale face, with its grave, melancholy blue eyes; never again hear that soft sad voice, which had poured forth to me the tale of wrongs and sorrow, in the moonlight by the swift silent river? Something within me seemed to say: 'This parting is for ever!'

Some months after, we heard of her marriage with Vivian Clare; and letters came both to Geraldine and myself from her, telling us of her great happiness, whereat we both rejoiced.

I am not a young man now. I have known sorrow and sickness; I have been in foreign climes; I have experienced dangers by sea and by land; my life has been restless, full of trials; but I am contented now. In the place of my birth, the home of my childhood, among the lovely vales of Devonshire, I may hope to end my days in peace. The copy of 'The Death of Elaine,' at which I laboured so sedulously and with such success, hangs over the mantel-piece of my little sitting-room. Open that oak bureau that stands against the wall; press the secret spring; a drawer flies out. What is there? A miniature, painted on ivory, of Sibyl Lorton—I should say Sibyl Clare, for she sent it to me after her marriage with the artist. A packet of letters too, in her writing, amongst them the little scrap of paper in which she first implored my assistance; and a faded Turkish fez. These are the relics, all that is left to me of Sibyl Lorton, the only woman I ever loved, who has long since passed away into the far-off land! The parting in Calcutta was for ever in this world. Death overtook her all too soon. Perhaps in that land where partings and sorrow will be no more, I shall meet and know her again!

INGENIOUS RUSES.

THE 'famous civilian' Dr Dale, sent to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth on state business, finding his funds getting lower than he liked, adopted a shrewd plan of obtaining aid from his royal mistress without asking for it. With his despatches to the Secretary of State he forwarded two letters, one for the queen and one for his wife, carefully addressing that for the queen, 'To my dear Wife;' and that for his Kate, 'To Her most Excellent Majesty.' When Queen Bess opened her agent's epistle she was astonished at finding herself sweethearted, my-loved, and my-deared; made

acquainted with the state of his health and the emptiness of his purse; and was so heartily amused at the doctor's mistake, that she unloosed her purse-strings and relieved his necessity with unwonted liberality. If Dale was as astute in dealing with foreign princes as he was in managing his own liege lady, it is not to be wondered at that he was employed in diplomatic matters. When it was first proposed to send him to Flanders, the queen informed him she should allow him twenty shillings a day for his expenses. He did not think it enough; but keeping his thoughts to himself, replied, that in that case he should spend nineteen shillings a day. Elizabeth inquired what he would do with the other shilling. 'That,' said the doctor, 'I shall keep for my Kate and my boys Tom and Dick.' Her Majesty took the hint, and enlarged her negotiator's allowance.

Gretry was wont to employ a singular method of slackening or quickening the pace of a walking companion to suit his own inclination. 'To say,' he would argue, 'you walk too fast or too slow is unpolite; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then by degrees either to quicken the time or make it slower, is a stratagem as innocent as it is convenient.'—The principle of Gretry's ruse was well exemplified in the case of the stingy farmer who gave his hired haymaker buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and going to the field, heard the man singing in a drawling way:

B-u-t-t-e-r-m-i-l-k and whey,
Faint all day, faint all day;

his scythe keeping time to the tune. The next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man; and when he went to see how he was getting on with his work, found his arms going swiftly to 'Bacon and eggs, take care of your legs!'

A debate in the House of Commons on the Peace Preservation Act, or some such measure, was enlivened by the relation of the following story. A Westmeath landed proprietor was so attached to field-sports that he turned a deaf ear to his daughter's entreaties, and could not be persuaded to take a house in Dublin where a gentleman abode in whom she was something more than interested. One fine morning the squire was astonished by the coming of a threatening letter, which he put in the fire; the next post brought another; and soon a third came, the last illustrated with a spirited sketch of a coffin. The recipient shewed them to the stipendiary magistrate, and before long a number of detectives were busy in the neighbourhood; but they could neither discover the senders of the objectionable missives nor stop fresh ones from pouring in with every mail. At last the threatened man gave in, and took himself and his family to Dublin, and before long found himself turned into a father-in-law. When the happy pair were about to leave, after the wedding breakfast, the bride, throwing her arms round his neck, said: 'Go home, father; no one will hurt a hair of your head. I wrote the threatening letters that scared you away. I wanted to come to Dublin, and as you would not

agree, I thought I would try the Ribbon scheme ; and it succeeded.'

Had the wily damsel been taken to task for playing her siren such a scurvy trick, she would probably have pleaded that all is fair in love and war. Love, however, is a poor excuse for deception, while to cheat a foe, especially when that foe is an invader, is justifiable enough. During the Franco-German war, a couple of hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighbouring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from the unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, dilapidated gowns, were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns ; their feet and their heads were bound with straw ; and then the sheep and goats were treated in the same fashion. Bottles of medicine were scattered about ; a large trough was filled with water, and in its midst was placed an ample syringe. Up came the Uhlans ; but at sight of the strangely attired animals and the monster squirt they hesitated. At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. 'The plague, that's all,' said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions ; his visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off at their best speed, to make requisition elsewhere.

For a less legitimate end did Patrick Murphy exercise his invention. Pat was a candidate for admission into the police force of a certain town, and his appearance before the Mayor was hailed with a cry from the crowd of would-be officers of, 'He can't write his name, yer Honour !' His Honour announced that he was only there to take down the names of those who wished to apply for the vacant situation, and told Murphy to come again that day fortnight.

'Now, Pat,' said a well-wisher, 'go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you.'

Pat obeyed instructions ; and when the day came and the Mayor asked if he could write, boldly replied : 'Troth, an' it's meself that jist can.'

'Take that pen,' said the Mayor, 'and write—write your name.'

As Pat took up the pen, exclamations arose behind him. 'Pat's a-writing ; he's got a quill in his fist !' cried one amazed rival. 'Small good will it do him ; he can't write wid it,' cried another. They were dumfounded when Murphy recorded his name in a bold round hand and the Mayor declared 'That'll do ;' but recovering from their surprise, two of them shouted out together : 'Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer Honour.'

'Write my name, Murphy,' said the Mayor.

'Write yer Honour's name !' exclaimed Pat. 'Me commit forgery, and goin' into the pollice ! I can't do it, yer Honour !'

The Irishman's conscientious scruples were as opportunely improvised as the ear-ache afflicting Brougham, when engaged in an important case as junior counsel. His leader had been speaking for several hours, when he faltered suddenly and began to hesitate. Brougham rushed to the rescue. Putting on his face an expression of great suffer-

ing, he begged to address the court on a matter personal to himself, but felt sure their lordships would pardon the interruption if they knew the agony he was enduring in his right ear from the killing draught rushing through the door leading into the Common Pleas. Might he, in the interests of his clients, entreat the interposition of the bench ? Their lordships expressed their sympathy for the sufferings of Mr Brougham, and ordered the door leading into the other court to be closed ; but still the obnoxious draught came. Windows were examined and pulled about, until the martyr to ear-ache, seeing his leader had recovered himself, pronounced himself satisfied, and free from pain.

Sir Walter Scott talking to Rogers of his school-days, told him how he won his way to the top of his class by a bit of strategy. 'There was,' said Scott, 'a boy in my class who always stood at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would. At length I observed that when a question was asked him he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure. When the boy was next questioned, his fingers sought the button, but found it not ; he looked down for it ; it was to be no more seen than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place ; nor did he ever recover it ; or even, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him ; and often have I resolved to make some reparation ; but it ended in good resolutions.'

Scott certainly took a mean advantage of his school-mate's peculiarity, and did not deserve the success thus achieved. An equal but better deserved success rewarded the ingenious device of a physician having to deal with a very obstinate patient, whose weak point, or strong point, was his implacable Toryism. The patient was a west of England bishop. He had been very ill, and to expedite recovery his physician prescribed small doses of brandy, to be taken at regular intervals. Now the prelate hated brandy, and declared he would have none of it. In vain did the physician insist upon the duty he owed to his diocese, his wife, and his family ; and when he suggested that his lordship had better make arrangements for his departure from this world, as without brandy he must die, the bishop calmly answered that he was prepared to die, but he would not touch the brandy. Walking up to the head of the bed, the doctor bent over the refractory man and whispered in his ear : 'Need I remind you that Russell is in office, and a *Whig* will be your successor to the bishopric !' 'Fetch the brandy, doctor !' cried the bishop ; 'I'll drink a quart if necessary !' The ruse succeeded.

When Sir John Bowring was staying at Khan Shékuné, he heard so much about the beauty of the Sheikh's young wife, that his curiosity was excited, and he was filled with a desire to see what the bepraised lady was like. One day the Sheikh came to 'the Great Doctor' to entreat him

to cure his infant boy—the child of his old age and his lovely spouse. Sir John thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and readily agreed to do what he could for the little sufferer, but informed the Sheik that before he commenced operations it was indispensably necessary for him to see the baby's mother; he could not else prescribe for the child. The Sheik declared that to be impossible, as an unbeliever could not be introduced into the harem of one of the faithful. 'Then your child will die,' was Bowring's answer. The poor Sheik left in despair, but in the evening came again, saying the English doctor was very unkind, but that he would do anything to save the child's life, and that he would shew him the way to the harem. Rejoicing at the success of his ruse, Sir John was led into a room, where he saw a veiled woman bending over a poor emaciated child lying on a rug, his body covered with charms. He addressed the mother with some inquiries as to the symptoms, and then, artfully pretending he could not hear her perfectly enough to understand what she said, asked her to remove her veil. The lady demurred. The doctor insisted, observing that European physicians studied the diseases of children in the countenances of their mothers. At last she slowly raised her veil, when, instead of the angelic beauty he had expected, the cheated cheater was confronted with the face of a hideous dame, who said: 'I am the *old* wife!' while the Sheik laughed at the doctor's discomfiture.

Strategy is a thing to be admired when it is employed for the circumvention of rogues. While the French were in Mexico, stage-robberies on the Monterey road became very frequent. The French commander resolved to put a stop to them; and this is how he did it. He dressed up half-a-dozen Zouaves in ladies' attire, and sent them on in the next stage, their faces hidden by veils, their carbines hidden by their petticoats. The stage was stopped; the ladies, without waiting to be invited, left the vehicle, and fell into line with the rest of the passengers. Suddenly a series of reports came from that line, and some dozen robbers lay dead; the rest discreetly disappeared. For a long while afterwards it was only requisite to display a shawl and bonnet conspicuously to secure a free passage for a stage on that route.

Taking things for granted brought an illicit distiller to grief, after carrying on his illegal calling for years, under suspicion indeed, but nevertheless with complete immunity. M'Tavish rented a small farm in Glentartan, but the revenue officers never found any apparatus upon the premises, nor any of the necessary ingredients about the farm. Every nook and cranny of the neighbouring hills and dells was rigorously searched again and again, without any result save exposing the officers to the taunts of M'Tavish. Where this wonderfully concealed 'still' might be, was the question to which no answer was forthcoming. Dwellers in the glen of course had not the faintest notion of its whereabouts. One night an exciseman with two comrades knocked up the occupants of a farmhouse and demanded a horse and cart in the Queen's name, saying he had seized M'Tavish's illicit still with all its contents, and required assistance to carry the whole to headquarters. There was no resisting the

demand; horse and cart were soon ready, and a driver too. Getting into the cart with his assistants, the exciseman ordered the man to drive as fast as he could, without telling him where he wanted to be taken. Never dreaming but that the officer had previously discovered and seized the still, the man drove on, and pulled up at the concealed spot. Out jumped the exciseman; the entrance was burst open, and M'Tavish was a prisoner and his bothy emptied of its contents before he could comprehend how the misfortune had befallen him and his long-kept secret had been discovered.

Very cleverly too did M'Manus the Bow Street runner unearth a hidden burglar whom he suspected of having broken into a gentleman's house a few miles out of London. Going into a public-house, 'used' by the man he wanted (Smith, let us call him), M'Manus got into conversation with the company, and by-and-by observed that he did not see Smith. It came out that that worthy had not been there since the day of the robbery. The runner next inquired at the different coach-offices, and found that a man resembling Smith had gone down to Oxford the day after the burglary had been committed. The next Oxford coach took him down to that town. Then getting himself very shabbily dressed, M'Manus next went round the outskirts of the town, and when he came to an inn, went in, saying: 'I want a pot of beer for Smith;' to be answered that they knew no such person there, and go his ways. At last his perseverance was rewarded by the reply: 'We'll send it.' 'No,' said M'Manus; 'that won't do; he's in a hurry, and I'm to go with you.' (Go with the beer he did, found his man, and the stolen property in his possession. A capital ruse this.

A still shrewder trick was that played by an Oxford Professor, when a student came to tell him that he had lost or been robbed of a parcel of bank-notes. The Professor took down the numbers of the notes, and told the loser to keep his own counsel. Next morning, the walls were covered with bills proclaiming that such-and-such notes had been lost; but the crafty scholar had taken care to put imaginary numbers to them, and before many hours had elapsed, one of the lost notes was tendered at the bank; the truly advised teller gave the presenter into custody, and all the missing notes were recovered.

THE ICE-BRIDGE.

IN January 1871, with a large number of others, I stood upon the Durham Terrace, in the city of Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, and looked down on the mighty river St Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked a very low point; and all around there could be seen but the dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike; while from the bosom of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its black waters from view. What could induce human beings, in such an extreme atmosphere, to pace up and down this exposed promenade, which in summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the 'ice-bridge' was momentarily expected. The ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented leaving their wharfs under a penalty of heavy fines, and of being fired

into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all anxiously looked down upon the hidden stream, and vigorously paced up and down the snow-clad terrace.

Suddenly a cry was heard: 'It is taken.' Instantly all rushed to the railing and excitedly peered down upon the waters. Slowly the mist arose, and in its place appeared a smooth surface of dark-blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point, and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist, Nature had performed her work; in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct, a glorious crystal plane, as wonderful as it was beautiful. The opposite shore, which, up to within a few minutes, was almost unattainable, had been, as it were in a flash of time, brought into instant communication. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening; the intense cold quickly thickened the ice; and in an hour after its 'taking,' a boy, in a sleigh drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed towards the opposite shore, a rumbling sound as of distant thunder rose from the river, for the thin ice was as a sounding-board; and even when the sleigh became as a speck, the rumbling sound continued reverberating between the opposing high lands. Then followed, as it seemed to me, foolishly skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped in sweeping circles hither and thither; then hundreds followed.

What a view the bridge presented! countless men luxuriating in the fascinating enjoyment of skating on virgin ice. It was barely more than an inch in thickness, and it appeared mad temerity to trust such fragility; but still the crowd increased, and its delirium grew wilder. Each moment, I knew, added to the general safety, yet every one had to keep separate from all others; for it was noticed that when three or four approached the same locality, the india-rubber-like ice sunk, as if it were ready to engulf the reckless pleasure-seekers.

On the wharfs and quays along the river-side were collected hundreds of on-lookers; so I descended, after my bird's-eye view, to have a closer inspection. Over the edge of the wharf upon which I stood was suspended a ladder, from the foot of which planks were laid on the ice, and by these the skaters gained access to the stronger ice beyond, strapping on their skates before descending the ladder. A continual row of people were venturing down shod with skates, and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. I watched one after another to discover if there were any show of bravado in their action, but there seemed to exist but the one feeling of anxiety and eagerness to join the river revel. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and a paralysis seemed to strike on-lookers and skaters alike; the ice was moving, the bridge was breaking up. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the wharfs, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders; many were immersed in the chilly waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave; his body was shortly recovered, and borne home to a disconsolate widow and her helpless orphans. The crystal bridge was a thing of the past, and an immortal soul was ushered into eternity.

The next morning's sun rose clear and bright, and shed its rays upon a night-formed bridge as pure and smooth as any mirror; the first had descended with the falling tide; but the works of Nature are rapidly carried out, and in its place another spanned the broad St Lawrence. Even now the venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's memories, rushed wildly over its surface; and ice-boats in scores swept across it with amazing rapidity, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea-gulls. It was a gala festival, and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of human beings, of boats, of vehicles. A bond of harmony and conviviality had been formed between the city of Quebec, Point Levis, the island of Orleans, Beauport, and other villages; and representatives from each place met in unison on the river plain, from which, midst the sound of ever-tinkling sleigh-bells, rose strains of music and the joyous shouts and merry laughter of men and women. Viewed from where I stood the ice-bridge was as a glass, everything on its surface being reflected in it; the steep cliffs of Levis threw their shadows on it as on a lake.

We—that is, myself and two friends, a bride and bridegroom of few days—were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this novel and exciting picture, and were carried away with an enthusiasm and a desire to join in the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates, and descending to the Lower Town, soon found ourselves upon the ice. Near by was an ice-boat, ready to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores; so we closed a bargain with the master, and stepped into our conveyance. Voluminous buffalo-robies lined with crimson were wrapped around us, and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlour fire; our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which was now carrying us with the slight of a bird over the shining surface. Meeting similar craft was as a flash of lightning; and skaters and horses were distanced by us in every passing moment. Rapidly we passed up the river: on one side were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while on the other were the higher heights of Levis; and now we were beneath the Plains of Abraham, crowned by the monument of the illustrious Wolfe, rushing past the now desolate timber coves, which in summer are crowded with vessels, and which now shewed at the foot of the cliff the long line of the white-washed cottages of the hard-working lumbermen. On one side were the churches of St Columba de Sillery and St Augustine, and on the other of St Nicholas and New Liverpool, and then the Falls of the Chaudière.

We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when, with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat, with marvellous rapidity, was on the home-stretch. Again we passed villages, churches, and coves, and now and then a frozen-in vessel; then Quebec and Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorenci Falls threw their vapoury column high into the rarefied atmosphere; already its cone had begun to form, and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept, past the villages of Beauport, l'Ange Gardieu, and Château Richer;



again we turned, and doubling le Bout de l'Isle d'Orleans, we stretched over towards the village of St Joseph de Levis, and skirted along the south shore of the St Lawrence, till we struck across to our starting-point, where we arrived after a wild ride of about forty miles, accomplished with marvellous speed. Owing to the circumscribed size of the 'cabin,' our limbs were somewhat stiff, and to recover the circulation of blood, we put on our skates.

No sooner had the steel touched the glistening ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle; we seemed hardly to touch ice, but rather to be carried through air. Hundreds of skaters were gliding hither and thither; ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and downwards; and horses as if in delirium were galloping in every direction. I remained with my friend the bride, while her husband, impatient of our more tardy progress, forged ahead, we following as best we could, but not keeping up with his rapid movements. She, full of happiness and joy, glided along by my side, and I could see her proudly watching the movements of her loved one as he skilfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice. Her loving eyes did not lose sight of him for a moment, and in human sympathy I rejoiced in her unalloyed happiness. Her glad expression shewed me that to her, love and life were synonymous. As I watched her, I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I turned my eyes in the direction which riveted her gaze, and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment, however, there was a rush among them to a central spot, and loud cries; but my attention was diverted from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to catch her and prevent her falling, and was holding her in my arms, when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, under its cruel surface, in the death-cold water, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping, and striving to break through the icy fetters! As he passed beneath us, he gave one despairing look upwards, and was swept away for ever from our sight! Fortunately his young bride had fainted, and was mercifully spared that last agonised look. I conveyed her to her home, where for many a succeeding day and night, she lay on her couch the helpless prey of brain-fever, and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of an asylum.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR JAMIN, of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, has embodied in a paper on Illumination by Electricity many particulars of interest to general readers. The Gramme machine, he says, and the Jablochkoff candle have made the application of electricity to purposes of illumination, a fact beyond doubt. The carbon-points of a powerful machine are equal to the sun in lustre. It is even possible that this limit may be overpassed, for our sun does not occupy the first position in the universe. It is a star already old, the cooling of which is much advanced, and whose yellowish light begins to approach that of terrestrial flames.

In quantity and quality the electric light greatly

exceeds all flames; and it is precisely this immense profusion of illuminating power that is regarded as objectionable. But nothing is easier than to reduce the lustre of the light to any degree that may be desired; it is only necessary to cover the arc with a large opalescent globe. This, while hiding the light, receives all the rays, and disperses them in the same way as if the globe itself were luminous.

A light to be applicable for purposes of illumination should contain the seven primitive colours of the spectrum in certain proportions. The flames of oil and gas do not contain the true proportions, which is the cause of their inferiority. The light from the carbons of the electric light is white; absolutely the same as that of the sun, and contains all the simple rays in the same proportions. It is complete and perfect, and replaces daylight without any modification. It is not the same with the arc itself, which is violet blue, and gives to electric illumination the bluish tint which has been objected to with reason. But it is a fault of excess, which can be remedied, for while the missing rays cannot be added to gaslight, the superfluous rays can be removed from the electric light. Uranium glass and many other substances furnish the means of suppression. This suppression is necessary in other respects, for the objectionable rays are said to attack the humours of the eye and to be the origin of grave diseases.

In ordinary combustion a large amount of heat is produced, and noxious products are thrown off; but the electric light does not vitiate the atmosphere, and makes very little heat, which every one will recognise as important merits.

The conditions of good electrical lighting must be determined by a study of the general illumination of objects during the day. When the sky is clouded, the sunlight pierces the clouds as through a ground glass, and the whole sky is like an immense illuminated ceiling, radiating light from every point and in all directions. The objects illuminated diffuse in their turn the light which they receive, so that there is an intercrossing of rays, producing the effect of a mean amount of light everywhere: this is *general illumination*, and is the model that must be followed. The ceilings, walls, and floors must be well illuminated, so that the diffused light may be radiated into the empty spaces; and that the quantity may be the same everywhere, it will be necessary to multiply the sources of light, and to cover all the openings by which it may escape.

The exterior light enters by the windows during the day, and it is by them that the nocturnal illumination escapes. When Mr Jablochkoff introduced electric lighting into the laboratory of the Sorbonne, the feeble effect it produced was astonishing. The building is covered with a glass roof, by which it is well lighted during the day, but which allowed the escape of at least one half of the light produced by the electric candles. This wasted light illuminated the high walls of the surrounding buildings, and gave a brilliant but useless illumination in the court. The experiment would have succeeded had the roof been covered with a thick white covering to throw down the light so prodigally wasted.

The same thing happens with gas, and will occur with electricity in the illumination of public places. All lamps waste half their light in radia-

tion towards the sky. A simple reflector would return it to the ground and double the illumination.

These conclusions have been tested, and visitors to Paris may now see there a street lighted by electricity, which, as described, is as clear and diffusive as moonlight.

Captain Abney, F.R.S., has undertaken a series of photographic experiments in which sensitive films are exposed to the action of the spectrum in different kinds of atmosphere. He finds as a general result that the image shews no signs of oxidation in atmospheres devoid of oxygen; that the limit of sensibility of the compounds used is lowered towards the least refrangible end of the spectrum; and that according to their composition and the atmosphere in which the experiments are carried on, solutions are sensitive to different parts of the spectrum.

Here the investigation touches the question of photography in natural colours, of which mention was made in our last Month. Captain Abney says: 'If silver sub-chloride or silver sub-bromide be produced chemically, we have a dark compound formed, which, if exposed to the action of the spectrum while in an oxidising solution (such as hydrogen peroxide) rapidly takes the colour of the rays acting upon it, the yellow being the least marked. The red, green, and blue are, however, particularly well rendered by reflected light, and the plate shews the colours as seen when a dull light is thrown on the slit of the spectroscope.' From this it will be understood that the investigation promises well for future discovery. The Captain's 'Notes' are published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, Nos. 187, 188.

As some readers know, dynamite is made by mixing nitro-glycerine with a dry powdery earth, which by absorbing checks its tendency to explode. In nearly all instances the powdery earth consists of infusoria, organisms so minute that Ehrenberg calculated that in a cubic inch there were forty-one millions. Enormous deposits have been discovered in America; the city of Richmond is built on a stratum twenty feet thick which extends into the adjoining State of Maryland; Nevada has large deposits, and recently the infusorial earth has been found in the state of New Jersey. Some kinds are largely sold in the United States as 'Electrosilicon,' an excellent polishing powder; and we are informed by a communication to the Liverpool Geological Society that 'being a very poor conductor of heat, it forms a suitable covering for ice, beer-cellars, fireproof safes, steam-boilers, powder-magazines, and refrigerators. It is nearly five times lighter than dry earth, and only about half the weight of dry coal-ashes. It is not combustible, and remains unaffected by the hottest fire.'

It was thought that this infusorial earth would be valuable as a fertiliser for lands deficient in silica, and the experiment has been tried with complete success, for it was found that the tiny particles were carried into the substance of the wheat straw grown on the experimental field. The microscopist who made the discovery remarks: 'I look upon this application of vegetable silica to fertilising purposes as the most important adaptation of matter for the reproduction of vegetation that has ever been discovered.'

In a Report made to the *Société d'Encouragement*

pour l'Industrie Nationale, a description is given of a process by which chloride of methyl can be manufactured on so large a scale as to become available in commerce. The process, combining as it does scientific principles and ingenious adaptations, will interest chemists, and commend itself to numbers of persons, who will be glad to know that chloride of methyl can be retailed at four francs the kilogramme. To manufacturers of dyes and colours it offers a twofold advantage—moderate cost, and freedom from the risk of explosion that attends the use of nitrate of methyl.

Foreign journals report that experiments have been made at Langenschwalbach in Prussia with a view to utilise the fibre of the common nettle. It was found that when treated in the same way as hemp, the fibre came out as soft as silk and as strong as linen; and this result being regarded as encouraging, a large plantation of nettles has been made to provide material for experiments on a larger scale.

In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, interesting particulars are given of the progress of tree-planting in the United States, from which we gather that so far the results are satisfactory, especially in the treeless regions of the north-west. In Kansas and Nebraska, forest-growth is increasing rapidly from two causes—(1) 'the arrest of prairie-fires by cultivation, and the consequent spontaneous springing up on uncultivated portions of a thick growth of young trees; and (2) the planting of forests, now doubly stimulated by legislative encouragement and by assured profit. Besides which, the planter finds increased comfort; and it is claimed that a public benefit is already perceptible in a modification of the climate, particularly in the way of assuaging the severity of the once unimpeded winds.'

Minnesota has taken up the work with enthusiasm, and has already thousands of acres of young growing trees. In California, more than two hundred thousand of the Australian Eucalyptus have been planted; and the Central Pacific Railroad Company are about to plant eight hundred thousand more of the same kind in different places along their line of railway. Such being the initiatory results, we may safely predict that meteorologists of the next generation will have something to record concerning change and amelioration of climate in the United States.

William Penn's advice to his colonists was, in clearing their lands, to leave one acre in five covered with wood. A tabular statement of the proportions of forest remaining in different countries shews Portugal, 4·40 per cent.; Great Britain, 5; Denmark, 5·50; Spain, 5·52; Holland, 7·10; France, 16·79; Belgium, 18·52; Italy, 20·7; Germany, 26; Sweden, 60; and Norway, 66. There is an intimate connection between forests and water supply; and it is important that care should be taken to protect springs and the headwaters of rivers by judicious planting.

The almost unbearable sultriness of some weeks of summer in the United States, has occasioned many attempts at cooling the air of dwelling-houses, not one of which has as yet proved successful. Among the latest are the use of large quantities of ice to produce a chilly atmosphere and thereby temper the heat; and the employment of large air-pumps to compress the air up

to the point when it heats the vessel in which it is contained, then to allow a portion of the air to expand, which is accompanied by an immediate lowering of the temperature. This last is an entirely philosophical way of cooling, which might even be used for the manufacture of ice; but the great cost of working it would prove fatal to its adoption.

Mr De Rance of the Geological Survey has communicated a paper to the Manchester Geological Society, 'On the Palæozoic and Secondary Rocks of England as a Source of Water Supply for Towns and Districts,' which contains much useful information on a subject growing every year more important, inasmuch as the demand for water increases, while springs and rivers do not increase. Instances are given which shew how vast are the underground stores of water within the region occupied by the rocks above named. A spring at Barrow-in-Furness yields from a depth of two hundred and fifty feet, thirteen thousand five hundred gallons of water daily. Nearly three million gallons a day are pumped from a single well at Liverpool. Three-fourths of the seven million five hundred thousand gallons supplied daily to Birmingham is got from wells in the 'New Red,' and the water is described as 'of a uniformly excellent quality,' and the Perry well as 'one of the best waters for dietetic and domestic purposes' ever inspected by the Rivers Pollution Commissioners. Kidderminster has deep wells, one of which gives one hundred thousand gallons a day, and yet 'the domestic supply is entirely derived from dangerously polluted shallow wells and streams.'

It is worth remark that the towns with a hard-water supply have a lower death-rate than towns where the water is soft. In manufacturing districts the atmosphere is dirty, 'full of products of respiration of animal life, animal and vegetable waste and decay, and fumes of manufacturing processes, which, carried by the winds, hang suspended until condensation of moisture takes place, and are entangled in the minute globules of water-forming clouds.'

'Half a pint of rain-water often condenses out of three thousand three hundred and seventy-three cubic feet of air—the quantity of air a man would breathe in eight days, so that in drinking that quantity he swallows an amount of impurity that would reach his lungs from the air in eight days only.'

The well-water at Burton-on-Trent contains sulphate of lime, and to this it is believed the pre-eminence of Burton beer is due. The water on its way to the wells dissolves large quantities of gypsum from the rocks through which it passes; and Mr Griess, F.R.S., a chemist at Burton, states, that assuming the annual brewing of beer in the town to be one million four hundred thousand barrels, the quantity of gypsum contained therein and swallowed in various parts of the world will be three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

At Oxford an artesian well 420 feet deep, bored in 1832, contains salines in abundance, 1277 grains per gallon, and in its 'large proportion of sulphates, most nearly resembles some of the German mineral waters, such as Friedrichshall and Rehme.' Compared with the Cheltenham water, it is nearly twice as rich in mineral constituents.

After a survey of the whole region, the reporter

says: 'From our traverse of the water-bearing strata of England, we arrive at the conclusion that several millions of our population live on areas capable of being supplied with immense stores of pure waters contained in the Permian and New Red Sandstones, the Lower and Great Oolites, the Greensand, and the Chalk, though this population is at present suffering all the ills resulting from a polluted water supply.' And that 'in the case of the Chalk in the valley of the Thames, great care should be exercised in extracting any large volume of water by means of deep wells from the underground springs, from the fact that these maintain the steady dry weather flow of the river, to which great damage might be done by any permanent lowering of the saturation line, like that which has taken place through excessive pumping in the metropolitan area.'

A correspondent furnishes the following testimony concerning the use of zinc in boilers:

'I had a piece of cast zinc weighing thirty-five and a half pounds suspended on an iron hook inside one of my boilers, a thirty horse-power. I have no hesitation in recording my conviction that the zinc has prevented the formation of new scale, and that it has tended to loosen the old scale.'

On the other hand, another correspondent informs us that zinc in contact with the metal of a boiler has an electro-chemical action, the result of which is that iron, being of the two metals the most affected by oxidation, finds itself perpetually attacked during the ebullition of the water. No shale or other foreign substance can, therefore, adhere to the boiler, which is thus kept clean. This cleanliness, however, our correspondent fears, may be at the expense of thinning or eating away the boiler-plates, a result of the electro-chemical action. He adds that the remedy is more disastrous than the evil; and that those who at first were enthusiastic supporters of zinc have now changed their views.

We take the earliest opportunity of laying this side of the question before our readers.

A TENDER MEMORY.

A LITTLE footstep pattering on the floor,
A golden head laid gently on my knee:
A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,
And life is sad and desolate to me.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;
The light of God upon that baby brow;
A hush upon the tiny waxen face—
Our darling's but a tender mem'ry now.

Our grief nigh spent, we try to calmly think,
To ask ourselves half sternly—Is it right
That we should mourn that to eternal rest
Her infant form was laid by us to-night?

In later years her footsteps might have turned
Aside from paths that point the heavenly gate;
Perchance she might have heard the awful words:
'You cannot enter now—too late—too late.'

And, now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly sleeps:
Earth holds for her nor hope, nor grief, nor loss:
Another life has gained the pardon won
With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.

C. R. CRESSPI.



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STORY OF THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

A STRANGER with archaeological tastes on lately visiting Edinburgh asked a friend to point out to him the tomb of the Great Marquis of Montrose. The request was puzzling, for although it was known that the remains of Montrose had been buried in Edinburgh, people generally could tell nothing as to the situation of his tomb. The gentleman appealed to at length bethought himself from historical recollections that Montrose's tomb was somewhere in the church of St Giles, an old Gothic building that has undergone various vicissitudes. An eminent antiquary being consulted, the spot which had received the mangled remains of the Great Marquis was pointed out. It was a dark cavern, underneath the southern side of St Giles, reached by a flight of steps from the southern transept, and which cavern was occupied as a coal-cellar. On inspecting this dismal cavern, there was no vestige of tomb or any sepulchral ornament. The place was just a dirty, dingy coal-cellar, with a stove in one corner for sending warm air to the church above. We are not going to expatiate on so indecent a desecration; but will proceed to tell in a brief way the story of the distinguished man whose bones lie mouldering in that miserable coal-cellar.

The family of Graham, which attained to rank under the titular distinction of Montrose, is said to have settled in Scotland in the reign of David I., about the middle of the twelfth century. The principal line of the Grahams burst into distinction in the peerage in the reign of James I. of Scotland. Patrick Graham having been one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James, returned home in 1432, and was soon after created a peer as Baron Graham. The grandson of this personage was created Earl of Montrose in 1504. Hence there was a succession of several earls, whom it is unnecessary to individualise, until we come to James, fifth Earl of Montrose, born in 1612, and who succeeded his father in 1626. Now comes the history of the notable man of the family.

While a youth, James Graham was sent to the University of St Andrews by his guardian and brother-in-law, Archibald, Lord Napier, son of the famous inventor of logarithms. He was an apt if not an ardent student, and during the two or three seasons of his attendance at college, acquired a respectable amount of classical knowledge, besides exhibiting a genuine predilection for literature, which the stormy character of his after-life never quite destroyed. He married while still a young man, and had two sons. Returning from foreign travel, the young Earl of Montrose arrived about the time when Charles I. began his fatal struggle with the English parliament, and when Scotland was in a state of religious perturbation. In all quarters, things were verging towards a civil war—on the one side royalists, on the other Puritans and Covenanters. It was a grave crisis, and a young man entering the world behaved seriously to consider to which party he would attach himself. Naturally, from family tradition and his own fervour of character, the Earl of Montrose would probably have declared himself for the royalists; but he took part with the majority of the nation, who, in the first place, honestly contending for civil and religious liberty, were not aware that in revolutionary progress there is usually a lower depth, in which anarchy ends in military despotism. It was distinctly so on the present occasion, and in not a very long time did Montrose see that he had been too precipitate in his choice of party. At first, he zealously took part in framing the famous National Covenant, 1638; and in the year following he made three military expeditions to overawe the royalists in Aberdeenshire.

For a time, national distractions were allayed by concessions made by Charles I., who, in a conciliatory spirit, invited the leading Covenanted nobles to meet him at Berwick. By attending this meeting, Montrose is alleged to have been henceforth more lukewarm in the cause he had espoused. Yet, in 1640, when a Scottish force crossed the Tweed under the command of Leslie, in order to join the troops of the Parliament at

York, Montrose was the first man who forded the river. Recalled to Scotland, he was accused of plotting against Argyll, who occupied a prominent place in the Scottish Estates, and was confined in Edinburgh Castle, where he remained till the beginning of 1642, when he was set at liberty. Whether from the indignity he felt at his treatment by Argyll on this occasion, or from a growing conviction that he had erred in attaching himself to the popular party, Montrose soon broke with the Covenanters, and privately ranged himself on the side of the king.

Set right, as he considered, in the line of duty at a tremendous national struggle, Montrose plunged with heroic energy into the cause of Charles I., which was already almost desperate. Erecting the royal standard at Dumfries, he was excommunicated by the Commission of the General Assembly, 1644, and obliged to retire into England. In the same year, in reward for his loyalty, the king raised him to the dignity of Marquis of Montrose. After the defeat of Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, he left his men with that general, and returned to Scotland in the hope of raising forces in the Highlands. Now may be said to begin his most brilliant military exploits. For a time he travelled in the disguise of a groom with only two attendants—a circumstance that Sir Walter Scott has made use of in his *Legend of Montrose*. There is hardly anything in British history more chivalrous than what ensued. In a marvellous manner gathering together troops, Montrose attacked an army of the Covenanters, consisting of upwards of six thousand foot and horse, at Tippermuir, 1st September 1644, totally routed them, and took their artillery and baggage, without losing a man. Perth immediately surrendered to Montrose, and he had some further successes; but threatened by a superior force under the Marquis of Argyll, he retreated northwards into Badenoch, and thence sweeping down into Argyllshire, he mercilessly ravaged the country of the Campbells. Exasperated with the devastation of his estates, Argyll marched against Montrose, who, not waiting to be attacked, surprised the army of the Covenanters at Inverlochy, 2d February 1645, and totally defeated them, with the loss of only four or five men.

Brilliant as were these victories, they had no abiding influence in quenching this terrible civil war. It was a game of winning and losing; and looking to the fact that the Scotch generally took the side of the Covenant, the struggle was almost hopeless. Still Montrose was undaunted. After the Inverlochy affair, he went southwards through Elgin and Banff into Aberdeenshire, carrying everything before him. There was now nothing to prevent his march south, and he set out with a force of from five thousand to six thousand men. Crossing the Forth at the fords of Frew, eight miles above Stirling, he drew his army through the hilly ground in the centre of Stirlingshire, apparently designing to attack Glasgow. But

before executing that purpose, he was overtaken by Baillie at Kilsyth, and obliged to come to an engagement.

Montrose was well posted among a cluster of cottages and gardens, and his men had little to apprehend in case of attack. They, however, felt discouraged on observing a horse regiment which took up its position opposite to them. When the royalists saw the breast-plates of these men glittering in the sun, they could not help expressing some reluctance to charge them, complaining that they had to fight men clothed in iron, on whose persons their swords could be of no avail. Montrose overheard the muttering which went on along the line; and he no sooner heard it, than his ready genius suggested an idea, by which he might not only obviate the evil effects which it was calculated to produce, but even turn to his own advantage the circumstance which occasioned it. 'Gentlemen,' he said to the cavalry around him, 'do you see these cowardly rascals whom you beat at Tippermuir and Auldearn? Their officers, I declare, have at last found it impossible to bring them again before you, without first securing them against your blows with coats of mail. To shew our contempt for them, we'll fight them, if you please, in our shirts.'

With this brilliant sally, Montrose threw off his own coat and waistcoat, buckled up the sleeves of his shirt, and drawing his sword with an air of peculiar resolution and ferocity, immediately stood before them a perfect living statue or model of all that can be conceived terrific in the appearance of a soldier. His cavalry, who heard his address, were the first to imitate his example; and from them the enthusiasm of the moment speedily spread to the remoter ranks of the Highlanders and Irish. The proposal being, indeed, recommended by the heat of the day, it was everywhere received with applause. The horsemen contented themselves with merely taking off their upper garments, and buckling up their shirt sleeves; but the foot stripped their whole persons, even to their feet, retaining only their shirts, the skirts of which they tied betwixt their legs, while they also bared their arms to the shoulder. The people of this district of Scotland still retain a terrible remembrance of Montrose's half-naked army.

The battle soon commenced. Terrified beyond measure by the appearance of the naked and savage-looking royalists, certain regiments which Baillie had brought into the field, turned and dispersed themselves in every direction over the wide irregular country behind them. Montrose's men immediately gave chase. Those on horseback alone escaped. The Marquis of Argyll did not stop till he reached the little port of South Queensferry, upwards of twenty miles from the fatal field, where, taking boat, he got on board a vessel lying in the Firth of Forth, and so stood out to sea. The number of slain was upwards of six thousand, with very few killed on the side of the royalists.

The victory so effected, 15th August 1645, was the greatest Montrose ever gained. His triumph was complete, for the victory of Kilsyth put him in possession of the whole of Scotland. The government of the country was broken up; every organ of the recent administration, civil and ecclesiastical, at once vanished. The conqueror was hailed as 'the Great Marquis of Montrose.'

Glasgow yielded him tribute and homage; counties and burghs compounded for mercy. The city of Edinburgh humbly deprecated his vengeance, and implored his pardon and forgiveness. While encamped at Bothwell, he received a commission from Charles I., constituting him Lieutenant-governor of Scotland, and general of all his Majesty's forces there. He was also honoured with a communication to proceed towards the border, and there fall upon the Scottish army in the north of England.

It was easy for the king in his great straits in England to invest him with supreme authority. Montrose had not the power to execute the orders imposed on him. His army melted away, for he had no means of securing adherence. Nominally at the head of power, he was in fact powerless. With all his masterly ability, he had been only a successful commander in a kind of guerrilla warfare—not the appointed and trusted generalissimo of a kingdom. It may be admitted that he had nominally restored the royal authority, and properly supported, all would have been right. As it was, his authority was but an empty pageant. Two months before the battle of Kilsyth, the royal forces in England were totally defeated at Naseby, and matters were tending towards the surrender of the king. The conquests of Montrose were, in fact, valueless. He had fought a great fight, and it was sad to think with how little avail. Perhaps he was not quite aware of the low pass which the king's affairs had reached in England; nor did he know that the members of the terrified Scotch Estates could at once bring across the border an overpowering squadron of those indomitable Ironsides which had laid the royal authority in the dust. Not without a degree of pity do we read what ensued.

As if nothing could interrupt him in his march to the southern border, Montrose set out with a considerably diminished army, consisting of no more than seven hundred foot and two hundred mounted gentlemen. When near the border, he learned that General Leslie had reached Berwick with a detachment to intercept him, whereupon he resolved to retreat to the Highlands, where he could manœuvre with some degree of advantage. Acting on this resolution, he arrived on the night of the 12th September at a plain called Philiphaugh, near the town of Selkirk, and there his small army was encamped, while he took up his quarters in the town. The scouts whom he sent out in all directions brought no tidings of Leslie and his forces, although as a matter of fact they were quartered in the village of Melrose, only a few miles distant. Thick mists are said to have been the cause of this want of information, which, however, we must impute to negligence or treachery. At all events, Leslie with a body of four thousand horse marched along the bank of the Tweed from Melrose in the morning of the 13th, and presented themselves to the small and dismayed body of royalists at Philiphaugh.

Montrose at the first note of alarm hurried on horseback from the town, and putting himself at the head of his small band of cavalry, met the huge force with a firmness perfectly admirable. He even managed with this little band to repulse and stagger the great squadrons which attacked them. Again they came up to the charge; and again they were driven back. The bravery dis-

played by these desperate few was all in vain. A detachment that Leslie had sent to make a circuit and fall on the rear of the royalists, at this moment came down with flashing sabres on Montrose's small band of heroes, and at once decided the fate of the day. Finding themselves in danger of being completely surrounded and cut off, the party which had been led by Montrose broke away, making off through such portions of the field as seemed clearest of the enemy, each providing as he best might for his own safety. For a short time Montrose continued to fight in a sort of despair, supported by thirty brave friends who stuck to him. At length, on being entreated to spare himself for the sake of the royal cause, he gave the word to retreat, and the mass of Leslie's army made no attempt to oppose him.

With a few trusty followers on horseback, Montrose passed over the wild hilly ground to Peebles. There he rested for a night with his followers, previous to making his retreat to the Highlands.

On the flight of Montrose from Philiphaugh, his little army surrendered themselves prisoners. For safe custody, they were conducted to Newark Castle, an ancient mansion belonging to the Buccleuch family, at the opening to the vale of Yarrow. Confined to the courtyard of the castle, the prisoners expected that their lives would be spared. With no wish to commit an act unwarranted by the usages of war, Leslie was disposed to be merciful; but constrained by the solicitations or commands of his gloomy ecclesiastical associates, he caused the whole to be shot by his troopers—a base act that remains a stain on his character. It was a horrid massacre. The spot where the poor wretches were buried in a field in the neighbourhood, is still called 'the Slain Men's Lee.'

The battle of Philiphaugh, which lasted little more than half an hour, was fought on Saturday 13th September 1645. By the victory, all that had been effected by the battle of Kilsyth was undone. Montrose was a helpless wanderer. His attempts to raise a fresh insurrection in favour of the royal authority were abortive, and at length were put a stop to by the surrender of Charles I. to parliamentary commissioners, followed by the king's withdrawal of his commission. Till more auspicious times, Montrose went abroad. At Paris, he became acquainted with Cardinal de Retz; and that penetrating judge describes him in his Memoirs as one of those heroes, of whom there are no longer any specimens in the world, and who are only to be met with in Plutarch.

We now come to the last act in this melancholy drama. Hearing of the death of Charles I., Montrose offered his services to Charles II., who was residing as a refugee at the Hague, and by him was authorised to conduct a fresh expedition into Scotland. He entered on this enterprise with his usual spirit; landing at Orkney with some forces early in 1650. The campaign was of short duration. In passing through the county of Sutherland, his party were intercepted by General Strachan, and dispersed. Montrose wandered about for some time in the mountainous country, in which he was nearly starved for want of food. At length he was taken prisoner, and sent on to Edinburgh, at which he was aware an ignominious death awaited him.

On Saturday 18th May, the captured hero was brought into Edinburgh by the gateway at the foot of the Canongate. Here commenced the series of ignominious inflictions, which had been decreed by the committee of the Scotch Estates. He was in the first place commanded by the hangman to uncover himself in obedience to the terms of his sentence. On his refusing or hesitating to do so, the hangman rudely snatched off his hat, and took it away from him. He was then placed in a cart, which had been constructed on purpose for his transportation through the city, and which was peculiarly calculated to exhibit his person to the crowd. Bound in a tall chair, he was carted to the Tolbooth, with every circumstance of disgrace. In going up the Canongate, the procession passed in front of Moray House, on the stone balcony of which stood the Marquis of Argyll and his family, to see the show.

On the Monday following this degrading exhibition, Montrose was brought by summons before parliament. Before this tribunal he delivered a pathetic and manly appeal, vindicating his actions; and in particular shewing that he had changed his original principles only on discovering that certain leaders of the Covenanting party designed to take the life of the king and to subvert the monarchy, which in point of fact had been done. His address, of course, made no impression on his hearers. He was sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and dismembered next day at three o'clock. He heard his doom with dauntless fortitude. In the ensuing night he reduced his last sentiment to verse, and inscribed it on the window of his cell. The lines were afterwards found to run as follows:

'Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake;
Scatter my ashes, throw them in the air;
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms
are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.'

Any account of the execution of Montrose must necessarily be passed over. It is sufficient to say that dressed ceremoniously as if for a festive occasion, he submitted with dignity to his fate. After-life was extinct, his body was dismembered on the scaffold; his head stuck on a pike at the west end of the prison or Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and other parts of his person placed over the gateways of different towns; while the trunk was buried underneath the gallows, on the Borough-muir. Thus perished the Great Marquis of Montrose, May 21, 1650. At the time, the body which held rule in Scotland doubtless felt justified in what they did; but, as everybody is aware, they were destined to undergo a speedy and fearful awakening. In less than six months afterwards, September 3, Oliver Cromwell defeated the Scotch under Leslie at Dunbar; following on which, a year later, was the defeat at Worcester, whereupon all that the Covenanting party had been contending for was ruthlessly stamped out.

So matters remained until 1660, when monarchy was restored in the person of Charles II. A revulsion of feeling now ensued regarding Montrose. His scattered remains were collected and deposited in the Abbey Church of Holyrood,

where they remained till 14th May 1661, when the body was, with the greatest solemnity and magnificence, carried to the church of St Giles, and interred in the vault underneath the Montrose aisle—a vault which has been tastelessly suffered to degenerate into the coal-cellar already alluded to. It is to be hoped that something will be done to restore the aisle and the vault in a manner befitting the memory of the Great Marquis.

Little can be said of Montrose's family. Of his two sons, the elder pre-deceased him; and he was succeeded by his other son, James, as second Marquis, to whom the title was restored. There was hence a regular succession till the present day. James, the fourth Marquis, who took an active part in promoting the Union, was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Montrose, 1707. The present peer succeeded as fifth Duke, 1874.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLV.—MRS DIVER'S REMINISCENCES.

ARRIVING in front of the *Dolphin*, which still designated itself as 'hotel and posting-house,' and of which in old times the most lucrative part of the business had probably been that which was mixed up with bright-coloured jackets and mahogany topped boots, Lord Harrogate hesitated. He did not quite like, accompanied by a policeman in plain clothes, to ring the bell, and ask for information concerning the events of almost twenty years before. Nevertheless he rang the bell. 'I wish,' he said, 'to see the landlord or the landlady.'

'Mrs Diver, sir, is it?' demanded the goggle-eyed waiter, neat enough as to his black raiment, clean enough as to his napkin and cravat, who answered the summons, but a Milesian confessed, whose Irishisms were a source of grief to his good mistress. Such as he was, Tim—he heroically repudiated the English diminutive of his Christian name, and stuck to the monosyllable by which he had been called in County Carlow—was the head-waiter of the *Dolphin*. A first-rate town-made waiter was too costly an article for that reduced establishment. Mrs Diver, worthy soul, would as soon have harboured a Chinese as a German. Were not both foreigners alike? So she chose an Irishman, and drilled him as best she might. Mrs Diver herself, when the visitors had been inducted into her particular parlour, was seen to be precisely that typical landlady of which it is a pity that the British Museum should not secure a stuffed specimen before it becomes extinct. Fat, fair, and comely she had been, no doubt, at the date concerning which she had to be questioned; and now she was as a photograph of her former buxom self, a little less fat, a trifle less firm of substance, with cheeks slightly thinner, and the marks that Time's rude finger had traced around her eyes a little deeper than had then been the case.

A good manager, a pattern landlady according to her code of manners, with a fine memory for the names of the young ladies and the ages of the young gentlemen belonging to the county families whose patronage was her pride, had Mrs Diver ever been. Her kind thoughtful face must have

been amongst the pleasantest of the early recollections of many a youngster doomed to serve, and possibly to die, in the heavy heat and amid the parching dust-storms of India. Her bills were not too long. The old *Dolphin* had never been a dear hotel; but Mrs Diver must have made money, for she weathered the bad times that followed her halcyon period of prosperity, and kept the ancient sign of the ancient house still aloft.

Mrs Diver was more flustered than she cared to own, when once she had been given to understand the rank and condition of the two 'gentlemen from London' who desired a few minutes' conversation with her. With squires and their squiressees, with bishops and their ladies, archdeacons and their wives, and baronets and their dames, her way of life had made her tolerably familiar. But she had only twice spoken with a lord, and with a detective—never. And of the two strangers, although she revered the lord, she dreaded the detective the most, crediting the inspector with a more than human insight into those cupboards in which we all keep, under lock and key, the proverbial skeleton.

'You see, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, with a little cough—the cough deprecatory—'there have been so many children brought here—more especially years ago, when, I don't mind saying in confidence, business was brisker, very much brisker than I find it now.'

In uttering this sentence she glanced twice at the policeman; first, as though he might possibly have catalogued all the children who had ever occupied a dinnity curtained cot at the *Dolphin*, and secondly, as if his professional vision could pierce the marbled binding of her ledger, and gauge her gains and losses with the precision of an accountant engaged to 'wind up' the affairs of the family hotel.

'My question,' said Lord Harrogate, 'referred to a particular year [mentioning the date], and to a child's having been brought here under circumstances somewhat unusual.'

'Which, from information I have received,' hinted Inspector Drew, 'I believe to have been the case.'

'A little boy, or a little girl?' asked Mrs Diver, knitting her brows, as visibly ransacking the store-house of her memory.

'A little girl certainly,' returned Lord Harrogate.

'Ah, my lord, there it is!' was Mrs Diver's provoking response; 'because, if it had been a boy, there was one brought here that very year, I think—but it's in black and white in my books—all alone, with three foreign servants, two of them heathens from India, and the third a Frenchman, who similarly wore gold rings, only his were in his ears, and theirs in their noses—Master John Budgeon—papa supposed to be a Nabob enormously rich—sent here for the sea-bathing, and having water on the brain, and a head as big as four, died, poor lad, at the *Dolphin*, No. 23—which was much regretted.'

'Your memory, I find, Mrs Diver, is an excellent one,' said Lord Harrogate. 'Can you not tax it still further; and remember another child—a girl this time, who was your guest in that same year, somewhat oddly?'

The landlady shook her head. 'Nothing odd,' she said demurely, 'comes here, preferring other

establishments where the ways may be better suited to taste. Though, in my father's time—for we have kept this house, my lord, for three generations—I can just remember Mr Romeo Coates, though I believe such was not his Christian name, with the gold cocks on the blinkers of his horses, and the splash-board, and the hammer-cloth, quite a sight to see—eccentric, they said, but a capital customer. No; I recollect no other child in particular that year except Miss Ada, Sir Thomas Claypole's youngest daughter, that came to Sandston with her parents after the measles; and—let me see, yes, Miss Gray—Ruth, as they called her then—Ethel, as we called her afterwards. She came to Sandston that year.'

'Who called her Ruth?' exclaimed Lord Harrogate, forgetting his diplomacy in his astonishment, while the inspector screwed up his mouth as though whistling silently. Mrs Diver elevated her broad eyebrows a very little.

'Dear me,' she said, with a quick glance at her visitors, 'I hope nothing is intended as to the dear young lady that she might not like?'

'Nothing, nothing; I assure you of that, Mrs Diver,' said Lord Harrogate; and Mrs Diver took another look at the handsome eager face of the young man, and gave full credence to what he said. Her womanly interest in matches actual or problematic made her sharp-sighted in such a case, and enabled her to conjecture with tolerable accuracy how matters stood.

'It's a wonderful chance for her, without a penny to her fortune, and husbands growing scarcer, they say, every day. A lord! But if he were a prince, and could make her a queen one day, he'd not be a bit too good for her,' thought Mrs Diver, as she went on slowly and smilingly: 'They called her Ruth at first; so no doubt 'tis her own old name, though she has very likely forgotten it; and I for one was careful never to call her anything but Miss Ethel, to please Mrs Keating, our vicar's wife, who adopted her, that is, after Mrs Linklater, good soul, was taken from us.'

The inspector's note-book was out by this time and up his sleeve, in which awkward position its owner occupied himself in stealthily taking notes.

'Of Mrs Keating, the wife of your clergyman here, and a college friend of my father's, I have heard before,' said Lord Harrogate. 'I think, but am not sure, that I have also heard of Mrs Linklater—as a mere name, however, which conveys no very distinct ideas.'

'Mrs Linklater, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, smoothing out with her fat fore-finger a crease in her well-worn gown of black silk, 'was the landlady of a lodging-house here in Sandston, No. 9 Bouverie Villas, as respectable a church-going charitable woman as ever I knew, and the widow of a customs-officer, who missed his footing on the cliff-path one moonless night. And when this Mr Gray—from Australia, so I understood, and early left a widower—with this one little child to care for, came and stopped at the *Dolphin*, and then inquired for good lodgings, kept by careful people, with whom he could leave his little daughter during an occasional absence which business would render necessary, what could I do better than to recommend Mrs Linklater's apartments?'

The substance of what Mrs Diver had to tell was briefly this. At the precise period concerning which information was desired, there had arrived in Sandston a gentleman named Gray, a widower, with one child under his care, and who, by his own account, had newly returned from Australia. A handsome, somewhat melancholy gentleman, and apparently well to do in the world, was this Mr Gray. He attracted much notice, and a good deal of sympathy, during his short stay at the quiet East Anglian bathing-place. He still wore mourning, as deep as the new black frock and black ribbons of the tiny baby-girl whose waxen fingers rested passively in the strong hand that supported her weak steps.

'The little thing'—such was the remark of a critical old maid—'does not seem to take very much to her papa.'

And such was certainly the case. The orphaned child did not cling to her father's caressing hand, meet his kind glance, or nestle beside him, as other bereaved little ones so often learn to do. No man can ever be to a child what a mother is; but children are usually wondrous quick to find out those who love them. As it was, small Ruth Gray had a strange, scared look, would glance around her as if in piteous search for some lost object, and would then fall to weeping, and need kisses and soothing words—seldom lacking, so naturally did her motherless state knock at the door of all women's hearts—to lull her grief to sleep.

Meanwhile, nothing could be more satisfactory than the conduct of Mr Gray. He did not indeed hire, as a wealthier man would have done, a trained nurse for the child. But he engaged Mrs Linklater's somewhat expensive apartments for two months certain, and assented to that excellent lady's suggestion as to enlisting what she called 'a cheap girl' as Ruth's attendant.

'I'll be head-nurse, I'm sure sir, most willing,' said soft-hearted Mrs Linklater, who idolised children, and who had none of her own left since the sad day on which her one bold, fair-haired boy was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-yawl.

The gossips of Sandston did not see very much, after all, of the disconsolate widower from Australia. On the sixth day, whether by letter or by telegram, Mr Gray was summoned away in hot haste. Purse in hand, he announced his intended absence for ten days. Ruth must, of course, be left under Mrs Linklater's wing. Mr Gray paid for everything in advance, and with a liberality which the landlady's intimate friends, assembled round the social teapot in the back-parlour, declared to be that of a true gentleman.

It was often remembered in after-years, that parting of the widower from his little daughter, and how he had stooped to put the soft cheek of the large-eyed child, who had shrunk, palpably shrunk, away from him, holding tight to the skirts of honest Mrs Linklater. The landlady had felt compelled to apologise for the undutiful coldness of her orphaned charge. 'Poor darlings, they're often so,' she had said. And then grave Mr Gray had smiled a little oddly, and had said a word or two of leave-taking, and left the house.

Mr Gray's absence lasted more than ten days. It lasted more than ten weeks, ten months, ten years. Sandston saw the Australian widower no more. A London solicitor wrote formally and

frigidly to say that he was commissioned by his client, Mr Gray, unavoidably recalled to the antipodes, to make certain half-yearly payments for the maintenance and education of little Miss Gray. Many an honest woman in Mrs Linklater's position would have resented the stratagem, only too palpable, by which she had been tricked into taking the charge of a stranger's child. But Mrs Linklater was not hard-natured, and to have been angry with Mr Gray's innocent little girl because of Mr Gray's duplicity was an altitude of austere virtue beyond her reach.

How the deserted child grew up beautiful, lovable, and loved by such few friends as sympathy for her desolate estate, and none the less for her winning ways, procured her—how the lawyer ceased to remit money, and Mr Gray kept a silence never to be broken—how Mrs Linklater died, and Mrs Keating took home the child to the parsonage, calling her Ruth no longer, but Ethel, in memory of a little daughter of her own, loved and lost—and how, finally, when Mrs Keating was ordered to the south of France by her physician, Miss Gray had sought and obtained the situation of a village schoolmistress—these things did Mrs Diver copiously narrate.

Then Lord Harrogate tried the effect of a few questions, the inspector sitting silent and watchful, with much the same expression on his face which we may notice on that of an intelligent collie-dog while his master is bargaining in fair or market concerning the fleeces or the mutton of those sheep that weigh so heavily, as regards their safe keeping, on the dog's sensitive conscience.

Was Mr Gray alone when he first appeared in Sandston? Yes; to the best of Mrs Diver's knowledge, quite alone. He brought no servant with him, and was quite unaccompanied, save by the child. Could Mrs Diver remember to have noticed at that time any rough suspicious-looking stranger hanging about the place? Or to have heard that Mr Gray had been seen conferring with such a person during his short stay? Again the reply was in the negative.

'Bad people as well as good people,' said the landlady of the *Dolphin*, 'come to Sandston, as to other places, and we have incurred loss at the hotel, as often occurs in our line, in consequence of such. There was a seafaring fellow prying about this very year in our yard and tap-room and where not, who meant no good, unless his looks belied him; and very careful I bade the barnmaid and waiter be with the spoons, until he took his ugly face away with him. But Mr Gray was too much the gentleman to consort with such.'

At mention of a seafaring man of sinister mien who had been lurking about the *Dolphin* that very year, the inspector had pricked up his ears with canine sharpness, while Lord Harrogate inquired whether Mrs Diver had ever before seen the person of whom she spoke, and whether she had heard his name.

'Well, no, my lord,' said Mrs Diver, after a moment's consideration; 'I can't call to mind that I did. And as for his name, why, I had the curiosity, for a wonder, to ask it of Will Ostler, that acknowledged having been treated by him to beer and likewise spirits, for he was always talking with such of our servants as would listen to him. But nobody knew his name; and if

asked about it, he used to answer with a laugh that it was "Hans in Kelder," and that he had been long enough among the Dutchmen to have learned that "Hans in Kelder" was a good name to sail under in strange latitudes.'

'It's a common answer among foreign seamen down by the Docks, who don't choose to give their real names,' remarked the detective, in explanation. "'Jack in the Cellar" would be the plain English of it.'

Dr and Mrs Keating, it appeared, were still on the continent; nor did it seem likely that their presence in Sandston would have added anything material to the stock of facts already gleaned. Opinions, in the place, had been divided with regard to Mr Gray, one set of gossips holding him to have been a heartless and unprincipled man; while another more charitably inclined to the belief that he had died in the course of his wanderings, and that his non-return from the antipodes was due to the fact that he no longer lived to revisit his native country and claim his daughter.

'I recollect, as if it were yesterday,' said the landlady, who was pleased to have a sympathetic listener, and flattered that the listener should be of patrician rank, 'when first I set eyes on Mr Gray, and the little angel, with her lovely little face all scared and wonder-stricken, as one may say. She took to me pretty soon, the darling—children mostly do, I'm glad to say; but she seemed as though her natural playfulness was frightened away, perhaps by the journey and the strange places, and I could not get her to smile. The first things that seemed to interest her were some great shells that a brother of mine had brought me back from the South Seas, and that were then on the chimney-piece in No. 36—that was the number of the sitting-room.'

Lord Harrogate remembered what Ethel had said as to the shells that were among her own earliest memories; and his heart beat the quicker as Mrs Diver added, smiling: 'Those, my lord, are the very shells, brought down two months ago, to my parlour here, when we refurnished 36—those big pink ones with the long spikes, and most of the furniture you see was in No. 36 in the year your lordship mentioned. This, for instance;' and as Mrs Diver spoke, she rose to call attention to a handsome lacquer-work cabinet, the work of some cunning artisan, Japanese or Chinese, in the Far East. 'A present too, from my brother Joe, and which old General Tiffin—afterwards Sir Samuel Tiffin—greatly admired when he stayed here. I remember shewing the dear child—meaning Miss Gray—the drawers, to amuse her, and how they jumped open when these little ivory knobs were touched.'

And Mrs Diver, suiting the action to the word, pressed her finger on two or three of the knobs successively, when lo! open flew shallow drawers of varying width, giving out a faint scent of sandalwood, and disclosing scraps of lacework, beads, skeins of Berlin-wool and coloured silk, and other useless relics of the past. Amidst these there appeared an object on which the inspector, mute and vigilant till then, pounced with the swoop of an osprey, and catching it up between his finger and thumb, exclaimed: 'By your leave! You'll bear me out, my lord, and this good lady too, how this turned up! It was a losing hand,

to my mind, when we began to play; but now the game's our own, or I am not Inspector Drew of the detectives. A clear case, to my mind, for any jury.'

THE CLOCK AND BELL OF WESTMINSTER.

THE mechanical and financial difficulties which chequered the early history of the mighty clock and bell of Westminster were pretty well known to the readers of *Chambers's Journal* some years ago. But there are reasons why a rapid glance at recent proceedings would be acceptable. The great clock has had ample opportunity of proving its truly wonderful excellences; Big Ben the bell too has told his story well; and experts have within the last few years been ascertaining in what way both have been doing their work, and how proudly they deserve their reputation.

The opportunity has arisen in the following way. There is in London a Society called the *Horological Institute*, the members of which are mostly clock and watch makers of the busy Clerkenwell district. On three or four occasions these members have been invited to visit the clock-room at the Westminster Palace, there to see what is to be seen, and to hear explanations either from the maker or the designer. The latter (in past years known as Mr E. Beckett Denison, now as Sir Edmund Beckett) is one of the most skilful amateur mechanicians in England; and he it is whose plans have been virtually carried out in the construction of the great clock. The second visit of the Institute, in 1872, was to celebrate the 'coming of age' of the clock twenty-one years after the agreement for its manufacture had been signed. On the third visit, in 1875, the members in their examination of the clock were attended by Sir Edmund Beckett himself. A fourth visit was paid in 1877. Every visit is a 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;' for an ascent has to be made up three or four hundred steps, and then the room is far too small to admit all who have been invited. The clock when finished had to wait some years for the finishing of the tower; and then the tower was found too small for Big Ben to be hauled up within it, except by placing the poor fellow temporarily on his side.

The clock is indeed a grand work. The four dials, facing the four points of the compass, are each so large that (in Sir Edmund's words) 'there are but few rooms in London that would contain one of them on the floor.' They are more than twenty-two feet in diameter; the framework, figures, and divisions are of iron, and the spaces filled in with opalescent glass. The figures are two feet high; and the minute-marks nearly twelve inches apart—little as we may think it when looking up at the clock from Palace Yard. The minute-hand, with its counterweight and central boss, is about two hundredweight. This, however, is little more than one-third as much as the

original hand designed by Sir Charles Barry, which was so elaborate and intricate, so full of angles and quirks, that they interfered with the going of the clock. The present minute-hand is for the most part a flattened copper tube, and is eleven feet long without the counterweight. During a heavy snow-storm, a few winters ago, the mixture of snow and rain that fell on it pressed so heavily on it as to stop the going. The hands of the four dials are it is said the largest in the world, except those of the Mechin Clock—which are, however, only hour-hands, not comprising those which mark the minutes.

Large clock-hands of course require the descent of heavy weights to set them going. Those at Westminster are indeed heavy. No less a depth than a hundred and seventy feet in the clock-tower is allotted for the descent of the weight. Going-weights and striking-weights together, they require four thousand turns of a doubly manned winch-handle to wind up. Sir Edmund said to the Horologists: 'Various suggestions were made by ingenious people for dispensing with manual labour for winding; steam, water, the rise of the tide, and other things even more unlikely were recommended. My answer was that the winding and care of the clock would cost perhaps less than the interest on the automatic machinery or steam-engine; that any such machinery would be liable to get out of order, and would of course require a man to attend to it however automatic it might profess to be. Therefore, as I always prefer simple to complicated things, I prefer to have the winding done in the old-fashioned way, running no risk of failure. I got over the difficulty of the maintaining-power by directing the man to stop winding about a minute before each hour and quarter.'

As there are weights to set the noble clock going, so must there be a pendulum to regulate the motion when once produced; and it is a pendulum, in good sooth. It weighs nearly seven hundred pounds, is about thirteen feet long to the centre of oscillation, and fifteen feet total length. The rod which holds it consists of a perforated iron tube inside one of zinc. Every beat of the pendulum has to regulate the motion of something like a ton and a half of metal, in the forms of hands, counterweights, and clock-machinery; and yet so delicately is it suspended by a slip of spring steel that one single ounce placed upon it at a particular spot would affect the rate of regulation!

Wheels, weights, hands, pendulums—all have been so carefully planned and constructed, that the accuracy of the clock is something marvellous. The Astronomer-royal, Sir George Biddell Airy, gives it a very high character. We are told that the clock is *less than one second* wrong on two hundred days in the year; that the average for the whole year barely exceeds a second and a half; that it compares well, not only with any church clock, but bravely with the fine astronomical clock at Greenwich Observatory; and that the Royal Exchange clock, which had been regarded as the most accurate ever constructed, is now excelled by the clock at Westminster. 'In November 1875,' it is stated, 'the nights were so dark and murky, that for ten days none of the clock-stars' [a name given to the stars which measure or determine the true time by their position above the horizon]

'were visible; when they reappeared, it was found that the Observatory clock had gone a second and a half wrong through want of correction.' Big Ben's Companion had not erred so much in the interval, which speaks well for the excellence of all the working parts of a clock that has only been stopped five times in fourteen years. One of these occasions was when a fire in the tower had smoked the going and striking trains; another was by the snow-accumulation stopping the hands; the latest was in the autumn of last year, when the clock was purposely stopped during the painting and gilding of the upper part of the tower.

And now for the *Bells*, which audibly tell the world how time ceaselessly flies, or is moving on. The chimes, the four bells which denote the quarters, are pleasing in their harmony and well attuned; and those Londoners who have a familiarity with them may be interested in knowing the notes of the gamut which are given forth. The highest of the four is *G*, the next *F*, the third *E*, and the fourth or lowest *B*, the whole being attuned to the key of *E* natural or four sharps. Small as the bells are compared with Ben their giant companion, they are anything but small when compared with the chimes of other great clocks; their weights being greater than those of most hour-bells. Bells that range from four to six feet diameter at the mouth are anything but 'little.'

But Big Ben is the mighty chief. His tone is just an octave lower than that of the lowest chime-bell. Authorities, it must be admitted, differ somewhat concerning his exact dimensions; but we shall not be far wrong in saying that he weighs about fourteen tons (more than thirty thousand pounds), that he is nine feet in diameter at the mouth, nearly nine inches thick at the sound-bow, and that he requires a hammer of four hundredweight to strike him. Few people are aware that Ben is really cracked. The hammer first used, much too heavy for the purpose, wrought the mischief. It was then found, on examination of the inner and outer surfaces, and on analysis of the metal, that through defective casting the outside was harder and more brittle than the inside; the bell-metal had not been well mixed, the outside of the bell containing more tin and less copper than its due proportion. Nevertheless, as the tone is not found to be perceptibly injured, Ben is still able to ring out his magnificent bass voice. Whether the experts have any misgivings for the future, we know not.

As the five bells (the four chime-bells and Ben) take a long while to strike the hour, it has not unreasonably been asked which of the sounds denotes the actual time, the hour within a second or so of absolute accuracy? The arrangement, it appears, stands thus. The first stroke of quarter-past and half-past may be a few seconds wrong; the first stroke of the three-quarter chime is more nearly correct; the first of the hour-chime more correct still; but the first stroke of Ben himself denotes the true hour, the real 'What's o'clock?' As sound is not instantaneously conveyed to a distance, it follows that Ben is a little late when heard at distant spots. From a calculation which has been made, it appears that the sound takes ten seconds to travel to Euston and St Pancras Stations, Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Stations,

the Tower, Camberwell, Battersea Park, South Kensington Museum, and the bridge over the Serpentine; while the retardation amounts to twenty seconds at Kensal Green, Hampstead, Upper Holloway, Hackney, Victoria Park, Limehouse, Deptford, Dulwich, Tooting, Wandsworth, Fulham, and Hammersmith. In whatever part of the metropolis we may be, therefore, we can still set our watches accurately by Big Ben, by making these small allowances. An ingenious map has been published by the Horological Institute, setting forth these travel-distances of the sound of the mighty bell.

Situated in the immediate vicinity of the Houses of Parliament, the clock-tower, we may not unfittingly remark, tells the world in a very ingenious way whether Mr Speaker is 'sitting,' or whether the House has risen and the members gone their several ways. Experiments on many kinds of powerful artificial light have been made, to determine which is best suited to throw a brilliant beam visible from a distance. The rays are directed mostly to the north and the west, the region of the fashionable and parliamentary world; they begin to shine at dusk, when the House is sitting, and are extinguished when the sitting closes; at most of the club-houses a porter can ascertain by walking a few yards whether the light is in or not. The rays can be seen on a clear night from Primrose Hill.

A prodigious amount of public money has been spent upon these famous products of human skill, these admirable time-tellers. The official accounts narrate that the clock itself cost four thousand pounds; but that the suggestions, oppositions, doubts, difficulties, experiments, failures, &c. increased this sum enormously as the work went on. Sir Charles Barry's original dials and hands, and the alterations subsequently made, ran away with more than five thousand pounds, Big Ben and his four companions six thousand; while the extensive and massive framework, and the various arrangements for adjusting the whole at the top of a lofty tower, have augmented the outlay to a sum exceeding twenty-two thousand pounds sterling.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

ONE of the jolliest fellows on the tolerably long list of my acquaintance is Charles Filby; and though the wrong side of sixty as to age, he yet is as genial and as lively as many young men I wot of—livelier, in point of fact. I was seated with him after dinner, a few evenings since, enjoying the fragrant weed in perhaps as lovely a little retreat as the eye could possibly wish to behold—namely a Devonshire garden; and noting my friend's brows, during a lull in our pleasant chat, become suddenly clouded, I offered him the meagre sum of a penny for his thoughts.

'You shall have them free, gratis, for nothing, my boy,' was the rejoinder. 'Well, then, I was thinking of my lost diamonds, and moreover what a capital present the like would make for your "Darling Flossy" on her wedding morn. Wouldn't her bright eyes sparkle, eh? . . . Between you and me, Percy (and this is in strict confidence), she may—I say she *may* have such a present, in spite of my long-ago misfortune. I think the thing

by no means impossible. But I won't say who the donor will be. O dear, no! Not by any means!'

'You're a good fellow, Filby. Age hasn't robbed you of warmth of heart and generous feelings. But what about these lost diamonds you were thinking of? I'm all impatience to learn the details, especially as seeing our acquaintance has been of long standing, and this is the first time I've heard you even mention the matter.'

'For the best of all reasons, Percy—a man doesn't care to be laughed at for a greenhorn. The fact is no Englishman likes to be done; and when he *is*, prefers keeping his grievance to himself, rather than be laughed at for a "flat," or get that kind of milk-and-water sympathy which is as disgusting as it is insincere. However, I'll unbosom myself for once; and if you *do* elect to call me blockhead, I can't help it.

'You remember the time of the Crimea war? Of course you do though. Well, at that time I held a tolerably long lease of my old shop in Barbican. And Barbican as you know, used to be, whatever it is now, not the least important street in London town. Ah, the gold and silver refining trade *then* was in the zenith of its prosperity; at that time you could buy cheap and sell dear; besides, the profit accruing from ready-made jewellery and precious stones was not by any means meagre. I did not, it is true, keep much of a show in the window; but my customers knew that I had a rare and valuable stock in drawers inside, and that was enough alike for me and them.

'Well, my lad, as I have before said, it was the time of the Crimea war. It was about as near as I can remember eleven o'clock in the morning of a bitterly cold day in December—a Tuesday—when either the slush or the piercing biting cold, or the leaden ominous sky that loomed overhead and threatened a snowstorm, kept people who had money, by their fireside or in bed: indeed few people of any kind were abroad, and all things outside were as gruesome and dispiriting as they well could be. I had drawn near my counting-house fire, and was looking into the glowing coals, my thoughts very far away from Barbican, E. C. My imagination wandered to the seat of war, where such terrible privation and blood-freezing cold and acute suffering—rendered all the more so by shocking mismanagement—encompassed our poor brave fellows round about; and just as a deep sigh came from my lips, my shop-door opened and there entered a fine, tall, handsome-looking gentleman, who, by his dress and bearing, was evidently a clergyman. At least I thought so at the time, as would anybody else, for that matter. His attire was of the best material and make, and scrupulously neat; and his neck-band was as white as driven snow. Moreover, gold-rimmed spectacles and heavy seals depending from his watch-fob, gave him not only a highly respectable appearance but stamped him as wealthy withal. That's to say, I thought so. Well, up he marched to my counter with tolerably

long strides, removed his hat (of the first quality), and placed it upon my counter (his well arranged silver hair became him immensely), and gave me a "good-morning" and a smile which was incalculably pleasing and good to see. This man is a Christian: goodness and gentleness beam on every feature, I mentally told myself. I put on my very best manner and politely asked him his pleasure.

"I have been recommended to you, sir" (he mentioned a firm with which I dealt largely in the way of bar-silver). "I am given to understand," he continued, "that you have a varied and very valuable selection of ladies' diamond ornaments."

"I signified that such was really the case.

"Well," he proceeded, "I am somewhat anxious, sir, to see and examine some of your possessions. The fact is, my daughter—my only daughter, sir, a pure, sweet-tempered child—is on the eve of marriage, and I (naturally, you will say) am desirous of giving her a substantial wedding-present. Very good. Mind! I want nothing gaudy; nor—pardon me, Mr Filby—nor do I desire any artfully contrived specimen of the jeweller's art of deception. I want something solid and substantial—articles that *look* what they literally are—and I do not mind how high I go as to price."

"All this was fair and square and above-board. Undoubtedly my prospective customer, though a clergyman, was moreover an excellent man of business, and one that wouldn't brook trifling. I made up my mind to acquiesce to his every wish—and charge him as long a price as I reasonably could.

"I placed before him several trays of gems of exquisite workmanship, upon which I looked with pride. I expected, I must own, that my customer would appear surprised, to say the least, at the dazzling array. Not so, however. And that's to put it mildly; for when I uncovered my goods and looked up at him with a self-satisfied look on my face, there was a look on his which bore a semblance of indifference, not to say disdain. This nettled me somewhat; but on second thoughts I told myself that it was possible he, personally, did not care for the pomps and vanities of this world, though anxious to procure such commodities for his daughter.

"After careful examination, he selected a pair of diamond earrings (eighty pounds); a diamond bracelet (two hundred pounds); a butterfly brooch—one mass of glitter and dazzle—and a half-hoop diamond ring (the two, one hundred and fifty-two pounds ten shillings). A tolerably good-morning's work, you will say. We shall see.

"Well! after I had fitted the trinkets to superior cases, and when I had packed them in as small a compass as I well could, the reverend gentleman felt in his pockets for the money wherewith to pay me. He drew forth from his breast-pocket a goodly-sized Russia-leather case, and tenderly singling out some bank-notes and a cheque, proceeded to settle for his purchase.

"The cheque is good; you will perceive"—he began.

"My dear sir," I interrupted (the cheque was perfectly genuine, I was convinced, seeing that it bore the signature of the firm that had mentioned my name).

"I know what you would say, sir," he said,

holding up his hand, while a look of extreme shrewdness covered his face; "you would say that you have implicit faith in me. That is wrong—utterly wrong! As a business man, you should be ever careful. It behoves us all to be so at times. Clearly, you know me not; and deception abounds. For instance, I may not be a clergyman at all. I may, in fine, be none other than a knave—a wolf in sheep's clothing." Saying which, he laughed a laugh, which somehow or other seemed to grate upon my ear.

"However, he proceeded to pay me the amount due, as I have said.

"Let me see," he continued musingly; "it will be in all, four—three—two—ten. Good! If you will kindly look over these, Mr Filby, you will find there is threepence short of the required sum, which I will pay you in copper coin immediately." He removed his spectacles, and pushed over to me three one hundred pound Bank of England notes, ten five-pound notes, and the cheque spoken of, which was for eighty-three pounds nine and ninepence. Satisfied that the notes were genuine, I looked up at my wealthy customer and found him fumbling in pocket after pocket for the copper money.

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "pray don't bother about the trifling pence. If you are satisfied, I am thoroughly so."

"Nay," he rejoined; "that will not do. Business is business. You are entitled to your demand—ay, and to the uttermost farthing. I buy goods of you for a certain amount; I therefore must pay you every iota of that certain amount, or I shall not be easy in my mind."

"A really upright man this; lucky the congregation that had so just and evenly balanced a man for their pastor. So ran my thoughts as he counted out the remaining threepence and placed them in my hand with a kind of dig, as though he were glad to get rid of them, and set his mind at ease.

"Then there ensued an awkward pause, awkward because, for the life of me, I could not think of anything to say; and as for my reverend customer, he seemed in an all but brown-study. At any rate he seemed by no means in a hurry to take his purchase and be gone—appeared indeed to wish to linger awhile, seemingly for no earthly purpose, seeing that our transaction was at an end, and that he seemed not to care to talk. Presently he again took out his pocket-book, counted over six or seven five-pound notes, and became absorbed in casting up some figures: that done, he began fiddling with some leaves, turning them over and over and then back again.

"By way of turning my attention to other matters, I took up the *Times*; but before scanning its pages I chanced to look towards my shop-door, and saw a tall heavily built man peering through the glass. He was somewhat curious to look upon, I must confess; for the snow that had been threatening, was fiercely and rapidly descending outside, and this man was covered with the white feathery flakes from head to foot. On seeing my gaze steadily fixed at him, he pushed open the door and entered with a firm tread. He had a kind of eagle eye, this man—eager, sidelong, piercing; thoughtful brows too; and there was huge determination about the lower part of his face. Shaking the snow from off his coat, stamping his feet

upon my shop carpet (which I thought a rather cool proceeding), and unfastening the lappets of his sealskin travelling-cap, he gave a deep-drawn grunt of relief, and exclaimed in a bluff boisterous manner: "In time after all! My bird's not flown, by all that's palpable!—Congratulate thyself, thou man of gold and silver and precious stones; and furthermore, congratulate me on my aptitude for scenting 'Slippery Dick!'" Then letting fall his voice, he added more seriously: "You've had a narrow escape, sir. I've no doubt now, that our *reverend* friend here has contrived to lessen your stock of goods pretty considerably—has been a *pretended* (mark that!) purchaser to a very tidy tune!"

"If you mean, sir, whoever you may be, that this gentleman has paid a good deal of money to me," I returned, somewhat indignantly, "you are right in your conjecture. But may I ask, pray, who are you, that you enter my shop in this manner, and insult myself and customer by asking such—well, such impertinent questions? . . . Who are you?" I again asked, feeling that I should be compelled to call my shopman to turn him neck and crop into the street.

"You'll very soon know who I am," he returned coolly. "Suffice it at present that I am fully justified in what I ask and do. . . . Bear—kindly bear with me a little. I have a stern duty to perform. This man is not what he pretends to be. He is a blackleg—a canting humbug—a swindler: in a word, as dangerous and troublesome a customer as we have to deal with!"

'I looked at my customer. His face was terrible to look upon; I could scarcely believe my eyes—the passion concentrated in his features was absolutely demoniac in its intensity; the ebullition of rage which held possession of him shook him from head to foot.

'The boisterous stranger laid his hand heavily on the clergyman's shoulder, grasped it roughly, and whispered something in his ear, at which his passion left him as quickly and suddenly as a flash of lightning. He became, in fact, as pale as death, and finally culminated in trembling violently, while his face assumed a kind of brick-dust hue.

'I did not put this down to guilt; no, I laid it rather to the just indignation that would be naturally felt by a high-souled minister of the Gospel accused of such enormities.

'The rough-and-ready intruder regarded the reverend gentleman with unfeigned admiration, at least so it appeared to me. He folded his arms across his broad chest and stood regarding him for a few moments. Then he looked at me and winked knowingly.

"Our Christian friend is clever, oh! He is doing the work of a certain Evil personage who shall be nameless, very admirably, *aha!*" he ejaculated, reverting again to his boisterous manner. "But we old birds are not to be caught; we are accustomed to this kind of thing. O dear, yes, I—your very obedient servant, Mr Filby, belong to the fancy iron trade, and I do my utmost to get as much of my stock on other people's hands as I possibly can." Saying which, he unbuttoned and threw open his shaggy overcoat, and laid bare to my gaze the uniform of an inspector of police. Then, as quick as thought, he drew forth and fastened on the clergyman's wrists a pair of handcuffs!

"This is shocking—really horrible," I couldn't help saying.

"No sentiment, please," returned the inspector angrily. "Leave me to do *my* work, and take care you do *yours*."

"But my good friend," the man of the white neckcloth exclaimed in whining tones, "you are utterly mistaken. I like—I in fine have nought but admiration for your zeal; but I am not the man you suppose me to be. . . . If you will remove these things—they hurt my wrists—I will go!"

"No; you won't."

"I mean I will go into the details of our transaction. . . . The notes are good, genuine, sir?"

"Perfectly so," I responded; "I would stake my life on their soundness."

"Then, sir, permit a public servant to tell you that you will lose your life. Kindly let me look at these sound and genuine Bank of England notes."

'What could I do but hand them to him?

"Ah! as I thought!" he then exclaimed. "Very skilful, very clever; decidedly so! Pity our pious friend here doesn't contrive to turn his thoughts in another direction; sad that he disdains to use his talents more honourably. Given such consummate cleverness, he might have surmounted almost anything by honest means. . . . These, sir, are rascally forgeries; splendidly worked out, I'll admit, but forgeries for all that!" he declared emphatically, laying the notes down on my counter and placing his elbow on them. "Now, I shouldn't wonder," he resumed, "if our reverend specimen of humanity here did not persuade you that he desired to make his daughter—*his* daughter a wedding present!"

'I said that such was really the fact.

"Ah, just so! The old, old game; the old story. . . . I wonder, Dick ('Slippery Dick' is the name by which he is known among us and his companions)—I wonder, Dick, you don't alter your *modus operandi*—it's so stupidly stale, you know."

"Dick" looked daggers, looked as though he would have very much liked to annihilate the inspector on the spot, and retorted in language not at all befitting a clergyman: "You're very clever, ain't you now? Pah! I could 'do' fifty like you. . . . It doesn't matter much though. You've got me. You've trapped me nicely. What more d'ye want? . . . Look sharp, and let us go!"

'From this kind of talk, I began to think him none other than what the inspector affirmed him to be—especially so when the man in office whipped off the silvery locks from his prisoner's head and disclosed to my wondering gaze a closely cropped iron-gray head of hair beneath.

"I should hope you don't want *further* proof?" the inspector interrogated triumphantly.

'I replied that I was satisfied. That I had been singled out for a victim, I now felt certain. In short, my dear boy, I was completely taken aback, and fell into the whole scheme.

'The whole scheme!' I exclaimed; 'how? I scarcely understand.'

'Don't interrupt. You shall hear directly: my melancholy story is fast drawing to a close. . . . Well, I looked from one to the other with perplexity on my face.

"What are you thinking of doing, Mr Inspector?" I asked.

"Why, take this predatory individual—this pike

among gudgeons—to the station (they'll have no mercy on him *this* time); and you must accompany us thither. . . . I'll take care of these bits of paper; as in like manner I'll be the safe custodian of the artfully contrived wedding-present." Saying which, he deposited the notes, the cheque, and the diamonds in the breast-pocket of his overcoat.

"There was no help for it; of course I must go to the station. So calling my assistant from the back-room, I instructed him to get a cab and look after business during my absence. Of course I did not tell him the errand I was bound on; and as luck would have it, he appeared not to notice that anything was wrong. It would, I must confess, have been difficult for Thomas, my then shopman, to have seen the handcuffed wrists of the pious-looking gentleman; for, to his credit be it said, the trapped fox had contrived to fasten the bottom buttons of his unusually long-tailed frock-coat, and placing his hands beneath, had thus managed to keep the iron bracelets out of sight. Still, there was a decidedly awkward appearance about him, and the heavily limbed inspector certainly did not by his attitude and manner at all resemble a man bent on buying my wares or selling me his; however, Thomas seemed oblivious to what was taking place under his very nose, and hied him for a cab.

"The cab brought, the two entered first, while I remained behind for a few moments to give instructions to my shopman. Then I got inside the cab, and we started for Moor Lane Police Station, Fore Street. I hadn't been seated long before I found that the prisoner's hands were free.

"That's all right," the inspector said, noting my look of surprise. "He's promised me to behave himself; and between ourselves, I don't like to iron a man if I can get him to give in quietly. Besides, our designing friend, with all his cunning, knows who he's got to deal with—that I am more than a match for him. Don't you fear, sir; he won't easily slip through my fingers!"

"Well, at length we arrived at the station-house. I was the first to alight from the cab, and was about to enter the station. The inspector, still seated with his prisoner, called to me with evident annoyance: "There's no light in the superintendent's room; we'll have to wait a little. However, there's no help for it. You go into that room there, the first door on the right; you'll find newspapers and records there. Amuse yourself. I'll cage my bird—put him under lock-and-key (safe bind, safe find, you know), and then I'll come to you. I'll be here in a few minutes. If I remain away any length of time, ask for Inspector John Tricklet. . . . Pray do not mention our business to any living soul."

"Like a fool and the unsuspecting jackass I was, I did as I was bid. I turned the handle of the door, and entered the room, a square dreary apartment, possessed of nothing to speak of save a huge deal table, four spindle-legged chairs, a map of London, and an almanac; and excepting a framed engraving representing a life-boat making slow progress over a boiling sea, the walls were bare of pictures. In my then state of mind the place seemed horribly monotonous. However, I took up the only newspaper the room boasted of, and seated myself to wait for the end.

"It speedily came. I hadn't been seated long before I heard the cab drive away. "Ah," I said to myself, "the man in blue's too economical to let 'cabby' wait; I suppose I shall be detained here some time. Was there *ever* anything so disagreeable!"

"Fifteen minutes passed. During that time I fidgeted about. There is no disguising the matter; I was terribly perturbed. The most idiotic thoughts passed through my brain. "What if," I found myself asking, "this sham clergyman should eventually prove my destruction? What if, after serving his punishment, he should out of revenge come to my shop and blow out my brains? What?"— But I thought all manner of things which I won't bother you with. Suffice it that another fifteen minutes passed. I rose from my seat; but before I could move a yard towards the door, it opened, and a fine-looking old gentleman—evidently the superintendent—stood before me. We were soon on good terms; I gave him my name and explained my advent, and explained why I was cooped up in what he called his "Private Inquiry Office." He seemed, when I had finished, to labour hard to keep down a laugh.

"Well," he said at length, "you've been done nicely! But you have this consolation, that others have been bit—and to a pretty tidy tune too. You say you are waiting for 'Inspector John Tricklet.' There's no such party of that name connected with *this* station. They've carried on a similar game, varied a little, very successfully in all the large towns in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to say nothing about what they've done abroad. . . . Tricklet! Ah, a very apt name! The game's been contrived by a trick—and he—they—have let you in the hole. . . . You mustn't suppose me a Job's-comforter when I say that dozens have been swindled by these two clever vultures. They are nothing else; they prey on their kind as best they may. But this is poor talk, Mr Filby. Let me assure you, to be serious, that all that can be done *shall* be done. But what can we do? What can Scotland Yard do? They can only issue a caution to tradesmen generally, and put the matter in the *Hue and Cry*, which probably won't amount to much. And between you and me, Mr Filby, I've repeatedly thought (and very seriously too) that they've got some of our fellows in their pay; I could all but swear it; for were it not so, I am confident they'd have been taken long ago."

"Heartily disgusted, I bade him a surly good-day, and hied me for my shop and counting-house fire. Its genial blaze, however, cheered me not. I was dispirited and chagrined, and possessed of a deep-rooted idea that my hitherto clear brain had gotten a superabundance of mud in it. I felt that I could tear my hair and beat my breast and yell out that I was profoundly miserable.

"But why dwell upon the matter. The story is told. Suffice it then, for your behoof, that I never heard more of these two very original swindlers, and that therefore I got not the slightest return for my loss. I have hitherto, as I have previously told you, kept the matter a profound secret, so that sympathy even has not fallen to my share. There! I'm heartily sick of the whole business. Call me a consummate donkey, if you like, but don't let me hear another word about

the matter. . . . Ah! how the time has flown! Let us pull ourselves together, and go indoors and join the ladies.'

LORD HOWE ISLAND.

THIS little-known spot, which measures only six or seven miles in length by two or three miles in width, is the southernmost of the outlying islands off the east coast of Australia. It was discovered by Lieutenant Henry Ball, then in command of His Majesty's ship *Supply*, on the 17th of February 1788, while on a voyage to Norfolk Island from Port Jackson, New South Wales, and was named after Lord Howe. It is situated some four hundred miles north-east from Sydney, and about three hundred miles east from the nearest land, Port Macquarie in New South Wales. Off the north end of the island are the Admiralty Islets, about two miles distant; on the east side, nearer the shore, are the Sugar Loaf and Mutton Bird Islands; and on the west is Goat Island. Some twelve or thirteen miles from Lord Howe Island is plainly seen a very strange-looking peak, called Ball's Pyramid, estimated to be eighteen hundred feet high.

For the following brief notes of this strange little spot and its present condition, we are indebted to a communication lately made to the Royal Geographical Society by Mr Alfred Corrie, who paid a visit to the place in a man-of-war in the early part of 1876. The island is mountainous, the highest points having an elevation of not far short of two thousand eight hundred feet. The soil is described as being in parts very rich indeed, and covered with dense vegetation, the undergrowth being kept comparatively clear by goats and pigs. Three kinds of palms are found on the island, some reaching a great height, the Thatch Palm (so called by the settlers because they use it to thatch their houses), the Cabbage and Umbrella Palms. The Pandanus or Screw Pine is found chiefly on the mountain-sides, and attains a height of some thirty or forty feet. It is called by the inhabitants the 'Tent Tree,' on account of the strange arrangement of its roots, which take their rise from the main trunk at different heights, and gradually extend forwards and downwards, and become fixed in the ground, forming a rough sort of tent.

The most conspicuous tree on the island is perhaps a species of *Ficus*, a gigantic banyan, attaining a great height, and spreading out in all directions its branches, which fall downwards in a most graceful manner. From these branches, adventitious roots are produced, which descend to the ground, then rapidly enlarge, and become in course of time huge stems, drawing nourishment from the earth for the parent branch, which as it extends produces similar root-stems. This tree, which is believed to be confined to the island, possesses many of the characteristics of the famous banyan of India. A strange kind of plant was also met with, which the settlers call the *Stink Plant*, a name which Mr Corrie considers most appropriate, for when its leaves are bruised or its branches broken, it emits a most sickening and offensive odour.

The prevailing winds are said to be during the summer months from the north-east, and in the winter from the south-west; severe westerly gales

are experienced during the winter months, generally from May to September. These winds exercise a most destructive influence over the vegetation of the island, causing the crops to wither away; the only protection the settlers have against them for their crops, &c. are the large belts of trees found in many parts.

The temperature of the climate is said to be most equable, rarely ranging higher than eighty degrees or lower than fifty degrees, and consequently it has been found most healthy for European constitutions. Much rain, however, falls during the year, chiefly from May to July, and sometimes the gardens and flats are flooded by the water, which then descends in torrents from the hill-tops.

When accounts last reached us, the total number of people living on this romantic little spot was forty, comprising fourteen men, eleven women, and fifteen children. Some forty-two years since, Mr White, who visited the island to survey it, states that there were only four men, three New Zealand women, and two children then living on the island. In 1853, Captain Denham found that the number of people residing on the island comprised a little community of sixteen. They are most primitive and simple-minded in all their ideas; one old lady, Mrs Andrews, has been on the island thirty years; has one daughter married, and five grandchildren. She has, she told Mr Corrie, enjoyed excellent health the whole time she has been there; and was most cheerful and happy.

They all appear to lead very moral lives, and bickerings and open quarrels of all kinds are most unusual among them, and distasteful to them; there is one old man in their community, a retired whaler captain, to whom they refer all disputed questions, and whose opinion they regard with every feeling of respect, and whose decision is generally final. Sometimes they are six and even twelve months without a ship of any description anchoring off their island; they told their visitors that it was more than five years since a man-of-war had visited them.

When Mr Corrie arrived, many of the inhabitants were almost in a state of starvation, owing to the fact that vessels from New Caledonia and Sydney, which were in the habit of calling, had failed to do so for some months. Consequently the produce of the island—onions, potatoes, &c.—which they exchange for tea, sugar, salt, clothing, &c., was rotting in their storehouses. It is pleasant to know, however, that their visitors good-naturedly gave them such a supply as they could spare of tea, sugar, biscuit, soap, &c.

There are fifteen dwelling-houses on the island besides granaries and piggeries, all built, with few exceptions, of that Thatch Palm before alluded to; and one or two that are less primitive and more durable are raised on stone blocks, boarded up with some Australian pine, and roofed with galvanised iron. The entrance-door is in the centre of a fair-sized room, the sitting-room; the sleeping apartments are at each end; there is no fireplace; the kitchen is formed of one room or compartment a few yards from the house, with a fireplace at one end and a sort of larder at the other, which serves as a dining-room for the family. Their houses are kept very clean, and are both cool and comfortable.

In concluding his interesting remarks on Lord

Howe Island and its Robinson Crusoe population, Mr Corrie says it is but just to state that during the few days he spent with the people he thoroughly enjoyed their kind and simple manners, which were most winning. Their extreme gratitude for any little attention or kindness was most marked; and he feels quite sure that had he or any of his shipmates been left behind, they would have experienced the greatest possible kindness from the islanders. Mr Corrie strongly advises any who may be cruising in the neighbourhood of Lord Howe Island to pay it a visit, and he assures them that they will be amply repaid for their trouble.

IRISH TRAITS.

A READY answer is often useful; and there is at times no better defensive weapon than a sharp repartee, in every class of life. A young cornet of dragoons who hunted with the Kildare hounds for a season, felt the truth of this rather keenly on one occasion. His great ambition was to excel in the hunting-field; but so far from establishing a character for 'going,' or being in the first flight, the luckless Nimrod was always getting into grief of some kind or other.

Miss P—, a well-known character in the county, was hunting that year with the Kildare hounds. She was a perfect horsewoman, rode at her fences with consummate pluck, and was invariably in at 'the death.' Nothing annoyed our young cornet of dragoons so much as to find himself perpetually distanced by this strong-minded and able-bodied lady. When he had ruefully turned away from an ugly fence and was looking about for a friendly gate, to see her put her horse boldly at it and fly over like a bird, was gall and wormwood to his feelings. It was too derogatory to be continually given the go-by by a middle-aged spinster, who, moreover, whenever disaster befell him, seemed to be always on the spot to witness his discomfiture.

It chanced they met—the lady and the soldier—at a country-house in Kildare where a large party was staying. Every one was assembled at breakfast, when the youth, smarting from some hunting disaster of the day before, thought he would attack Miss P— and 'shew her up' before the company. All at the long breakfast-table knew her to be one whose tongue could cut as sharply as her hunting-whip, and who was never at a loss for a repartee; but the young man rushed boldly at the enemy.

'Miss P—,' said he, 'I'm told you're the most learned lady in Kildare. You know everything, so there's no puzzling you. Can you, poising his spoon over the top of his unbroken egg—'can you inform me why this duck-egg is blue?'

'Well,' replied she, 'I don't know; but perhaps you would look blue yourself if you were just about to be knocked on the head by a fool.'

The soldier did not return to the charge.

A noticeable thing it is how seldom the power of repartee, which they so abundantly possess, is exerted in an offensive way by Irish beggars to whom alms are refused. On the contrary, instead of the stinging word disappointment might be expected to provoke, the reply is meek and resigned, if not grateful sometimes: 'Well, thank ye, anyway, for the kind answer, if it's nothing else ye're giving us. 'Tisn't always we get that same.'

And what a torrent of blessings a few coppers will procure! blessings, be it remarked, more often spiritual than temporal. I have seen a young stranger, unused to this form of expressing gratitude, and whose mind at the moment was probably less occupied with the future than the present, start visibly at the fervent 'That you may have a happy death, and a favourable judgment,' invoked by the gift of a small coin.

Whether it is from the naturally religious feeling of the people, or because this world has to the poor comparatively little attraction, their wishes for their benefactors refer chiefly to that which is to come: 'That what you're giving to me may be before you where you're going!' 'That as you've covered my body here, the Lord may cover your soul there!' 'That the prayers of the widow and the orphan may meet you at the gates of heaven!' 'Long life to you, and a happy end!' And if they perceive by your mourning garb that you have lost a friend, their words are, 'That the soul that has gone from you may be in peace and rest!'

The patience of the Irish poor in the midst of their privations is very touching; and in town especially, the sight of the long rows of shop-windows filled with their tempting display of comforts and luxuries, must to them be trying in the extreme. Pitiiful it is to see, on a bitter winter's day, some poor shivering creature, with old threadbare cloak strained over the half-clad limbs of the starveling child in her arms, standing—her naked feet on the icy flags—before the window of a draper's shop. How yearningly, with longing eyes, she gazes at those rich bales of flannel—the bright scarlet rolls seeming to light up the place with warmth and colour. And the piles of great thick blankets cunningly displayed! Oh, the rapture of nestling among those delicious folds, burying herself, as it were, in their soft, warm, woolly depths! Comfort she may picture, but alas! never experience.

And how tantalising is the eating-house window with its array of tempting joints and appetising food; the well-filled dishes only separated by the 'envious pane' from the hungry looker-in. The door opens; a gush of savoury steam escapes, as a man comes out who has been dining—his satisfied looks and visage unctuous and flushed from meat and drink, a contrast indeed to the poor pinched face and hollow eyes meekly up-raised; while from the trembling lips—blue with cold—comes the timid prayer for charity.

'Nothing for you; pass on!' is the rough reply; and she does so, turning away with a bitter sigh and a murmured: 'Well, God spare you to your comforts.'

Few of us have experienced the grim realities of cold and hunger, or can understand the miserable irritability they cause. We may have remarked, or in ourselves felt in a degree, the proverbial 'crossness' of the before-dinner half-hour, when the meal has been unduly delayed; and those who fast on principle can realise the sinking, depressed, irritable feeling produced by want of food. A salutary result, by the way, of this observance, when its practice enables us to sympathise with our suffering fellow-creatures. This being so, it is, as already remarked, wonderful how meekly the poor take the refusal of what they ask. One would imagine that the sight of the

wealth, of which in vain they crave so small a share, would goad them into bitter retort and envenomed words—that they would hate the rich for their abundant fullness of all themselves do miserably lack—that anathemas, not blessings, would be on their lips.

‘Mary, honey, how can they die?’ I heard one woman say to another as a train of carriages filled with gaily dressed company equipped for a fête, rolled by. ‘Mary, honey,’ and her friend were basket-women, and blithe and buxom dames enough. Perhaps, had they known it, life might have been as enjoyable to themselves, even with the drawbacks of poverty, as to some of the fine ladies after whom they cast such envious glances. They would have marvelled incredulously had any one told them that all this glitter might not be unalloyed gold; that silks and satins and gorgeous clothes could not guarantee their wearers against the cares and sufferings of humanity; that it was possible for a breast upon which costly jewels sparkled, to be torn with anxieties and feel the sting of baffled schemes—disappointed hopes. Weal is, after all, more equally blended with woe than we are apt to imagine. Of course, to the utterly destitute this remark does not apply; but it is consoling to think how widely the ‘blessed law of compensation’ prevails in the world.

The subject of poverty naturally leads to the means employed to relieve it. Among these, charity sermons were in former years resorted to with the most success. There is a fashion in everything, even in sermons, and the fashion of that day was working strongly upon the feelings, and by vividly drawn pictures and touching descriptions, appealing to the hearts and pockets of the hearers. On the occasion of a sermon for some favourite charity, everything that could address itself to the senses was pressed into the service. If for a school or orphan asylum, the plates were handed about by little children, chosen for their interesting appearance. These were escorted through the church by gentlemen, who remained at the door of the pews while the small collectors went round inside. The square old-fashioned pew was extant in those days. Ladies, the most influential in the county, collected after the sermon, for hospitals and other charities; their selection for this office being determined by position, popularity, and personal qualities.

The most successful preacher of charity sermons of his time, in Ireland, was the Hon. and Rev. Ludlow Tonson, afterwards Lord Riversdale, Bishop of Killaloe. He was a perfect master of the sensational style of preaching, now obsolete; and his power of harrowing up the feelings by heart-rending descriptions of the misery for which he was pleading, was irresistible. When it was announced that a charity had been fortunate enough to secure him for its advocate, crowds from far and near flocked in to hear him, and the collections obtained were great in proportion. Christ-church in Cork, being from its size capable of accommodating a larger congregation than the other churches of the place, was the chief scene of his addresses.

Among the earliest recollections of the writer of these pages was the being present as a child at one of those charity sermons. It was a great privilege, where every foot of space was an object; but the preacher was an old friend of the family and its

guest on the occasion, and a member of it was, moreover, one of the ladies appointed to carry round the collecting-plates. Long before the service began, the church was filled to overflowing. Breathless multitudes hung with rapt attention upon the tones of a voice exquisitely modulated, and endued with a peculiar gift of expressing the most delicate shades of emotion, and carrying home to the heart eloquent and touching descriptions. As the discourse proceeded, tears began to flow freely, and now and then a smothered sob might be heard through the church. The whole of that vast assemblage was swayed—as it had been but one soul—by the pathos of those earnest pleadings, those powerfully wrought scenes of suffering and woe. How all inadequate, as these grew in intensity, seemed to the excited hearers the sum they had brought out in purse and pocket for contribution! And when at last the appeal was ended and streaming eyes were dried, and there came the soft fall of bank-notes and a clink of gold and silver upon the plates, there poured in upon them from eager hands, rings, watches, pencil-cases, bracelets, scent-bottles, to be redeemed afterwards by their owners with liberal offerings in current coin of the realm.

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence when pulpit sensation was at its height. One cannot wonder at the impulsive Hibernian temperament being thus worked up to enthusiasm, when it is on record that a tourist from another country passing through Cork, and going by chance into Christ-church on the occasion of a charity sermon, was so moved by Ludlow Tonson’s eloquence that he redeemed the watch he had put on the plate by a cheque for a hundred pounds.

The well-known benevolence of the preacher enhanced the effect of his words. He was, when a young curate, a comparatively poor man, and when applied to for a case of distress would strip himself of every farthing he had by him; often, to the dismay of his housekeeper, giving away the blankets off his beds. Being one day waited on by a party who were collecting funds for some charitable object, his reply was: ‘Gentlemen, I have no money; but there is my cow in the field, you can take her;’ and they drove the animal off. Afterwards, when Lord Riversdale and Bishop of Killaloe, he devoted almost all his private means and the whole income of the see to the cause of charity. This gifted and good man died unmarried, his title becoming extinct.

While on the subject of sermons, I cannot resist repeating a conversation between a friend and his farm-servant, which illustrates the remark already made, that an Irishman is rarely at a loss for a reply or an excuse.

‘That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?’ said the gentleman.

‘True for you, yer honour, as iligant one! It done me a power of good intirely.’

‘I’m glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?’

‘Oh, well,’ scratching his head, ‘I don’t rightly—not just exactly know. I—a—I—A’ where’s the use in telling lies? Sure I don’t remember one single ‘dividual word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all.’

‘And yet you say it did you a power of good!’

‘So it did, sir. I’ll stick to that.’

‘I don’t see how.’

taking refuge in deserted hovels and huts. They could fill no offices, and were not allowed to sit at table with other persons or to drink from the same cup, lest they should empoison or pollute the vessels. They could not enter a church to receive a portion of the offertory near the altar, but waited at the porch till the priest brought it out to them. Intermarriage with them was regarded almost as degrading as with the Morescoes or other non-Christians. Numerous repulsive maladies and defects were imputed to them without any just ground.

The *Gahets* of Guienne were known so far back as the end of the thirteenth century as the victims of nearly the same kind of cruel prejudices. The rejection from all the more sacred portions of the churches; the unhonoured interment in the least sacred part of the graveyard; the interdiction against dealing in cattle or poultry, and against borrowing money (with any claim, that is, to legal restitution); the forbidding to appear outside the *Gahet quartier* with bare feet, or without the bit of red cloth as a mark on the outer garments—all these prejudices were in full force. A law was also in force to prevent them from buying or sojourning in a town except on Mondays. They were also enjoined, when meeting other people in the road or streets, to step aside as far as possible, that no contamination might come from them.

What, the reader may fairly ask, does all this mean? Were the scouted creatures really deserving of no better treatment than they received? Were they all equally bad, and in the same way, on both sides of the Pyrenees? Was the ban under which they lay of a permanent or a temporary character? French writers have arrived at diverse conclusions, in their attempts to solve these questions.

An opinion long and extensively held in France is that the Cagots and other ostracised provincials were descended from the Visigoths who were vanquished by Clovis; and an attempt has been made to trace the word *Cagot* up to a Béarnois word equivalent to 'Gothic dog.' But Pierre de Marca, in his *Histoire de Béarn*, shewed that this idea was ill-founded; while François de Belleforest, annalist of the kingdom of France under Charles IX., drew attention to the fact that many of the best families of Gascony, Aquitaine, and Béarn were descended from the Visigoths; and that these hardy warriors were not disfigured by such personal deformities as were imputed to the Cagots. In short, the Visigoth theory falls to the ground.

Another view—entertained to some extent by the Cagots themselves—is that they are the descendants of the Albigenses who were excommunicated by Pope Innocent III. in the early part of the thirteenth century. That those poor persecuted anti-rapalists or heretics were treated like the scum of the earth, is true enough; but it has been well pointed out that the popular sympathies in those parts of France went much more with the heretics than with the popes. The Albigenses, those who escaped slaughter, mostly sought shelter in foreign lands; the remnants were pitied rather than despised by the French people generally. But the most conclusive argument against this view is that the Cagots were a spurned and shunned body of people at least two centuries before the Albigensis crusade. The Albigenses

must therefore share the fate of the Visigoths, in being left out in any estimate of the origin of the Cagots.

Pierre de Marca, who assisted in demolishing these two theories, himself believed that the Cagots were descended from the Moors of Spain who remained in Gascony after their general had been defeated by Charles Martel on the slopes of the Pyrenees. It has, however, been proved that the descendants of these Moors gradually became Christians, intermarried with the other French nationalities, and became blended with them into one people.

The Visigoths, the Albigenses, and the Moors being thus set aside, many other theories, some ingenious and some ludicrous, have been put forward to account for the origin of the poor Cagots. Caxar Arnaut, relying on what he believed to be the meaning of a particular verse in the Bible, assigned to them a Jewish origin. The Abbé Venuti suggested that they might be descended from the first Crusaders returning from the Holy Land, afflicted with some disease which rendered them loathsome to other people. M. Court de Gébél thought he saw in them the descendants of the aborigines dwelling in the Pyrenean region, analogous to the lowest tribes known at present in India. M. F. Michel suggested that the Cagots may be descendants from the Spaniards who, compromised in the cause of Charlemagne by the defeat of Roland at Roncevaux, took shelter in France, where nothing but the protection by the monarchs saved them from ill-treatment on the part of the people; but a comparison of dates and localities has invalidated this theory. Lastly, a view was put forth identifying the Cagots with pilgrims afflicted with the distressing maladies known in France by the names of *gottre* and *cretinism*.

Sounder opinions now prevail. M. Francisque Michel, in his *Histoire des Races maudites de France et de Spain*, and M. Louis Laude, in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, have carried almost to the stage of demonstration the evidence that leprosy was the origin of the cruel and ignorant treatment to which the Cagots were subjected. It is well known that among ancient nations, in particular the Jews, leprosy was considered as a divine chastisement for great sins. In a moral as well as a physical sense the separation of lepers from non-lepers was insisted on. The dread of contact extended to the dead as well as to the living, leading to the interment of leprous corpses in special burial-places. The Christians of the middle ages took the same view.

That it was not any particular district, in a religious or political sense, of France or Spain that was marked by undefined dread of these outcasts, is plain enough; but if we once take into view a popular belief that the Cagots were or had been lepers, all the rest becomes explicable. Littré and other etymologists have found in old French words many which referred to the bent, cramped, contorted figures so often to be seen among lepers, and a connection between such words and some of the names given to the outcasts. Indeed in the old Breton dialect *kakod* was a leper, and from it came *cacous*, *cagueux*, *carguots*, *cagots*. Most of the prejudices against the Cagots, it appears, were maintained at one time or other against lepers. The charge against them of having

fetid breath and skin; the abnormal shape of the ears; the imputation of hypocrisy, violence, lying, lasciviousness; the police regulations for keeping the tainted members of society apart from the untainted; the injunction against walking the streets with bare feet, and touching passers-by with their garments; the discredit, almost disavowal, of their evidence in a court of justice—all these were characteristic of the treatment of lepers in the middle ages; strikingly similar to those which we have seen to apply to Cagots and other outcasts.

M. de Rochas, to put this matter to a test, made many journeys to the provinces flanking the Pyrenees, under circumstances of no slight peril during a period of the civil war between the Carlists and the Constitutionals of Spain. He found everywhere that the descendants of the Cagots were just like the general inhabitants of the country in bodily and mental characteristics, betraying no foreign origin, marked by no unusual or abnormal characteristics. Intermarriage with other peasants, it is true, he finds to be infrequent; but the people trade on equal terms, the children attend the same schools, adults and children alike go to the same churches, and the average intelligence is about on an equality. Many of them shew taints of scrofula; but these are reasonably attributable to poverty, poor and scanty diet, squalid hovels, and physical discomforts. In one of the Spanish parishes, mostly inhabited by the descendants of the once-outcasts, Rochas found the people strong and fairly intelligent, cultivating small patches of ground, rearing swine and poultry, and carrying on the same manual employments as their neighbours. They submit patiently to a few old usages of exclusion, such as the prohibition of marrying out of their own circle; but this they do because the usages are old, not clearly accounted for either by themselves or by their neighbours. In short, the small communities now to be met with are distinguishable from their neighbours—not so much by any peculiar physical or moral characteristics—as by the remembrance of an old belief, the hereditary descent of a traditional prejudice once applied to all lepers, but gradually disappearing as the dreadful disease of leprosy itself lessens in its intensity.

Until the time of the French Revolution, governments and legislatures did very little for the protection of the poor Cagots. Matters are improved now; and the prejudice is gradually dying out everywhere, although very slowly in the remote villages.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLVI.—FOUND IN THE DRAWER.

THE inspector was a man so reserved, quiet, and commonplace of demeanour, that an outburst of excited feeling on his part was by far more impressive on those who witnessed it than would have been the case with nine men out of any ten that could have been chosen at random. All of us have acquaintances from whom no extravagance, whether of diction or of gesture, would surprise us, who stalk the stage, as it were, throughout life's drama, and play some grand heroic part even in what would otherwise be humdrum discussions over their butchers' bills and the accounts of their laundress. Inspector

Drew of the detective police was of another composition. His calling brought him into contact with some of the most startling phases of our modern civilisation; but he endured them, as a rule, with the stoical equanimity of a true philosopher. Wickedness was with him the subject of a professional study, over which he manifested neither pain nor indignation, but the illegal varieties of which it was his duty to bring to condign punishment. It took a good deal to excite the inspector.

The inspector was for once all on fire with an excitement which was not long in communicating itself to the other two occupants of the room. Lord Harrogate readily divined that some clue to the discovery which it was his purpose to make had been thus unexpectedly found; while the landlady of the *Dolphin*, with all her sex's sympathy with the marvellous, was ready to give credence to the policeman had he announced himself the finder of Aladdin's Lamp or the long-lost secret of Hermes Trismegistus.

'It's—it's the—other half of the card!' gasped out Inspector Drew faintly, and concealing, by some odd instinct, the prize within his outstretched hand. 'I'd not have believed it, not though I'd seen it in print,' he added, staggering rather than walking back to his chair and dropping heavily upon it. 'This kind of thing takes a man's breath away, it does.'

Mrs Diver, seeing how white the detective's rubicund face had suddenly become, suggested 'cordial,' and produced a tempting-looking bottle and glass from a corner cupboard. But Inspector Drew, albeit as fond, in moderation, of a timely portion of good liquor as any other man could be, declined the dram, even though it came under the seductive name of cordial, and rallied his nerves and his wits without alcoholic aid.

'Now, my lord,' he said in a voice that, tremulous at first, grew steadier as he proceeded, 'this is one of those chances that one don't tumble upon twice, says you, in a lifetime; and so, as perfect openness is in the nature of things the wisest policy, and this good lady has at heart the interests of the young lady concerned, I make so bold as to speak freely of the matter in her presence. I make no doubt too that your lordship has about you the half-card that has been our guide throughout. Might I ask your lordship to produce it?'

'Here it is, certainly,' said Lord Harrogate, as he laid the moiety of the card on the red cover of Mrs Diver's loo-table.

'And here's the fellow of it,' responded the inspector, as he clapped down beside it another piece of torn card, the jagged edges of which fitted, exactly with those of the other half. 'There it is!' cried the inspector, hoarse and almost indistinct in his eagerness. 'There it is! See! "Stoutish" is engraved on the one, and "Captain F." on the other. See again, the "Grena" this goes with the "dier Guards," and the exact match of the bits of pasteboard, every notch and projection corresponding. Why, it's like what it would have been, when there was the old giv'ment lottery, buying two half-numbers at random, and finding they made up the one number that won the thirty thousand pound prize! Hurrah!' And by way of a relief to his feelings, the detective flung his hat into the corner of the room, and

administered to an unoffending footstool, covered with faded worsted-work, and presented to Mrs Diver by some patroness from amongst the county families, a kick that sent it noisily into an opposite angle of the parlour. Indifferent to the fate of hat or footstool, the inspector whipped out his horn-mounted arrangement of lenses, and began to survey the newly found card with their help, as minutely and as patiently as the curator of an entomological museum could examine the wing-cases and antennæ of a hitherto unique beetle.

'There's pencil-writing here too,' said the policeman after a lengthened scrutiny; 'but it's too many for me—rubbed as it is. Something like an *H* I fancy I can see.'

Lord Harrogate too thought that one of the almost effaced marks of pencilling on the back of the lately found portion of the card might represent the letter *H*. He thought too that the writer of the disjointed memoranda was identical. Then Mrs Diver, as a matter of politeness, was requested to take her turn as a decipherer. To the surprise of her visitors, she drew forth from between the leaves of an illustrated book that lay on the table a piece of silver paper, laid it lightly and smoothly over the card, and then accepted the inspector's proffered glasses.

'I learned this way,' she said, 'years ago, from an artist gentlemen who was here sketching, and meant, I am sure, to remit the amount of his bill, as he promised, from London. It does act in a contrary manner to what may be at first supposed, and—ah! yes, I make out the *H* and an *o* and then *l* and then *d*.'

'*H-o-l-d!* Why, that spells Hold!' cried Lord Harrogate, overjoyed.

'And then follows the name "*Gray—Gray*," written twice, and scored through the first time, and next, much smaller, "*Post-office*." That seems to be all,' said Mrs Diver, wiping the glasses.

Further examination confirmed the landlady's original reading of the almost obliterated pencil-marks.

'*Hold—Gray—Gray—Post-office*,' could yet, though very faintly, be distinguished on the lately recovered portion of the torn card.

'The *Post-office*, I conclude, may have been used as a concerted place of meeting between the principal in this affair and his agent,' said Lord Harrogate; 'and the former may have written down not merely the name of his confederate, but that by which he chose to be known in Sandston, the pencilled memorandum being designed to meet no other eye than his own. But as to how the torn card came into the drawer, and how it came to be preserved for so long, I am somewhat at a loss to conjecture.'

'Twenty ways, my lord, as to the first,' said the inspector readily; 'such as the card being entangled in the cloak or jacket or something or other the little lady wore. More likely though it was Mr Gray, as he called himself, let it drop unawares. When men are excited, they are always pulling things out of their pockets restlessly, and don't always put them safe back again. And then, if this good lady has had a habit, and I'm sure a very nice habit, of never throwing away anything that might be useful—why, this card, to judge by the marks on it and this little nick in one corner, which seems as if it had been made with scissors

such as those neat little cards I see sticking out of the work-basket, having been used for the winding of silk, how easy it might have been picked up from the carpet afterwards, and popped into a drawer without a second look or a second thought, and then used years after, mayhap!'

'The gentleman's guessed right,' thoughtfully returned Mrs Diver; 'right, that is as regards a way I've got of keeping by me, against a needful day, odds and ends that others would send to the dust-bin. "Waste not, want not," was the word when I was young; and I've never forgot a saying of my poor mother's about keeping a thing seven years and then finding a use for it at last. So I may have picked up, when tidying the room, this scrap of torn card, and may have put it from custom in the drawer. Anyhow, I must have used it, for there's a fluff of the green purse silk I generally put along with red into the purses I made to give away among my friends, when silk purses were the rage.'

'It is for me to congratulate myself,' said Lord Harrogate, smiling, 'that this thrifty practice has enabled me, as I trust under heaven, to right a cruel wrong, and sweep away as with a besom the vile web of fraudulent imposture that dares to bar the way of Truth and Justice.'

CHAPTER XLVII.—UNDER A NEW NAME.

'Your duty to leave us, Miss Gray? Your duty to go, without a word of explanation as to the cause of so very singular and unexpected a resolve? Upon my word, young lady, you astonish me!' And indeed Lady Wolverhampton did look the very picture of bewilderment. She liked Ethel much, and was aware that her girls liked her more. She was thoroughly satisfied with the ex-mistress of the village school, both as an instructress for Lady Alice and as an inmate of the house at High Tor, and had often congratulated herself on the chance that had brought Miss Gray beneath her roof. And here was this incomprehensible young person suddenly insisting that she must resign her situation and go away, and only praying that she might not be closely questioned as to the motive for such a resolution.

'Again, dear Lady Wolverhampton, I must beg of you not to ask me why I go,' pleaded Ethel. 'Believe me, that it is a sorrowful change for me, and that it has cost me much to bring myself to do what I feel is right.'

And here the tears welled up in her eyes again, and she turned her face away. They were not the first tears shed since last Lord Harrogate had spoken of his love. Through anxious days and sleepless nights Ethel had been thinking, thinking, and the summary of her reflections was that honour bade her leave the place where she had been so happy, and the family of which the future chief had stooped to woo her for his bride. That, of course, could never be. Yet Lord Harrogate must return; and should he be of the same mind still, her constancy might not always endure as it had hitherto done, and some word of assent or encouragement be wrung from her lips.

Ethel had made up her mind that she must go; and all the arguments and entreaties of her friend Lady Maud and her pupil Lady Alice could not dissuade her from her purpose. Then her intention had been made known to the mistress of the

house, and Lady Wolverhampton had in her turn expostulated, but without result.

'I know very well,' said she, eyeing Ethel as though she were some natural phenomenon, 'that times have altered a good deal; but I can only say that when I was young myself this sort of thing could hardly have happened.'

The honest Countess was one of those to whom the rising, or at anyrate the junior generation, present a standing puzzle. The days in which she had learned her little chapter of the world's great book had been simpler days than these latter ones, and people's motives, if not purer, were at all events very much more intelligible than they now were. When George the Magnificent reigned over us, when the Sailor-king hoisted his flag at Windsor, and when Queen Victoria was a young queen, domestic servitude wore another aspect from that which it now wears. The harsh drill-sergeant Want kept the neeily under smarter discipline than modern usages exact. To lose a place was for a servant a misfortune only second to some bodily hurt. And a governess was as much averse to being flung off into the bare, bleak, blank world of poverty as even a servant.

Lady Wolverhampton was vexed and almost angry at Ethel's defection. She knew that young people were nowadays prone to do the oddest things, turning into Sisters of Mercy, shipping for Australia or the Dominion, going off at short notice to some New Zealand dairy, or flinging themselves on the Indian marriage market, or becoming public performers, or Red Cross Ladies in time of war, or shop-girls, porcelain-painters, lecturers, or lady-helps. These avenues of employment had all sprung into being since the Countess formed her first conceptions of right and wrong; but it annoyed her that Ethel should take to any of them. She had been so pleased with Ethel—and how now was she to look for a governess to replace her!

'I am quite sure of one thing,' said Lady Maud, whose own eyes were sympathetically moist; 'whatever Miss Gray's reason may be, it is a good one, and worthy of one whom we have all loved so well.'

Just then there came the sound of wheels, the barking of dogs, and the clang of a bell. But these sounds attracted little notice, for now young Lady Alice burst out into a petulant outbreak of grief and anger.

'Miss Gray,' she declared, 'was cruel, unfriendly, unjust, and unkind, to go away and leave High Tor and all who cared for her just for a whim. It was scandalous, heartless, unpardonable. Of course, Miss Gray'—for Lady Alice would never, never call her Ethel again—'might please herself; but it was none the less cruel conduct, mean, and unworthy of her.'

Having said which, weeping the while, with a flushed cheek and quivering lip, Lady Alice became incoherent in her reproaches, and refused to be comforted, repulsing all Ethel's well-meant efforts to soothe her.

'I'll never call you Ethel more,' cried the indignant girl—'never, never!'

'I don't think you will, Alice,' answered an unexpected voice—the voice of the Earl himself. The Earl was in the room by this, followed by Lord Harrogate. 'I don't think you will,' he repeated, walking straight up to where Ethel

stood, and bending down to press his lips, in fatherly fashion, on her white forehead. 'I must be the first to kiss you, Helena, my dear, the first to welcome beneath this poor roof of mine, by her true name, the kinswoman who has the best right to its hospitality—poor cousin Clare's child—Helena, Lady Harrogate!'

No one there present could ever quite clearly recall, in later days, the scene that followed, the outcries, the astonishment, the excited talk, the marble pallor of Ethel's lovely face, as, with eyes that had grown dim and heart scarce throbbing, she clung to Lady Maud, sobbing in her arms, and murmured again and again the child-like question, 'Can it be true—true of me?'

It was noticeable that no one, save Ethel herself, for a moment doubted the truth of the good news. Even the Countess put fullest faith in the tale which her son had to tell, in the reality of the discovery which had placed a coronet on the brow of a poor and nameless girl. There was much eager curiosity as to the manner in which the riddle had been solved, but of its solution all were satisfied. It had been far otherwise when Miss Willis had been ostentatiously proclaimed at Carbery heiress to the De Vere honours. Wonder, suspicion, resentment, had then been the prevalent feelings; but now the Earl's daughters clustered round their new-found cousin with soft words and fond caresses, and vowed that they could never love her better than they had done as dear Ethel, and that she would give, instead of borrowing, lustre to the ancient race to which they all belonged.

And then Lord Harrogate, with a flushed cheek, rallied all his fortitude, since he felt it due to Ethel herself, to say what he had to say publicly. He could not have given a stronger proof of his attachment; for an educated Englishman, even before a kindred audience, has an almost hydrophobic horror of that dramatic effect which is as mother's milk to the more demonstrative Frenchman.

'Once—twice,' he said, going up to Ethel, 'I have told you that I loved you, and have asked you to be my wife. If you were, as I learn, about to quit High Tor, and leave the friends that you had made, it was, as I suspect, to shield yourself by absence from addresses which a noble sense of duty urged you to reject.—Father—mother—you hear me—hear me now renew my suit, and crave for our cousin's love, now that the noblest in Europe might acknowledge her for their equal.'

Very often, afterwards, Ethel Gray—let us still call her so—attempted to recall to her memory the precise answer which she had given to Lord Harrogate's public proposal of marriage, but it all seemed like a confused dream of mazy happiness, and all that was certain was that everybody kissed and was kissed by everybody else, and all talked and none listened; and the betrothal was assumed and sanctioned and blessed and joyed over without Ethel's having ever pronounced the actual word 'Yes' from first to last.

'If it is possible to be glad of so terrible a calamity,' said the Earl at last, when the conversation became more general. 'I cannot but rejoice that I am not to be the means of bringing punishment down upon the head of one with whom I have been on terms of neighbourly amity. To poor Sir Sykes, in his present helpless state, man's justice signifies little; yet there is no doubt

but that he was the pseudo-widower, the false Mr Gray, in person, and that the buccansering rascal Hold has long terrorised over him by working on his fears and his remorse.'

'That miserable creature—whom we knew as Miss Willis—what will become of her?' said Lady Maud, pity and indignation mingling in her voice as she spoke.

'Being of the weaker sex, and presumably a tool of Hold's, she will not be very severely dealt with, I suspect,' said Lord Harrogate. 'To-night, however, or to-morrow, Inspector Drew will arrive with the necessary warrant from the Home Office, and our pirate friend yonder will probably find Carberry too hot to hold him much longer. It is odd though, as to Miss Willis, how strangely her face comes back to my recollection as having been seen in a shop somewhere.'

'That can scarcely be,' said Lady Gladys; 'we were all told, when she arrived, that she was fresh from India.'

'Yes, Gladys,' said the Earl cheerily; 'we were told that, and a good deal more; but we were afterwards required to believe that the interesting ward was of our own race, and this was more than we could take on trust. The sooner that clever young lady vanishes from the scene now, the better for her, I should say. Two Kings of Brentford, as the saying is, would not be worse than two Ladies Harrogate, in their own right, in a quiet Devonshire parish; and Miss Willis and her ally Hold may be assured that the tables have turned at last, and that a heavy day of reckoning is at hand.'

STAR-FISHES.

ON a previous occasion we described those curious creatures the 'Sea-eggs'—the *Echini* of the zoologist. In the present paper we intend to say something about the Star-fishes, which are not merely common denizens of our rock-pools and coasts, but also boast of being very near relations of the sea-eggs themselves. The name 'star-fish' in some parts of the country is superseded by the terms 'cross-fish' and 'five-fingers.' Each name applies distinctively to the commonest species of these animals found on our coasts, the Common Star-fish (*Uroster rubens*). This animal is so familiar that any description of its outward appearance is almost unnecessary. We see a body which appears to consist almost entirely of five rays. There is very little 'body' or 'disc' to be noticed in the common star-fish—the name 'disc' applying to the central portion from which the rays may be supposed to spring. The surface of the body is rough and studded with a great many little prominences and miniature spines, and the skin itself is not only of a tough, leathery consistence, but contains living particles which in their own humble way represent the more perfect development of that mineral we see in the shell of the 'sea-egg'.

As we observe a star-fish cast up by the unkindly waves on the beach, it certainly appears to be one of the most helpless and forlorn of creatures. Drop it into the nearest rock-pool however, and the aspect of matters will soon

appear changed. The star-fish will then be seen to move slowly and circumspectly over the bed of the pool, and to present the appearance of an animal thoroughly at home. The under surface of the star-fish certainly offers for our observation a greater abundance of features than the upper surface. Below and in the centre of the body we see the mouth which, however, is unprovided with the teeth or jaws, that form so marked a feature of the 'sea-eggs.' Stretching like five avenues from this central mouth we find the rays, and on their under surface, packed one would think to an extreme degree, are to be seen the numerous curious little structures called tube-feet by means of which the star-fish walks. Each tube-foot consists of a little muscular pipe, provided at its tip with a sucker, enabling the animal to hold on firmly to any surface to which the foot may be applied. We are therefore not surprised at the ready fashion in which the star-fish crawls about. With hundreds of tube-feet in each ray, the body is slowly but surely borne over all the inequalities of rock-pool or sea-bed.

The mechanism by which these tube-feet act resembles that through which the similar 'feet' of the sea-eggs are put in operation. But the subject is so interesting that a recapitulation of the locomotive arrangements in these animals may be briefly given. The entire system of tube-feet in the star-fish is set in operation, so to speak, through the agency of water. The tube-feet of each ray are attached to a main-pipe which runs along the groove of the ray in which the feet are placed. And this main-pipe in its turn takes its origin from a circular vessel surrounding the mouth internally. At the base of each tube-foot—that is where the foot is attached to the main-pipe—a little muscular bag exists; and we may lastly note that the whole system of pipes—main-pipe, circular vessel, tube-feet, and their sacs or bags—is placed in communication with the outer world by another tube, the function of which is to admit water to the system. Suppose now, that the star-fish intends to make a tour of its abode. Water will first be admitted to the circular vessel, and from that vessel will run through the main-pipe in each ray, ultimately filling the bags or sacs at the bases of the tube-feet. These bags, like the feet, are muscular; and hence by their contraction the fluid is forced into the feet. The latter are thus distended and rendered tense, and the suckers can therefore be firmly applied to the surface over which the star-fish is proceeding. When on the other hand the star-fish comes to rest, or when it is tossed up on the beach by the waves and we find its tube-feet empty and flaccid, we see the effects of the escape of the water which formerly filled them, and without which the creature is unable to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

It is not our intention to describe minutely the internal anatomy of the star-fish, although there are some few points which even the reader,

unfamiliar with zoology, may find it interesting to know. The mouth is found to lead into a stomach which, curiously enough, sends processes into each ray. The stomach of the star-fish is thus a capacious organ, and partakes of the general symmetry or shape of its body. According to trustworthy accounts, the star-fish would seem to make rather a peculiar use of its stomach-sac. The fisherman views the star-fishes with disgust, and no wonder, when he finds half his baited hooks attacked by these, to him, useless creatures; and oyster-dredgers regard them with the most unfavourable eyes. The cause of this animosity is, in the statement of the dredgers, that star-fishes are the enemies of oysters, and devour large quantities of these molluscs. We can understand how the star-fish fastens to a naked bait, but how it is enabled to destroy the oyster was long regarded as a puzzling question. The idea that the star-fish inserted one of its rays within the shell of the oyster, and thus forced it to open its shell, is of course untenable. Oysters are very wary animals as far as the opening of their shells is concerned; and the quick action of the mollusc in closing its shell whenever it is touched, shews the impossibility of a sluggish animal like the star-fish attacking the citadel of the oyster in the manner just described. A sea-side observation made by naturalists in past years, and confirmed by the writer, makes clear the manner in which star-fishes may be able to assault the oyster. Visitors to the sea-side may frequently find star-fishes apparently rolled into a rounded form, and tossed up on the beach just after the tide has receded. If one of these star-fishes be uncoiled and examined it will be found to inclose some unfortunate whelk or periwinkle which is being slowly devoured. The victim is found to be applied close to the mouth of the star-fish, and when it is pulled away from the mouth, a clear jelly-like bag is seen to be slowly withdrawn from the victim's shell into the mouth of the star-fish. This bag is the stomach, which the star-fish appears enabled to evert and protrude, with the result it is supposed of irritating or poisoning its victim, and also of absorbing its soft parts. Whether this latter is the true explanation or not, the observation on the habits of the star-fish which any one may make during a sea-side visit appears to favour the idea that the star-fish first renders the mollusc helpless, and then absorbs it by a curious application of the stomach.

Our star-fish possesses a system of nerves, and its chief sense-organs appear to be the eyes which, curiously enough, are placed at the tips of its rays. The situation of the simple eyes of the animal is peculiar, and although they can hardly be supposed to exercise a true sense of sight as represented in higher animals, they may nevertheless be regarded as useful to the animal in making it acquainted with so much of its surroundings. As the star-fish crawls along, the eyes appear at anyrate to be satisfactorily placed at the tips of the rays, and a small tentacle or feeler is also found in this situation, being placed just above the eye. In the sea-eggs, the curious little organisms known as *pedicellariæ* were noted to occur. These latter are minute bodies, each consisting of a stalk bearing a pair of snapping jaws at its extremity. The *pedicellariæ* are attached to the little spines of the star-fish and to its outer surface generally. The nature of these curious

little jaws and how or why they move—even after the death of the star-fish—are items in their history of which no good explanation has yet been given.

Our star-fish begins its life in a somewhat different fashion and appearance from that in which it passes its mature years. The young star-fish is, in the vast majority of species, unlike the adult. It appears as a little free-swimming body known as *Bipinnaria*, and when first discovered by naturalists, its relations to the star-fish were utterly unsuspected. The most curious part of its development, however, consists in the fact that the real and future star-fish is developed within this *Bipinnaria*, from a limited part of the body of the latter. The young star-fish is formed and grows at the expense of its representative, and what remains of the *Bipinnaria* after the young star-fish has been formed, is cast off and perishes.

As we have already remarked, the name 'star-fish' is applied especially to denote the common 'five-fingered' animal of our sea-beaches. That there are a number of other animals which also possess a rightful claim to this title is a well-known fact. The 'Sun-stars' with their thirteen or sixteen rays, are also 'star-fishes' in the true sense of the term; and the little 'Sand-stars' and 'Brittle-stars' which are brought up in the dredge, claim the title of star-fishes equally with the foregoing examples. The 'Sand-stars' are active little creatures, whose rays are mere appendages to the body, and are not so much parts of the body itself as in the common star-fish. They do not move about by means of tube-feet, but by the active movements of their rays, and a mass of these star-fishes just dredged presents a curious appearance as they lie twisting and coiling their rays in the meshes of the net. The 'Brittle-stars' obtain their distinctive title from the readiness with which they part with their arms. Indeed, it is a highly difficult matter to obtain a perfect specimen of a brittle-star. Edward Forbes has left us a humorous description of his endeavour to capture one of these animals in a perfect state. He had in readiness a pail of fresh-water into which the brittle-star was meant to be placed as it came up in the dredge, in the hope of killing it ere it had time to get rid of its rays. The star-fish was just introduced into the bucket, when it parted with its rays, literally separating itself into fragments; Professor Forbes in despair grasping 'the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision.'

If, however, self-mutilation is common amongst the star-fishes, no less well represented is the power of reproducing lost parts. In a sea-side ramble we may find star-fishes consisting of a body, and one ray—the other members having likely been torn away by some voracious fish. But *nil desperandum* is the motto of the star-fish. Given sufficient time and favourable surroundings, and the maimed body will develop new rays and parts to replace the old, and will appear in due time as a living testimony to the wondrous powers of reparation which some of Nature's creatures possess.

Recent observations on the star-fishes, and their neighbours the sea-eggs, and sea-cucumbers or trepangs, have revealed the interesting fact that

many of these creatures not only hatch their eggs within their bodies, but carry their young in special pouches or receptacles for lengthened periods. The kangaroos amongst quadrupeds are known to carry the young for a considerable period in the *marsupium* or pouch. It is therefore highly interesting to find an analogous instance of protection of the young in the star-fishes and their neighbours; and there is one star-fish known—a species of Brittle-star—which would actually seem to imitate the *opossum*, since it carries its young on its back. That much yet remains to be discovered in the history and habits of the star-fishes, no one may doubt. But we trust enough has been said to shew that there are many studies of a much less elevating nature and of less interesting kind which a sea-side visitor may undertake, than the investigation of the ways of star-fishes.

TESTED.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

‘THANKS for your advice, old fellow; it’s thoroughly good and thoroughly well meant; I am sure of both these facts; at the same time, forgive me for saying I can’t take it.’

‘And I’ll do you the further justice of admitting that you didn’t ask me for it.’

‘Good-bye till to-morrow morning at eleven sharp,’ the first speaker replied, jumping as he spoke, off the gate on which he had been sitting. ‘Wish me joy, and do your best to make my peace with the girls; your wife will do her best for me, I know.’

The other man wished Leonard Bell joy and good-bye heartily enough; but as he passed out of sight and hearing, the man, who still remained leaning against the gate, shook his head rather moodily, and said to himself: ‘Poor old boy! you’re wrong about my wife for once; in marrying beneath you, you offend one of her strongest prejudices. I know how her head will go up, and how she will “wonder how Leonard could fall in love with vulgarity after having been intimate with me!” What a world we live in! Bell with a wife he could have been proud of, would have had the ball at his feet in a short time; as it is’

— He checked himself abruptly, and with a shrug of the shoulders, that did not betoken too much sanguine expectation concerning his friend’s future, walked slowly back to the village where he was staying until such time as Leonard Bell bachelor should be transformed into Leonard Bell benedict.

Considerably older than the man whose matrimonial project had just been on the *tapis*, and endowed with considerably more experience of the world, Mr Linton had not distrusted his powers to put a stop to the ill-advised marriage Leonard seemed bent on making, up to the present morning. The knowledge of the handsome, cultivated, refined young artist’s engagement to a girl who had been accountant and head-barmaid at an hotel in an adjoining town, had only been in

Mr Linton’s possession for the last four days. Instantly on the receipt of the letter containing the (to him) sad intelligence, he had left London, and sought Leonard in the little village on the borders of the breezy Sussex downs, where the enchantress held him in bondage until the fatal knot could be tied legally; and it is but fair to Mrs Linton to say that it was her influence which urged her husband to take such immediate action.

The journey was fruitless as far as prevention went. Leonard loved the girl for her fine animal beauty, and thought there was something piquant in her pronunciation, which was sufficiently coarse to have cured him utterly, had not the aforesaid animal beauty affected his senses in a way that deadened his perceptive faculties.

‘She’s as pure as an angel, as lovely as Venus, and as unsophisticated as a child!’ he replied rapturously, when Mr Linton asked him into what circle he supposed it probable that he would be able to introduce his bride. ‘She’d adorn any circle, sir; and if my circle thinks itself too good for her, why, I shall not attempt to enter its sacred precincts myself. If she is not fit for it, neither am I.’

‘A man is bound to stand by the woman to whom he gives his name,’ Mr Linton replied sentimentously. But he thought: ‘A man who gives his name to a woman so far beneath him socially, himself becomes unfit for a circle so greatly above her.’ He only thought this, however; he refrained from saying it, and wounding Leonard’s feelings more deeply than he had already done by the honest though measured terms in which he had expressed his disapprobation of the unequal match.

The bridal morning dawned, and the bells rang out merrily from the old parish church over the cowslip and buttercup spangled meadows, telling the tidings of the handsome young gentleman-artist’s nuptials with the pretty daughter of the Priory steward. There was, however, nothing merry in their pealing, in the ears of Mr Linton. The golden radiance of the meadows annoyed him, as it seemed to be typical of that rustic beauty and simplicity which had wrought the social ruin of his friend and favourite Leonard Bell. ‘If the sun would only cloud over, it would be more in accordance with my feelings than all this glare and stir,’ he said to himself, as he made his way to the church. But the bells went on ringing, the flowers went on blooming, and the sun went on shining in a way that proved each and all to be utterly regardless of Harry Linton’s feelings and of Leonard Bell’s future.

Presently the wedding-party entered. It was small and as silent as the nature of the case would admit of its being. The mother of the bride, Mrs Waller, led the way, leaning on the arm of her son, a fine brawny young man, who held the post of farm-bailiff at the Priory, now that his father’s age unfitted him for active service. A good, honest, hearty-looking fellow, carrying his six feet easily and manfully enough. ‘A nice-looking fellow for his class,’ Mr Linton instantly admitted; ‘but not the sort of man that Bell can ever introduce to his sisters and my wife as his brother-in-law.’

Following the mother and brother came the two sisters as bride’s-maids. Prettily, quietly, and

becomingly dressed, they looked like what they were, respectable young country-town shopwomen. And last of all came the bride, led by her venerable handsome-headed old father, who in all the dignity of his unstained integrity and well-earned independence, might have sat for the portrait of the Miller of the Dee.

'Undoubtedly a handsome girl,' was Mr Linton's verdict, as he caught sight of the well-cut features and the rich blooming brunette complexion of the girl, who had in some mysterious manner caused the fastidious caste-loving Leonard Bell to forswear his social creed. 'If she's teachable and tractable, above all if she's imitative, she may take the place his wife should take—in time; but at present he will blush for her as soon as he sees her side by side with a gentlewoman. She looks wonderfully well, though; how will it be when she opens her mouth?'

He soon had an opportunity of judging, for as soon as the service was over, the whole party adjourned to the vestry to sign the registers, in attestation of their having witnessed the holy and lawful ceremony. With the ardour of a lover and of an owner proud of his new possession, Leonard Bell took his bride's hand and presented Mr Linton to her as his 'earliest and best friend.'

Something in the younger man's voice and manner, some singular mixture of pride and deprecation, touched the elder and more worldly-wise man into displaying greater cordiality and tenderness towards the newly-made wife than he would otherwise have exhibited. For a moment he allowed himself to forget the gap that custom and culture made between them, and bowing over her hand with the same amount of courtesy and respect he would have shewn for a princess, he said that he 'wished her every form of happiness and prosperity that her heart could desire, both for Leonard's sake and her own.'

Slight as the ordeal was, she could not pass through it unscathed. To her new friend's intense disappointment, to the equally intense mortification of her husband, Mrs Leonard Bell tossed her pretty head after the manner of a stage *soubrette* whom she had once much admired at a provincial theatre, and replied, with a jaunt and highly artificial assumption of being perfectly at ease: 'Thank you, Mr Linton; and I am sure you'll find no difference in the welcome you'll get at our house, though Mr Bell is married; and that's not what every wife would say to the friends her husband hobnobbed with in his bachelor days.'

'This is not one of my bachelor friends, you must understand, Ellen dear,' Leonard began explaining, in an agony of confusion; but 'Ellen dear' knew she had created a sensation by her last remark, and was determined to deepen the impression her *aplomb* had produced on one of 'Leonard's stuck-up friends,' and give him the opportunity of assuring that mystic 'set' of Leonard's, of which she had heard faint rumours, that 'Mrs Leonard Bell was well able to take care of herself.'

'And it's not every young lady that will speak civil to her husband's old lady-friends, I can tell you. There was my companion at the'—She stopped suddenly, checked by a look of agonised entreaty on her husband's face, and with a loud laugh and another jaunt toss of the head, turned to another subject. 'We'll go back to breakfast now; for we must all be that hungry. I'm sure

that we shall all do full justice to whatever you have had provided, Ma'.—I'm sure it was very good of you, Mr Linton, to come down to this hole of a place to do honour to our wedding; and we should have been very glad to have seen your wife with you, and then she and I could have struck up a friendship, you know, and so have been able to run in and out and have a gossip with each other, as soon as I got to London, and was settled in my own home.'

'So this is Leonard Bell's wife!' Mr Linton thought. 'The woman he has selected from all the world to bear his name, to be the mother of his children, solace his lot, and sympathise with his highest aspirations!'

CHAPTER II.

'The happy pair are coming home to-day; aren't they?' Mr Linton said one morning, a few weeks after the Bells' marriage. 'Yes,' he went on, consulting his note-book, without waiting for his wife's reply; 'this is the day, the third of July. Couldn't you send a line round to await them, Kate, and ask them here to dinner?'

A pretty, sparkling-faced, graceful-mannered woman rose quickly as he spoke, and went over to bestow some trifling loving attention on the flowers in her window-garden before she replied: 'I have never been able to extract a single word of description from you about Mrs Leonard Bell. Why should I bring her on myself in this intimate way, until I know whether or not the intimacy will be congenial to us both?'

'Don't get on preliminary stilts, Kate,' he answered laughing. 'Leonard owes a good deal to you in one way and another; don't make him feel the debt too keenly, by keeping his wife at arm's-length.'

'What is she like, Harry? Tell me.'

'A very handsome richly coloured brunette; tall, well grown, and'—

'Shy?'

'Not at all; remarkably self-possessed.'

'Ah! now, do give me fuller information. You have been so strangely reticent about it all. She is either a person whom you expect to fairly dazzle me, or she is some one whom it would have been well for Leonard not to have married.'

'I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions when you meet her,' said Mr Linton, rising, and preparing to get himself away to his office. 'Remember this: you have helped to popularise Leonard in society, you have worked his name up in the press, and you have conferred the distinction of your openly avowed friendship upon him. Don't attempt to neutralise the effect of all these things by shewing him the cold-shoulder, even if you don't happen to like his choice of a wife.'

'His sister's fears are well founded, and our boy has made a mistake, I fear—oh, how I fear it!' muttered Mrs Linton to herself, as her husband went out of the room. 'However, Harry is right. I, who have spoilt him, and taught him to believe in the infallibility of his own judgment, must be the last one to shew that it is a mistake, if it turns out to be one; the world will do that sharply and speedily enough.'

Mrs Linton debated the question of the propriety of the proposition her husband had made as to inviting the bride and bridegroom to dine

with them (the Lintons) this day of their return, up to mid-day. Then kindness and curiosity combined to make her pen the following note :

DEAR MRS BELL—My husband and I, as old friends of your husband's, who wish with as little delay as possible to become friends of yours also, trust that you and Leonard will waive ceremony, and dine with us *en famille* to-night at seven.—Believe me, with kindest regards to you both, yours truly
KATE LINTON.

This note, written in all friendliness, was sent round to the artist's house by a messenger, who was charged to wait for an answer, if Mr and Mrs Bell were at home. Sent in kindness and courtesy, we shall see how it was received, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

The husband and wife had been home for about an hour when Mrs Linton's note was delivered to Mrs Leonard Bell. On the whole, this hour that he had passed in the home, which was dainty and delicately decorated with the indescribable taste of an art-loving man, was the happiest he had passed since his marriage. The pictures and the statuettes, the bronzes and harmoniously coloured pieces of old china, the oriental rugs and carved oak buffets, were all dear and familiar, fraught with delightful associations, charged every one of them with pleasant memories of friends of his own class, whose very existence he had forgotten while the glamour was over him about Ellen Price. Additionally, he could gaze at and study these beautiful objects with the sure conviction that they would never speak and shock him out of all admiration for them by faulty pronunciation and coarse tones.

It had come to this, unfortunately. His wife's beauty was as great as it had ever been, greater indeed, for he had modified and toned down her dress with such taste that it would have been difficult to find a better or more becomingly costumed woman than Mrs Leonard Bell in the most *recherché* set in London. But he had found himself utterly unable to modify or tone down her provincial accent and coarse colloquialisms. The underbred girl who had been the belle of the bar, flattered, courted, and admired by the very lowest and worst class of bagmen, believed herself to be fully equal to the situation she was now filling, and laughed to scorn any attempt her husband made to cultivate her intellect and get her to cast off at least the outer shell of ignorance.

The hour had been the happiest he had passed since his marriage, for at least his surroundings were dear and congenial to him. But it had not been unalloyed happiness which he had tasted. He had purposely timed their return for the middle of the day, in order that he might have several hours of daylight at his disposal, during which he might be able to inoculate his wife with something like an admiration of and appreciation for some of the art treasures which he had obtained at the cost of many years of hard work at his art, and the sacrifice of many a merely social or selfish pleasure.

'I'll shew you your kingdom from garret to basement, Nellie dear,' he said to the lady as soon as she had avowed herself to be sufficiently 'rested'

to undertake the tour of inspection after her journey. She had sailed into the dining-room and cast anchor in that haven immediately on entering the house, and though she was delighted at the affluence displayed in its fittings-up and furniture, she would not avow that delight, for fear Leonard should think she 'hadn't seen as good many and many a time' at the houses of some wealthy but extremely mythical relations whom she was in the habit of quoting.

'The attics!' she exclaimed in affected surprise; 'what should ladies do in the attics, Leonard? No; I'm too tired to go up that 'ight,' and just as she said this the letter came from Mrs Linton.

'Well, well! read your note, and then we will go up to the drawing-room,' he said good-humouredly; but his brow burnt, for the servant who had brought in the letter had missed her mistress's 'h'; and he knew that his wife's former social status was guessed at once pretty correctly by at least one of his faithful servitors.

'It's from the wife of that gentleman who came to our wedding, Len; she asks us there to dinner to-night,' Mrs Bell cried out with an air of pleasure that was natural, and therefore agreeable to her husband.

'Jolly of her!' he responded with enthusiasm, for Mrs Linton had proved herself one of his fastest and truest friends for many a year; and the dread had come into his mind more than once since his marriage that the wife he had chosen would not be likely to cement the union. 'Jolly of her! It's just like her to be the first to shew you kindness. We go of course.'

'I am not so sure about that,' Mrs Bell replied with a pout. 'If she's as stuck-up as her husband is, I'm in no hurry to know her; and as for shewing me kindness, I could have my dinner at home, I suppose. Besides, she doesn't know me yet, so it's for you the kindness is shewn, not for me.'

'We won't argue about that, darling,' he replied affectionately. A good deal of the glamour that her positive beauty had cast over him was gone; but he remembered that he had selected her from all the world, and that he had removed her from her own sphere and her own friends; and remembering these things, he was careful that she should find nothing wanting in him. Accordingly he called her 'darling' affectionately, though her burst of self-importance struck him as being singularly ill-timed.

'Write a line to Mrs Linton, Nellie, and tell her we have much pleasure in accepting her friendly invitation,' he went on, wheeling a small writing-table up to her; and after some slight demur, Nellie did as she was desired to do; but she did it with a bad grace; and Leonard Bell began to have his visions of pleasure consequent on the renewal of intercourse with Mrs Linton, tinged with nervous apprehension of his wife's possible antagonism.

It was undoubtedly a trying moment for them all when he led his bride into Mrs Linton's drawing-room that evening. As far as appearance went he had every reason to be satisfied with his wife; for she had dressed according to his directions, and was looking splendidly handsome. He watched eagerly for the effect she would produce on a woman whose predominant characteristics were refinement and tact; and he felt, with a pang of

bitter mortification, that it would require a good deal of the latter quality to enable Mrs Linton to conceal what a shock it was to the former one to see on whom his choice had fallen.

'I welcome you warmly, for Leonard's sake, at once, and doubtless shall soon do so for your own,' was the greeting of the hostess, as she came forward cordially to meet her guests; and at this Mrs Bell bridled and tossed her head, and replied in tones that were sharpened by some undefinable feeling of jealousy: 'If I had known that it was only for Mr Bell's sake that you asked me, I should have let him come alone.'

'The beauty of a Venus and the temper of a vixen and the breeding of a—what? What could have possessed Leonard to marry a woman who is so palpably not a lady?' Mrs Linton thought; but she spared her old friend and favourite the mortification of allowing the expression of these thoughts to portray themselves on her face.

'Twere long to tell and vain to hear' the series of humiliating incidents that occurred during this the first evening of Mrs Leonard Bell's introduction to her husband's set. Ignorant, vain, and ill-tempered, she outraged Mrs Linton's sense of social decorum at every turn; and when the moment of their departure arrived, Leonard felt, with a pang of genuine grief, that a change had been brought in his once staunch ally's opinion of him.

'She despises me,' he said to himself; 'but I owe it to the woman I have married, never to let Mrs Linton know how fully conscious I am of deserving her contempt. If any sacrifice is to be made, I will sacrifice her friendship and interest, rather than be disloyal to one of the obligations I have taken on myself.'

It was but the beginning of the end. The handsome artist soon found that his position in society altered in a way that made him wretched when he went into it. His wife was absolutely unteachable, and at times absolutely unbearable in her arrogance and ill-humour. The once courted, popular 'favourite of Fortune,' as he had been frequently designated, was keenly alive to the indifferent tones that had succeeded those which once thrilled with interest in him. He ran the gantlet of averted looks and cool accents, of languid answers, and every description of slight which Society offers to the man who has wronged it by 'marrying beneath him.' He ran the gantlet of these poisoned weapons for one season, and then lapsed from the sphere of which he had been the brightest luminary. There was something almost grand in the way in which he retired from the contest, that was so cruelly unequal. Even those who had been most merciless in awarding him the punishment due to his offence, acknowledged his manliness, and half admired him for it. He shewed the section of Society that had been his 'world,' that he would have no share in it while it ostracised his wife.

On the other hand, was she grateful for the sacrifice he made for her for his honour's sake? Was she even grateful for the air of thinking it no sacrifice at all, which he always assumed when she began to investigate the subject? Emphatically no! She was furious, spiteful that the necessity for his self-abnegating himself in such a way should have been thrust upon him; but she was careless and indifferent to the last degree about the graceful graciousness with

which he accepted the necessity. There was no balm for him in his wife's society and manner; there was no compensation to him for all he had lost in her cloudy looks and temper, in her ignorant derision of the art that was dear to him, or in her barely concealed aversion to, and jealousy of the few bachelor friends who still habitually associated with him.

A dreary life this of Leonard's, a desolate life, for he felt both mentally and socially isolated. For a time he strove to interest her in the literature of the day; he would give her extracts from contemporaneous history in the daily journals, and read chapter after chapter of moving pictures of real life from the pens of the best novelists. But he relinquished his self-appointed task in despair, when he found that she never either felt or feigned the faintest interest in any literature save pungent police reports, or in anything dramatic save melo-dramatic pieces at some of the transpontine theatres. As for conversing with him on any topic of the day, in which thousands of her fellow-creatures were taking a keen interest, if they had been topics of another world she could not have known less about them.

So two years passed away, and Leonard Bell's narrowed aspirations and interests, his social desolation and domestic lack of sympathy, began to tell on his work, in a way that it was very sad for those to see who had prophesied that the man who had started from such a praiseworthy point would eventually reach an exalted position. Now the few years had passed, and Mrs Linton and others of the class of which she is the representative, watched his decadence at the Academy with many a pang of self-reproach for having withheld the kindly word and the helping hand, that might have spared the feeling of abandonment which was making itself manifest.

'At least he can't have poverty to contend with,' the pretty fashionable woman, who had been such a friend of Leonard Bell's while the friendship redounded as much to her honour as to his, said to herself as she came out from the Academy one morning, after having vainly tried to discern something of his old better self in his best picture of the year. 'He can't have poverty to contend with. He is as popular as ever he was; and though he is popular with a lower class than formerly, it's with a class to whom money is no object. If I thought for a moment he was feeling the grip of want, I'd go and see him; as it is'—

As it was, Mrs Linton stifled the good impulse, and tried to banish all thoughts of the man whose career she had once proudly prognosticated would be a brilliant one.

But the day soon dawned when her resolution to forget the man for whom she had been ambitious, utterly broke down before a storm of strong human feeling. Glancing over the *Times* obituary one morning, her eye fell on the words: 'At Glenthorne House, St John's Wood, on the 9th instant, KATE, the only child of LEONARD and ELLEN BELL, aged four years.'

Her first feeling was one of intense, earnest, loving pity and sympathy for the bereft parents; her next a pang of pleasure that she herself, in spite of all her callous neglect of him, should have been so kindly remembered by Leonard, that he

had called his only child after her. 'At least they shall see that I don't stand aloof from them in their hour of trial,' she said to her husband half apologetically. But he rather checked her enthusiasm by reminding her that people 'acted injudiciously very often when attacked by a fit of late remorse.'

Who can tell what throbs of kindly feeling agitated her heart; what sweet desires to make amends filled her mind as she drove over to Glen-thorne House, resolving to go in with outstretched hands, and with the sorrow for them which she really felt, expressed in her face? Who can tell what an effort of self-constraint it cost her to go when she felt so little sure of a welcome, to meet those to whom she had played the social Pharisee's part?

For a few minutes she was left alone in a room that was well filled with handsome modern furniture stiffly and conventionally arranged. 'No evidences of poor Leonard's taste here,' she thought; then she blamed herself for the touch of contempt for the taste of his wife, which was tingling her reflections; and as he came in at the moment, went forward with tearful eyes and quivering lips to greet him.

'Your sorrow is reflected in my heart, my friend,' she murmured. 'Leonard, we have been strangers for a long time; let my sympathy with your wife and you now, win my way back to your friendship.'

She was chilled when he told her, told her quietly enough, that she had never lost his friendship, but that all friendship had seemed valueless to him since he had found it drawing lines and distinctions which would have made him seem a traitor in his own eyes if he had striven to retain it.

She was chilled, inexpressibly wounded, for she saw that the stab Society had given him rankled still. But her respect for him deepened as she realised that however foolish he had been in pledging the solemn vows he had pledged to Ellen Price, he had amply redeemed them to Ellen Bell.

'May I see your wife?' she next asked; and he told her 'yes'; and himself went and brought the once-brilliant beauty in.

Saddened, softened, as she was by the loss of her child, the character of the wife for whose sake he was self-banished from the world he sympathised with and loved so well, remained unaltered. She was still jealous, suspicious, and anxious about minor matters, desperately ignorant, and arrogant in her manner. Still there was a touch of pathos in the words and tone in which she unconsciously revealed to Mrs Linton, when Leonard left them for a while, how unrepiningly and thoroughly her husband had stood the sharp test to which he had been subjected.

'I'm more sorry for Mr Bell than I am for myself even,' she said weeping; 'for though he never wants any company but mine, and is happier and more contented in his home, whatever temper I may be in, than I ever saw a man in my life, still our Kate was the apple of his eye; and she worshipped her father, and would have been a better companion for him perhaps than I am, if she had lived to grow up. He isn't like some men you see; his first thought has always been for his home; so the loss falls hard on him; for he's given

up everything that could take him away from it, for us; and now Kate's gone!'

'He's nobler by far now than he was when I predicted such a noble future for him,' Mrs Linton told her husband when she went home. 'Though married beneath him, he has never allowed his wife to see that she has cost him a jot of what was dear as life to him. Has he not been terribly tested, and triumphantly proved true?'

THE GLORY OF POSSESSION.

POPE says that 'Man never is, but always to be blessed'; a remark which, while obviously true as a rule, has yet many exceptions, which go far to prove its power and truth as a general axiom. Certain individuals are never satisfied with the condition of things around them, are always discontented and wishing for some change; all the time being blind to the fact that the root of the dissatisfaction lies within themselves. 'How well we should get on if we got such and such an appointment! How comfortable in such a position! How happy there, and how successful somewhere else,' is the continual cry. 'If I had this, or knew that, or might get such another thing, life would be far different!' Of such vain grumblers is Pope's line true, as forcibly true as it is of longings infinitely deeper.

But there is in the world another class, whose acceptance of things as they are is equally remarkable and almost equally aggravating. They are the people to whom the glory of possession covers all defects, and throws a beauty over all unsightliness; to whom all is wonderful, all is beautiful, because it is 'ours.' To such minds the very fact of possession implies perfection, not that the thing is so in itself, but that it becomes so extrinsically because it is 'our own.' These are the people who live in lonely wretchedness in country mansions, and wonder how others can exist in the smoke and din of a city; who tell you that they never have any fogs, never hear any storms; who speak of 'our' grapes and 'our' cabbages being finer than any other, and who pity the poor unfortunates who are so far the victims of fate as to be reduced to the necessity of eating market vegetables; totally oblivious of the important fact, that such individuals can have earlier peas and later strawberries, not to speak of the thousand dainties one garden cannot produce, but which the golden key can unlock as from the gardens of the Hesperides. Transport the same people to town, and (curious phenomenon) it is thenceforth a matter of wonder to them how people can live in a miserably dull country house; and town becomes the most desirable of residences simply because 'we' live in town. What of the fogs and the storms now and the many other disagreeables? All vanished away, or rather transferred to the now despised rural life.

In the same manner 'our' carriage is always the best. If it be a wagonette, it is so much more convenient than any other kind. Then when a

landau is purchased, how much more comfortable ; and it immediately becomes a matter of surprise that makers of any other style find any sale for their productions. The same state of feeling is evident towards the whole of the possessions, and ranges from the most important to the most trivial matter. The happy possessor of a small sailing-yacht discourses with apparent modesty of his 'trim-built wherry,' as he pleases to call it, affecting to prefer it to all boats of larger dimensions, and scoffing at the many drawbacks of steam and machinery. Next year, with the advent of a larger fortune, he becomes the owner of a fine screw-steamer, and all its good qualities are apparent and its bad ones forgotten, in the glory of possession.

In like manner with children ; the parents of each family are singularly alive to the defects in others, and quite cognisant of the rudeness of the children belonging to any one else, deploring with ludicrous gravity the fashionable errors of extravagant up-bringing and want of training ; while all the time they are perfectly blind to the faults of their own offspring, faults eminently visible to others, who are equally blinded towards their own. It is an old saying that 'Every crow thinks its own bird the whitest,' a proverb the truth of which is brought home to us every day in the present pitiable exaltation of children, and equally pitiable humiliation of parents, who cannot even enforce obedience, but who, seeing nothing amiss, look with admiring eyes on their ill-guided children, rampant in overbearing demeanour ; for over all defects is thrown the glamour of possession ; they are ideally beautiful in soul and body, for—they are 'ours.'

This remarkable state of mind tinges the opinions of such people in regard to all things both in nature and art. Wherever they have travelled, there and there alone are the true charms of nature. Speak not of rambles in unfrequented places or detours off the usual route, such details being sure to elicit the usual hackneyed stories of the time when 'we went up the Rhine' or 'our trip to Paris' (said trip being to a certainty 'our' only one). Hint at any sight they may have omitted to 'do,' and you are sure of the obvious reply : 'We did not go ; it was not worth seeing.' Of course not ! In Art it is the same way ; and it is fortunate that the immortality of genius does not depend on the fiat of such judgments, as whatever is new is wrong, and whatever is incomprehensible (to them) is wicked. They run down paintings they have never seen, and scoff at books they have never read, and have always on hand ready-made and sweeping judgments of things in general which they know nothing about, and therefore condemn. The only things that are right and beautiful and perfect are what they themselves do, what they themselves see, what they themselves possess. Such is the English philistine in his castle of Self, bound with the chains of bigotry and a slave to Mrs Grundy.

But the glory of possession does not gleam merely over the pleasures, luxuries, and so-called good things of life ; it also sheds an extraneous lustre upon the ills and sorrows of a section of mankind. We all know the unfortunate mortal whose

pain is the worst ever endured on earth ; and it is as difficult to screw sympathy for indigestion out of a toothache-sufferer as it is to make a hypochondriac believe himself as well as he really is. Each twinge of pain is literally hailed as an additional thorn in the crown of martyrdom ; and such sufferers revel in the narration of their various aches, dwelling on each detail with the complacent satisfaction which can only arise from the glory of possession. In sorrow, the same principle is often at work, and the *refrain* of man's grief is the bitter cry that 'there is no sorrow like unto *my* sorrow.' Each heart feels its own bitterness, and sorrows, like everything else, are great only by comparison. The loudness of the outward expression is in proportion to the shallowness of the feeling, and much talk is an evidence not of deep emotion, but of a certain glorying in the possession of a circumstance conferring momentary importance.

It is thus clear that certain individuals judge all things joyful as well as sorrowful from their own view-point, 'ego' being the touchstone of all ; and the narrower the nature, the harsher the judgment as far as others are concerned. The more closely one is wrapped up in his own concerns, the less does he care for the happiness of others ; and the more satisfied he is with his own affairs, the less easily is he pleased with those of another. Blind to his own faults, and cruel to those of the rest of the world ; unobservant of the many sins of omission and commission within his own magic circle (narrower or wider, as the case may be), and yet hypercritical of others, such a mind grows more and more contracted in proportion to the amount of glory derived from possession ; just as the pupil of a cat's eye diminishes as the light grows brighter.

Contentment is in truth a great virtue, and there is certainly no harm, but rather great good, in people being contented with their lot in life. It is likewise a wise dispensation of Providence that each should be pleased and satisfied with his belongings animate and inanimate ; and it is only when such satisfaction is fostered by that depreciation of others which engenders a spirit of Pharisaic self-righteousness that it becomes not merely despicable, but also wicked. The gratulation of one's self which can only be secured by finding fault with another, is the thin end of the wedge which soon leads to a constant habit of self-exaltation at the expense of others. That such a state of mind is common is a curious fact in a land which glories in the possession of a religion teaching one to 'love his neighbour as himself ;' but Selfishness would seem to dominate Christianity ; and the absence of the true spirit of that religion proves that, in too many cases, the devotion to the letter thereof is only one of the respectable, because sanctioned hypocrisies of the day.

To minds warped by self-satisfaction and glorying in the possession of the tangible and the materialistic, there can be no beauty in an ideal future where the world's judgments may be reversed, and the valuable here be the utterly valueless there. Such minds are not troubled by yearnings after the mysteries of the divine and eternal : the unseen has no power for them, the future no vague wonder, the soul no place. No, shifting horizon of future blessedness ever gleams with tempting light before their eyes ; but thoroughly

comfortable in their own estate, surrounded by the good things of life, and lulled by a sense of entire satisfaction, the present is beautiful for them in the Glory of Possession.

AN INDIAN RACE-MEETING.

AN Indian officer kindly sends us the following notes from Sonopore on what is termed a race-meeting, the festivities at which extend over many days.

Originally a place of Hindu pilgrimage, Sonopore has come to be known as one of the great fairs of India, famous for its horses and elephants, its workings in wood gold and ivory, and specialities from Benares Delhi and Bombay; and still pious pilgrims flock to the temple of Mahadeo, on the banks of the Ganges, and bathe in the sacred waters when the moon of the month Katik is at its full. But it is neither with fair nor pilgrims that we have to do. Sonopore is a word of meaning to the residents of Patna and the surrounding districts. There, in a magnificent mango-wood, close to the race-course, and safely removed from the fair and its odorous crowds, they pitch their tents, invite their friends, and spend ten days or so in boundless hospitality and grateful relaxation. That mango *tope* has made the fortune of Sonopore.

A central road traverses the trees, and on each side, forming a sort of street, the 'camps' are placed. They are all much of the same pattern. In the centre you will see a large canopy, supported on poles, called a *Shamianah*; to this the Lady of the Camp has probably transported her drawing-room furniture, piano and all. A little behind will be a large closed tent; this serves as a dining-room. Round these two as a centre some twenty small tents are grouped; these are the private rooms of the visitors. Camps are usually formed by the leading civilians of the district, by the regiment stationed at Dinapore, and last, but not least, by the jovial indigo-planters of Tirhoot. At the extreme verge of the wood is situated the grand stand, in front of which the course sweeps round an ample plain. Inside the stand is a large ball-room with—oh, luxury!—a boarded floor, for it is a luxury to us in India, where we generally have to woo Terpsichore on dead springless *chunam*, with a dancing-cloth stretched over it.

And now, to tell you how the day is spent at Sonopore. Punctually at seven o'clock, bang! goes the camp-gun; and then, starting from the secretary's tent close to the Stand, a brass band perambulates the camp, waking up the lazy with that inspiring strain, *Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?* No sleep after that! Up you get and make for the races. These last for about two hours; but as I cannot profess any admiration for the Indian Turf, I will pass them over. With appetites sharpened by the cold air of a November morning, we hurry back to breakfast—always a jolly jovial meal at Sonopore; the men in good-humour, and the ladies with real English roses on their cheeks. After breakfast, you can sit out under the trees, and interview the various travelling merchants still; their wondrous silk-work from Cashmere worth their stocks of Delhi jewellery. Possibly a better customer may drop in. Every one has she had lived to regglers; but to appreciate them, you see; his first sitting on the grass with no

table, and no apparatus but a cloth spread in front of them, performing the same tricks that gave fame to Anderson and Stodare. This sort of thing, with perhaps a little visiting, passes the time till luncheon, after which you can go and see the fair from the back of an elephant. The sagacious beasts take you very comfortably through the crowds, though every now and then they draw down on you the wrath of some obese provision-seller by helping themselves *en passant* from his stall. Afterwards, you can ride or drive on the course, or if skilled therein, join as good a game of Polo as any to be found in India. One year they got up tilting at the ring for ladies; but as each ring was a silver bangle, and as the fair performers were so stimulated thereby, they had at last to stop it, lest the race-fund should be ruined. After a short breathing-time comes dinner, and after dinner, every other evening we have a dance.

A dance at Sonopore is much like a dance elsewhere I suppose, so we may pass these evenings by. But on the alternate ones, when the regimental band and a roaring bonfire call us all to the camp of H. M.—th, you will see something that is probably new to you. A cheerful fire crackling and flaming up till it nearly reaches the lower branches of the trees; round about, a semi-circle of ladies in their evening dresses, with a background of men in black or scarlet, white tents shewing here and there through the trees, with the Sonopore moon shining down over all, form a picture that gives one a very favourable idea of Indian life. Between the tunes, you will perhaps hear a song or two of more or less merit, and the mulled claret goes round merrily. Presently the ladies flit off like ghosts through the moonlight, and round the now dying embers, the details of many a pig-sticking hunt are recapitulated, and many a long-bow is pulled with a skill only to be arrived at by a lengthened apprenticeship in the gorgeous East. And so the day ends; and so life goes on for nearly a fortnight more or less, and the Sonopore race-meet comes to an end.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

FROM the Annual Report of the British Museum, which has just been made public by order of the House of Commons, we learn that in the department of Printed Books the most important acquisition of the past year has been the purchase of a copy of the great Chinese Encyclopædia, the native title of which may be rendered, 'A Complete Collection of Writings and Illustrations, Ancient and Modern, drawn up under Imperial Sanction.' The acquisition of this literary curiosity is due mainly to the exertions of the late Mr W. S. F. Mayers, Chinese Secretary of Her Majesty's Legation at Peking, who after nearly a year's negotiation succeeded in making the purchase for the British Museum.

This great Encyclopædia—we spare our readers the Chinese title—is comprised in no fewer than five thousand and twenty volumes, and consists of a vast thesaurus, into which is digested the entire mass of Chinese literature extant at the date of its publication, classified under appropriate headings, and accompanied by illustrative drawings, plans, and maps. It includes treatises ranging from about 1150 B.C. to about 1700 A.D.; and

it is said that with the exception of novels, upon which the true Chinese scholar looks with contempt, every branch of the national literature is fully represented in it.

This stupendous work was compiled in the early part of the eighteenth century by an Imperial Commission of high officials, appointed by the famous Emperor Kang-hsi, who ruled China from 1662 to 1722. This great emperor, so well known from the accounts of the Jesuit missionaries, whom he favoured and assisted, and who were his instructors in European arts and learning, was himself a great writer, and he was struck by the alterations and corruptions which were gradually being introduced into the texts of standard works. He therefore conceived the idea of reprinting from the most authentic editions the whole body of Chinese literature then in existence. The Commission of high officials above mentioned was accordingly directed to select and classify the texts; and their labours extended over forty years, terminating in the publication of the work in the early years of the reign of Kang-hsi's successor, Yung-ch'eng, who consequently inscribed the preface in his stead.

In the compilation of this great storehouse of information the editors adopted the principle of grouping the materials before them into six grand categories, containing all matters relating to the Heavens, the Earth, Mankind, Inanimate Nature, Philosophy, and Political Economy. These categories were subdivided into thirty-two sections, the components of which were more minutely classified under upwards of six thousand heads. To shew the great care exercised by the compilers in carrying out the very onerous task imposed upon them, we venture to enumerate the subject-matters of the thirty-two sections—namely the heavenly bodies, the calendar, astronomy and mathematical science, astrology, the earth, the dominions of China, the topography of the same, the frontier nations and foreign countries, the imperial court, the imperial buildings, official institutes, domestic laws, private relationships, genealogy and biography, men, women, arts and divinations, religion and phenomena, the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, canonical and general literature, education and conduct, *belles lettres*, etymology, the official examination system, the system of official appointments, food and commerce, ceremonies, music, military organisation, administration of justice, and handicraft.

The general index to this vast and comprehensive collection fills twenty volumes, in addition to the minute indices attached to each subdivision; so that a large amount of work will have to be done in cataloguing it to make it available to a European investigator.

Having thus described the scope of this unique literary curiosity, it only remains to say a few words as to the more mechanical part of the work. For the purpose of printing the Encyclopædia, a complete fount of copper type was specially cast under the direction of the Jesuit missionaries, who probably also superintended the printing, as the Chinese have not at any time used movable type to any great extent. Only one hundred copies, it is said, were printed; and this number has no doubt been much reduced by various casualties during the last century and a half. The whole impression was distributed as

gifts amongst the princes of the imperial family and other great officers of state. The type used in the production of the work is said to have been melted shortly afterwards, and converted into money, to meet the exigencies of the government during a financial crisis, so that a second edition could not be struck off. The copies still extant are in the hands of the families of the original recipients, from one of which the copy just acquired by the British Museum has been purchased; and as no copy is known to be accessible for reference in China itself, the Chinese will in future have greater facilities in London for literary research than they can hope to obtain in their own country!

THE USE OF OIL AT SEA.

ALTHOUGH the effects of pouring oil upon the troubled waters scarcely enters into the mind of man beyond a figurative sentiment, there are a few modern instances of its wonderful power at sea in cases of impending shipwreck. Those few cases, however, which have found a faithful record, ought to arrest more deeply the public attention; for if the efficacy of oil is of the nature which these accounts would lead us to accept, so simple a provision against the disasters of the ocean cannot be too extensively known. With this view we return to a subject which has already been touched upon in these columns, and would lay before our readers certain facts which will bear examination, and it is hoped tend to further inquiry.

As far back as 1770, a Dutch East Indiaman was saved from wreck in a storm near the islands of Paul and Amsterdam, by pouring on the sea a jar of olive-oil. The writer of *Wellerdehre* states that a Mr Ritchie, who accompanied a Danish captain to the island of Porto Santo (being tutor to his son), was standing on the shore during a hurricane, when he saw the vessel in which he arrived torn from her anchor and swallowed up. Suddenly in the middle of the bay appeared a boat driving towards the shore. The waves, however, advanced with redoubled energy, but without breaking, and tossed the boat so high on the strand that the men were able to jump out and scramble up the beach. The rescue was due to the captain, who as the boat entered the breakers, stove in the head of a keg of oil, which though unable to lessen their height, prevented the waves from breaking, and caused them to run up the strand like rollers, carrying the boat with them.

In 1867, a master stated in the *New York Shipping List* that he had been at sea twenty-eight years and master for ten years, and that he had saved the vessel under his command twice by oiling the sea. He says when a ship is disabled and cannot get out of a storm, and the master has to make the best of a gale, if he has oil on board he should start two or three gallons over the side, to windward; this will make smooth water. The oil allowed to drip slowly out is all that is required; the ship is in smooth though heaving water as long as the oil runs. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind he ever experienced, he lost all sails, and then the

rudder followed; and he knew the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour longer if he had not had some oil. Five gallons lasted fifty-six hours, and thus saved the vessel, cargo, and lives. He recommends that ships of heavy tonnage should have two iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with the faucets so arranged that the oil can be started at any time into small vessels—say ten-gallon casks; and in all ships' boats, tanks of five gallons each well filled, so that in case the ship founders or burns, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in a gale. With these tanks, and a good master who knows the law of storms and handles the ship so as to get out of the centre of it, the danger of foundering is greatly reduced.

Captain Betts of the *King Cenric*, of one thousand four hundred and ninety tons, which lately arrived at Bombay from Liverpool with a cargo of coal, used common pine-oil in a heavy gale of wind to prevent the sea breaking on board, and with perfect success. The gale continued for nearly five days, and raged with determined fury. It had lasted some time, when the chief officer, Mr Bowyer, bethought himself of a plan he had seen tried upon some occasions when in the Atlantic trade to prevent the sea breaking in. He got out two canvas clothes-bags; into each he poured two gallons of oil. He punctured the bags slightly, and hung one over each quarter, towing them along. The effect was magical. The waves no longer broke against the poop and sides of the ship; but yards and yards away, where the oil had slowly spread itself over the water and in the wake of the vessel, was a large space of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair damages with greater ease; the ship was relieved from those tremendous shocks received from the mass of waters which had burst over her quarters and stern, and the danger was considerably lessened. The two bags lasted two days; after which, the worst rage of the storm having expended itself, no more oil was used. Four gallons of oil, scarcely worth thirty shillings, perhaps here saved *King Cenric*, its cargo, and the lives and property of the crew.

The above facts are capable of absolute verification. The philosophy of the operation is simply, that the thin covering of oil floating on the waves prevents the wind from entering under the surface, and therefore greatly reduces the roughness of the sea, and probably the height of the waves, the crests of which are thus prevented from breaking, which is one of the principal causes of danger. There is, however, nothing new in the application of oil for such purposes. Pliny mentions that in his day divers used to throw oil to lessen the roughness of the sea, in order that they might more readily discern objects at the bottom.

The position of seals is readily known by the traces of oil which they throw up when feeding on oil-giving fishes such as the cod; and the course taken by shoals of herrings and pilchards can also be easily observed by the oil, let free, causing streaks of smooth water in the midst of the otherwise turbulent element. From the same reason, the sea never breaks round the body of a dead or harpooned whale, and its track for a long distance may be clearly discerned. The cook's slush, or the waste from a disused oil-barrel, or a little coal-tar thrown overboard, has caused a rough sea to become remarkably smooth. Dr Franklin tells us

that in Newport Harbour, U. S., the sea was always smooth when there were any whaling-vessels at anchor in it, through the waste of blubber and oil from them. When the bilge-water from oil-laden ships in the Ceylon trade is pumped overboard, the roughness caused by a gale subsides immediately; and knowing this, some intelligent masters, especially when near the Cape of Good Hope, always resort to the pumps of such ships previous to encountering heavy weather. Indeed, when running a gale, oil is sometimes thrown from vessels in the Newfoundland and Labrador trade, to keep the sea from breaking over them. They can run much longer with this assistance than without it, and the oil spreads to windward as fast as to leeward. Yet how little are these facts known. The writer has spoken of them for years to captains of vessels, who have either received these facts with indifference or refused them credence. It is to be hoped that more general attention may be given to this important subject; and as it is one which deeply concerns the interests of the mercantile marine, it seems most desirable that some public body—the Wreck Commissioners, for instance—should get together all the substantial information which might lead to placing the matter in an effective shape. What could be more applicable for initial experiments than a trial of life-boats, &c. going out in rough weather to stranded or wrecked vessels? We throw out the hint.

SWIMMING FOR GIRLS.

The public are continually reminded of the numerous contrivances, supports, stays, shoulder-straps, &c., and the various exercises that are best calculated to prevent round shoulders, a stooping awkward gait, contracted chests, and so forth; but perhaps there is no kind of exercise for girls more calculated to attain those desirable objects than that of swimming. During the act of swimming the head is thrown back, the chest well forward, while the thoracic and respiratory muscles are in strong action, and both the upper and lower extremities are brought into full play. Indeed, in a health-point of view, females would often have an advantage over the stronger sex, as, owing to the large amount of adipose tissue covering their muscles, and the comparative smallness and lightness of their bones, they not only have greater powers of flotation than men, but as a rule, can continue much longer in the water. They are therefore naturally qualified to become good swimmers; and Mr Macgregor mentions that out of a class of thirty girls, whose instruction commenced late last season, twenty-five were taught to swim in six lessons, and six of them won prizes. It is to be hoped therefore, that girls will not be debarred from learning this graceful and healthful accomplishment either through lack of baths or of teachers. Such a practice is particularly called for at the present day, as a set-off against the growing tendency in the 'girls of the period' to indulge in those literary and sedentary pursuits which are anything but favourable to the development of a healthy physique.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

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THE TESTIMONIAL MANIA.

In every large city in Great Britain there are certain individuals who, wishing to bring themselves to the front and make themselves of importance, are constantly contriving schemes to grant testimonials to persons dead or alive. These public-spirited individuals do not of course propose to incur the expense of the testimonials out of their own pocket. They adopt the easy method of plaguing all and sundry for subscriptions. Their merit, as they think, consists in sending round the hat, framing a committee, and helping to get up a prospectus, shewing the exceeding desirableness of the object in view.

We should think it hardly worth while to notice the comparatively innocent order of testimonials which take the form of a public dinner, or the raising of means to succour some one who in spite of his efforts has been unfortunate in the battle of life. These are matters which come and go. The dinners are eaten, the toasts are duly shouted with all the honours, or the purse is complimentarily handed over, as the case may be, and nobody feels himself the worse. The occasion has served its end, and excepting possibly a newspaper puff, it leaves not a trace behind. It is a very different affair when the testimonial assumes the permanent character of a statue to be set up on a pedestal in a prominent public situation. Here society at large, generation after generation, gets compromised. People till the end of time are to be martyred by looking most likely at some hideous object that they would rather shut their eyes upon and forget. Whether people, however, are to shew their repugnance or not, is not deemed to be of any importance. All that the inventors of such so-called testimonials think of, is the fussy glory of getting them up. The crave is satisfied. When the curtain is withdrawn on the day of inauguration, and the clamorous applause of the uncritical crowd has died away in the distance, there is a consciousness that a grand and memorable feat has been performed.

No one will aver that monumental sculpture

is a lost art, but we take it upon us to say, that within the last fifty years there have been sundry scandalously bad statues erected in public places, whether emblematic or assumedly commemorative of persons of note. The chief defect seems to be a want of imaginativeness according to the rules of good taste. Sculptors may have done their best. In some instances they have succeeded in presenting designs pleasing to the eye, and bearing tokens of genius, as, for example, the colossal bronze statue of Captain Cook by Woolner, recently executed for the purpose of being placed on a height overlooking the harbour of Sydney, New South Wales. This and a few others are exceptions. Too frequently, from whatever cause, sculptors working on plastic materials have failed to produce objects which when set up are calculated to evoke agreeable emotions. From sheer tastelessness and want of tact, not only the metropolis, but almost every large city, is becoming dotted with figures of a repulsive description, though we doubt not all in their turn have been the subjects of eulogy among cliques and coteries. With was the designer and sculptor of that extraordinary emblematic figure set up at the lower end of Waterloo Place, Pall-Mall, and which purports to be something triumphant connected with the Crimean War, we do not know, but anything more manifold and hideous it would be difficult to conceive. Yet, there it stands, a thing of ugliness, a disgust for ever. Much have testimonial-mongers to answer for by inflicting such an intolerable eyesore in times present and future. The very notion of so perpetuating remembrances of a foolish national paroxysm deserves reprobation. We should be glad to see the street rid of it.

A question arises how far parish, or civic, or any other authorities are entitled to trifle with public feelings. Have they a right, at their own discretion, to permit all sorts of figures to be stuck about in open spaces, on pretence of commemorating historical incidents, or of persons who from peculiar considerations are thought to be deserving of posthumous honours? Surely on conduct of

this nature there should be some check, otherwise there will by-and-by be no public pleasure-ground, square, or other open space which is not filled with pedestals and figures that may be far from being agreeable to contemplate, and, with all respect, whose absence would be better than their company. We have instanced that awfully ridiculous figure in Pall Mall; but only in a degree less absurd, and equally lowering to the national reputation, is that wonderful equestrian figure of the Duke of Wellington stuck on the top of the arch at the west end of Piccadilly.

With no small satisfaction we observe that *The Times* has brought its robust good sense to bear on this prevalent absurdity. The writer asks: 'Who is responsible for the statues of statesmen which are increasing with such frightful rapidity in Parliament Square? The First Commissioner has sanctioned the erection of all of them, and they exceed every other collection of the kind in London—perhaps in the known world—for badness. The sight of these images must give rise to very serious reflections. Who can estimate the effect they must have on the men of the rising generation? . . . It is a fine thing to be Prime Minister, enjoying the respect and confidence of all parties in the country; but it is a great drawback to the name and fame they reached to be exhibited to future generations of men in the likeness of a tailor's dummy stuck on a pedestal.'

Bad enough as are these artistic performances in London, they could be matched elsewhere. The open spaces in Edinburgh are getting defaced by a profusion of ugly figures of deceased personages, who, if they could come alive, would be very much chagrined to find they had been so inconsiderately pilloried. We hear much of art, and high art, but really it seems to us that in at least one department things are far from being improved. Where in the present day do we find the chaste elegance, the calm beauty, of the equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, a production of the seventeenth century? Where do we find any works nowadays comparable to the sculptures of Roubilac? The best things are apparently those which were executed when newspapers were in their infancy, and sycophantic criticisms and art-unions were unheard of. However this may be, we feel that the down-pour of ugly figures is becoming unendurable. How the matter is to be mended we do not profess to tell, unless by a strong counteractive influence. The men who amuse themselves by devising commemorative testimonials, and worrying everybody for subscriptions to carry out their crotchet, must be met by a polite refusal. Nor, as is seen, are First Commissioners and civic corporations to be trusted in guarding open spaces in cities from being misused. After all, statues of any kind are not absolutely required as monuments. We venerate the memory of hundreds of great men in past ages, because of their good deeds and undying fame, without caring much about their personal appearance. If the sentiment of this generation must take practical shape in monumental erections, it may harmlessly, under a strict and wise restriction, be demonstrated in objects in the shape of some hallowed fane, as is to be seen in the finer monuments in Westminster. In most instances, however, a man's

works will prove his best monument; and at all events, better be forgotten than set up as ugly images to be scorned and contemptuously laughed at.

W. C.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE DAY OF RECKONING.

THE news of Lord Harrogate's return to High Tor possessed of indisputable proofs of the imposture that had been essayed with reference to the lost heiress of the De Veres; and that Ethel Gray, not Ruth Willis, was to be recognised as the true Helena, Lady Harrogate, burst upon Carbery (chase like a bomb-shell). The result was as close an approach to a revolutionary outbreak among the servants as could well take place in the orderly household of an English baronet.

The period which succeeded the sudden seizure of Sir Sykes was a kind of interregnum, during which the strongest will and the most confident bearing were pretty sure to make themselves obeyed. Jasper, the only son of the now powerless master of the mansion, was unfitted by character and by circumstances to grasp the reins of authority. He was not heir of entail; he was on dubious terms with his wealthy father; Sir Sykes might recover sufficiently to execute a will—all of which considerations were potent drawbacks to any assertion of authority on the part of Jasper Denzil.

Strangely enough, the sceptre which Jasper's weakling hands were too tremulous to clutch, fell naturally into those of Ruth Willis. She had been high in the baronet's favour when he was struck down by paralysis; she was affianced to Captain Jasper as 'My Lady,' a baroness in her own right; and she was acknowledged as a shrewd young person who was capable of holding her own, and perhaps a little more than her own, against all comers.

Ruth ruled at Carbery. It never occurred to Lucy and Blanche Denzil to contest her tacitly assumed superiority. Jasper was her slave, dragged at her gilded chariot-wheels; and Mr Wilkins the lawyer, after a vain attempt to stem the current, had done homage before the throne of the usurper. It need not be supposed that the submission of the household was a whole-hearted one. Sullen resentment was evoked in more than one quarter by the high-handed manner in which she who had been known as Miss Willis over-rode vested interests and trampled down cherished abuses. 'Set a beggar on horseback!' was the bitter quotation constantly applied to the combined sway of Ruth Willis and Enoch Wilkins.

The only person who felt disposed to resist Ruth's usurpation of authority had been the City lawyer, and he had quickly perceived that his safest policy was to act as vizier to the imperious little lady who now reigned at Carbery. Mr Wilkins's own position, based as it had been upon the fears of his employer, had become insecure since Sir Sykes had lain, the breathing effigy of a man, on the bed whence it was improbable that any volition of his own should ever raise him. The solicitor therefore had hailed the rising luminary, and had been satisfied to take his orders from the so-called peeress and bride-elect.

Then came the news that Ethel Gray's rival

claim to be the missing heiress was backed by the whole De Vere family; that she was to be married to Lord Harrogate; and that if the long arm of Justice spared Sir Sykes on account of his hopeless condition of bodily health, chastisement was not unlikely to be meted out to the subordinate agents in the plot which was now about to be revealed. Little less than a mutiny occurred at Carbery. There were murmurs loud and long, and Ruth found herself met on every hand by accusing eyes and insolent tongues, a detected cheat, to be stripped of the borrowed plumes in which she had pranked it so bravely.

A strange gathering it was that took place in the great library of Carbery Court, the room that had been Sir Sykes's favourite apartment, and which contained, as has been said, a magnificent window of stained glass, emblazoned with the arms of the former possessors of the mansion. Through this window, which faced westward, streamed the tinted light, falling like the lustre of a rainbow upon the elfish form and face of Ruth Willis as she stood, erect and defiant, confronting the hostile gaze of those around.

Of all those present, Ruth had not a single friend. Her tactics had been those of an audacious self-reliance that conciliated no support, won no sympathy; but pressed on, ever and always, towards the glittering goal. The Denzil girls, who had liked her well at first, were by her late insolence utterly estranged. Jasper, on whose neck she had set her foot, was coldly and passively her enemy. The ex-captain of cavalry hated, as he loved, in a lukewarm way; but he was quite shrewd enough to see that the spell was broken which had made him the bond-slave of Miss Willis. It was the unlikeliest thing on earth that Sir Sykes should rally; and if he did, he would scarcely be active in espousing the cause of one whose fraud had been found out.

Enoch Wilkins, one of the attorneys of Our Lady the Queen, was there also, and he was angrier than those who had more right to be angry. He saw the reins of government slipping from his grasp, and had no kindly feelings towards those whose blatant self-assertion had brought about the ruin of his projects. The keen, hook-nosed young Jew whom Mr Wilkins had inducted into the stewardship of the estate was there; and a little way off was to be seen the lowering countenance of the steward whom he had displaced, while the background was filled with tenantry and upper-servants.

Ruth Willis, standing in the full gleam of the dying day, as it poured through the storied panes of the rich window near her, gave proof of a rare courage. Now that she was fairly brought to bay, now that wiles and subterfuge could avail her no more, she turned, like a wounded panther on the hunters, and many of those who loved her least shrank from the scorn and wrath that glistened in her undaunted eyes. 'A little patience, my good friends, is all I ask of you,' she said boldly. 'You are many, and I am one. Listen then, for yet a little while, to a voice that but yesterday could command, and found none to gainsay it.'

She paused, looking steadfastly upon the faces of those who hearkened to her, and then went on: 'I am going to do that for which you should thank me, Lucy Denzil, you and your sister; and for which the thanks of your brother, Captain Jasper,

are doubly due. My self-sacrifice merely rids your home of my presence; but him it saves from being linked to a wife who would bring him but a dowry of contempt. Yes; the usurping cuckoo is going to leave the nest to its rightful occupants. Helena, Lady Harrogate, tosses aside her tinsel coronet. Miss Willis, the interesting Indian orphan, abdicates. Do you care to know the true name of the girl who has come so near to a successful imposture? It is RUTH HOLD. The pirate fellow—the seafaring adventurer whose connection with myself and my schemes has been a source of speculation to you all—is simply my brother Richard.

'Whether Richard or I deserved the dubious honour of having originated the idea that I should impersonate the lost child of Clare, Lady Harrogate, matters little. We were both poor and both unscrupulous, and in some respects alike. But mine were the better brains; and he it is who has wrecked the ship, after I had weathered storm and shoal.—Are you curious, Captain Denzil, about the former home of her who was to have been your bride? It must not be sought, as you once supposed, among the spreading peepul trees and verandah-shaded bungalows of some cantonment in Bengal. But in Jull Street, Tunbridge Wells, within a stone's throw of the Parade, stands a little circulating library and stationer's shop, over which may yet be read in faded letters the name of Hold. Our father and our widowed mother, and our grandfather in earlier days, kept that shop. Dick and I were born there. Our parents were good God-fearing people. My father, it may be, was a little harsh towards unruly children, as was thought right long ago, when discipline was sterner. At anyrate Brother Richard ran away and went to sea. He came back the year my father died, and then went off again. His was a roving nature, and what he became you can see for yourselves. What I became, you have yet to hear. I was well taught. My mother, poor soul! pinched herself to give me, as she said, the education of a lady. Quick and shrewd, I profited well by what lessons could be afforded me. As for reading, did I not devour the stores of erudition that lay within my reach, until I think there could not have been a single book upon the shelves which I had not perused once at least. I grew up wayward, intelligent, and discontented, a rebel against a social system in which there seemed to be no place for me. Honest work, humble living, duty—these things were repugnant to my restless soul, which pined and craved for power, for distinction, for a sphere quite other than that in which the circumstances of my birth had placed me. And then, shortly after my mother's death had removed the last tie which bound me to the sober, workaday life of narrow fortunes and contracted habits, against which my instincts rose in revolt, my brother Richard came back again from sea. He was a middle-aged man now—he was older than me by many years—seemed to have some command of money, and called himself Captain. I think he had grown tired of ranging leagues upon leagues of salt water in search of the wealth which is greedily competed for even under the fiery skies of those tropical countries where half his life had been spent, and that he was disposed to batten on prey nearer home. He went and came, and presently gave me to understand that a man

of title and property, Sir Sykes Denzil, was under his thumb, and could deny him nothing; and that if I would but play my allotted part and play it well, we could finish our lives in the midst of the luxurious surroundings which we both coveted.

'I fully understood, although Richard never entered into details, that his was the hand that had robbed Clare De Vere, Baroness Harrogate, of her child—hired to do that wickedness by the gold of Sir Sykes, who'—

'No, no; I forbid you to speak of my father thus,' said Lucy Denzil, crimson with honest shame and anger, and stepping forward. 'He may have been a dupe, but never, never'— She broke down, sobbing.

Ruth laughed a cruel little laugh. 'You are a model of filial piety, Miss Denzil,' she said scornfully. 'How reconcile, then, your belief in your father's innocence with the fact of his having been a puppet in our hands from the first—in ours, and in those of sleek Mr Wilkins there? When he took me in here among you as the orphan child of the imaginary Major Willis—when he insisted that your brother should marry me—when he reluctantly declared me a peeress in my own right, he gave such proofs of the guilt which made him our slave, as, before any earthly tribunal, would convict him.

'Mr Wilkins played a little game parallel to, but not connected with ours. He had a knowledge, which no honest man could have had'—

'Upon my word, young lady, your language may cost you more than you are aware of!' exclaimed Mr Wilkins, livid with rage, as he pulled out pencil and pocket-book and made a show of writing down Ruth's words. 'There's a law of libel in England.'

'Yes,' returned Ruth fearlessly, 'and a Chancellor who can strike off the Rolls a name so infamous as that of Enoch Wilkins is likely to be. Does any sane man believe that, were you not an accomplice who had to be humoured, Sir Sykes would have been weak enough to have'—

'I was no accomplice,' interrupted the lawyer, growing pale and red by turns. 'Whatever I did was done professionally and in a regular manner. All that could be said against my conduct as a practitioner resolves itself into a mere question of delicacy. Mr Gray—I really believed his name to be Gray, when first he consulted me in St Nicholas Poultry—turned out, when next we met, after a lapse of years, to be a more valuable client than I had originally conjectured, that is all. I was aware of an episode in his past life which he seemed anxious to conceal; and this no doubt had weight with him when he reposed in me a confidence which I have not abused. That I have made enemies here, I know. That parasites accustomed to fatten on the estate wish me ill because I brushed them aside, I am well aware. But I challenge any practised accountant to examine my books, and prove that I have wronged Sir Sykes of a sixpence. And as for the story of a stolen child, until that fellow Hold came to my office and talked wildly there, I had no notion that Sir Sykes had been concerned in actual crime.'

'That fellow Hold,' said a deep fierce voice, 'is here to answer for himself; and you, Lawyer Wilkins, if you are to sleep to-night with whole

bones, had better respect his name when you mention it.' And the dark scowling visage of Richard Hold, master-mariner, became apparent among the white wondering faces gathered there.

THE FRENCH OYSTER NURSERIES.

THE best places at which to witness the varied processes of oyster-culture, as now carried on in France, are Arcachon, Ile d'Oléron, Cancale, Vannes, and Auray. The basin of Arcachon is worthy of being first mentioned, because at that place visitors can obtain a bird's-eye view of various systems of culture, as well as of several productive natural oyster-scalps.

Arcachon has quite a history in the annals of oyster-culture. Long ago it was famed throughout France for its productive natural scalps, which yielded at the rate of eighty million oysters per annum; but these, consequent on the great demand, originated by the railways, were at one period drawn on to such an extent that they were in danger of becoming utterly exhausted. At no time, however, were the oyster fisheries at Arcachon so productive as they are at present. In 1876-77, the stock of oysters of all ages, excluding mere *spat*, which cannot be numbered, was estimated at two hundred and twenty-two millions! Some idea of the importance of this grand source of natural wealth may be obtained by calculating the value of the oysters on hand, young and old, at one penny each, which amounts to a sum of nine hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. During the last ten years or so, every opportunity has been taken of the natural advantages possessed by the basin of Arcachon as a place for the development of oyster-culture. Above all, the bottom or ground on which the oysters rest and breed has been scrupulously 'worked' day by day, in order to clear off all extraneous matter which the tide may leave upon the breeding-places, or which may be carried into the basin by the waters which flow into it. The enemies of the oyster are carefully sought for and destroyed, every part of the basin being gone over at least twice a month with this object in view.

There were at one period nineteen natural oyster scalps in the basin of Arcachon, all of which were wonderfully prolific. There are not quite so many scalps now; but those which are still in existence have become so productive that, if all their progeny were to be allowed to grow and multiply, the basin would in time be too small to contain the enormous quantity which would result. The persons employed to gather the oysters are women; and when the hour or two's gathering is over for the day, they carry the quantity they have obtained to the ship which lies in the basin for their reception; when it will be found that as many as sixty thousand oysters have been gathered by five gangs, each gang composed of ten women; and these women have by constant practice become so expert at examining and classifying the oysters, that they never require to use the gauge, which is a ring of given dimensions.

The basin of Arcachon contains an area of over twenty-five thousand acres, and about a third of that space has been conceded to persons who 'cultivate' oysters. The state at one time reserved to itself a small portion of the basin, on which model beds were constructed shewing the

newest designs in tiles and other apparatus for spat-collecting. These beds, however, have been relinquished by government and given over to the Life-boat Society, so that the whole area of the basin is now in the hands of private persons, all taken bound, on receiving a concession of oyster territory, to obey whatever rules and regulations are in force at the time, or may afterwards be devised by the authorities for the protection of the mollusc.

Incredible as it may appear to those connected with either the natural scalps or private oyster layings of this country, the oyster-picking which was permitted in the basin of Arcachon during the years from 1870 to 1877 inclusive, only lasted eight hours altogether! Yet in that short space of time, no less than about seventy-four and a half millions of oysters were picked up. Five thousand persons find employment on the public oyster-grounds at the times allotted for work; and upon a flag being hoisted as a signal, they begin their labour with astonishing vigour, determined to make the most of the brief time at their disposal. On the 2d December (1877) and on the 4th of the same month, the take is stated, on official authority, to have reached twenty-two million of oysters. One gatherer or hand-picker is able to take up as many as a dozen panners of oysters within the hour which is allowed. No oysters under the regulation size of two inches in diameter are permitted to be taken away from the basin. To insure compliance with this and other rules, an inspector and twelve guards are employed at a cost to the state of five hundred and sixty pounds annually; except an allowance of eight pounds per annum for *cutch*, this is all that is done by the government for the oyster-beds of Arcachon. It is interesting to know that the oysters produced there are now to be obtained in the British markets, large quantities being annually forwarded to the shell-fish agents at Billingsgate for sale to British dealers. It may be also stated here that a Monsieur D'Argy, at Le Brenguy, Auray, has contracted to supply during the present season one million marketable oysters to London, and as many to Paris, whilst next year he has undertaken to double these supplies to both cities.

On the Ile d'Oléron an active industry is carried on in oyster-culture. The business on this island is mostly in the hands of private growers, an experiment on an extensive scale by employés of the State having proved a failure. The *viviers* of Oléron are constructed in rather a rude fashion. They generally measure about sixty yards each way, and are separated from each other by simple rows of stones or tiles. One of the largest *viviers* is held by the authorities; it contains as many as ten thousand spat receivers. The whole of the nurseries, as they may be called, are fully stocked with oysters of all sizes, which are carefully attended to by the people of Oléron. It is computed that between six and seven hundred thousand tiles have been laid down on the Ile d'Oléron; and there are at present in the *viviers* of the islanders one hundred and sixty millions of oysters, not counting the spat which may be on the tiles.

Curious experiments in the acclimatisation of foreign oysters have from time to time been made in several of the French oyster nurseries. Specimens of Portuguese oysters from an immense

bank at the mouth of the Tagus have been laid down in the Oléron *viviers*, and being of a hardy and vigorous quality, are likely to grow and become valuable for cooking purposes. A large number of these Tagus oysters, which were laid down temporarily at the mouth of the Gironde below Bordeaux, spatting before they were lifted, and a large bank of them has been formed at Le Verdon, the spat from which has frequently been transported by the waves as far as La Rochelle, where it has flourished, and become reproductive. Spat which when emitted from the parent has the power of locomotion, is often borne by the waves to distant places, where if it falls on kindly ground, it will grow and in time repeat the story of its birth. An oyster must of course have something to rest upon and cling to; but some simple coign of vantage is all that is required; hence the system of tiles adopted in the French *viviers*. These tiles intercept the spat and afford it its first condition of growth. Tiles have the convenience of being movable and portable, so that they can be easily taken from place to place; and when the oysters are stripped off, they can be again used. They have likewise another advantage—they prevent some of the numerous enemies of the oyster from obtaining too easy access to their prey. It has been over and over again asserted that transplanted oysters do not breed; but that is an error. There can be no doubt that in time all oysters emit spat, if the animals have been placed in conditions favourable to their breeding powers; one of these conditions has been ascertained to be the giving access to the scalps of a stream of foreign or fresh water. A good bottom of *cutch* or tiles is another of the necessary requisites.

An illustration of the commercial value of oyster-culture as carried on in France may be given here, on the authority of M. Charles Morio, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Vannes, who holds a space of ground about six hundred and fifty yards long by four hundred and fifty yards broad. That gentleman has at present a stock of four million of oysters of all ages deposited in trays formed of cement, each tray containing in close rows about fifty of the bivalves. The total expenditure incurred by M. Morio amounts to about two thousand five hundred pounds, and he is quite satisfied with the returns obtained. His stock of oysters cost him two thousand pounds, and he estimates its present value at five thousand pounds; so that he has reason to anticipate that his *viviers* will ultimately prove a profitable venture. The oysters taken from the public beds of Vannes in the years 1875-76 exceeded on the average six million in each of these years.

Passing now from the oyster-layings of Vannes to those of Auray. There is much to be seen there that is worthy of being noticed. The oyster-farm of M. D'Argy, which extends to one hundred acres, and is private property, is particularly worthy of notice. The gentleman to whom it belongs was compelled to enter upon oyster-farming, because in 1864 the sea broke in upon his land and submerged that portion of it which is now devoted to that mollusc. M. D'Argy's great shell-fish preserve was constructed at a heavy cost, extensive dikes requiring to be erected along with sluices, for the regulation of the vast water-supply which is necessary. In the year 1876 the pro-

priotor stocked his ground with six million of oysters, more than half of which were of the regulation size of two inches in diameter. These oysters have thriven remarkably well, and have yielded a prolific spat; the seventy thousand tiles which were laid down by M. D'Argy having effectually served the purpose of collecting a quantity, which it is estimated will provide forty million oysters. The preserve is worked during the oyster-season by twelve men and sixty women; but at other seasons twenty women and eight men suffice. There are other *viviers* at Auray which, if space permitted, we might notice. Messrs Hédan and Jardin and some other oyster culturists have hit upon the following plan for the protection of their valuable charge. They place the oysters, as soon as they are large enough to be safely removed from the tiles on which they have been collected, on what are called ambulances—that is, movable erections in the shape of framework capable of holding from three to five thousand. This oyster-holding apparatus is raised a few inches from the bottom, and can be set down in the most advantageous places, such as near a current of flowing water, which is largely conducive to quick growth. Oysters spat in 1876 attained a size of over two inches in the space of about fourteen months; affording a remarkable example of the benefits derived from this mode of culture.

The oysters of Cancale were at one time the oysters of France *par excellence*, being alike distinguished by fine shape and delicious flavour. By means of its deep shell, the oyster of Cancale retained sufficient liquor to keep it fresh for many days, and was in consequence a prime favourite with connoisseurs. In the first half of the present century, during which the scalps of Cancale reached their acme of production, as many as seventy-one million of oysters were lifted in certain years. Ten years ago the once productive oyster-grounds of Cancale were at their lowest ebb, the take in that year being little more than a million individual oysters. After 1868 the produce began to augment, and in the season of 1874-75, nearly ten million were lifted; which proved, however, to be an over-draught, as the supply immediately afterwards fell to little more than half that quantity. Steps have in consequence been taken both by government and those immediately interested, for a rigorous protection of the beds.

The facts and figures of oyster-culture, as exemplified in the French nurseries, when they can be correctly ascertained, are worth making a note of, for the encouragement and guidance of home enterprise. The following *notanda* may be depended upon as not being exaggerated. We have again returned to the district of Auray. Not less than two-and-a-half million tiles have been laid down within the district of the syndicate; and these tiles, it has been computed, have in one year collected one hundred and ten million five hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty oysters, which, if they all reached maturity, would represent a goodly sum of money, even at one penny each. At home here, the price of 'natives' is, while we write, threepence-half-penny each, whilst 'common' oysters bring one penny less. It is said that one healthy oyster will yield as much spat as will fertilise an acre of ground; and we know that in France some of the fisheries where the spat has been collected on

tiles have become enormously productive. When fifty persons can gather as many as sixty thousand oysters in a few hours, it is not necessary to say more on the subject. Such oyster-wealth to British oyster-dealers must indeed appear fabulous.

It may be asserted of the places we have more particularly alluded to, and a few others of lesser importance, that this united oyster-wealth, public and private, must represent at least a sum of over one hundred thousand pounds per annum, even at French prices—the produce, be it understood, of only a few hours' fishing! It will be obvious enough, from what has been stated, that this money is divided among a large number of persons, bringing comfort to many families who carry on oyster-culture in their leisure hours. As we have already indicated, the business has only attained success by those severe measures of restriction which have been devised to prevent over-fishing and the taking of oysters under regulation size, which is the bane at the present day of the British oyster fisheries, and was till about ten years ago the bane of those of France.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.

I ARRIVED at Creston at eight o'clock in the evening. The train was punctual, and I was set down at the little station. My luggage was seized by a strong stalwart porter, who scrutinised me from head to foot, bustled about and seemed to expect me, offering to shew me the way to the doctor's house.

'You are the new assistant, I suppose?' said he. 'The doctor was down here about five o'clock; he told me as you was a-coming, and said he had to go out somewhere to-night after a man as had had his foot hurt by a machine some way off; and so he couldn't meet you; and you was to be so kind as excuse him.'

I replied it did not matter, and walked on, the porter following with my portmanteau on his shoulder. The village looked so peaceful. The long straggling street, with its shops and houses on each side, terminated in a slight hill, on which stood the church, an old gray Norman edifice, long and low, its chancel clothed with ivy, amid which roses twined in great red and white clusters. The square low tower, the arched windows, and the venerable porch, through which many a babe had gone to its christening, many a bride on her wedding morning, and many both old and young to their last long home in the green churchyard, looked gravely and solemnly down upon the village.

I gazed up at the church, wondering what would happen during my short stay in this pretty village to shape *my* career. Anything strange, anything unlooked for? or simply the ordinary routine of a country doctor's life, wearing enough, but unromantic generally and placid. I said to myself as I stood before the church: 'Shall you have to do with me and with my life during my stay of one short year? Who can tell?'

'This way sir,' said the porter, interrupting my

reverie, and doubtless wondering why I stood there gazing at the church. 'This way sir, if you please;' and we continued our road up the path which skirted the churchyard; past the village inn *The Fox and Hounds*, with its gaily painted sign-board—horses, huntsmen, hounds all mixed up confusedly together, while in the distance a preternaturally large and very red fox looked cunningly round upon his pursuers; past the Post-office, the Brewery, some better-class houses of the well-to-do farmers; past the Rectory, standing in its pretty lawn, dotted with flower-beds, whereon a group of gaily dressed girls were standing; and so on to the doctor's house, a low whitewashed building, standing in a pretty old-fashioned flower-garden, a little green gate and green palings covered with climbing roses and creepers, separating it from the road. The porter preceded me, and without further announcement, walked in at the wide open door shouting: 'Now then, Betsy, here's the gentleman; look sharp, girl.'

Betsy, a fair-haired, bright-looking lassie, came forward, and courtesied, saying: 'Master's had to go out sir. He was very sorry. But if you please sir, supper's ready and your room and all; and you was to do the best you could till he got back again.'

It seemed to me the quarters were comfortable enough, and that life would be very bearable for a while. I knew the doctor. He was an old friend of my father's, and ought to have risen above a mere country practice; but Fortune smiles on some men and frowns on others, and Dr Hamilton was one of those whose professional skill was great, but whose modesty and want of *push*—if I may so style it—made him content to live humbly in obscurity.

When I had visited my comfortable room and washed off the traces of the journey from my hands and face, I descended the stairs and entered the parlour, where an inviting-looking repast of hot smoking ham, steak, poached eggs, tea-cakes and cheese-cakes and fresh fruit, was spread upon a snow-white cloth; and an elderly woman, whom I discovered to be Mrs Wilson the doctor's cook, housekeeper, and factotum, was standing by the tea-table waiting to pour out my tea. She dropped a courtesy and apologised for her absence when I arrived.

'I was just getting a sup of cream sir, for your tea, from Mrs Colly,' she said; 'and her poor husband was took bad with a cramp at his heart, and I had to wait to get him a drop of something hot, poor man! Eh, it is a bad job! He's that awful when he's took bad, you would hear him screechin' a mile off. And he can't go and milk the cows nor do nothink to help his wife, poor thing. She's my niece, you see sir; and this girl I have here, she's her daughter.'

'She appears a nice tidy girl,' I remarked.

'Yes sir, she be,' returned the housekeeper. 'She's a good girl. She don't go, like other girls, tearing here and tattering there—more's the pity for them. She's one of the quiet sort is Betsy. We always calls her Betsy sir; but front ways she's called Elizabeth. Yes, she's a good un, though I do say it, as has almost brought her up.—Now do help yourself sir, and make yourself

at home, do. Perhaps them cheese-cakes is not what you fancy?'

'They look excellent,' said I; 'but I must first ask for another slice of that delicious ham, for I really am very hungry.'

'Ah, that's right,' said Mrs Wilson, as she bustled about. 'It's the pig we killed last Christmas sir; and I said to the doctor, says I, "We never had such a pig, no never since ever I come to you, and that's twenty-two years and more." Ay, he's a good man, sir; and a good master, and that's more. I am glad you've come sir, to help him a bit. He's not so young as he used to be, and all this night-work in the winter-time is none too good for him. He has a good heart. Bless him! And so has the rector and his good lady, and the young ladies and all on 'em. Bless them all! I have seen them all grow up; and now one is to be married, it seems strange-like. The other day she was a babby in my arms; and the old woman sighed. 'But I won't stop here a-talking to you sir. Perhaps when you be done your tea, you'd like to look round.—And bless me, there's Miss Hilda as white as a ghost, running in.—What is the matter?'

'O Mrs Wilson!' cried a fresh young voice, 'is the doctor in? There's been such an awful accident, and I have run all the way. The railway bridge has broken, and there are a lot of people hurt.'

'Lord-a-mercy!' cried Mrs Wilson; 'the like of that never happened afore.—No, honey; the doctor's not in; but the new doctor's come; and although he is but young, he will do his best. I'se sure he will.'

I stepped forward, and with this introduction to 'Miss Hilda,' came out into the little garden where she stood, saying: 'I am at your service; will you shew me the way?' Shall I ever forget her as she stood there in the soft evening light, her hat swinging by its broad ribbons in her hand, her simple muslin dress, her brown hair dishevelled with the speed with which she had run, her glowing eager face, its look of horror and anxiety!

'Oh, do be quick!' she cried, as she turned and led the way.—'Prepare your rooms, Mrs Wilson!' she cried; 'they might be wanted. Lucy has run to the Rectory to tell mamma to do the same.'

I waited only to snatch my travelling-flask, which lay on the hall table, and I knew contained a little brandy, and sped after my fair guide.

As we hurried along she said: 'My sister and I were going up the lane late to see an old woman who is ill. Just as we approached the railway bridge, the train came up; it got to the middle of the bridge; it seemed to stop, and to our horror, half the carriages fell through as the bridge broke like a rotten stick. O Mr Summers, it was awful; I shall never get it out of my head;' and the girl's colour, which had returned with her rapid walk, faded again to a deathly pallor.

'I don't think you ought to come on here,' I said; 'it will be a harrowing sight, unfit for you. Let me persuade you to return, and prepare at home for the sufferers, if they should need your care.'

'O no, no!' she cried; 'let me come. Indeed, I am strong, very strong. I won't faint, and be a bother to you!' she added with a half-smile.

I read in her face that it was useless to remon-

strate, and we ran on. Already the news had spread; the crowd had gathered, and every moment new arrivals came. People in these parts retired very early to their beds, and many had got up again and were arriving partly dressed.

On the road and on the embankment lay the broken carriages, the centre ones of the train, some third class, and likewise one second. Hardly a piece was left whole; they were broken up and smashed into little bits. Some of them had fortunately been empty. But there were many sufferers notwithstanding. The usual excitement, confusion, and bustle prevailed; persons hurrying aimlessly to and fro, women shrieking, men shouting, and both calling in their terror on the name of God. The light was still good; ten o'clock on an evening in June, with the moon slowly rising, is never dark; but here and there a lantern flashed its doubtful light on some upturned face lying on the roadside, on those who suffered and on those who ministered to them, and made the wild scene wilder and more awful. I did what I could in attending to the sufferers. There were not many very serious cases apparently; but some of the men had brought down carts, and into these those who were unable to walk were carried and taken to the Rectory and to the *Fox and Hounds* and other houses which had been hospitably opened to receive them.

As I was looking round to see if any had been overlooked, before I went to attend to the poor sufferers, I felt an eager grasp upon my arm, and turning quickly, saw a young woman, wrapped in a long light-gray cloak, standing beside me.

'Come, for mercy's sake!' she said. 'If you are a man, come and help here!'

I followed. She seemed to fly over the ground, stepping lightly over the heaps of ruin and debris, climbing over carriages, jumping over pieces of wood and wheels and cushions of carriages heaped together in inextricable confusion. I wondered at her haste, which I tried in vain to emulate. At last she cried in tones of agony: 'Oh, how slow you are! Come, come quickly!' I made a desperate effort, and was beside her. There, amid a tangled mass of ruin and confusion, amid planks and broken iron, shivered glass, passengers' luggage—some of the boxes having been broken by the force of the fall—clothes, heavy boots, wooden panels, and articles too numerous to mention, lay a female figure quite motionless; and beside her, calmly sleeping as if in its cradle at home, the loveliest infant I think I ever saw, the cheeks flushed with a bright rosy hue, the curly hair upon its forehead. A cherub indeed it seemed from heaven, sent down among all the terror and agony of that night's work. The carriage in which the woman and child had been was shattered to pieces; but the portion of the seat on which the baby had been placed had fallen as it was, with the cushion under it, and had become firmly wedged between two great pieces of iron, just beside the child on each hand. A piece of wood had likewise fallen crosswise over the child, so that it was completely sheltered and quite untouched—lying as it were in a box. This same piece of wood had struck the woman and had killed her, for I fancied life was extinct. So carefully and securely was the child wedged in, that I could not extricate it. My companion seemed possessed of supernatural strength;

she tore at the heavy wood with her slender hands; she ran for a large piece of iron and implored me to use it as a crowbar; then flew for more assistance. I scarcely then noticed her; but I remembered afterwards, her pale face and set fixed expression, her eagerness, even beyond what the situation warranted. I assured her the child was safe, perfectly so, and I continued my efforts to extricate it; and at last some persons having arrived to help me, we succeeded in lifting off the heavy barriers, and took out the child, apparently quite unhurt. I placed it in the young woman's arms. It scarcely awoke, but turned and nestled in her bosom. I heard her say softly: 'Thank God!' and saw the tears fall gently from her eyes as she turned and left me. The thought occurred to me for a moment: Strange that she has never thought about the woman with whom the child was—perhaps its mother. Surely one so gentle and kind apparently, would have thought of her too?

She seemed to pause after a minute, and coming back, said hurriedly: 'Is she dead sir?'

'I do not know,' I answered. 'I will remove her to the house. She may be only stunned; but I fear the worst.'

We lifted up the insensible figure. It seemed to be that of an elderly woman, perhaps fifty or thereabouts. Her dress, of a coarse dark stuff, and her tidy shawl, and plain straw bonnet, of no fashionable make, seemed to point her out as a respectable woman of the peasant class, too old certainly to be the mother of the lovely baby, who could not possibly be more than a year old.

I returned as quickly as I could to the village, and began the sad work of trying to alleviate as far as I could the sufferings of those injured. Some were only shaken and had slight contusions. The worst case, that of a man whose leg was shattered, had been taken to the inn; and as further medical aid had been telegraphed for, there was little to be done for him till the doctors arrived, as I did not care to take the whole responsibility of amputation. I went down to the Rectory, where I found several of the passengers being tenderly cared for by the kind people there. While seeing to their injuries, the young woman who had called me to the rescue of the little child came to the door and called, saying: 'Miss Hilda, will you come and speak to me?'

'What! is it you, Miss Brown? Come in. What is it? How did you come down so far?'

'I came down on an errand to the village,' returned she, 'and saw the accident.—Oh, never mind now, Miss Hilda; take this, and keep it safe, for the love of mercy.'

The girl started as Miss Brown, uncovering her bundle, disclosed the lovely face of the sleeping child.

'What child is this?' said she. 'Where did you find it?'

But even as she spoke, Miss Brown, saying hurriedly: 'I once had charge of a little one, so like that; and now it is gone, it upsets me to see that darling,' turned and left the room.

The two girls Hilda and Lucy stood open-mouthed, and I stepped forward and explained how the child had been discovered. 'Mother will tell us what to do,' said Hilda, and she ran off with the baby. I next saw it in Mrs Morton's motherly arms, and she said, as she addressed me kindly: 'Another time, doctor, we must try and

find out who is the owner of this little treasure ; at present it shall have food and shelter here till we hear further particulars. Some one is sure to make inquiries about it.'

All that night the village was in commotion ; the telegraph wires never ceased bringing messages from anxious friends and conveying the answers, in some cases sad enough. Two died that night—one at the *Pox and Hounds* ; and the woman we had found at the doctor's house, whither she had been taken, and laid in my pretty fresh bedroom, which I little thought, when I arrived a few short hours before, would so soon be the scene of suffering and of death itself. To my surprise, when I returned to my quarters, I found the body had been brought there, and moreover, I found Miss Brown earnestly using every possible means to restore animation. When I entered, she looked up. 'I fancy she breathes still,' she said. 'I have been trained to nurse, and I have been trying hard. What do you think?' I examined the patient carefully ; she did breathe, but so faintly that the movement was scarcely to be felt ; and after about an hour's anxious watching, she gave a deep sigh and breathed her last peacefully and without a struggle.

'Who is she?' said I to Miss Brown.

'A stranger here apparently,' she answered. 'Of course inquiry will be made in time.'

'I will call Mrs Wilson, and all that can be done for her now shall be done at once. Your services are required elsewhere, and your time is precious to the living ; do not delay with the dead.'

Her face was deadly pale, and she sank on her knees beside the bed. 'Are you able for all this?' I asked.

'O yes. Send Mrs Wilson to me ; I dare not be alone. You think me foolish perhaps sir ; but I am not very strong, and I have had much trouble ; this shock has tried me a good deal ;' and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

I hurried to find Mrs Wilson. 'Go up-stairs to that poor thing,' I said, 'please. You will find her rather shaken by all this. I don't suppose the doctor would be angry if you were to take her a glass of wine.'

'Trust me sir,' said the good old dame ; 'I'll see to her, poor child. I wonder what brought her into the middle of it all? Well, she is a good one, I believe, in spite of all they say in the village about her quiet ways. I don't care ; I am sorry for her, she is so young ; and she looks that sad now and then, I could almost cry to see her. I will run up and see to her.'

'Do,' said I ; and I saw Mrs Wilson, as I quitted the house, ascending the stairs with a bumper of hot brandy-and-water. At the gate I met Dr Hamilton.

'A sad business this, Summers, and a sad welcome to you, my boy. Any bad cases?'

'Come with me,' I replied. 'There is but one serious case left, and that, I fear, is hopeless ; but together we will try what we can do ;' and as we walked up to the inn, I gave my friend all particulars of the accident and its consequences.

All through the night we watched anxiously to relieve the sufferers ; but as morning dawned, death mercifully interposed in the case of the poor fellow lying at the inn. The others were all recovering ; and the morning train brought the friends of most of them, who were either

removed to their homes or remained awhile in the village until fit to travel. The remains of the man were recognised, and taken away by his friends for interment ; but those of the woman were still unclaimed. No one arrived to seek her. No inquiries were made respecting her ; and after the inquest and a verdict of 'Accidental death' had been returned, she was quietly laid in the peaceful churchyard. Her ticket gave no clue to her identity ; it simply bore the mark King's Cross. Who could trace her in the great world of London? All particulars were forwarded to the police ; but no result followed. There were no marks upon her clothes nor upon those of the child, although a neat wooden box, unclaimed by other passengers, was supposed to have belonged to her, as it contained a few odd volumes well worn, and articles of wearing apparel for a woman in her apparent circumstances, and a child ; all very neat and exquisitely clean, but homely and plain in their make and fashion.

Of Miss Brown we heard nothing more until the day of the funeral, when she attended it, dressed as usual in black. 'I found her sir,' she said to the rector, 'and I thought I should like to follow her remains.'

'It is very curious,' said the rector, 'that no inquiries have been made regarding her. I wonder whether we shall ever hear anything?'

'If you ever do, will you be so good as to tell me?' asked Miss Brown.

'Certainly,' replied he. 'And now, would you not like to step on to the Rectory and have a look at the baby?'

'I should very much,' she answered.

'My girls have grown so fond of it,' said the rector, 'I don't know how they will ever part with it ; but some one must be found to take care of it. It cannot live at the Rectory always.'

'I suppose not,' said Miss Brown rather sadly. 'It could not be expected.'

I heard afterwards that when she went to pay her visit, baby took to her wonderfully in spite of her black dress, crowed and laughed, and was altogether, as the girls said, 'too sweet a darling for anything.'

And the grave of the lone stranger lay under the shadow of the old church peacefully. What secret lay hidden under that fresh grassy mound? Would it ever see the light? Was she some simple peasant woman going on a journey to distant kinsfolk, who perhaps were ignorant of her intention, and therefore made no inquiries respecting her? Or was she taking charge of this little one for another? Was it not strange that no clue had been discovered as to whom they were, or where they came from? Or was it a secret known only to one sad and troubled heart, that had been grossly and cruelly betrayed, and only wished to hide its shame?

Such speculations occurred to us all I think in turn ; but the wonder ceased to be a wonder after a time ; and presently good Mrs Morton made arrangements to place the child with little Mrs Coulson, who had lately lost her own baby ; and after this, the excitement subsided and gradually died away.

I settled down also into my appointed place. So strange a beginning to my life at Crestan had brought me more rapidly into intimacy with the family at the Rectory than months of ordinary

intercourse would have done, especially during the time when the invalids yet remained in the village. I was always welcomed by both Mr and Mrs Morton; and my old friend Dr Hamilton was a prime favourite with them and with their daughters. Was he not the oldest friend the girls had? Did they not tease and torment him to their hearts' content; and as for the rector, he could not do without him, and they were constant companions. So the intercourse between the houses was very frequent; and the girls would often come down and have a cup of tea with the doctor in the afternoon; but generally, to my disgust, they chose the time when I was out on some long ride over the moors; and when I returned, the old man would say knowingly: 'I see the girls are afraid of you Summers; they only come down when you are safe off. What a dangerous fellow you must be!'

'They are right sir,' I replied, 'to come and look after you when I am away. When are we to have Miss Lucy's young fellow down here? They promised me all sorts of fun at the wedding.'

'Yes,' sighed the doctor; 'it makes one feel an old man, Summers, to think of that monkey, that I held a baby in my arms, going to be married; it seems only yesterday; but so it is. She is a rare good girl, and will just be the very wife Frank Lester wants to keep his fine house and play the Lady Bountiful to his cottagers. But the warm corner in my old heart is for Hilda. Bless her sweet face and pretty loving ways. That's the girl for me; and I hope she will meet with a real good fellow one of these days to take care of her. Eh, Harry?'

'I hope so too sir,' I replied; but somehow the subject was not one I cared to pursue further just then; so I asked abruptly: 'Who is Miss Brown?'

'That is easily told,' replied the doctor. 'She is the governess at the Poplars. You have not been there yet, as Mrs Nixon and the children went off to the sea-side for a while the very day that poor woman was buried; but they will not be absent very long.'

'I have heard you speak of Mrs Nixon,' I replied, 'more than once. Is she a widow?'

'No, no; not a widow,' said the doctor. 'Her husband is a judge or magistrate in India; and as the climate did not suit his wife, he brought her and the children home, settled her at the Poplars, which was to let, found her Miss Brown, and departed to finish out his term of service. Then I suppose he will retire, still comparatively a young man, growl and grumble at his own idleness, and sigh for India again, like all the rest when they come home.'

'We will hope not sir,' said I. 'But tell me, do you know nothing more of Miss Brown?'

'Nothing,' cried my old friend; 'except that Mr Nixon found her in London; that she was at the time staying with a friend who was lady-superintendent of one of the children's hospitals, who gave her the highest character; and that Nixon told her she was quite irresistible; so he engaged her at once. He was right. She suits his wife exactly; indeed I have never met any one so entirely sympathetic and kindly in her ways; and the children adore her. You saw yourself how active and handy she was that awful night; and as for that baby, it might have been her own, from the way she handled it.'

'Yes,' said I, rather absently; for, truth to say, Miss Brown's strange behaviour that awful night, her agitation, and various little circumstances I noticed, had convinced me that she knew more of the strangers than she had chosen to tell, and I was resolved to watch her as closely as I could.

During the next two months, nothing particular took place, except at the Rectory, where all was bustle and preparation for the wedding; and on a bright morning early in August, the bells rang out merrily, the churchyard filled with spectators, the village children in their white dresses strewed the churchyard path with flowers; and as the hands of the old clock pointed to half-past eleven, the bride with her fair attendants appeared. Her father, on whose arm she leant, looked proudly and fondly down upon the beloved daughter at his side. A few solemn words were spoken; the organ burst forth into the glorious Wedding March, and Frank and Lucy, husband and wife now, came down the churchyard path again to her old home. Loud and long were the cheers and many the congratulations that followed; and after much feasting and merriment, the parting came. Lucy's fair face was saddened for a moment as she crossed the threshold, and leaving go for an instant of her husband's arm, she ran back again, and giving one last hearty kiss to her mother, followed her husband, placed her hand trustingly in his, entered the carriage and drove away. Such a shower of rice and old shoes followed them; such blessings! such cheers! I looked around for Hilda, but she had disappeared. I turned into the garden, and saw the flutter of her dress as she escaped down a side-walk, and heard the sound of a stifled sob.

'Just like her,' I thought. 'She has tried to stifle her own feelings in the loss of her only sister and the companion of her life. I will not disturb her. But,' I added mentally, 'what a darling she is!'

Half an hour later I heard Hilda's merry laugh as she moved among the guests, and was privileged to accompany her when she went up the village to take old Mrs Watson a bit of cake and tell her all about the wedding. After this followed picnics and excursions almost every day; and as the weather was glorious and everything favoured us, the time passed but too quickly. Dr Hamilton insisted on doing all the work, and leaving me free to have a holiday. Was he quite discreet in so doing? I don't know. I only know that somehow the day did not seem half so bright or the party half so pleasant if any one appropriated my usual seat beside Hilda.

Well, all things must have an end, and this very dangerous wedding week, with all its festivities and flirtations, its rambles by the shore, its quiet hours at the Rectory, with sweet music or merry games, all came to an end; the guests dispersed, Hilda and her parents went on some visits to distant friends, and the village relapsed into its ordinary calm.

A few days after these events, Mrs Nixon, with her children and governess, returned from the sea-side, bringing with them the seeds of a sort of low intermittent fever, which, though neither dangerous nor infectious, was just sufficient to require my constant attendance at the Poplars. During this time, I saw a great deal of Miss Brown, and could not fail to appreciate her quiet good sense, her presence of mind, and untiring patience with

the often fractious children, whom she seemed to have a special gift for amusing. Their mother was not very strong, and Miss Brown was indefatigable and unwearied in her efforts. I grew to like her very much, and to rely upon her more and more.

ASSUMED NAMES IN LITERATURE.

THE French term *nom de plume* is usually given to an assumed surname or personal name in literature. Why writers should not openly put their names to their productions would involve endless speculation to determine. Some are influenced by modesty; some desire to affect a mystery; some, in writing in severe and caustic terms of political opponents, like to keep their real names in the dark. Among this last-mentioned class was Junius, a *nom de plume* which has been the subject of inquiry for a century; and so well was the secret preserved, that after all that has been said first and last, one can't yet determinedly say who Junius really was.

All the countries of Europe present instances more or less numerous of this tendency to adopt noms de plume; but confining ourselves to the English-speaking world, we may remark that the Americans have been very successful in obtaining celebrity for their writers through this medium. Artemus Ward had become a distinguished favourite on both sides of the Atlantic before it was known that his veritable name was Charles F. Brown; Hosca Bigelow, author of the irresistible *Bigelow Papers*, is Mr Russell Lowell; Josh Billings is Mr A. W. Shaw; while Hans Breitman, of the *Breitman Bullads*, is Charles G. Leland. Washington Irving was almost as well known by two noms de plume as by his real name; these assumed designations being Geoffrey Crayon and Knickerbocker. Judge Haliburton was responsible for the peculiarly rich vein of wit and humour displayed under the pseudonym of Sam Slick, clockmaker.

Our own notabilities in the past have not been wanting in their liking for noms de plume. The 'Author of *Waverley*' was not exactly a case in point, because *Waverley* was really written by him; but there can be no question of the intense public interest felt in the mystery wherewith Walter Scott chose to enwrap himself. Christopher North, of *Blackwood*, all the world now knows to have been Professor John Wilson; the Eltrick Shepherd, James Hogg; Delta, David Macbeth Moir. Peter Plymley was a *nom de plume* assumed by the Rev. Sydney Smith. Dr Syntax, Thomas Ingoldsby, Derwent Conway—all were assumed designations, the rightful owners of which became known after a time. Charles Lamb was the author of the delightful *Essays of Elia*. Boz speedily acknowledged himself to be Charles Dickens; Father Prout of *Fraser* was Mr Mahoney; while Cornelius O'Dowd was very soon known to be Charles Lever.

Mr Joseph Whitaker, editor of the *Bookseller* and other bibliographical works, has with much labour collected an alphabetical list of noms de plume in English literature, extending to upwards of five hundred in number. In the vast catalogue of the library at the British Museum many thousands of works are entered under noms de plume; but there is often given, if obtainable, a clue to the real names. We may fairly conclude that there

is no breach of faith involved; that an author, if now dead, revealed his own secret or left the materials for revealing it; and that, if still living, the reasons have passed away which had induced him to adopt the incognito. Nevertheless, it does not follow that the pages of a popular periodical should be a means of diffusing such information. For bookselling purposes, and for many questions relating to copyright, it is well that the truth on these matters should be known, so far as can be done without breach of confidence; but for mere inquisitiveness we may pass it by. Of course that the English Opium Eater was Thomas de Quincey; that Barry Cornwall, the author of some of our best English songs, was Bryan Waller Procter; and that Tom Brown was, and happily still is, Mr Thomas Hughes—is known everywhere.

Lady writers sometimes exhibit a proneness to assume the names of the sterner sex. Madame or Mademoiselle Dudevant is a case in point; she is much better known as George Sand than by her real name, and many readers and admirers of her works are to this day ignorant of the real sex of the said George. We have a George of our own, quite as celebrated among English writers, namely George Eliot. To many it is still unknown that George Eliot is a lady. But what matter? It is to them sufficient to know that George Eliot wrote *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, and *Middlemarch*. A more remarkable instance is that of the sisters Brontë. For reasons satisfactory to themselves, the three daughters of a hard-working Yorkshire clergyman assumed noms de plume which the public took to be masculine, but which at anyrate were utterly unlike their real names. Charlotte Brontë was the Currer Bell who wrote *The Professor*, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette*; Anne Brontë was in the same way responsible for the *Agnes Grey* of Acton Bell; and Emily Brontë for the *Wuthering Heights* of Ellis Bell. When the most celebrated of the sisters became the wife of a country curate, it seemed to dash all the poetry out of such names as Charlotte Brontë and Currer Bell; but death carried her off before she had seen twelve months of married life.

Curious are many of the instances in which publishers—or some among them—take fast hold of noms de plume which have acquired large money value. Guy, who was Guy? Nobody cares; but the publishers know that *Guy's New London Spelling Book* is a property in itself, simply because it is Guy's, or purports to be so. And the like of Walkinghame's *Arithmetic*, Goldsmith's *Geography*, and Pinnock's *Catechisms*; they may be revised and improved over and over again, but the publishers well know what they are about in retaining the names of Walkinghame, Goldsmith, and Pinnock. The late Mr Haydn hit upon a capital idea in his *Dictionary of Dates*; it has been followed by other Dictionaries in which he had no share; the 'Haydn series' having proved to be a commercially successful collective name for many different works by different writers. These, however, are illustrative examples, not so much of the adoption of noms de plume, as of clinging to the names of certain authors who have long since disappeared from the scene.

The *Dame Europa* series of pamphlets is not the least singular among the illustrations of the point now under consideration. When the terrible

Franco-German War was raging in 1870-1, a sixpenny pamphlet appeared bearing the title 'The Fight at Dame Europa's School; shewing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy.' The success was immense; insured by the lively style, humour, and sarcasm of the unknown writer, and by the intense public interest felt in the events of the time. A number of imitators and opponents at once sprang up—discussing the question whether the English boy ought not to have come to the aid of the French boy in his time of trouble. All the pamphleteers (some dozens in number) adopted 'Dame Europa' as part of their title-page, finding it too good a thing to be lost sight of. Thus it was that we were confronted by 'Dame Europa's School: why Johnny did not interfere;,' 'Mrs Britannia's Opinion of Johnny's Conduct;,' 'John's Defence and Dame Europa's Apology;,' and so forth. The original pamphlet did not fail to find its way to the continent; where the French published 'Combat à l'Ecole de Madame Europa;,' the Germans, 'Der Kampf in Frau Europa's Schule;,' the Danes, 'Slagmødet i Fru Europa's Schall;,' and the Dutch, 'De Kloppartig op de Schoel van Mansell Europa.' It became known that the author of the original pamphlet was a quiet clergyman.

Nothing more remarkable, perhaps, in connection with the value of a name has recently been presented than in the case of the immaculate Mrs Brown. About a dozen years ago appeared Mrs Brown's reflections on Christmas Day, its festivities and its anxious responsibilities to Materfamilias. Mrs Brown appeared as the wife of a tradesman, tolerably well to do, below the level of the educated middle class, but above the social standing of Mrs Gamp. The good lady narrated to the public what she had said to her husband, what he replied, and how generally the victory lay with her. Shrewd, observant, and having a will of her own, she was decidedly a character. Soon afterwards appeared 'Mrs Brown at the Paris Exhibition' and 'Mrs Brown on the Sea Serpent,' affording her an opportunity of saying her say on topics of temporary public interest—especially in reference to Paris, a new world to a middle-aged married couple who knew not a word of French. Then came 'Mrs Brown in the Highlands' and 'Mrs Brown up the Nile'—journeys quite within the range of tourist-ticket purchasers in these days. 'Mrs Brown on the Grand Tour' enabled her to make her quaint comments on continental travel; and Mrs Brown as one of Cook's Excursionists was in the same vein. When *Blackwood* brought out the famous 'Battle of Dorking' article, Mrs Brown did not fail to tell the public what she thought about it. In 1872, the first of the four annual International Exhibitions at South Kensington set her facile tongue going. The 'Alabama Claims' and the 'Tichborne Case' afforded rich material for her animated versions. Brighton and Margate in turn engaged her attention; and there was much good sense in her strictures on the bathing arrangements at those sea-side pleasure-spots. Once now and then Mrs Brown dips a little into politics; she discoursed on Mr Disraeli's assumption of 'the premiership four years ago. The 'New Liquor Law,' the 'Anglo-Russian Royal Marriage,' the 'Shah's Visit to England' ('Have you seen the Shah?'), 'Women's Rights,' 'Skating Rinks,' all in turn came under the good

woman's scrutiny. There is a vein of sarcasm in her, and she did not fail to make use of it in 'Mrs Brown at the Play' and 'Mrs Brown at a Spelling Bee.'

For some time the public wished to believe, and tried hard to believe, that Mrs Brown wrote those small books or pamphlets herself. But the honour was consigned to Mr Arthur Sketchley; and now this name itself is known to be a *nom de plume*.

We have only space left to notice one more example of the wonderful commercial success of a *nom de plume*. Mr Samuel Griswold Goodrich, connected with a literary family in the United States, made his first visit to Europe in 1823. Soon afterwards he assumed the character of Peter Parley, a chatty old gentleman who loved to tell stories about things and people to children and young persons. The thing took immediately; and during a long series of years, Peter Parley's books were poured forth in amazing number and variety. More than thirty years afterwards, Mr Goodrich thought it due to his own name and fame to make public a few autobiographical facts. He said amongst other things, 'In England my name has been largely used as a passport for the sale of books I never wrote; while attempts have been made in this country to deprive me of the authorship of at least a hundred volumes which I did write.' He gave an astonishing list of a hundred and seventy volumes written or edited by himself, a hundred and sixteen of which bore the renowned name of Peter Parley as the author. Three hundred thousand copies of the several works were sold annually for some time before his autobiography was written, and seven million had been sold altogether. Of one of the works, among the earliest and most successful of the whole, he made the significant comment, 'Two million copies of it were sold; the publisher paid me three hundred dollars for the copyright, and made his fortune by it.' Mr Goodrich proceeded to give a list of thirty-one spurious Peter Parley volumes published in America, and forty-one published in England. He died in 1860; but the Peter Parley gold mine has been worked ever since, on both sides of the Atlantic.

TESTAMENTARY VAGARIES.

WERE wills always what they should be, mere formal dispositions of property drawn by legal hands, there would be small temptation for any save legatces to take note of their contents. But people will write their own wills, and doing so, are apt to use the opportunity for airing private grievances, expressing personal likes and dislikes, proclaiming their sentiments upon things in general, and otherwise provoking comment by going beyond the strict necessities of the occasion.

A certain Earl bequeathed his Countess forty-five brass halfpence to buy a pullet for her supper, and at the same time declared her to be 'the worst of women, guilty of all ills.' Another husband could not part company with his wife without reminding her of her unprovoked and unjustifiable fits of passion, violence, and cruelty; and yet another reproached his helpmate with being jealous, disaffectionate, calumnious, and censorious; common-place methods of expressing marital ill-feeling. Of the good feeling expressed

for wives, there have been many fine examples in wills. For example, Mr G. Granville Harcourt paid his wife an extraordinary compliment, writing: 'The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate, induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society, during the many years of her probable survival of my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection; and I pray and confidently hope that she may long continue to possess the same esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her, and can appreciate her admirable qualities; and the respect of all with whom, in any relation of life, she is connected.' The lady in due time found a gentleman she held deserving to enjoy the blessing of her society, and took the course so tenderly advised; and although we cannot speak absolutely on the matter, we have not the least doubt a certain Mr Van Hanrigh was equally obedient, and fulfilled the desire of his lost spouse, who, leaving all she possessed to her 'darling husband,' with the 'earnest wish that he should marry ere long a nice pretty girl who is a good housewife, and above all to be careful that she has a good temper.'

'Love me, love my dog,' was the motto of another loving woman whose husband predeceased her. When her own time came she left sixty-five pounds a year for the support of his favourite cob, and five pounds a year for that of his greyhound, specially ordering that the first-named was to be kept, as it had been kept since its master's death, in a warm, comfortable, loose box, and not put to any work either in or out of harness, but to be ridden four times a week at a walking pace, for one hour, by a person of light weight, with the proviso that its back was never to be crossed by any member of her husband's family.

Pet animals have often figured as legatees. Lord Chesterfield provided for the maintenance of his cat; an example followed by Mr Harpur, who bequeathed one Fanny Hodges the dividend accruing from a hundred pounds in the Three Per Cents so long as his young black cat should live; an excellent way to insure Puss from being cheated out of any portion of her nine lives. Still more secure of effecting her object was the dame who left two hundred guineas a year to the caretaker of her pet parrot so long as she could give ocular demonstration of Poll being in the land of the living.

The Rev. John Monkhouse, sometime rector of Bradechurch, Hampshire, died a bachelor at the age of seventy. By his will he left eleven thousand eight hundred pounds for erecting a school for illegitimate children only, and by a codicil devoted an additional eight thousand pounds to the unique educational institution. As a matter of course the will was disputed by his disappointed relatives, but only with partial success; the court pronouncing in favour of the will, but against the codicil, on the ground that at the time of the execution of the latter instrument the testator had shewn symptoms of monomania. The decision seems an odd one, for if the founding of such a school was the act of a sane man, it was scarcely the act of a madman to make a liberal provision for its support.

Some pleasant posthumous jokes were perpe-

trated by a certain French merchant and Dr Jasper More, a medical celebrity of James I.'s time; the former leaving a lady a legacy for having refused his hand twenty years before, and so enabled him to live independently and happily as a bachelor; and the latter fulfilling his promise to leave his servant something that would make him drink, by bequeathing that liquor-loving gentleman's gentleman a red herring. David Hume's testamentary joke at John Home's expense took a less aggravating form. Mindful of his old friend's dislike of port, and his obstinately insisting that H-o-m-e was the proper way of spelling the historian's name, Hume left him 'ten dozen of my old claret at his choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his own hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself alone finished a bottle at two sittings. By this concession, he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal affairs.'

A curious will-case was tried at Clonmel in 1873, the action being one to dispossess Pat Dovan of a house and land worth two hundred a year, which he held by virtue of Mr Cooke's declaration: 'I leave and bequeath to my steward Pat Dovan the sum of fifty pounds, and also the house and lands of Littlefield, until I am able to live there and enjoy it myself.' The steward contended this meant until the millennium, in the speedy advent of which the testator believed; and the court accepting this view, awarded Dovan possession of the property accordingly.—Mr John Starkey looked forward to no earthly millennium, although he anticipated enjoying his own again, if we rightly understand the final clause of his will: 'The remainder of my wealth is vested in the affection of my dear wife, with whom I leave it, in the good hope of resuming it, more pure and bright and precious, where neither moth nor rust corrupteth, and where there are no railways or monetary panics or fluctuations of exchange, but the steadfast though progressive and unspeakable riches of glory and immortality.'

A writing-master named Kelly happening to survive his wife and daughter, the only relatives he had in the world, the Solicitor to the Treasury took out letters of administration on behalf of the Crown, and astonished the court by reading:

I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath all I have named herein
To Harriet, my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life;
While in good health and sound in mind
This codicil I've undersigned.

No lawyer we may be sure acted as the writing-master's amanuensis; although a solicitor once perpetrated a like piece of rhyme on his own account, in the lines:

As to all my worldly goods now or to be in store,
I give to my beloved wife, and hers for evermore.
I give all freely; I no limit fix;
This is my will, and she's executrix.

A more fanciful freak was played by a Mr George in bequeathing the residue of his personal property to be equally divided between a boy and girl, his offspring by a beautiful Circassian lady whom he had wedded at St Peter's Church, Plymouth,

but who had proved faithless and eloped, children and all, with a gay and gallant Indian officer; whereas in truth the man had never been married in his life, the beautiful Circassian being only a creature of his imagination. Had the frail fair one existed in the flesh, she would have had no reason to complain of the unsubstantial liberality of the forgiving testator; like the legatees of the Arbirlot 'mixture of benevolence and folly,' as Dr Guthrie calls him, who instructed his lawyer to set down such a number of handsome legacies, that his legal friend could not help interrupting with: 'I don't believe you have all that money to leave!' 'Oh,' replied the good man, 'I ken that as well as you do; but I just want to shew them my goodwill.' It was a funny way of shewing it to raise expectations that could not be realised; and the dying hoaxer had not the excuse of ignorantly deluding himself, like the old fellow who, having nothing else to leave his brother, bequeathed him the daily pint of milk allowed him by the squire of the parish.

Saving to the last, Mrs Kitty Jenkyn Packe left little to the discretion of her executors respecting the disposal of her remains, writing: 'If I die away from Branksome, I wish my remains, after being placed in the proper coffins—first in a leaden one, and then in a wooden one—to be inclosed in a plain deal box, so that no one may know the contents, and conveyed by a goods-train to Poole, which will cost no more than any other package of the same weight; from Poole station, said box to be conveyed in a cart to Branksome Tower.' So thoroughly had the provident dame thought out the whole matter, that she added: 'The easiest way to carry my coffin out of the house will be to take the window out of the dining-room.'

Surgeon-major Wyat, C.B., desired that he might be buried in the full-dress uniform of the Coldstream Guards, in which regiment he had passed the best part of an eventful life; the Bible given him by his wife to be buried with him. Like Mr Conceen, who bound his wife not to 'offend artistic taste or blazon the sacred feelings of her sweet and gentle nature by the exhibition of a widow's cap,' the Surgeon-major had an antipathy to 'weeds,' and especially requested his partner not to assume any description of widow's cap or wear any particle of crape upon her dress in token of mourning. He wished the funeral ceremony to be considered rather as an occasion for rejoicing, and therefore desired all those who followed him to the grave to content themselves with donning a black band of medium width—crape for the hats of relatives, cloth for those of friends—black gloves, and not to omit carrying white roses or camellias in their button-holes. The hired attendants were forbidden to wear hat-bands or scarfs, and the horses were not to be decorated in any way whatever.—The Dowager Countess of Sandwich, with similar distaste for the funeral furnisher's grotesque paraphernalia, desired that she might be buried quietly and decently, 'with no undertaker's frauds and cheating, no scarfs, hat-bands, or nonsense.' And Mr Zimmerman, not content with ordering that no funeral bell was to be rung for him, no train of persons to attend his corpse to the grave, which was to be buried in a plain and decent manner, wound up with the threat: 'If this be not done, I will come again—that is to say, if I can.'

William Kinsett, believing in the impolicy of interring the dead amongst the living, and as an example to others, gave his body to the directors of the Imperial Gas Company, London, to be placed in one of their retorts and consumed to ashes, his executors to pay the company ten pounds for performing the operation. But having a well-founded doubt as to his offer being accepted, the testator concluded: 'Should a defence of fanaticism and superstition prevent the granting this my request, then my executors must submit to have my remains buried in the plainest manner possible in my family grave in St John's Wood Cemetery, to assist in poisoning the living in that neighbourhood.'

SUTTEE.

It is a matter of no small gratification to reflect, that to whatever region of the world the power of our country has extended, it has been exercised in the cause of humanity. In no part has this been more clearly manifested than in India.

Suttee, which means the burning of women on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands, and various other religious rites of a cruel and inhuman character, have all been suppressed in the provinces under the immediate control of Great Britain; and even in regions of that vast continent which lie beyond the borders of our territory, our influence has been made use of to put a stop to these and similar revolting practices. It is then with no small surprise and sorrow we learn that on the death of Jung Bahadoor the prime-minister of the Nepal government, which took place last year, three of his widows were burned to death on his funeral pyre. The circumstance naturally gives rise to the question, as to whether these widows and the numerous others who have been burned to death in days gone by, were voluntary victims, or were compelled to sacrifice themselves by the friends of their deceased husbands. We shall see.

It is possible that in solitary instances of this horrible practice, force may have been resorted to; but the question is surrounded by circumstances quite potent enough to induce voluntary immolation; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the natives of India firmly assert that among the higher castes, such as Brahmans, Rajputs, and Marathas, widows are always ready to come forward and seal their fidelity and devotion to their deceased husbands by sacrificing themselves on the funeral pyre. The Hindu doctrine of the transmigration of souls is wielded with no small power and influence by the priests on these occasions. For the soul to have successively to tenant the body of some unclean beast, some vile bird, some loathsome reptile, or some degraded outcast of the human family, is not only revolting, but appalling to the mind of the devout Hindu; and this dire penalty is held over the head of the bereaved widow when stunned by sudden calamity she feels that her earthly hopes are blasted, and that the dreaded calamity is sure to overtake her in case she refuses to become a suttee. Besides she knows too well that life-long widowhood, with all its discomfort, hardship, scorn, and perhaps disgrace, awaits her, in case she prefers to survive her husband; and that not as a penalty for refusing to immolate herself, but as the natural conse-

quence of the barbarous and unnatural custom of her people. On the other hand, she is led by the priests to believe that by submitting to become a suttee she follows her deceased lord to the realms of bliss. It is then not difficult to conceive that, as a rule, it was not necessary to resort to force to effect the purpose of those interested in inducing widows to sacrifice themselves; and it must be remembered that the deluded creatures have very little time to reflect as to the course they should pursue, for both the climate of the country and the custom of the people require that no time should be lost in performing the last rites of a deceased person. In short, the whole question has to be settled and carried out in a few short hours.

As the funeral procession on such occasions is very remarkable, a few words may be said regarding it. The pyre—consisting of wood, or other material, and straw, according to the means of the deceased—having been prepared at the usual place of cremation, the dead body of the husband, covered with a white sheet, and decorated with flowers and coloured saffron, is placed on an open bier. This is carried on the shoulders of four bare-headed and nearly naked men, followed by a fifth carrying a censer with burning incense, from which the pyre is to be lighted. The wife follows the bier on foot; but before being led forth, she is attired in costly garments, decorated with garlands of flowers, and feasted with sweetmeats, in some of which ingredients of a stupefying nature are mixed, with a view of rendering her less sensible than she otherwise would be to the dreadful sufferings through which she has to pass. She is accompanied by a band of gaily dressed dancing-girls, who chant and dance around her as the procession moves on, showering flowers on and occasionally doing obeisance to her, as to a deity! A band of noisy musicians come next, then the friends of the deceased, and last a crowd of idle spectators. Arrived at the place of cremation, the bier is placed on the pyre; and the wife having been assisted to ascend it, seats herself on the bier, placing the head of her husband on her lap. These arrangements having been completed, the pyre is lighted in several places; and amid the deafening sounds of barbarous music, and the shouts of the assembled crowd, the scene closes. The screams of the victim, if any, are unheard; and she soon becomes invisible—and it is to be hoped, insensible—in the cloud of smoke which rises from the burning pyre. After a time, the multitude disperse; and when the fire is burned out, the ashes and any unconsumed parts of the bodies are collected and thrown into the nearest sacred stream.

Allusion has been made to the sufferings of the Hindu widow as contributing to the causes which induce self-immolation on her part; and it will not be out of place here to give the reader some idea of the nature of those sufferings; but before doing so it must be observed that it is only the high-caste Hindu widows who are not allowed to marry again; the widows of the lower castes or working-classes, such as farmers, farm-labourers, &c., have no such restrictions laid upon them; and it must also be observed that the high-caste Hindu widows are not all subjected to the same degree of hardship. The elderly widow, sur-

rounded by her children, has comparatively much less to complain of in the treatment she receives from the members of her husband's family and the world at large, than the young and childless widow, and especially than she who may be termed the child-widow. The child-widow is indeed an object of the deepest commiseration. Her miseries in particular begin at an age when British children are mere school-girls; she may not have reached her teens! It is then for the first time that her head is shaved—an operation which is repeated at short intervals throughout her life—and henceforward every effort is resorted to, to render her appearance as repulsive as possible. Married women blacken the rims of their eyelids, and adorn their foreheads with a coloured and often scented preparation of saffron; but in her case these personal embellishments are strictly prohibited, as also is the use of articles of jewellery of every description. Married women have always two articles of dress, a robe and a jacket; but the widow is not allowed the latter article, and the robe provided for her is of coarse material and of a forbidding brownish-red colour. She is obliged to wear it in a manner indicative of her bereaved condition, without the graceful folds adopted by married women; and conscious of her unwomanly appearance, she voluntarily draws one end of it over her head, in order that her face may not be seen. She is compelled to sleep on the floor; and her bedding as a rule consists of a coarse blanket or carpet; her covering, the robe she wears during the day. She is not allowed more than one meal a day, and that of the plainest kind, no savoury or rich food being permitted; and she is obliged to observe various yearly and monthly fasts of a most rigorous nature. Her life is spent in a continuous round of grinding corn at the hand-mill, of drawing water at the village well or stream, of washing soiled linen, of sweeping and cleansing the dwelling, and of scouring cooking utensils and preparing food. Conversation with the male sex, except in the case of children or very aged men, is not allowed, and her intercourse even with her own sex is of a very limited nature. Feelings of humanity on the part of some kind-hearted member of the family sometimes interfere to mitigate the amount of drudgery expected of her; but on the whole she is looked upon as an ill-omened mortal, who has brought a blight upon the family; and she is therefore treated with all the rigour which it is possible for dreadful ignorance and an unfeeling superstition to inflict.

It need hardly be wondered at then, that with such a prospect before them, young childless widows have in numerous instances in days gone by voluntarily immolated themselves on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands; nor need the truth of the statements so frequently heard in India be a matter of doubt, that since suttee has been suppressed, many widows dispose of themselves by poison, to avoid the hardships which they have to endure. Such occurrences, however, never see the light; for certificates of death by medical men are as yet unknown, at least in many of the rural districts of India. On the other hand the widow, if a mother, is exempted from this life of drudgery, and is treated by the members of the family with no little re-

spect. She has merely to superintend the household duties, assigning to each of the younger members her particular share in them, and joining with them in the work according to her inclination or convenience. In her case, age, delicacy of constitution, or other infirmities are allowed to plead for indulgence with regard to food, fasting, &c.; but no laxity of the rules regarding dress and personal adornment is allowed. She must, with her other widowed sisters, submit to adopt all the badges of widowhood, except that a pleasant smile occasionally lights up her features; whereas the faces of the others are characterised by a look of sadness quite in keeping with their lamentable condition.

JAPANESE BIRD-LIME.

ALTHOUGH bird-lime may be obtained in small quantities in other countries, Japan is probably the only one in the world in which it is regularly manufactured on a large scale, and gives employment to some thousands of persons. The following brief particulars respecting its manufacture, &c. are condensed from the *Hingo News*, and may prove interesting.

Bird-lime is called by the Japanese *mochi*, a term which gives a good idea of its nature, as it means 'bird-catching-sticky-substance.' The date of its first discovery is uncertain, some placing it five hundred years back, and others three hundred. During the last twenty years the quantity produced has been perceptibly affected through the destruction of the trees by denuding them of their bark for its manufacture; but the Japanese have been endeavouring to obviate this, though without much success, by leaving in a particular manner a certain amount of bark on the trees, in the hope that they might serve a second time.

The best kinds of bird-lime are distinguished by being free from bark, of a dull whitish colour, extremely viscid, and having a very grumous consistency; these descriptions are said to keep good for any length of time. The principal tree from which this bird-lime is made is a dark evergreen, found in the southern half of Japan, which grows high up the shady sides of deep mountain glens, and is frequently used as an ornamental shrub. Its bark is of a gravish-brown colour and rather rough texture; the leaves are of a smooth dark green, rather more pulpy than our holly leaf, and have an unbroken edge.

The manufacture of bird-lime extends over a period of several months, commencing about June, when the bark is stripped off the trees and macerated in water for some forty days, after which it is collected and beaten in a mortar. The pestle used is shod with iron, its flat under-surface being armed with spikes projecting downwards. When the pulpy mass under the pestle becomes glutinous, it is taken out and washed in water, in order to remove as far as possible the rough outer bark. The pulp is then again pounded and treated in a caldron with hot water, on the surface of which it floats. During this treatment it undergoes considerable manipulation at the hands of the workman, for the purpose of separating the remaining particles of bark, which sink to the bottom of the boiler. This is the most difficult part of the process, as much skill and experience are required in the workman to keep the stuff from adhering

to his hands. After this, the pulpy mass is again washed in cold water, and the pounding, boiling, and washing are repeated until the material becomes sufficiently clean and pure. During the process we have briefly described, about nine-tenths of the weight of the raw material is lost, two hundred and fifty pounds of the latter not turning out more than twenty-five pounds of good bird-lime.

The uses to which the Japanese put this substance are numerous, the chief being of course the snaring of birds and animals. By means of it, animals as large as monkeys are caught, for when they once get the stuff upon their paws, they soon cover themselves with it, and so exhaust their strength in trying to get rid of it, that they fall an easy prey. Birds almost of the size of ducks are taken, and by a very ingenious process. The young shoots of the *wisteria*, which attain considerable length and are strong, are gathered, dried, and knotted together in one continuous length. This is floated out to sea, after being smeared with bird-lime; and very often in the morning several birds are caught. Small birds are caught in various ways; some by means of a decoy-bird concealed near a patch of tempting food, in which are fixed numerous little splinters of bamboo like large needles, the upper half of which is smeared with bird-lime. Others, again, are taken on trees by means of a long slender bamboo the top of which is anointed with the lime, and then stealthily thrust against their feathers. Rats are easily caught by spreading a small quantity on a piece of board or paper and placing it near their holes. Bird-lime is also spread upon a bamboo leaf, and everywhere used in Japan for catching flies and other insects.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

A bird sat in the hawthorn tree
In bonny May,
And oh! he sang so cheerily
The livelong day;
For, while the sun shone bright above,
He sweetly carolled to his love
A bridal lay.

We stood beneath the hawthorn tree,
My love and I,
And listened, while the birdie's song
Went floating by;
And as he rang his wedding chime,
Our joyous hearts beat merry time,
And sang as high.

A bird sat in the hawthorn tree
In winter bare,
And drooped his sad head wearily—
No mate was there;
His little heart with grief was crushed,
His song of hope for ever hushed
In mute despair.

I stood beneath the hawthorn tree,
But all alone;
And through its leafless boughs the wind
Made dismal moan;
The dirge-like music seemed to raise
A requiem, to those blissful days
For ever gone!

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THE KINGDOM OF ETHIOPIA.

Our readers will probably remember that we dwelt at some length on the brief but brilliant career of King Theodore of Abyssinia; and when he met with the fate incurred by his obstinate disregard of the laws of nations, at the hands of the British 'Expedition,' we gave an account of the condition of the 'kingdom of Ethiopia,' after his defeat and suicide, and the elevation to the throne of Kassa, Prince of Tigre, under the title of King Yohannes. There has been little to interest the public in the affairs of Abyssinia since the occurrence of those startling and dramatic events, until the narrative of the journey of Mr De Cosson, his brother, and the late General Kirkham, in 1873, throughout the Ethiopian kingdom and the Egyptian Soudan, recalled the attention of all lovers of the literature of travel to the beautiful African hill-country and to the picturesque figure of its king. This journey has been picturesquely described in a book entitled *The Cradle of the Blue Nile* (London, John Murray), concerning which we would say a few words.

Accompanied by a native escort, the travellers started from Massowah, on the Red Sea. The Egyptian government looks with little favour on travellers in these regions, who may be likely to report on the slave-dealing carried on in them, and also on the Egyptian encroachment on the frontiers of Abyssinia, which they are anxious to screen from the notice of Europe. As a means of intimidation, Mr De Cosson was warned of a variety of terrible dangers he would have to encounter; but he and his companions persisted in going forward. And so on they went. The march lay through a range of wooded hills, from whose summit the travellers saw the valley of Ailet, famous for lions, elephants, and giraffes. Afterwards they followed the course of a river through scenery like that of North Devon, emerging on a plateau where they first saw the giant cactus, with dark-green branches spreading out fifty feet, with little yellow tips at the ends like

tufts of gold, which form so striking a feature of the Abyssinian forests. Then came severe climbing—for the frontier is a succession of mountain ranges—and, at the top of a pass seemingly interminable, a view which was a sufficient reward for all their labour. 'As far as the eye could reach we saw the uplands of Abyssinia stretching before us in endless ranges of wooded mountains, while the clouds floated far below our feet, over emerald valleys watered by glittering streams. To the far south were the great table-lands, towering high above the loftiest mountains like a purple wall; while in the foreground the dark-green forests of tree cactuses, with the sunlight playing on their yellow flowers, made the nearer mountains look as if they had been powdered with gold.'

These are the characteristic features of a country the climate of which is delightful; the heat being tempered by rain and soft winds; the luxuriant vegetation offering unfailing shade. There are few real roads, and the merchants seem to despise them; they travel on foot, and go straight up and down the hills. All the people go barefoot, their toes are singularly prehensile, their gait is easy, and their endurance great. The travellers were particularly struck with the small size and the beauty of the natives' hands and feet, in the case of both men and women. Their first camp was at Asmara, on the road to Adowa, the capital of Tigre, and there they had an opportunity of observing the fauna of the country. Hares, wild-duck, teal, widgeon, pigeons, and monkeys abounded, and were quite fearless, being unmolested by man. All night the jackals and hyenas prowled about the tent, and were heard crunching the thrown-out bones, but they never were seen. Resuming their march, the travellers soon came to Bruce's famous Daroo tree, and fell in with troops of dog-faced baboons, accompanied by funny little gray monkeys, which follow them about and play all sorts of tricks, unpunished by their big grave brethren. Before the travellers reached Adowa, they were forced to abandon half their baggage, finding it impossible to get men to carry any but

the lighter portions; and now the road became very difficult, for they had reached the end of the table-land, and found themselves on the verge of a great precipice descending abruptly into the valley a thousand feet below.

The difficulty of travelling in Abyssinia arises from these alternating table-lands and precipices. The description of one will suffice for all. 'The precipice down which we had to descend,' says the author, 'was nearly perpendicular for upwards of seven hundred feet; then there was a broad ledge of rock covered with bush, which again terminated in another precipitous descent leading into a gorge below, full of forest trees, and inclosed on either side by high ranges of gray limestone rocks; beyond, the great valley of the Mareb was visible, and at the other side of it, the mountains surrounding Adowa looked like needles of gray granite against the clear blue sky.' The trees in these gorges are peopled by dreadfully human-looking baboons, indeed the travellers had a narrow escape of shooting some natives in mistake for the big monkeys, specimens of whose skins they wished to secure. The forests are musical with the cooings of thousands of cushat doves; and when the travellers camped in the woods, they heard a continuous scuttling of little feet over the dry leaves, and found armies of hares travelling by night. These migratory creatures accomplish great distances between sunset and sunrise.

During this journey the travellers found their native escort very apprehensive of falling in with Aba Kassié, whose history they afterwards learned. It has a fine mediæval flavour, as indeed much of Mr De Cosson's narrative has. The redoubtable chief was a kind of Fra Diavolo or Abyssinian Robin Hood, a daring, dauntless, splendid outlaw, who set mankind at defiance, and found a woman, his wife, to love him with heroic ardour and ill-requited constancy. Prince Kassa (now King John) took him prisoner, and tried to persuade him to enter his service, but in vain; he escaped—indeed he eluded his captors so easily always, that popular superstition ascribed to him the power of rendering himself invisible—and his alliance was sought by Kassa's enemies. A price was set on the outlaw's head; so when the Egyptians invited him to go to Massowah and treat with the Khedive's government, who wanted his help to take the Abyssinian province of Bogos, he went thither. They imprisoned him, however, finding the other project not ripe for execution; and then he escaped again, before the travellers reached Massowah, and was used as a bugbear to them, as before related. The closing scene of the bold robber's romantic story, as related by our author, was painfully weird.

On their arrival at Adowa, the travellers were welcomed by a large party of warriors, attended by their shield-bearers, who came to conduct them to the presence of the viceroy of Tigre. This wild escort enlivened the way with many feats of dashing horsemanship and mimic warfare, and at length led them to the presence of the Ras, whose 'palace' may be described as typical of the residences of all the great personages of the Ethiopian kingdom. The house, standing within a rude stone inclosure, consisted of one large circular chamber; the floor was strewn with rushes, as in English houses of the fifteenth century; and from

the walls projected a number of horns, whereon hung the sword and shield of the Ras and several matchlocks belonging to his soldiers. The conical roof, lined with reeds, was supported on rough wooden pillars draped with red silk; and the furniture consisted of a European sofa, two chairs, and a low *alga* or stretcher, covered with a handsome leopard-skin, on which reclined the Ras, a powerful, very dark-skinned man, with a face expressive of dogged obstinacy, and fearfully disfigured by a sword-cut, received in battle. The Ras received the visitors courteously, gave them *tedge* (mead) to drink, and had them conducted to a *gojio* or hut, constructed of branches, where some *algas* had been placed for their accommodation. At this point began their experience of life in Abyssinia, in two particulars: the horrible custom of having animals killed in the presence of guests and the flesh being instantly devoured raw; and the impossibility of sleeping in a native *gojio*, under covering which has been used by natives, in consequence of the swarms of insects which infest both dwelling and covering.

One of the finest views in all Abyssinia was obtained by Mr De Cosson from the top of a mountain called Soloda, two thousand feet above Adowa, eight thousand two hundred and eighty-seven feet above the sea, and which he enjoyed while large birds sat tamely around him, and green lizards ran over his legs in pursuit of flies. Among the features of the panorama, Amba Sema-yeta is conspicuous; its steep sides, rising four thousand feet clear above the plain, give it a resemblance to an enormous sugar-loaf. Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the viceroy, except his reluctance to forward the travellers on their journey. He paid them all imaginable honour, and displayed the treasures of the province to them—among others, several pairs of boots with scarlet tops, which the British government had sent to Prince Kassa, with other presents; 'though why,' says the author, 'the Prince should have been thus led to believe that it was fashionable in England to wear scarlet top-boots, or why indeed Her Majesty's government should supply him with boots at all, is one of those awful mysteries only known to the Foreign Office.' The Prince put on a pair of these mysteries of civilisation (with much inconvenience, as he had no stockings), bore the pain like a man, and even went to bed in the boots, which indeed he could not get off; but in the night the agony became too great for endurance, and he sent for General Kirkham to shew him how to get quit of the boots with the scarlet tops. Mr De Cosson suggests that the government might as well have sent him a boot-jack when they were about it.

The travellers had a pleasant time, deteriorated, however, by howling dogs and a perfect plague of flies, at Adowa, which is on the highway from Gondar to the Red Sea. The market is a curious sight, for there all the tribes of inner Africa and all their wares are represented. Though the city is the capital of one of the most powerful provinces of Ethiopia, the houses are only built of loose stones, lined with mud; and though there are bridges, constructed by the Portuguese, still standing in the country, the traveller must either cross the Assam on stepping-stones, or ford it with his mules before he can enter the town of Adowa. 'An Abyssinian household,' says the author,

'generally lodges in a single room; but there are various nooks and recesses in it, each devoted to a separate purpose; one of these serves as a stable, and is occupied by the mules, horses, and sheep, which live on terms of the greatest intimacy with the family. A curtain screens the master's bed at the end of the room; the servants being generally left to sleep on the floor, or in one of the little huts in the court-yard. As for the chickens and children they are ubiquitous; and go where they like, the latter being mostly innocent of clothing.' Like all Africans, the people are totally indifferent to time themselves, and impossible to convince that it can be of importance to others; and this peculiarity inflicted a great deal of annoyance upon our travellers. By dint of perseverance, however, they did succeed in procuring mules, and visiting the ancient town of Axum, formerly the capital of Tigre, and supposed to have been the city of the Troglodyte Ethiopians or Cushites. There they saw the gigantic monoliths in gray granite, whose history is lost in the mists of ages; and visited the Nebred, or high-priest, who questioned them at length, through their interpreter, concerning the motive of their visit, and would not be persuaded that they had not come to seek for treasure. 'Do they know their way to the hidden treasures of the mountains?' he asked, giving utterance to the traditionary belief of every Abyssinian.

During their stay at Adowa, which the Ras made them prolong by many ingenious devices, only suffering them to depart at length on receiving a positive order from the king to forward them to his camp, the travellers studied the fauna, the flora, the natives, and the manners of the country, and enjoyed some exciting sport. Most of the larger animals indigenous to Central Africa are to be met with in Abyssinia; in the low wooded valleys by the rivers are lions, rhinoceri, elephants, leopards, panthers, and buffaloes; on the higher plains, endless varieties of the antelope and gazelle kind; in the forests, countless monkeys and birds. The country is as rich as it is beautiful; and the people, a few detestable customs excepted, are a decidedly fine race. They are brave, warlike, and patriotic; and not cruel, in comparison with other African races. A great variety of types is to be found among the people. Though the natives of Tigre, Amhara, and Shoa are principally Christians, there are Jews, Mohammedans, Fire-worshippers, Pagans, and even races that appear to have no form of worship at all, scattered about in different parts of the country; and owing to the inaccessible nature of the mountain regions, it is not uncommon to find two races or tribes within a couple of days' march of each other, differing as much in type, religion, and language as if a hundred miles lay between them. Abyssinia has had a turbulent and romantic history, through the accidents and events of which she has not, however, as Mr De Cosson points out, reached civilisation, though it was precisely through such vicissitudes that other nations have attained to it.

Intending to visit the king at Ambachura, beyond the Takazze, our travellers found the mountain-ride thither full of charm and incident. The king had ordered the path to be cleared of rocks before them, and though steep and difficult, the road was thus rendered less dangerous. Mr

De Cosson gives a wonderful account of the grass, with which, wherever there is holding-ground for a few inches of earth, the sides of the mountains are clothed. 'Such grass! It is the giant bush-grass of tropical Africa, each blade ten feet high, and as big round as a swan-quill. In the wet season this grass would be a waving forest of emerald green, in which a man could hide; but now it was hard and yellow, and every stem as stiff and upright as a young bamboo.' The wild grandeur of the dark snowless peaks of the Semyen range much impressed the travellers, and the effect was deepened by the following incident: 'As we gained the top of a great hog-backed mountain, surrounded by an amphitheatre of frowning crags, that looked like giant castles of gray granite, my mule began to tremble, and I shall never forget the effect produced by the low rumbling of an earthquake which shook the mountains, and was echoed back from rock to rock till the whole atmosphere vibrated with the sound. My three native companions believed the noise came from the subterranean treasure-caves in the heart of the Semyen, and they hurried their pace, for they said that the demon of the mountains was abroad.'

The camp of King Yohannes was pitched in a most picturesque spot, on a plateau near the cone of a lofty mountain, and commanding a view of Lake Tzana, an inland sea that lay glittering in the sunlight. The reception accorded to Mr De Cosson and his companions by the king was of the most cordial description; and during their sojourn of many weeks they had ample opportunities of forming a just estimate of the remarkable Prince who has consolidated the royal power, so rashly used and disastrously lost by King Theodore. Their stay at the camp of King Yohannes belongs to the political history of our own time, for it was Mr De Cosson who brought to England the letters to our government, in which King Yohannes pledged himself to abolish the slave-trade in his dominions. Only the other day has a similar engagement been entered into by the Egyptian government, so that it is cheering to see the dawn of a new day for the nations who have for so many ages dwelt under the curse of slavery in the cradle of the Blue Nile.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER XLIX.—ADRIFT UPON THE WORLD.

'YOU'LL pack your traps, my dear, and we'll be off,' said Daredevil Dick with a cool nod, and addressing himself to his sister.

'You have come quickly,' said Ruth, looking at Hold's bronzed countenance with an expression of anything but affection. 'To be put in the pillory, as we both are, perhaps suits you.'

'To be put in the pillory,' answered Richard with perfect composure, 'requires somebody with pluck enough to bell the cat, and I'm very much mistaken if such will be found here. I met your messenger, my girl, on my road to Carbery. I'd heard before that the murder was out—the lost one found. When there's a real Helena, Lady Harrogate, up at High Tor, it's time for the pinchbeck one to give way before the sterling gold.'

'You knew, then, that this governess, this

Ethel Gray was the true heiress!' cried Ruth, with flaming eyes. 'Brother, brother, you are a greater villain than even I took you for!'

There was a murmur among the audience, and cries of 'Down with him!' 'Secure him!' were raised by some of those in the background.

Hold turned his unabashed face towards the malcontents. 'Any cowardly curs,' he said contemptuously, 'can rabble and mob a stag at bay. Yelp, you hounds, as ye please, but don't, if you value a sound skin, test Dick Hold's patience too far! I have come to fetch away my sister. You are rid of us on cheap terms. But if you dare to stretch so much as a finger towards her or me, I'll teach the man who does it a lesson that will last him his life, or a little longer, maybe!'

There was a hush and a shrinking back on the part of the by-standers. Hold was evidently very much in earnest, and none cared to provoke the desperado to an outbreak of wrath which might have a tragical ending.

'Get your kit ready, Ruth, and we'll be going,' said Hold imperatively.

For some minutes past it had been growing perceptibly darker, as a wrack of sable clouds came crawling seawards before the moorland breeze. As the buccaneer ceased speaking, a broad bright flash glanced athwart the emblazoned window, and presently boomed out the deep roar of the thunder. Such as he was, Hold's unfaltering courage made him, even at that pass, master of the situation. His sister, in obedience to his commands, left the room to prepare for her departure, and in a short time returned in travelling attire, with a rain-cloak thrown over her arm.

'I have locked my trunks,' she said, in a low voice, 'but whether'—

'Ah, I'll see to that,' responded Hold roughly. '—See, some of you, that the girl's luggage is sent over to *The Traveller's Rest*. She has lost a goodish deal—this fine house, among other things; but she ought to have her finery and fal-lals, so I will thank whoever walks quarter-deck here to attend to it.'

So many eyes were turned towards Jasper Denzil, that he found it easier to speak, since speech was required of him, than to be silent. He stepped forward. 'This has been a most unfortunate business, in fact an awkward business,' he said, feebly stroking his moustache. 'The governor's precarious state of health'—

'Keeps the governor,' bluntly interrupted Hold, 'out of as pretty a pickle as a baronet needs to get into. Why do you put in your oar, Captain Denzil? It's pretty well understood that things were squared with you to make you marry Ruth here. Now you cry "off," and I don't blame you. You're not going to come out generous, surely, and volunteer to be spliced, all the same?'

'No; I don't say that,' replied the ex-captain of Lancers, recoiling.

'Then don't say anything,' was Hold's gruff rejoinder, as, drawing his sister's arm through his own, he walked from the room and from the house, checking, by the cool fearlessness of his defiant manner, the insulting murmurs of Sir Sykes's servant. 'It was long remembered afterwards that, as Richard and Ruth were in the act of stepping across the threshold, a dazzling flash of lightning was succeeded by so portentous a peal of thunder, that, throughout the ancient man-

sion, door and casement and wainscot rattled and quivered, and the vaulted roof gave back the sullen sound in deep resonance. Ruth instinctively shrank back; but her brother stood firm, and drew, almost dragged, her onwards into the rage of the tempest.

There were those who ran to door and window to watch, with a curiosity that in some cases did not quite exclude a sort of sympathy, these two outcasts making their way through the pelting pitiless rain, across the park. On they went, the very heavens seeming to frown upon them, lashed by the rain and hail, blinded by the bewildering lightning, deafened by the bellowing thunder, and buffeted by the gusts that swept down from the uplands of Dartmoor, swaying to and fro the stately oaks of the grand avenue.

Hold and his sister reached the north wall of the park, passed through the gate that was ever open, and found themselves clear of the demesne, and in the wild and broken country beyond. Till then, Ruth had not spoken a word. At intervals as they crossed the park, a heavy sob had burst from her, but that was all.

'See, see!' she said suddenly, 'to what your drunken folly and stiff-necked obstinacy have brought us! Was it thus that I should have quitted Carbery, I, whose will was law there but yesterday!'

'I'll tell you one thing, Missy,' returned Hold with the grin and somewhat of the growl of a bulldog; 'men like me are not much used, in a general way, to put up with hard words and name-calling and so forth from the women that belong to them, whether wife or sister. I've humoured you, my dear, as if you were a lady, because I thought you'd be one; but now you'd better keep your tongue quiet, d'ye hear? I may quarrel, if you don't.'

Ruth turned upon him with a feverish fierceness, the very petulance of which excluded fear.

'You can't terrify me,' she said shrilly. 'Keep your ruffian threats for the drudges who cower before them; but clenched fists and kicks and buffets will not wring obedience from little Ruth Hold. Brother Dick, you are a dolt as well as a scoundrel, or we should not be here!'

For all answer, the man grasped her arm hard enough for her soft flesh to wince under the pressure of his powerful hand, gave her a rough shake, and urged her forwards brusquely but not unkindly.

'You've but one friend, Missy; don't try his temper overmuch,' said Hold, as he would have spoken to a fractious child. 'No use crying over spilt milk, my dear.'

Nevertheless, Ruth did cry over the milk that had been, metaphorically, much spilt, moaning and wailing and sobbing in a storm of half-hysterical grief that deadened her perception of the elemental war around her. The girl hardly knew that she was wet, that the drenched hair which had escaped from her bedraggled hat hung loosely over her face, hardly saw the levin flash or heard the roll of the thunder. Her own sorrow absorbed all her faculties; and indeed the calamity which had befallen her was very great. There had been a few triumphant days and weeks during which the glittering prize of rank, power, almost boundless wealth, had seemed to lie within the hollow of her hand.

All was over now. Cast out, Ruth was leaving, in disgrace and despair, the mansion of which she was to have been the legitimate mistress, and where she had of late quened it in borrowed splendour. But yesterday she assumed the style and received the treatment of a lady of high degree, and then came the bursting of the bubble, the exposure, the confession, and the snapping of the ties that had bound her to those whose birth-right was the station which she had usurped. Henceforth she was cut off from the society of those who had hitherto owned her as an equal. Henceforth she was a detected impostor, cast away, as a leper in old times, by her late associates. She must herd now with the coarse and the vile, must get her bread how she could, must sink down, down, down into abysses of degradation that yawned grimly before her.

Hold, his first irritable outburst over, was not unkind in his behaviour towards the wayward girl, whose passionate sorrow he judiciously allowed to have its swing. He had a sort of dim sympathy with her unhappiness, recognising that whereas with him the failure of the plot was but a pounds, shillings, and pence question, to Ruth it was much more. But he did not speak, and indeed he had need of all his senses to keep to the right track, full in the teeth of that raging storm, through which it was necessary to struggle to reach the ill-reputed inn which was his residence.

'Come, come lass!' said Hold at length, with an awkward effort to speak soothingly, as he caught sight, by the glare of the lightning, of the tumble-down roof and rickety sign of *The Traveller's Rest*. 'Here we are, close to port. For to-night anyhow, we must make shift here. To-morrow'—

'To-morrow!' interrupted Ruth, with a wild laugh. 'What am I, or what has life to offer me, that I should care where my wretched head may lie to-morrow?'

'It won't be so bad. I'll see you are made comfortable,' urged Hold, putting his hand upon her wrist to lead her forward. 'Anyhow, there's shelter here for a night. To-morrow we can be off; to London first; then, if you like, home.'

'Home!' echoed the girl, with a mocking laugh.

'Ay, down to Kent,' said Hold, misunderstanding her. 'Try, if you can, to make a living out of the old shop. It's going before the mast—I know that well enough—after being berthed in the state cabin; but still it's your best plan. Before I go to sea again, I'll share with you the yellow-boys that jingle yet in my purse, I will indeed, to the last stiver, and then'—

'There's the captain,' squeaked out a boyish voice, as under the rotten porch of *The Traveller's Rest* there appeared the stripling figure of the treacherous Deputy, pointing with outstretched finger at the advancing guest. Who were those to whom he spoke? Helmets, bright buttons, and dark-blue uniforms were a sufficient evidence to their calling.

'Your name Richard Hold? In the Queen's name, then!' exclaimed the foremost of the group, hurrying forward, but only to be felled to the earth like an ox beneath the pole-axe of the butcher by one blow of the buccaneer's heavy fist. The second, who wore plain clothes, and was

indeed no other than Inspector Drew, passed on undaunted, and caught Daredevil Dick by the collar just as the seaman turned towards his sister.

'Run, Ruth, run!' cried Hold, grappling with this new antagonist. 'I'll follow as soon as I've'— And as he spoke he succeeded in getting one hand into the inner breast-pocket of the short rough coat he wore, and in drawing from it a revolver. Then there were more wrestling and trampling to and fro, and a short sharp struggle for the weapon, and then two rapid reports. Then there was a groan and a crashing fall.

'Not hurt, I hope?' exclaimed the chief officer of the county police present, who with two of his men had darted forward to lend their aid in the contest.

'Only a graze not worth speaking of,' answered the inspector, shaking off the drops of fresh blood that trickled from a scratch across his right wrist. 'The second shot has taken effect, fatally so, I fear, in his own body. We had better carry him in.'

'But where is the young woman?' asked another of the police, looking round. For Ruth had disappeared.

CHAPTER 11.—LOST.

Winged by terror, nerved by the formless dread that gave speed to her feet, to exertions of which she had not known herself to be capable, and scarcely aware whither she bent her steps, Ruth fled from *The Traveller's Rest* into the blackness of the night. She heard the sound of the pistol-shots, but did not for a moment slacken the rapid pace at which she had started. Leaving the road and turning her face from human habitations and the haunts of men, she struck desperately, like some hunted animal, across that wild and solitary moor.

The storm yet raged; the granitic Tors of the Dartmoor range that loomed ahead re-echoed the frequent crash of the deep-voiced thunder, and ever and anon some flash of more than common brilliancy illuminated all the surface of the moor, the dull brown of the faded heather, the gray stones and dusky peat-hags and ragged clumps of broom, leaving the desolate expanse all the darker and less inviting the instant after, by its sudden contrast with the murky gloom that prevailed. The rain beat heavily on Ruth's undefended form, and the shrieking wind howled and moaned around her like wolves impatient for their prey; but she heeded the rain and wind no more than a hunted hare would have done; or if she gave a thought to the weather, it was with a strange sense of satisfaction that she remembered that it might serve to mask her flight and facilitate her escape.

Escape! That was the one thought uppermost with her, the one ray of light that broke in upon her clouded mind. Yes, she must escape. She had lost all, riches and rank and pomp. Her lot no longer lay with the wearers of purple and fine linen. To rest on a soft couch, and feed daintily, and glitter and shine and sparkle among the gold-powdered butterflies of Fashion, these things were not for the sister and accomplice of such a one as Richard Hold. But to escape actual punishment for her misdeeds, to elude the halting step with

which Nemesis stalks down the evil-doer, this at any rate she was resolved to do.

During all her plots and schemes, her double-dealing and deception, the idea of punishment, of actual duress of the law, had never once flitted before the mind of Ruth Hold as regarded herself. That her reckless brother would come to be hanged she had often said, and sometimes thought. But as concerned herself, who never went armed, had no perilous habit of pugnacity, and avoided the ruder forms of crime, she had been unused to apprehend any worse evil than that of the breakdown of a promising project.

Now the long-expected blow had fallen, and the smart of it had been harder to bear than Ruth had pictured it to be; and as if penury and disgrace were not enough, the foiled conspirators had found themselves within the clutch of the law. The pistol-shots still rang in her ears as she hurried on. How often had she remonstrated with Richard about his semi-savage Californian custom of going armed. Those loaded Derringers that he persisted in carrying in his pocket, how often had she told him that these presented too strong a temptation to one whose brains, naturally shrewd, were always on fire with drink. He had done murder, and now the country would rise, and he and she would be hunted down like wolves.

That her brother had come victorious out of the contest, she never doubted. Had she not been accustomed from her childhood to hear stories of his wonderful escapes and constant broils in the far-off tropics! What she feared was the being thrust at his side behind the spiked partition of the dock at the assize court, to hear the indictment read out in dry rapid tones by the Clerk of Arraignment, and to be described, stared at, and sentenced as 'the female prisoner at the bar.' To keep herself free from prison with all its humiliations, free from the searching, the hair-cropping, the hideous garb, the whitewashed cell, the oakum to pick, the gruel ration, was her object now.

As she sped along, somewhat of a plan began to shape itself vaguely in her fevered mind. Her first aim was to distance the pursuers. To do that, she must double and twist as the hare before the hounds, and leave no trace behind her. She would push on, and on, and on! At last, no doubt a high-road would be reached, and a village, and there she could find means of transport to some town. She would not go back to London or to Kent, because it was in London and in Kent that her enemies would await her. No; she would make her way westward, to Plymouth, to Cornwall, to South Wales perhaps, and there lie hidden.

She was not helpless, not without means. There was money about her person, not indeed enough to live upon for any length of time; but more than enough for current expenses—about, as she reckoned, seventy pounds. Sir Sykes had written her a cheque for a hundred, two days before his seizure, and she had that much left in notes and gold. She had jewels too, and some of them were of value, gifts made to her during her brief season of prosperity, and these she could sell; but she was aware that the gems could only be disposed of in some great city. Time enough to think of this resource when London itself should be reached.

The future lay dark before her; but she was young, and could hope. Let her once escape the ignominy of chastisement, keep outside the jail doors, and surely some career must lie open before her. She was educated. She was clever. As a teacher, an actress, a servant if need were, she could earn her bread, and set her foot once more upon the ladder of life. Her prospects seemed to her all the brighter because her brother was no longer her companion. What but ruin could come from an association with a desperado such as Dick Hold!

How the moorland gale blew, staggering her as she walked! The thunder growled yet, but with less of fury than before, and the flashes were fewer; but the wind and the rain were mighty in their swoop, and the night was black and starless, so that she could scarcely see the rough uneven path which she trod. She had changed her course more than once, and there was nothing but the remembrance from which quarter the wind blew, to guide her steps, and prevent her from wandering back to the vicinity of *The Traveller's Rest*. She had walked, so she calculated, several miles, since her flight began, and had given the slip, so far, to the police.

Were those voices calling to her from behind? Ah, no; the sound was but produced by the creaking of the willow-boughs, the leafless wands and twigs of which she saw waving like the fleshless arms of half-buried skeletons. Ruth was traversing a hollow, nestling between two ridges of the uneven moor, and through which there ran brawling a thread of water, now swollen with rain. But the huge stepping-stones made the passage of this brooklet easy, and the storm-beaten wayfarer pressed on, and gained the drier ground beyond. A dreary prospect it was that lay before her. Darkness, more and more rarely broken by the now distant lightning, brooded over the far-stretching surface of the moor. The wind was less violent, but the rain still fell heavily.

A long way off, a faint light, obviously proceeding from the window of some human habitation, was visible. To Ruth Hold, alone in the wilderness, cut off as it seemed from the great communion of mankind, this light was as welcome as is the ray from a harbour-beacon to the storm-beaten mariner. Perhaps it shone from the window of some farm-house, or it might be of one of those isolated cottages that here and there studded the rough outskirts of the moor. In either case she could, when she gained its shelter, find a peat-fire whereat she might dry her wet hair and dripping clothes, and a guide to the nearest village that lay on a frequented road. Of rest and sleep she must not think for hours yet to come.

To reach the upland where the light beamed forth into the shadows of the night, it was necessary that Ruth should quit the hard and firm, if rugged track which she had hitherto followed, and strike into another and much narrower path, less distinctly marked, and in places scarcely to be traced. Presently the wanderer became conscious that the ground on which she trod was wet and yielding; those were the spongy hummocks of a swamp over which she now passed, while at every step the ink-black water started forth from the peaty soil. Still on she went towards the lighted window that seemed

to beckon to her from afar. Were those boughs waving in the wind? No; but tall reed-beds, the browned stalks swaying under the impact of the gale. She was glad now to avail herself of the great lichen-incrusted stones which at intervals dotted the path, and which yielded dry footing for a pace or two, though even when supported by them she felt the earth quiver beneath her feet.

The storm was dying away in the distance, but one ruddy gleam on the far horizon lit up for an instant the whole desolate tract, and shewed waving reed-banks, and black pools of water draped in places with floating weed-masses, and moss, and piles of brown peat newly dug and stacked to be carted away, and tangles of rushes, rank grass, and feathery wild-flax close at hand. Farther on, the ridges of heather-clad moorland rolled upwards towards the lofty spot, no longer visible, where the light burned so invitingly in the window of some human dwelling.

The darkness, which seemed to swallow up the whole wide landscape as rapidly as the evanescent gleam of the lightning had illumined it, once more brooded over the earth, like some primeval monster, when Ruth resumed her route. The quagmire trembled more and more beneath her feet as she pushed on. Yet no sensation of alarm assailed her. It was men's enmity that she dreaded, with all its consequences of disgrace, shame, ruin. The fear of being arrested and lodged in prison was ever present to her as she pressed on, until, on a sudden, the treacherous crust of earth gave way beneath her weight, and down she sank with sullen plunge, and cry unheard by mortal ear, into the slimy bog.

From the first moment, Ruth knew that she was lost, that her struggling and efforts could but sink her the deeper in the tenacious mud and foul black water, the gases from which poured forth in suffocating streams, now that the unknown depths of the swamp had been disturbed. Yet she struggled and screamed for human help, and uttered one wild cry to heaven for pity and for pardon! Then felt she as though some dreadful creature, hidden in the slime, had grasped her by the feet, and was dragging her down, slowly and surely down, deeper and deeper yet. She shrieked for aid a second time and a third, and then there was silence.

WALKS IN A FRENCH FOREST.

WE look back with delight to a period of our life which was spent on the borders of one of the few forests still left in France. Each morning we wandered through the glades when the morning sun had not dissipated the silvery vapour which moistened the leaves, and drops of dew still hung from the branches.

Let us describe a party of wooden-shoe makers or as they are termed, *sabotiers*, at work near a clear stream. The whole family is together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the apprentices, the mother and children running about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, where all sleep; not far off, the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment, are tethered. They are birds of passage, travers-

ing the forest, and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this green combe several fine beech-trees are marked for the axe; they are fifty feet high, and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp; but the beech *sabots* are light, of a close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths; and if the pieces prove too large, they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabot* roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the holes for the interior, and scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *cuviller*. The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it; carving a rose or primrose upon the top, if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border round the edge, so that the blue or white stocking may be shewn by a coquettish girl. As they are finished, they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden-brown hue.

The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the wash-house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the schoolboy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows, the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe. Long after, when the child has become a man, and his chair is vacant by the hearth, they are drawn out to be looked at, sometimes with a smile, too often with tears.

During all his toil the workman talks and sings; he is not taciturn, like the charcoal-burner; his muscles continually in action, his work in the open air, keep him in good temper, and give him refreshing sleep and appetite. He sings like a linnnet, whilst the women chatter and mend the family garments. When the trees have been all cut up, the camp is raised, the mules are loaded, adieu to the green hollow, and another place is sought for. Thus all the year long, whether the forest be tinted with pale spring verdure or covered with the yellow autumn leaves, in some corner will be heard the workers, busy as bees in a hive, gaily carrying on their simple healthy forest-life.

Our walks often led us to what we called our forest orchard, where the thrushes and blackbirds came for the meal which good mother Pomona provides for them by day. By night she lodges them amid thick bushes that fairly hang down

with fruit; while beautiful flowers carpet the ground. When June has half run its course, strawberries and raspberries perfume the thickets; then the black cherry ripens. But in autumn the forest is most prodigal of its riches. By Sainte Madeleine, as the proverb says, the walnuts are full, the leafy hazel stretches out its twin nuts, with hoods curiously jagged and twisted. The squirrels run about storing their winter provision. The wild plum purples the hedges; crabs and wild pears offer their astringent fruits, amidst the red foliage of their ungrafted stocks. Clusters of cornel-berries, like vermilion olives, ripen beside the scarlet barberry. Wild-boars regale themselves on countless acorns that bestrew the ground. The beech renders its harvest of 'mast.' At the end of September the beech-mast falls with a crisp noise out of the brown capsules, and strews the ground with its triangular seeds. Then the woods are busy indeed; women, old men, and children rush in from the neighbouring villages, and spread large sheets of white cloth, whilst they shake the branches into them. The mast is very savoury. It is put under slow pressure, and oil equal to olive oil is extracted; it has the advantage of keeping sweet for ten years, and is used for the excellent golden *fritures* in which the French excel.

Passing through colonnades of beech-trees, an odour of smoke spreads through the branches. It is a party of charcoal-burners, and we soon see the conical forms of their furnaces. A few steps from their hut, built of sods and branches, they are seated on sacks round the fire, where the pan is boiling for their meal. There are six of them: three well-made boys, with intelligent eyes shining beneath their wide-brimmed hats; a girl of sixteen, a type of wild beauty; and the wrinkled father and mother. They are not an open-hearted race; but we draw near; and after a few kind words and an offer of tobacco, friendship is established.

'Yours is a hard, rude business,' we remarked.

'I believe it is,' said the master; 'but we love it in spite of all its difficulties. I have followed it for fifty years, when I began with my father in the woods of Argonne; and since then I have seen most of our forests, I can tell you.'

'Do you ever fail in the burning?'

'Yes, occasionally; and then we put the badly burned pieces of wood into a new furnace.'

'Will you describe the process to us, who never see such work in our part of England?'

'Certainly. In the first place, we seek a spot near to the forest roads, and well sheltered from the wind; and then proceed to the difficult operation of making the kiln, requiring both patience and experience. We count eight strides for the diameter, and in the centre mark out an empty place with poles to form the chimney; around this we lay billets of wood; then a second row and a third, until the extremity of the circle is reached. This is the first bed, and looks like the great web of the autumn spider. Row after row is laid on this foundation, always narrowing to the top, until it takes the form of a tunnel wrong way up. It must be dressed in a thick mantle, to protect it from the air; over thick sticks there is a layer of three inches of earth, and lastly the ashes taken from an old kiln. The top being open, it is lighted

there with brushwood and burning charcoal; the current of air sets in, and the wood begins to catch fire. Now come the real anxiety and fatigue of our trade; charcoal is like a spoiled child, that must be watched night and day. When the smoke, white at first, changes to brown, the openings are stopped with earth; twelve hours after, a little air is allowed. If there is a noise, the "cooking" is going on too fast; if the wind rise, that is another trouble. After a thousand cares and difficulties, the kiln slowly sinks; we open one side, and the charcoal is as black as a mulberry.'

Bidding good-bye to our intelligent companion, we pass on, through an avenue of poplars, towards the spot where the stream runs between steep rocks, and the picturesque ruins of an old Benedictine monastery now stand. When the monks laid the first stones of their abbey, the solitude seemed fitted for meditation and prayer; no road lay near, and the thick coverts permitted no echo of the life of the world outside. Thus for a long time their history was like that of a happy nation, peaceable and uniform. They drained and cultivated the land, built farms, and increased their revenues; mills and forges appeared by the side of the river; the streams in narrow gorges were dammed up for preserving fish. With prosperity came luxury and its wants. In the eighteenth century, the monks, possessors of the forest and the plain, lived like princes. They hunted over the hills and valleys; and in the centre of the wood, a large stone table and seats are to be seen, where the abbot gave a breakfast to his guests in the halt of the chase. The Revolution burst over them like a thunderbolt; the monks fled, and the abbey was sold by auction.

But the long reign of the monks seems to have been a gentle one, and the old people speak respectfully of their memory. We can imagine them painting the beautiful legendary flowers in golden, azure, and purple tints on the pages of parchment missals; writing the formularies of wonderful herbs for cures in the middle ages, or the mystic verse of the Holy Grail; or bury ourselves in the far distance of the Merovingian epoch, when Saint Remy, according to tradition, built the ruined chapel on the borders of the forest, where the peasants say no spider has ever woven its web; out of respect we may suppose for the founder.

The remembrance of the Roman invasion retains a stronghold on the people's memory. At this time, the Gauls are said to have withdrawn into the forest and fortified themselves. In some places there are found circular walls of stone, overgrown with moss, which the woodmen say were villages. On one occasion, after a rebellion, the Romans, carrying away six thousand prisoners, encamped in a forest combe. Provisions were scarce in this wild country; so many useless mouths could not be fed, and, so runs the story, they were all massacred in one night. History, as written by Caesar, partially confirms this tale of horrible slaughter. The wide circle of the valley is now covered with thick vegetation; the beeches grow freely, and nothing marks the graves of thousands, two thousand years ago.

Ivy garlands the oaks, the scabious flowers in the clearings, the blue-tit warbles as he busies himself amid the sprays, and the blue sky shines

overhead. The military glory has passed away; Caesar's name is unknown to the woodmen; but the terrible deed is remembered in the valley, which still bears the name of the *Combe au Sang*.

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER II.

Soon after I was called in to the Poplars, Mrs Nixon asked me whether anything fresh had been heard about the mysterious woman and child in the village.

'Only,' said I, 'that Mrs Coulson has had a letter, post-mark "London, E.C.," containing a five-pound note, and written on a slip of paper inside "For baby's use." No clue has been found to the sender as yet.'

'It is a very curious affair altogether,' said Mrs Nixon.—'Don't you think so, Miss Brown?'

Miss Brown, whose head was bent low over her work, replied, that it certainly was most strange; and then continued, without raising her head: 'Is baby well?'

'Quite well,' I replied, 'and growing fast. There has been a question as to whether he ought to be baptised; but the Rector thinks perhaps it may have already been done, and will defer the ceremony for a time, unless the child were ill, when of course he would at once do it.'

'Is there any fear of infection, supposing I went to see baby?' asked Miss Brown.

'I think not,' I answered; 'but it might perhaps be safer not to take him in your arms.'

'I will attend to your wishes,' Miss Brown said quietly, as she rose and moved towards the door with averted face. On her way she stumbled against a small work-table, whose multifarious contents scattered in all directions about the floor. 'How clumsy of me!' she exclaimed; and as I stooped to assist her in replacing the fallen articles, I noticed that her cheeks were crimson and her eyes full of tears.

'What can the mystery be?' I said to myself as I rode slowly and thoughtfully homewards. 'There is certainly a connection between that woman and the child. I know there is. But what?'

A few days later, I looked in at Mrs Coulson's. 'Well, how is baby?' I inquired.

'Well sir, he grows, he do; bless him!' smiled the young woman, as she held up the rosy laughing child in her arms. 'He is a beauty, and no mistake. I called at the Rectory sir, and gave Mrs Morton that money to keep. Maybe one day he'd be glad enough of it, and he doesn't cost nothing now sir, nothing but looking after. He has lots of clothes—a whole suit came for him along with the money the other day; and Miss Brown, she was down too, and brought him the loveliest little frock you ever seen, and socks she had knitted for him while she was away at the sea. Why, bless you sir, they're good enough for any quality child. I'll just let you see them sir.'

'I am no judge of such things, Mrs Coulson; but I am glad you have them for the baby.' And this set me off thinking again.

The season grew into autumn, and then on to winter; still no clue to the mystery had been obtained. As the children at the Poplars were all well again, my intercourse with Miss Brown

was more restricted; I had, however, seen enough of her to be aware that she was a woman of no ordinary accomplishments and refinement. I came upon her one day during the children's convalescence, the centre of an eager group of listeners, while she related awful and thrilling tales of sprites and genii, gnomes and fairies, which held her audience enthralled; and when asked their origin, she replied: 'Oh, out of my head. It amuses the little ones to hear a story.'

'Not only the little ones,' I answered. 'You ought to write them down, for the benefit of other children.'

'I intended to do so once,' she said with a heavy sigh; 'but I have changed my mind;' and abruptly snatching up her youngest hearer, a baby boy of two years old, she hid her face among his pretty curls. Another time, when I entered the schoolroom unawares while she was singing, I rallied her on keeping her music so selfishly for her own amusement, declaring that I had found a treasure in her rich full voice for the choir and the village concerts; but she besought me so earnestly not to say anything about her singing, and to allow her to remain unmolested in her obscurity, that I yielded: 'No doubt you have good reasons, Miss Brown, whatever they may be,' said I.

'I am only the governess,' she said; 'and do not wish to be brought forward at all. So please Dr Summers, do not name my singing.'

'Very well,' I rejoined.—'Have you seen your little favourite lately?'

'O yes,' she said, while a rosy glow illumined her whole face. 'What a beautiful boy he is! Such a treasure!' And as she turned her soft gray eyes full upon me, I wondered where I had seen eyes like hers so lately.

'There seems to be no clue as yet about that baby,' I said; 'but if his mother is alive, she cannot keep away long; it would not be human nature. Why does she not claim him, I wonder?'

'Why indeed?' echoed Miss Brown with a sharp accent of pain; and turning abruptly, she spoke to the little ones, desiring them to put on their things and get ready to go out.

As I left, I encountered Hilda Morton on an errand of mercy to old Jackson's cottage, with her little basket on her arm; and passing Mrs Coulson's door in the afternoon, I saw Hilda and Miss Brown coddling the baby between them; and just as I came up, the little one clasped his fat arms tightly round the neck of the latter, refusing to leave her.

'I declare I'm jealous, Miss Brown,' said Hilda; 'why, baby won't come to me!'

'Go, my pretty one,' said Miss Brown in a gentle cooing voice; and as she spoke she undid the loving arms from about her neck, kissed the child hastily, and placed him in Hilda's arms, saying, she had loitered too long and must now run home.

The child had on an outdoor pelisse with embroidery upon it of flowers and leaves delicately traced.

'I suppose that is one of the frocks that came in the mysterious parcel?' I said, addressing Mrs Coulson.

'Yes sir,' she said; 'that is one of them; and too good for every day too.'

I have a quick eye for colours and patterns.

Where had I lately seen a strip of work like that peeping from a work-basket? I could not remember at the moment, but felt sure I was not mistaken.

I received about this time a long letter from my brother Tom, who was with his regiment in India. As it seems to form part of this to me eventful year's history, I venture to transcribe a portion of it:

POONAH, November 15th.

DEAR OLD BOY—Weather fearfully hot, but we are pretty jolly notwithstanding. . . . We have a very sad instance here of the perils of matrimony in our colonel, one of the best men living, adored positively by all ranks, and yet his life is made miserable and wretched by a woman. Indeed, I can think of nothing else just now, as somehow, although so much younger than he, the dear old man has chosen to confide his troubles to me, and I have given him all my sympathy, and only wish I could help him more. The facts are these. Last spring, or rather early summer, he was forced to rejoin his regiment out here. His wife, to whom he had been married about a year, and whom he describes as the very quintessence of all that is lovely and lovable in womankind, was not strong enough to accompany him, but was to follow after the birth of their child. She, it appears, was a native of Australia, and had no relatives in England. He heard from the lady-friend with whom she stayed of the safety of his darling and the birth of a beautiful boy; and for several consecutive mails rapturous letters reached him describing the joy of the mother over her treasure and her delight at their speedy reunion, to which she looked forward with the utmost eagerness.

When the expected ship was due he went to Bombay to meet her: but neither wife nor child was on board. He telegraphed to his agents in London. The answer returned was concise. The order for the cabin had been countermanded by Mrs Beauchamp. He telegraphed to her. No answer. All inquiries have proved fruitless from that day, now five months ago, to this; he has failed to discover any clue to the whereabouts of wife or child. In his despair he came to my quarters last night and unburdened his sad story. You must forgive my filling this letter with its repetition. I can think of nothing else, and of course I do not wish to tell it to all the men out here, some of whom are not the sort to appreciate it.

Our colonel goes home by the next mail to prosecute his inquiries himself. Should you come across him, which is hardly likely where you are, you must make yourself known to him, and you will, I know, find him one of the most noble, unselfish, lovable characters you ever met. What that woman could have been about, I don't know. I cannot think she is any good, and only bitterly regret that she ever had the opportunity of throwing away or making sport of the happiness of so good a man. Mr Nixon, our collector and magistrate, goes home also very soon. He only came out to finish his term of service, and will retire, lucky man, upon his pension in dear old England. Don't I wish I could go with them! Good-bye; take care of yourself and your heart; and believe me your affectionate brother,

TOM SUMMERS.

So, I thought to myself, Mr Nixon is soon coming home, and will perhaps be here in a few weeks. Tom says he is about to start soon. I will go up to the Poplars and call; perhaps my news may be later than Mrs Nixon's. Accordingly, I called about luncheon-time, and found that Mrs Nixon had likewise heard from her husband, but that he feared he would not be able to reach home for Christmas, but hoped to be with them by the first or second week in January.

'I have persuaded Miss Brown to remain with us over Christmas,' she said, 'as I really am so excited and nervous at the idea of my husband's return, that I feel as if I should never get through the time without some one to talk to; and Miss Brown is kind enough to postpone her holiday for a time.'

'My brother in former letters describes Poonah as a charming station,' I remarked, 'although just now the weather is unseasonably warm.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Nixon; 'my husband always liked it; and so did I, as long as my health continued good. He says they are fortunate just now in having a remarkably pleasant set of officers of the 140th Regiment, quartered there. They are particularly gentlemanly men; and their colonel, my husband admires almost more than any one he ever knew. Lately, however, he says he seems so down-hearted and sad that no one can imagine the cause. His wife was to have joined him; but he has never alluded to her or the cause of her detention, and of course no one likes to ask; but my husband thinks something must be very wrong.'

'My dear Miss Brown, I am afraid you feel ill. Are you faint?'

I had been watching Miss Brown's varying colour for some time. Now, however, she suddenly reeled from her chair, and without further warning, sank unconscious on the floor. Of course, I started up, raised her, and carried her to the sofa in the library; and after a little while she recovered, after the usual remedies had been resorted to. She laughed at herself rather hysterically, said she had been very silly, murmured something about the hot fire and the smell of dinner, and asked if she could lie down for a while in her room. When she fainted, I had loosened the stud which fastened the collar at her neck, and while doing so, a small gold chain appeared, at the end of which was a plain gold wedding-ring. Miss Brown's first movement on recovering was to replace this ring, while a deep crimson blush overspread her countenance. No one had seen it but myself; Mrs Nixon had left the room to fetch some sal-volatile; and the children had of course been excluded. This circumstance somehow made an impression which I could not get rid of. It was now only a week to Christmas-day, and the preparations for Christmas festivities were going on rapidly. I had seen more than ever of Hilda Morton lately, and had assisted her in finding out who were the objects of her parents' Christmas bounties, and in distributing them with her. There was to be a large children's party at the Rectory the evening after the 25th—Christmas-tree, games, and all sorts of delights, ending with snapdragon; just a merry gathering of little ones whom the rector and his dear wife loved to see around them. Miss Brown of course was to come with her young charges; and I was to assist

Hilda in lighting and hanging the Christmas-tree with gifts.

During the evening, and while Hilda and I were alone, and supposed to be engaged in lighting up the tree, I took courage, and in desperation spoke out my whole heart to her. Her reply sealed my fate, and made me the happiest of mortals. Dear old Dr Hamilton knew my secret, and indeed had, I knew, confided it to the rector; for my old friend had encouraged me in my suit, and had said with a twinkle in his eye: 'Go on, my boy; you have nothing to fear from any stern father's opposition, I know; so pluck up your courage and attack the enemy herself.'

Now, as he entered, I felt that he guessed our secret; and as he came up to me and gave me a poke, he said: 'So, you sly young rascal, you've been and done it! I thought some mischief was brewing when you two went off to light the candles so eagerly.—I know all about it, little one,' he added as Hilda came up; 'God bless you, darling!' and the tears filled his kind old eyes. 'This is what I always wanted—the son and daughter of my two best friends united: now I am quite happy.'

During the interval which followed the Christmas-tree, and while the children had their tea, I made my confessions to the rector and Mrs Morton, and was intensely gratified at the manner in which they received my request. They made no difficulties; and indeed I found Dr Hamilton had smoothed all these away, having not only told them of his intention to resign his present practice—which was a very large one—to me, but to leave all his fortune to Hilda, which, though not large, would be a very considerable addition to the settlement I was myself able to make upon her. So all went merrily; and when tea was over, games began, and the old people made themselves into children again, and delighted the hearts of the little ones; and Miss Brown was wonderfully clever in devising new games and in making herself, as she always did, both popular and useful. Mrs Coulson was one of those extra hands always in request at the Rectory when any unusual bustle or cleaning was going on, and of course she was there on this occasion; and baby, who was the darling of Mrs Morton, was specially invited too. He was now a plump, rosy little thing, pulling at everything and noticing everything within the range of his little hands and bright intelligent eyes. He was the delight of all, especially of the ladies, and was paid an amount of baby adoration which he seemed quite to appreciate and approve of. The mysterious remittances still continued—sometimes presents of clothes, always money, and now a nice warm gown for Mrs Coulson, and garments for her husband. These had now ceased to excite wonder, and indeed the baby was now looked upon as no longer a novelty.

When the fun of that delightful Christmas entertainment was over, and the little ones were preparing to leave, Miss Brown, who was holding baby, was observed to stoop and make anxious search for something on the floor. Hilda and I stepped forward.

'Have you lost anything, Miss Brown?' said Hilda.

'Only a trinket I was in the habit of wearing always,' she said; 'and which I think baby

clutched from my neck. But please do not make a fuss about it; it may be found afterwards.'

'But we must find it,' said Hilda. 'Get a candle, please, somebody, and we will have a look.'

'Oh, please, Miss Morton, please do not trouble yourself,' Miss Brown answered hastily. 'It does not matter now. I would so much rather you did not hunt for it.'

'Nonsense!' said Hilda. 'It must be found. It can't be far off; you have never moved from that spot, you know.'

Miss Brown's agitation increased so much, that all eyes were now turned upon her questioningly.

'What is it like?' said I.

'A little gold ornament,' she answered. 'But, dear Miss Morton,' she said to Hilda in a low voice, 'please do not look when all these people are here. If I may come back quietly and look for it afterwards, it would be much better. I cannot tell you more now; do please let me have my own way in this.'

Hilda looked surprised, and answered rather stiffly: 'As you please, Miss Brown. Of course if you would rather *we* did not find it, we will not look.'

'Oh, it is so hard to tell you,' said she sadly; 'but I think you would be kind, if you only knew, and would pity me. I would give anything now for a friend to speak to.'

My gentle Hilda turned a look full of sympathy and kindness upon her as she said these words, and kissed her tenderly. 'You shall tell me as much or as little as you like,' she said; 'and I want you to feel you have a friend in me. Now come away; and when this room is cleared, you shall come back alone, and look for your mysterious trinket undisturbed.'

We followed the crowd into the drawing-room, and were surprised to see baby, who was in Mrs Morton's arms, the centre of an excited group. 'Where did the little creature get it?' 'There is no married lady here but yourself.' 'What a thick one!' Such were the exclamations we heard on every side; and coming up to Mrs Morton, saw in her hand a plain gold wedding-ring, very thick and massive, which Master Baby with a baby's instinct had found a most desirable object to put into his mouth. At one end was a small piece of fine gold chain, to which the ring had evidently been attached.

'Who does this pretty thing belong to?' cried the children. And no one spoke.

'It is certainly mysterious,' said Mrs Morton. 'How did baby get hold of it? Who claims it?'

'I do,' said Miss Brown, as she came forward very slowly, and growing so pale that I scarcely thought she would be able to stand. 'It is mine,' she added, quietly taking it from Mrs Morton's hand; but her own trembled so, she could scarcely hold it in her fingers.

'I suppose it was your mother's,' said Mrs Morton, 'and therefore very precious to you?'

Miss Brown bowed, said hurriedly that it was growing very late, and that Mrs Nixon would expect the children home; and carried off the little ones as quickly as she could. When she had gone, there was a good deal of talk about the strange finding of the wedding-ring and Miss Brown's agitated manner. Hilda and I went to a

distant sofa, and there discussed the matter, of which we knew more than any one else, and I also confided to her that I had seen that ring before, and under what circumstances.

'I wish you could induce her to make a friend of you, Hilda,' I said. 'I have now watched her very closely for a long time, and believe me she has some very sad trouble to bear; and I think somehow in my secret heart it is connected with baby.'

'What do you mean?' cried Hilda excitedly. 'Why do you think so, Harry?'

'Her strange behaviour that awful night of my arrival here; her eagerness; her face when the little one was found unhurt; her visits to the cottage. One day when I passed she did not hear my knock, and was sitting there with the boy on her lap, calling him her child, her darling, her own sweet boy; while she sang to him and cried over him, and went on in a manner very unlike what you would imagine to be placid Miss Brown's.'

'But why did you not tell me all this before, Harry?' said Hilda.

'Why did you always run away and put me off, when I wanted to tell another kind of secret, you naughty girl?' I answered.

'Because, sir, it is not good for people always to have everything they want at the very moment they want it!' replied she saucily. 'But now I have a sort of claim upon you to know all your ideas and conjectures, and I won't allow you to have any more secrets from me. Do you hear that, sir?'

I did hear; and forthwith we had a long chat, ending in Hilda's making a solemn declaration that many days should not elapse before she had fathomed the mystery. Her curiosity was fairly roused, and Hilda was only a woman after all!

'I know it is nothing bad or disgraceful,' she said. 'Those gentle lovely eyes could not look one straight in the face as they do, if guilt and wickedness lay behind. No; she may have been deceived or deserted; but she is good and true, and that I'll stick to anyhow. I shan't sleep much to-night, Harry,' she said; 'I have too much to think about; and you, you bad boy, have disturbed my mind too. I wish it were to-morrow, that I might go up to the Poplars. Now, go away, do, and don't keep that poor old Father Hamilton up all night.'

We joined the elders, who were still talking together, wondering over the mysterious ring; and after a few parting words we separated.

I did not see Hilda till the following evening, and meantime went my rounds about the village. In almost every cottage I heard different and exaggerated accounts of Miss Brown's wedding-ring—how they always knew she was a sly one; how they believed she was a sham, and making-believe all the time; how this one had seen her speaking to a tall gentleman who came by the train; how that one had met her in a solitary lane crying bitterly as she sat on a bank pretending to gather flowers. All these and wilder stories—how she had fainted and shrieked when the ring was found—and other tales too numerous to relate, reached my ears, generally ending: 'Now, you were there, doctor; tell us all about it. Mrs Nixon's nurse has always suspected she wasn't what she pretended. She says she can see through a stone wall as easily as

most people; and it's no use people thinking as they can deceive her!'

Why Mrs Nixon's nurse had not made known her suspicions before, or why Miss Brown's having very few letters, and always in the same handwriting, and her linen being simply marked M. B., should excite the good woman's suspicion at all, did not appear; and I do not think much would have been heard about it, but for the matter of the ring. I was all impatience to find out what Hilda had discovered.

When I called at the Rectory, however, that evening, it appeared that Mrs Nixon had called upon Mrs Morton; that the two ladies had been closeted together for more than an hour; that Mrs Morton had come out with her eyes very red, and so had her visitor; that Mrs Morton had let fall that very strange suspicions were afloat; and that Mrs Nixon had very reluctantly given Miss Brown notice that she could not keep her as a governess after the New Year unless she chose to give an explanation of certain suspicious circumstances which had come to light. It transpired later that the postman—who, like most village officials of his class, was an inveterate gossip—had shewn Mrs Nixon's nurse a letter addressed to Mrs Coulson, the handwriting of which was peculiar, and exactly the same as that which occasionally appeared upon letters which came from the Poplars, and which were known to be written by Miss Brown! Here was a discovery which nurse at once thought it her duty to make known to her mistress. Mrs Nixon, being a perfectly honourable, truthful person, at once sent for Miss Brown and told her what she had heard; at the same time imparting to her the various versions of the story of the ring which had reached her. The governess appeared very much agitated, but had looked her employer steadily in the face as she replied respectfully, that the letter was in her handwriting and written by her; that the money inside it, as well as former sums, had been sent by her; but that she was reluctantly compelled to withhold further explanations either of the letter or the ring.

'I cannot believe any harm of her,' was Mrs Nixon's firm declaration; 'she is so very good, so patient, so unselfish; she cannot be a hypocrite; but still, I feel, unless she explains all these occurrences, that I could not let her stay.'

Hilda was deeply grieved about it all. 'I wish I had been able to see her to-day,' she said; 'but mother would not let me go out, as I had a slight cold. She said you would be angry; and that is such an awful thing to contemplate, I dare not risk it!'

'She was quite right,' I replied; 'I should have been dreadfully angry. But I will see Miss Brown to-morrow, if I can, and ask her to come down and have a cup of tea with you in the afternoon. I will say you have some particular news to tell her yourself.'

'Do,' said Hilda. 'That will do beautifully. Mother and Lucy are to be from home for the day, and I shall be all alone. If you are good, and when we have had time for a very long talk, perhaps you too may have a cup of tea, if there is any left in the pot.'

Next day I rode up to the Poplars, saw Miss

Brown, who looked very pale and sad, and gave her Hilda's message. She smiled. 'I believe I know what Miss Morton has to tell me,' she said; 'but I shall like to hear it from her own lips. Pray, accept my warmest congratulations, and may your married life be as happy as—as that of a friend very dear to me once promised to be.'

I thought this rather a lugubrious wish, and Miss Brown seemed to think so too after a moment, as she said brightly: 'I wish you all the happiness possible, Mr Summers. Do not think of what I said just now; I did not intend the words to slip out as they did.'

I bowed and thanked her, and before riding away, again entreated her to be at the Rectory for afternoon kettledrum with Hilda.

Punctually to the hour I sauntered up to the Rectory, and, as I expected, found Hilda and Miss Brown alone. As I entered unannounced, Miss Brown's head lay upon my darling's shoulder, and she was looking happier and more satisfied than I had seen her before. She raised herself quickly.

'Now, Margaret,' said Hilda, 'come and tell Harry all you have told me: he had better hear it from you; and you need not be afraid; he will do all he can to help you, I know. I am certain it is all a mistake; and if we can by any possibility help to put things right again, why it will be a good work for us to do. What you wanted all along, dear, was a good, strong, sensible man like him to look after you. I feel quite sure now we shall have a clue to the mystery.'

I of course seconded Hilda's request, at the same time expressing as cordially as I could my desire to serve her in any possible way.

'You are very kind,' she answered simply; 'and I have never forgotten how you respected by your silence the secret of my ring, which I know you must have seen before last night. I will tell you as briefly as I can what my story is.'

'I was sent to England when I was sixteen, from Australia, by my guardians, for the advantage of better masters, my parents being both dead; and was placed with my dear friend Miss Wright—an old friend of my guardians—whose means being rather limited, she was glad to look after me and my studies. Miss Wright moved in very good society in London; and as I was with her for some years, I went out with her and mixed in society as I grew up. When I was twenty-one, I met with a gentleman, than whom I believed the world did not contain a nobler character. Older than myself by twenty-three years, he yet seemed to me to be the very beau-ideal of all that was most excellent and most chivalrous; kind and loving as a woman; the soul, as it appeared to me, of truth and honour. We met often; and I could scarce believe my happiness when he asked me to become his wife. Sure never girl was so happy before! I thought him all that was good, and gloried in his love, which I never for one instant doubted. We married. His position and fortune were such that no possible objection could be raised by any of my friends; besides, I was twenty-one and could please myself. We therefore did not wait for my guardians' answer, as my husband's leave was short—scarcely a year in England, then he would have to rejoin his regi-

ment; and he wished so much that we should have the time together quietly. Oh, the happiness of that year! It surely was too bright to last; a very glimpse of Paradise itself! I found more than my hopes realised. The qualities that I had looked for were even greater and grander than I had expected. So gentle, so loving, so brave and true a heart had never beat before; and that heart I fondly imagined was all my own. Last February came our parting, a sad one truly, but yet bright anticipations filled our minds. It was only to be a short one; three or four months at most. I was not strong; a long voyage was not thought advisable for me; and I was to remain with my dear Miss Wright until my little one was born, and as soon as possible afterwards to rejoin my husband. He had been gone about two months, when, if possible, I was happier than ever; and the only drawback was that my darling was not with me to share my joy. I recovered very slowly. I believe over-anxiety to get well really retarded my recovery, and I was not fit to start before May. This being the worst month to start in, my journey was further put off; and I stayed on in London for a time; but Miss Wright having accepted a post as lady-superintendent to one of the hospitals, I went down to the sea-side for fresh air for my baby and myself, taking with me Kitty, an old and experienced servant of Miss Wright's, to look after baby.

RUSTY IRON.

THE strong tendency of the most widely diffused and most useful of the metals to combine with oxygen, or, in common words, to rust, is looked upon by the majority of practical men as an unfortunate defect in the long list of its excellent properties. Thirty or forty years ago, when vessels were mostly built of wood, the ship-builder lamented this proneness of iron to corrosion: 'It is a pity that iron, which is so cheap, so easily rusts, for otherwise I might use it in my ship-yards instead of the expensive copper bolts.' Much more does the ship-builder of to-day deplore the evil, for his ships are entirely of iron, and the services of the cementer and of the painter are periodically required to defend them from the insidious attacks of rust. Wherever iron is in contact with water fire or air, rust attacks it, nor ceases its ravages until complete disintegration of the substance of the iron has been attained. But paint as he will and cement as he will, so strong is the eager affinity of iron for oxygen, that man's utmost efforts to keep those elements asunder require constantly to be renewed to be efficacious. Engineers and contractors lament this awkward propensity of, in other respects, so well-conducted a metal. It is their *bête noire*, this red rust, and plays sad havoc with their works.

The commercial greatness of this country in great part depends upon its abundance of iron. Steam drives our vast machinery of industry; but steam, the giant, will only obey orders when close confined; he is like the Afrite of the Arabian tale, imprisoned by Solomon under his own seal in the

bottle, and who, when thus confined, obeyed the wishes of the fisherman who released him. The modern Afrite's bottle is the steam-boiler, in which we confine our gigantic slave; and our boilers are made of strong tenacious iron, which provokingly persists in rusting and growing weaker and weaker, until sometimes our terrible Afrite bursts his bonds in fury, and heaps destruction about us. Rust has much to do with this.

Wise men, however, who look abroad and care not to fix their eyes too eagerly on their own immediate wants, recognise in this at first sight noxious quality of the metal, its highest virtue. In strict truth, a rusty nail is more alive than a polished knife, for rust is engendered by the consumption of oxygen, a substance by which we ourselves and all living beings exist; oxidation is moreover a slow form of combustion, and we speak of living fire and vital heat; and lastly, in another sense, the rusty nail has life, for the rust dissolved in water will prove a health and life bearing medicine to man, to whom a polished knife might be only an instrument of destruction. This is perhaps a somewhat fanciful vindication of the good name of rusty iron; but in a wider sense, over the vast territory of Nature it is easy to shew its claims to our appreciation and thankfulness. Those who wish to see this aspect of the subject treated more at length may refer to Mr Ruskin's lecture upon Iron, delivered nearly twenty years ago at Tunbridge Wells (apropos of the iron-water springs at that watering-place), and published in pamphlet form.

Dismissing for a moment the engineer's view of the subject, and looking out upon Nature with the eyes of artists, we find that rusty iron produces the most picturesque effect. Walking one day in Wales along a country road hewn out of the side of the mountain, the clefts of which gave sustenance to countless wild-flowers of various beauty, we observed here and there a miniature waterfall with much fussiness and self-importance cast itself over the moss-grown crevice. Over all the surface of the hard slaty rock gleamed the richest tints of blazing orange and sombre purple, now fading, now strengthening, now shining in the sun, and anon glowing in the purple-toned shade. For miles and miles was the rocky side of the road filled with these miniature landscapes, to paint which Nature has employed none other pigment than our friend rusty iron.

Rusty iron again is the basis of colour which gives the rich tints to marble and red granite, and to those many coloured pebbles, onyxes, and agates which men have ever delighted to cut and carve into cameos and intaglios. In every direction in our towns and cities the same material is at hand to colour and vivify the sombre walls and soot-grimed roofs. Iron tints the red clay which in the form of bricks and tiles glows so comfortably in the winter-time. Both town and country bear evidence of its presence. What we call the brown

earth of the fallow fields is in reality rich in deep red and purple shades cunningly mingled, and wealthy in dark sumptuous colouring. Mr Ruskin touched upon all these and many other points in his lecture to which we have referred, and he completed this portion of the subject by a reference to the human face, which derives its colour from rusty iron!

The law that causes this metal so readily to rust, is a wiser one than at first sight might appear, though hitherto we have been compelled to submit to the necessity for a frequent renewal of the labour of painting and preserving our works in iron. It seems likely, however, that in future we shall be enabled in our dealings with iron to release ourselves from the results of its ever active energy, and by directing that energy into a proper channel, insure a protection against all further action of a destructive tendency. In 1877, Professor Barff delivered a lecture upon his patented process for the prevention of iron rust, a process which promises to be of the greatest importance to the community.

When iron begins to rust, a substance called ferrous oxide forms upon its surface, which by continued exposure to the air attracts a still greater proportion of oxygen, and becomes ferric oxide or sesquioxide of iron. This sesquioxide with an excess of oxygen is a very unstable compound, and being in contact with pure iron, gives up to it a proportion of oxygen; and so by alternate steps the decay eats deep into the body of the metal, continuing indeed as long as any pure material is left. This destructive process is assisted by the flaky inadherent nature of rust already formed, which peels off, and, insidiously creeping beneath protective paint-coats, continually widens its field of action. Now if these red oxides were stable, that is, if they had no liability to part with their oxygen to the iron upon which they form, and if they possessed a real unity with and adherence to that iron, they would themselves form an admirable protective covering. But though these do not fulfil such conditions, there is a black oxide of iron formed of a different apportionment of the elements, which is perfectly stable; and Professor Barff has discovered a means of forming this oxide upon the surface of iron *without disturbing the molecular arrangement of the surface*, so that it is perfectly one with and adherent to that surface. This black or magnetic oxide is so stable as to resist indefinitely the attacks of moist air or corrosive acids, and is actually harder than the original iron, resisting the action of a rasp, and thus affording conclusive evidence of its protective power. Moreover, any flaw in this covering is not liable to become the centre of an ever extending circle of rust ravages, as is the case with paint and varnish coverings which have no kindred connection with the surface they cling to. Professor Barff's process for obtaining a film of this black oxide of iron consists in submitting the iron to the action of steam of the temperature of five hundred degrees Fahr. for five hours, at the end of which time a protecting surface is formed

capable of resisting emery-paper and all ordinary conditions of indoor moisture. By extending the time to seven or eight hours, and raising the temperature to one thousand two hundred degrees Fahr., the iron will resist a rasp and bear exposure to any amount of damp or weather. The apparent effects of the process seem to be a simple blackening of the surface; nor is the strength of the material affected, seeing that in the process the iron is never raised beyond a low red-heat.

It is at once evident what an extended sphere of usefulness is open to this invention of Professor Barff. Hitherto the process has been applied to small articles only, such as water-piping, bolts, hinges, nuts, &c.; but there is no reason for supposing that the invention need be restricted to such small ironwork. With the introduction of more extensive apparatus, we shall doubtless see the preservative process applied to the plates of iron ships, to steam-boiler plates, to water-mains and ironwork of an ornamental and constructive character: or it may be employed in the manufacture of statues instead of the expensive material bronze. Professor Barff summarises his lecture with regard to the applications of his process in these words: 'I think I need hardly take up your time by enumerating other applications for the preservation of iron, for it appears to me that they would be commensurate with most of the uses to which iron is applied, save and except those where friction—such as that to which rails and wheels are exposed—would necessarily wear away the coating, as they wear away the material itself.'

Whilst we admire, therefore, the manifold forms of beauty in which oxidised iron manifests itself to us in nature, let us hope that in future we may be free from the harassing thought that our works are slowly burning away under the attacks of the enemy rust.

HAIR-EELS.

IN many parts of the country the notion has long prevailed that if horse-hairs be placed in a brook and left there, they will after a time become endowed with life; in short, that they will turn into *hair-eels*. Very recently, a correspondence on this subject was published in the columns of a prominent Scotch newspaper, between an anonymous writer, and Dr Andrew Wilson of the Edinburgh School of Medicine; the former alleging that a friend in Shetland had succeeded in effecting the transformation of hairs into 'hair-eels,' the latter denying that any such 'spontaneous generation' of living beings was possible. The life-history of the *Gordius aquaticus*, as naturalists name the hair-eel, is perfectly well known. It passes the earlier stages of its existence as a parasite lying coiled up within the body of an insect such as the grasshopper; the worm exceeding its host many times in length. In this condition it is immature, and has no power of reproducing its kind. When mature, it leaves the body of the insect and seeks the water, being found in summer at the breeding-season in thousands in some localities. There the eggs are laid in long strings, and from each is developed a tiny embryo or

young *Gordius*, which gains admittance to an insect-host, there to lie quiescent for a time, and soon to repeat the history of its parent.

It is plain that in such a life-history there is neither room nor need for the supposition that hair-eels are developed in an unnatural fashion, and at the will of man. The fallacy that hair-eels are transformed hairs, arises frequently from imperfect observation; often from preconceived notions, and from an inability to perceive the unnatural nature of the supposition, or to reason out the procedure adopted to produce the hair-eels. Thus, for instance, it would be an absurd supposition were any one to maintain that hair-eels could only be formed artificially from hairs. It is a perfectly evident truth and a demonstrable fact that they reproduce their kind by means of eggs, and this fact shews us that they possess a natural method of reproduction, and further that the statement of any supposed infringement of a natural law should be received with caution and suspicion.

But judging the 'hair-eel' tales on their own merits, is the evidence of the experimenters trustworthy as to their facts? And even admitting that the facts are as they have been stated, it may be asked if a more rational interpretation of them cannot be given? A boy places a number of horse-hairs under a stone in a brook. Three weeks afterwards, he finds the brook to be swarming with hair-eels; therefore, he concludes that his hairs have become transformed into hair-eels. But the old maxim, 'post hoc non propter hoc,' must be borne in mind. It does not follow as a matter either of logic or common-sense, that because hair-eels are found in a brook where horse-hairs were placed three weeks or so previously, that the transformation of the hairs into living worms is proved. Could any experimenter for instance be prepared to state that he had found in the brook *just as many hair-eels as there were horse-hairs*? The brooks literally swarm with hair-eels in summer, and as already remarked, the upholders of the 'horse-hair theory' will have not merely to account for the transformation of hairs into hair-eels, but also for the marvellous multiplication of the former.

Then also, we must not lose sight of the simple and natural explanation that hair-eels occur after experimentation, simply because they appear naturally in the brook at their own breeding-season. Why are hair-eels not obtained in *winter* from horse-hairs? The answer is clear. Because in winter these animals are encysted, or exist as do many other co-tenants of the brooks, in a torpid state, and because the breeding-season is past and over. Best of all, it must be remembered that against the precise information of the naturalist, there is no evidence forthcoming of the steps of this marvellous transformation. The idea that horse-hairs contain potentially in themselves generations of living beings, simply exemplifies a use of the imagination the reverse of scientific, and offers a fresh proof that the superstitious habit of preferring an unnatural to a natural explanation of common phenomena, is not yet extinct in this advanced and enlightened age. The exponents of the 'horse-hair' theory in truth hardly realise the exact nature of their belief—that a dead structure should give origin to a living animal—otherwise they would be chary of assert-

ing that every country boy is able to perform a veritable miracle and act of creation—the mere idea of which, as an act of human power, has never entered into the mind of any scientist, save in the dark ages of myth and superstition. We must not be deemed uncharitable, if we venture to regard the hair-eel myth as a survival of a by-gone age, when the fabulous in zoology represented the exact science of to-day.

THE TELEPHONE ANTICIPATED.

REFERRING to the above subject as already noticed in this *Journal*, it seems that even Dr Dioscorides himself was anticipated in the matter of the 'telephone' by a friend of the Vicomte T. du Moncel, a French writer on electricity. A perusal of the annexed translation of an extract from his *Exposé des Applications de l'Electricité* (Paris, 1857) will suffice to prove this statement. It is termed the *Electric Transmission of Speech*, and runs thus:

'I have intentionally refrained from mentioning in a chapter on Electric Telegraphs the fantastic idea of a Mr Charles B—, who believes that we may come to transmit speech by electricity, as I might be brought to task for classing amongst so many remarkable inventions an idea which, as presented by its originator, is nothing more than a dream. As, however, I must be faithful to the part which I have undertaken—to mention all the applications of electricity with which I might be acquainted, I will here reproduce what little information the author has published on the subject up to the present.

'After the marvellous telegraphs reproducing at a distance the writing of any particular individual, and even drawings more or less complicated, it would seem impossible, says Mr B—, to go further in the regions of the marvellous. Let us, however, make the attempt. I have, for instance, asked myself if speech itself might not be transmitted by electricity; in short if one might not be able to speak at Vienna and be heard at Paris. The idea is feasible, and for this reason. Sounds, we know, are produced by vibrations, and brought to the ear by these same vibrations reproduced by the intermediary media. But the intensity of these vibrations diminishes very rapidly with distance; so that even in availing one's self of speaking-trumpets, tubes, and acoustic horns, there are tolerably restricted limits which one cannot pass. Imagine a person speaking near a movable plate (metal), sufficiently flexible to prevent its losing any of the vibrations produced by his voice, and that this (metal) plate makes and breaks successively a connection with a battery. You can have at a distance a similar plate which will repeat the same vibrations at the same time. The intensity of the sounds produced would, it is true, be variable at the point of departure, where the vibrations of the plate would be caused by the voice, and constant at the point of arrival, where the vibrations would be caused by electricity. It is, however, proved that this cannot alter the sounds.

'It is at once evident that the sounds would be reproduced in the same tone (in the gamut). The present state of acoustic science does not allow it to be said *a priori* if this would be entirely the case with regard to syllables articulated by the human voice. Sufficient attention has not yet

been bestowed on the manner in which these syllables are produced. It has been remarked, it is true, that some are pronounced with the teeth, others with the lips, &c., but that is all. However this may be, it may well be imagined that the syllables are only exact reproductions of the vibrations of the intermediary media; reproduce these vibrations exactly, and you will reproduce the syllables also exactly. In any case, it is impossible in the present state of science to prove that the electric transmission of sounds is impossible. On the contrary, all the probabilities are in favour of its being done.

'When the application of electro-magnetism to the transmission of despatches was first mooted, a man of high scientific rank scouted the idea as sublimely Utopian, and yet at the present time there is direct communication between London and Vienna by means of a simple metallic wire. It was not possible, they said, and it is accomplished.'

After mentioning some of the advantages of this new means of communication over the electric telegraph, the writer concludes as follows: 'It is certain, however, that in a more or less distant future, speech will be transmitted to a distance by electricity. I have begun experiments on the subject; they are delicate, and require time and patience; but the results obtained point to a successful issue.' Thus was the telephone foreshadowed more than twenty years ago!

FOUR GLIMPSES.

BY GAMMA.

I CAUGHT one glimpse of a child
With sunny golden hair,
At a game of romps with her kitten—and I
Ne'er saw such a merry pair.
The sun beamed in through the lattice,
And danced on the cottage wall,
As if to shew his approval
Of child, and kitten, and all.

One glimpse of a youthful maiden
Beneath the old oak-tree,
Plighting her troth to a lover,
Ever true to be.
And I knew that youthful maiden
I saw with her lover that day,
Was she I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a bright young wife,
Peeping out from the window pane,
Watching and waiting there
For her husband home again.
And I knew that bright young wife
Looking so happy and gay,
Was she I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

One glimpse of a still white form
With her babe upon her breast—
Both in that darkened chamber,
For ever and ever at rest.
Ah me! for too well I knew
That life had passed away
From her I first saw as a little child
Long ago, with her kitten at play.

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SIR TITUS SALT.

IN the career of this remarkable man there was so much that may serve as an example to the young and persevering, and so much of general interest, that we propose to give a sketch of his life and of what he achieved. This we are enabled to do from the perusal of a work entitled *Sir Titus Salt, his Life and its Lessons*. By the Rev. R. Baggallay. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

Titus Salt was born at Morley, near Leeds, and not very far from Bradford, in Yorkshire, on the 20th September 1803. His father was a quaint, tall, and energetic Yorkshireman, first drysalter, then farmer. The son inherited the *physique* of his father along with the shy and delicate nervous temperament of his mother. Both parents were worthy people, of sterling character, and devoutly religious. After a good share of schooling, and renouncing the medical profession, to which he had at one time aspired, Titus was sent to Wakefield to learn wool-stapling. When he was nineteen, the family removed to Bradford. Owing to no fault of his own, his father had not prospered in farming, and now determined to commence wool-stapling at Bradford in partnership with his son. If the times were unfavourable for farming, it was a splendid opportunity for making a new start in the manufacturing world. The application of steam to factory machinery, and afterwards to railway communication, by the energetic population of the north of England, was destined to open an era of marvellous industrial prosperity; and unexampled facilities for the acquisition of wealth and influence were offered to men who could work hard, and especially if they possessed some share of the inventive faculty. The rise of Bradford is a striking illustration of the new era, and of the great revolution in industry which introduced it. While other towns adhered to the antiquated system of domestic spinning, Bradford began to erect mills and warehouses. In its proximity to rich fields of coal, iron, and stone, it had ample scope for enterprise; while, later on, the intro-

duction of the railway system gave fresh impulse to its commercial life. The population had increased from five thousand in 1802 to ten thousand in 1821; now it is about one hundred and seventy thousand.

The first period of Mr Titus Salt's Bradford life was spent in vigorously prosecuting his business of wool-stapling, and with such effect, that every year saw him farther on the road towards a well-established prosperity, with an accumulating capital, an enlarged trade, and a wider experience of men and things. As most young men would gladly emulate his success, we shall communicate the secret of it, and in a few words. First of all, he took care to understand his own trade in all its details and departments, not only as to the buying and sorting of wool, but all the processes by which the raw material is converted into cloth. Further, we find that he was never a minute behind in keeping an engagement; that he set about his work with his whole heart; and that he used to do a great deal of it while other people were asleep. It was a common saying in Bradford that Titus Salt made a thousand pounds before other people were out of bed. It is pleasant to learn, too, that he never condescended to puff his own goods, but made it a rule all his life long to let them speak for themselves. The consequence was that people learned to have implicit confidence in him as a man of stainless honour and as eminently skilled in his own line of business. The young wool-stapler, with his burly form, his honest, solid, and sagacious ways, soon became welcome wherever he went, his name or word being a sufficient guarantee for the quality of his goods. If any of our readers are disappointed to find that Mr Salt can shew them no royal road to success, nor suggest any brilliant stratagem for advancing their business, we can only express our sorrow for them. The only road to lasting and secure prosperity is the old one—through energy, enterprise, business capacity, punctuality, and scrupulous good faith. A little anecdote from this period of his life will illustrate the

spirit in which his early enterprises were conducted. Young men who begin business in a lofty and fashionable way, usually consider a gold watch, with jewellery to match, an indispensable part of their outfit. Mr Salt resolved that the purchase of such a watch should be the reward of hard and successful work, and bargained with himself that he would not get one till his accumulated savings amounted to a thousand pounds. In due time he reached that first milestone on his way, and bought a gold watch of substantial quality, like himself, which continued to be a cherished friend and companion to the latest years of his life.

His first great achievement was the utilising of the Donskoi wool. This was a coarse and tangled wool from the banks of the Don in Russia, which the manufacturers believed could not be turned to any good account. Mr Salt thought otherwise, and bought a great quantity of it; but being unable to convince the manufacturers of its good qualities, found it lie heavy on his hands. In this dilemma, he resolved to manufacture it himself; took a mill for the purpose; and was eminently successful. Thus encouraged, from a wool-stapler he turned manufacturer, and was soon recognised as a prosperous man on a large scale.

This accession of prosperity was the more welcome as it enabled him to fulfil a desire of his heart much more important than the purchase of a gold watch. Manor House, near Grimsby, in the wool-growing county of Lincolnshire, was a favourite place of pilgrimage among the wool-staplers of Bradford, for the farmer who dwelt there was wealthy not only in flocks and herds, but in a large family, including some very comely daughters. Attracted by their fame, Mr Salt also made a journey thither, and was immediately captivated. He wedded Carolina Whitlam in 1830; he being twenty-seven years old, the bride only eighteen. The home they made together was a happy one, and was soon brightened by the presence of a rising family.

Already Mr Titus Salt was a well-established man, the head of a happy family, with a rapidly extending trade, and the prospect of an influential position as a public man. Yet he was hardly begun; at least the two great achievements of his life still lay before him. These were the discovery for practical purposes of alpaca and its utilisation as a manufacturing material; and the founding of the town of Saltaire.

In the course of a business visit to Liverpool he found lying in one of the warehouses a huge pile of bales of no very attractive or promising appearance. Through certain rents in the packing protruded handfuls of wool of a remarkably long and strong fibre, which drew the experienced eye of Mr Salt. It was a consignment of alpaca, which had been sent from Peru in the hope that some English manufacturer might turn it to good account. But no purchaser had been found,

and the agents were thinking of returning it as a nuisance, when Mr Salt appeared. He took out a handful and quietly examined it. He said nothing at the time; but on his next visit to Liverpool brought some of it away in a handkerchief. Once home, he submitted it to a rigorous examination, scouring, combing, and testing it alone in his own room and with his own hands, finally deciding that it was a promising material for manufacture. At this stage he communicated his discovery to his father and to a friend, who pronounced a most adverse verdict. But he had satisfied himself after a most careful examination, and proceeded to Liverpool to purchase the whole consignment at eightpence a pound. It seemed an adventurous step, hardly in keeping with the usual judicious policy of Mr Titus Salt, especially as it was useless offering it to any of the Bradford manufacturers, and not less so to think of manufacturing it with the machinery in current use. In short he had to wait till suitable machinery could be made before he could set to work. After many anxious months, the process of manufacturing was begun, and the result was gratifying in the highest degree. The unpromising wool was converted into a beautiful cloth. A new department was added to British industry, of which the products are known and prized in every region of the globe. It may be mentioned that the manufacture of alpaca had been common ages before in Peru, and that even in England one or two slight and unsuccessful attempts had been made to introduce it; but Mr Salt knew nothing of these attempts; he discovered its excellent properties without help or suggestion from any one, introduced it, and made it universally known, and deserves therefore to be regarded as the discoverer of it.

At one period it had been the ambition of Mr Salt to wind up his manufacturing business, and investing his money in land, to spend the rest of his life as a country gentleman. But as the time approached for carrying this plan into effect, he found himself in a very different mind. He had a large family, including five sons, for whom it was necessary to provide a fitting career. If he retired to the life of a country gentleman, he would by a single act forfeit all the influence which he had laboriously gained as an industrial chief, he would be out of his proper sphere, and would have no outlet for the unspent energy of a vigorous middle age. For these reasons, he resolved to consolidate his business instead of retiring from it; a determination which resulted in the founding of Saltaire.

His factories had grown up without any preconceived plan, just as occasion required, and were scattered over various parts of Bradford. Moreover, the city had grown rapidly, with all the inevitable consequences of over-crowding, defective sanitary arrangements, bad air, filth, and the other attendant evils physical and moral. Feeling that he could no longer participate in such a demoralising state of things, he began to look about for a situation in which he could concentrate all his factories, and secure for his people the advantages of a healthy life. Such a place he found on the Aire, near Shipley, three miles from Bradford.

Here was a pleasant valley, with a superabundance of light, fresh air, and water for manufacturing purposes, with ready canal and railway communication, by which, without the expense of cartage, coal and the raw material could be brought to his very door. On this site then, which received the unqualified commendation of an engineer like Sir William Fairbairn, he proceeded to build. The twentieth day of September 1853, the fiftieth birthday of the founder, saw the new factory opened with a great feast, of which three thousand persons partook. The immense establishment was distinguished not only for the excellence of its machinery, the very best that could be procured, and for the perfection of its sanitary arrangements, but even for its grace and neatness as a work of architecture. Near the factory Mr Salt erected a little town for his work-people, which contained about a thousand houses. They were of the most approved character, roomy, well ventilated, and furnished with every appliance of comfort and cleanliness. He built also a handsome church, a well-equipped mechanics' institute, schools, alms-houses, and wash-houses. The story of the erection of the wash-houses is a striking proof of his thoughtful philanthropy. 'In passing along the streets of Saltaire his eye was sometimes offended by the lines of clothes which, on washing-days, were hung out of doors. In visiting the dwellings he had ocular proof of the inconvenience connected with a domestic laundry. He therefore resolved to erect public wash-houses for the people and to furnish them with all the newest appliances.' These appliances were so effective that 'clothes carried to the wash-houses in a soiled condition could be in the course of an hour washed, dried, mangled, and folded.'

Mr Salt had always taken a keen interest in the local affairs of Bradford and in the wider politics of the country. When only twenty-three, he had helped to appease a riot among the working-men of Bradford, and afterwards did a good deal for the incorporation of the town of Bradford; he was remarkably active and benevolent as mayor in 1848, and took a leading part in providing the town with the Peel Park; last of all, he was returned as one of its members of parliament in 1859. But it is acknowledged that he was out of his element in the House of Commons. His constitutional shyness made him averse to all kinds of speaking. But what suited least of all one who had always been an early riser and accustomed to a quiet regular life, were the long hours, the stifling atmosphere, and the wordy excitement of parliamentary life. He lost his health, and was very glad to return to his habitual mode of life. Still, his later years did not pass without distinction. Not thinking it right that works of benevolence should be made the subject of competition, he declined to be a candidate for the prize offered at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, for the best model factory, though he furnished the Commissioners with all requisite information as to what he had done. In view of this, the Emperor conferred upon him the cross of the Legion of Honour. In 1869, he was created a Baronet by the government of Mr Gladstone. It was a tribute to worth, enterprise, and commercial distinction.

Sir Titus had always been well known for his hearty benevolence. 'There are persons living who remember that in driving between Crow Nest

(his residence) and Bradford, he would not unfrequently give a "lift" to a poor woman with a child in her arms, or stop to take up a dusty pedestrian who seemed fatigued with travel; and this was done with a kindness of look and tone that made the recipients of the favour feel that it came from one not above them, but on a level with themselves.' This benevolent habit grew as he advanced in years. He was ready to assist in every enterprise that seemed likely to do good—asylums, schools, and hospitals. He was an attached friend of the Congregational Church, but was glad to help other churches, and schemes of moral improvement connected with no church. The church he built at Saltaire cost fifteen thousand pounds; the mechanics' institute cost twenty-five thousand pounds. His gifts were dispensed only after the most careful deliberation, and were equally generous and judicious. Whether the enterprises he started or helped forward have in every case done all the good intended, is uncertain; we can only say that Sir Titus Salt seems to have done his utmost in the way of advice and supervision to make them effective. The distinguishing feature of his philanthropy was that he did not toss his money into schemes which lay beyond his own superintendence or into posthumous charities. The beneficence he exercised was for the most part in his own sphere, under his very eyes, for the improvement physical, intellectual, and moral of the working-men of Bradford and Saltaire, whom Providence had placed under his care, and for whom he was in a measure responsible.

Sir Titus Salt died in December 1876, deeply lamented by all who knew him, while the leading newspapers did him due honour as one of the greatest of our industrial chiefs.

HELENA, LADY HARROGATE.

CHAPTER LI.—CONFESSION.

'THIS is the full and true confession of me, Richard Hold, made without hope of reward, for what could all the gold you could give me profit me now, as I lie here, a dying man! I owe you no grudge, Inspector Drew, not I,' continued Hold, stirring uneasily on his pillow. 'I meant to give you a Kentucky pill, I did, in the way of business, and you knocked up the pistol in the way of business too, spry enough. I always did say, in spite of the talk about hemp and halters and ropes reeved at the yard-arm, that I shouldn't come to die in my boots, all said and done.'

The notion of having cheated the gallows seemed to yield an odd sort of comfort to Richard Hold, master-mariner, as he lay in his bed at *The Traveller's Rest* with blanched face and shrunken veins, and felt his sands of life slide away into the lower half of Time's grim hour-glass. Those present were, first the doctor, who had been hurriedly summoned to do his best for a wounded man, and who could do nothing, the case being one of that inward bleeding to death from a gunshot hurt against which science is powerless; secondly, the superintendent of county police; and thirdly, Inspector Drew.

Hold had been well cared for since the moment when he was picked up, mortally wounded by the second shot he had himself fired with design to

rid himself of his foe. His foe had become his nurse, and had got him to bed, and given him sips of cordial at judicious intervals, and stanching the blood that trickled from the ugly little blue spot where the ball had entered, until the surgeon came. The surgeon, who had been summoned as a healer, remained as a witness to the confession which Hold, *in extremis*, professed his willingness to dictate, and which Inspector Drew, who was a ready penman, took down as his parched lips uttered it.

'A wild lad always,' resumed Hold, 'and getting but harsh usage at home, I ran away and went to sea. And finding I was knocked about on board the colliers and coasting-craft that first I shipped in, I signed articles for a long voyage, deserted, was tempted to go before the mast in an American ship, was beaten to a jelly, and again deserted, by jumping overboard in the middle watch, and swimming two miles or more, in a rough sea, off the Dardanelles. The British consul sent me home as a distressed British subject; and there I was, footing it on the dusty London road from Southampton, with one-and-threepence in my pocket, all told.

'Then somewhere and somehow, I heard from tramps like myself of races to be run, not so many miles away—horse-races I mean—and I thought I'd pick up a trifle there, where so many rich fools with money burning in their pockets were gathered together, by fair means or foul. I'm no thief, mark me, not I; but for nobbling a race-horse or backing a thimble-rigger or fisting it against some gipsy youngster in a scratch prize-fight, for anything like that I was ready. Well! my one-and-threepence had melted itself into bread and cheese and ale before I got to the course, on the grand day, and I had no chance of a meal, without I could work or beg or steal the pewter to pay for it. With some reluctance I made up my mind, for the first time in all my life, to beg.

'The person I chose to beg from was a grand-looking gentleman, on a good horse, riding all alone, with a thoughtful look, in a lane on the edge of the downs where the race was to be run. He was kind enough, first words I said, after a look at my hungry young face, to toss me a shilling. Then just as he had ridden nearly out of sight, he wheels his horse sharp round, and rides back again. "My-bud," says he, "you're not, unless I'm much mistaken, one of the regular hangers-on at races. A sailor ashore, I should say?"

'Then I up and told the gentleman as much of my history as I cared to tell. I told him, true enough, that I'd slipped overboard from the *Empire State's* bow-port, opposite the Turkish fort they call the Castle of Europe, and swum against wave and current, till I dropped dead spent on the white pebbles, amongst the fishing-nets on the beach. I shewed him—you may see it yet—the triangular scar I got from the chief-mate's brass knuckleduster the day before I deserted. And he believed my tale, seeing me to be a lean, sunburnt, big-boned stripling, as I was then.

'The gentleman spoke me fair, very kind and generous he spoke, giving me a trifle of money, with promise of help to reach London; and more than that, if I'd keep sober and out of mischief and queer company, and meet him at a roadside public not far distant, after the race. He didn't

tell me his name, but he did say that he felt some interest in me, and would be willing to employ me profitably if I cared to earn a pound or two honestly.

'Well! I stayed sober, kept clear of the low gambling booths and prick-the-garter tables—the proprietors of more than one of which, seeing me a resolute-looking lad and strongly put together, would have taken me on as a "bonnet" at seven-and-six and my liquor, in case of a row—and saw the race run as gravely as if I had been one of the stewards. Then I kept my appointment at the road-side public. So did my gentleman on the horse. He was—though he didn't, you may be sure, tell me so—Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, a deal younger then, of course, than he is nowadays. He had a job, he said, for me.

'The job was to steal a child. He wouldn't tell me, say he wanted it done, nor whose it was, nor what was to become of it, but only that I was to convey the child carefully to a place of his choosing, and there to receive the stipulated recompense. He bid very fairly, handsomely I may say, for my services, and told me to remark that though the deed seemed to be a risky one, all the risk was over when once I had got clear off from immediate pursuit and discovery. A roving sailor like myself, here to-day and gone to-morrow, stood little chance of being called to account for such an act later on.

'I make no doubt that Sir Sykes chose me because he thought me certain to go ranging off again to the other side of the world and where not, and be lost sight of, and perhaps die thousands of miles away from England, by a dry death or a wet one, as might be. I agreed to his terms. There were few things I would not have agreed to just then, to put money in my pocket. To go home to Tunbridge Wells and shew myself ragged, famished, and shoeless, and be crowded over and browbeaten, and have relief given to me as a bone is flung to a starving dog, that was what I couldn't bear the idea of being driven to. I had boasted more than once in my letters home that I could keep myself now, and did not care, by my present miserable plight, to give myself the lie.

'Now, when the gentleman first set forth, which he did in a roundabout way, the nature of the work for which I was wanted, I wasn't shocked, not I, by the wickedness of the deed. If he had asked me to make away with the child, I'd not have closed with his terms, shipmate, believe me in that. I never could (as some men do, to save trouble) do a hurt to little creatures like that, black or tawny, let alone white. I was hard up and desperate, and I agreed. Then came a journey and a fresh meeting with my gentleman on the banks of the Thames, high up in a pretty part of the river, where anglers and sketchers were often to be seen.

'By this time I was rigged out anew in decent clothes as a sort of fresh-water sailor, like some of the blue-jackets I saw managing the punts, and taking out fishing-parties along with 'em in their flat-bottomed craft, and giving themselves airs, bless us, like commodores! Often I wished it would blow a capful, to test the metal these horse-marine fellows were made of; but that's neither here nor there. A boat was hired, and in it I was from dawn to dark poking about, till I got

to know every reach and creek and weir along the river a'most as well as if I'd been born upon its banks.

'There was a house all over jessamine and climbing noisette roses, such as we have in Kent, a gentlefolks' cottage as it's called, with a garden and a grass terrace skirting the stream, and this house I watched as a cat watches outside a mouse-hole, by my employer's orders. Of course I wasn't so green as to let it be seen what I was about; a spied spy is of no more good than a cartridge that's been fired. Always I pretended to be busy snigging for eels or trolling for jack, or ground-baiting some barbel-pitch or roach-swim for the benefit of the anglers that never came, or spooning up the glittering minnows that darted about like live silver on the pebbly shoal.

'Of course too I wasn't long in learning whose home it was about which I was prowling, as I've known, in Cuba and Mexico, the mountain-cat to prow for the chance of fowl or lamb or defenceless thing of any sort straying beyond the hedge of prickly-pear. Clare, Lady Harrogate, a young widow, in her own right a peeress of England, that was what they called her. Poor young thing! A beautiful creature she was; and more than once my heart, which wasn't quite a stone, smote me, as I saw her moving about in the garden, always so lovingly, with the child I was to steal.

'I did my cruel work and earned my hire. In the afternoon of the fourth day it was when from the stern-sheets of my boat I saw the Lady Clare, who had been on the grass terrace overlooking the river, turn and go in, after a servant had come out of the house and spoken to her, leaving the child alone. Then I never hesitated. Here was the chance I'd waited and wished for, and as luck would have it, the river was as clear as I've seen the Straits of Magellan to be—not so much as a Cockney hauling up a gudgeon.

'I snatched the sculls and rowed in, and one spring brought me to the top of the bank. In an instant I had the child in my arms, and before you could say Jack Robinson I was pulling away for the dear life, with the little creature stowed away under my monkey jacket atween thwarts, until I ran the boat into the big reed-bed not far down stream, poled and pushed through it, and got into a creek, screened from the opposite bank of the river, where I could land unseen. Not far off, as I knew, was what they called the Old Mill, a ruinous place—in Chancery, I believe—that was never lived in since the last miller did away with himself there.

'She had called out loud enough, the little frightened creature, when first I pounced upon her; but somehow with the hurry and scrambling and my rough ways, she seemed too much alarmed to scream again, only sobbed. I carried her in my arms up to the black ruined mill, kicked open the crazy door with one thrust of my foot, and set the child down on the lee-side of a pile of rotting fagots, almost hidden by the grass and nettles that grew rankly there. Then I reclosed the door, went back to my boat, and rowing as leisurely as you please, took the bit of hollow timber into the main river, and left it in the boathouse of the chap it belonged to. Then I paid my score at the *Angler's Joy* where I had lodged, made up my bundle, and set off to tramp, as all believed, to

London. After two miles of it, I left the road, and, across fields, made my way to the Old Mill again, where I had left the child.

'I never shall forget how I felt as I drew near to that Old Mill. By that time, mind ye, the search was hot, and I could hear shouting voices all along the river-bank, where men were busy, some dragging the river, some seeking in every corner and weed-bed and drift-heap for the chance of the dead child having been washed there by the down-set of the current. Of course 'twas drowning they all had in mind, and so far so good. But somebody might by accident have chanced upon the mill, or the child might have strayed out of it, and'—Here Hold's voice failed him, and his pallor increased, while his hands began to twitch nervously at the bed-clothes. The vigilant inspector, mindful of the probable import of these signs, made haste to adjust the pillow more conveniently beneath the head of the wounded man, and to administer brandy-and-water, while the doctor rose from his chair to feel the sufferer's pulse.

'It is scarcely perceptible,' said the surgeon, as he went back to his seat; but low as was his tone, the anxious ear of the patient caught the sense of his words.

'Running aground, eh, doctor?' said Hold, with a ghastly smile. 'Well, you're right. Give me a sup more of the comforter, mate, will ye, and I'll try to finish the yarn before turning in. It's short now.'

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH RICHARD HOLD'S HISTORY IS COMPLETED.

'To my surprise, I found the little lass lying there asleep, with her pretty head pillowed on one tiny arm, and the tear-marks fresh on her sweet little face. She had sobbed herself to sleep, most-like; and as I looked down upon her, I felt myself a precious villain for the job I was engaged in. But no play, no pay! So I hardened my heart, and took her up, and wrapped her in a dark common sort of shawl I had provided, and strode off out of the Old Mill, carrying her in my arms and hushing her as best I might, when she awoke and cried out, as she did, to "Mamma, mamma!" for help, since my strange sunburnt face frightened her.

'By field-paths and by-lanes, any way that seemed unfrequented, I managed to get along and strike the Birmingham road, seven miles away; and there I got a lift of four miles for a shilling, in a carrier's cart. By this time the child was stupefied with terror and weariness, and only sobbed a little, and I said she was my little sister; and folks believed me, or if they didn't, thought it was no concern of theirs, so long as I paid my way.

'Before night I got to a railway station, and in the afternoon I reached Sandston, a sea-side place on the east coast where I had appointed to meet my gentleman, and where I did meet him and gave over the stolen child into his hands. He had written in pencil the name of the place on a card he took out of his pocket, and tore in two when we parted on the towing-path beside the Thames; and sure enough he met me, received the child from me, and paid me the promised reward.

"The sooner," says he, "you get afloat again, my lad, the better!"

That he took the child with him to the *Dolphin*, the chief hotel in the town, I know. But I did not linger in Sandston, nor could I have done so without coming to loggerheads with my employer, who never was easy till he had seen me off by the train, booked for London. From London I went home to Tunbridge Wells, and arriving there in respectable clothes and good case, got a more kindly greeting than often falls to the lot of the returned prodigal. Some of my gentleman's cash was still jingling in my pockets, and while it lasted, I paid for my board with the old folks and kept on at home.

'Well I mind me of the day when at Tunbridge Wells itself—the Wells, as we Kentishmen call them—I saw my gentleman again, sooner nor he expected. There was a grand funeral, with white scarfs and white ostrich feathers and all sorts of undertaker's frippery, for the burial of a poor little morsel of a child, the infant daughter—so the newspapers said—of Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet. Mere curiosity, as I loafed about in shore-going clothes, made me mix with the crowd, and some one whom I knew pointed him out to me as the dead child's father, speaking also of his grandeur and riches, and how he rented one of the biggest villas at Calverley, and found it too tight a fit for his many servants.

'Sir Sykes never rested his eyes on me for a moment; while I for my part shipping afresh, for China next time, and staying seven or eight years at a stretch away from England, came very nigh to forgetting him. It was not until I'd been smartly wounded on the Guinea coast by a marine's bayonet, as we fought to keep the man-o'-war meddlers from grabbing our cargo of living ebony, that I came to think much of the Baronet. It became a sort of habit with me after a time, when I returned from a voyage, to go down to Sandston, and have a peep at the child that Sir Sykes had left at nurse there, providing for her maintenance and giving her the name of Ruth Gray. I did not find it hard to screw out of the servants at the *Dolphin* as much information as let me know how Miss Gray lived first with Mrs Linklater in a lodging-house; then with one Mrs Keating, the wife of the parson of the parish; and at last took a berth as school-mistress at High Tor here.

'I had a sister, so much younger than me she might have passed for my daughter a'most, Ruth Hold—a quick, shrewd, young girl, wonderfully quick to learn; a scholar, and with the manners of a lady. Somehow—I think the Christian name being the same as that which Sir Sykes had chosen for the stolen child first put it into my head—somehow the notion sprung up in my mind that it would be a smart bit of business to palm off Sister Ruth as the lost heiress, and trust to Sir Sykes's fears to back my assertion.

'My sister came into my plans easy enough. She was restless and ambitious, and took fire at the notion of becoming one of the grand folk, whose fine carriages and fine clothes and liveries and jewels and white-handed way of life she had learned to envy ever since she was a lisping little trot scarce able to spell out a sentence in one of the old novels that were plenty on our shelves, and one or other of which was seldom out of her

hand when she got older. I told her as much of the business as it concerned her to know, and let her guess the rest.

'Now faces do change after years and years of being knocked about the world, and yet it seems to me as if I never could forget the figurehead of anybody I'd as good a reason to remember as Sir Sykes Denzil, Baronet, had to remember mine. For all that, 'tis a truth that when next we met and spoke together for the first time since our parting in Sandston railway station, Sir Sykes didn't know me. He didn't recognise in the middle-aged scaman the brown, lathy, gipsy-looking sailor-boy that he had bribed to be his cat's-paw and tool. But I had his secret; and a pretty life I led him.

'When, to please me—me, Dick Hold, once a cabin-boy—Sir Sykes took my sister into his grand house, calling her Miss Willis, his ward, and the orphan daughter of a brother-officer, he fully thought he was receiving the stolen child, in her own right Lady Harrogate. Under that belief too, he bullied—always to please me, ship-mate—his son Captain Jasper into agreeing for to marry Ruth. Then I turned the screw too tight. I would, no matter what my sister said to hold me back, have her married as Helena, Lady Harrogate. And that reminds—Give me another sip of grog, mate. I'm sinking fast.'

Hold uttered the last words hastily, yet with a business-like coolness that did credit to his strength of nerve. The draught of brandy-and-water seemed to rally his forces but feebly. 'I would ask,' he said in an altered voice when he spoke again, 'that some gentleness be shewn in dealing with my poor young sister. Let the sin lie heavy, if you will, on my grave; but don't let her have to suffer overly much for her share in the job. One word more, that may serve, as a dying man's deposition, to do some good, as to the true daughter of that young Lady Clare that I robbed of her only comfort.

'That Miss Gray from Sandston, late school-mistress of High Tor village school, is the real'—He never spoke more. His strong jaw dropped, and there was a groan and a heaving sob of the deep chest, and almost without a struggle, Richard Hold, master-mariner, had gone to his account.

CONCLUSION.

Sir Sykes Denzil, who for some eighteen months miserably vegetated in a condition of bodily helplessness and mental imbecility, yet lived long enough to be the survivor of his son and the last baronet of his race. The name of Sir Jasper was never destined to figure under the heading of 'Denzil, Bart.' in gilt-edged books of reference. The ex-captain of Lancers, receiving from Pounce and Pontifex, on whom now devolved the virtual management of the Carbery estate, what those steady-going family lawyers regarded as a handsome allowance, retired to the congenial clime of Monaco, there to await the final snapping of the slender thread which bound his father to life.

Captain Denzil's heart beat high as he swaggered for the first time into those sumptuous *salons* presided over by M. Blanc, and flung his first handful of gold pieces upon the green cloth, and won and won again day after day and night after night, having one of those runs of luck which are

as oases in the desert of a gambler's life. The captain was flushed with hope, in spite of the stinginess with which Pounce and Pontifex—into whose prudent hands the reins of government over the property had fallen since the retirement of Mr Wilkins—had thought fit to treat the heir-apparent. He had, to use his own turf phrase, 'scratched' his marriage. He was away from the melancholy old jail in Devonshire. It could but be a question of a few weeks or months, for Sir Sykes's state was hopeless; and then Sir Jasper, unfettered master of Carbery, would be received, though at a high figure, into ducal and noble partnership in those Amalgamated Stables of which envious or preternaturally knowing men upon the turf began to whisper evil forebodings.

But Captain Denzil's cup of joy was dashed from his lips before he could drain its sparkling contents. A Russian Prince, equally celebrated for his skill at cards and with the pistol, quarrelled with him over a disputed case of 'turning up the king' at *écarté*, struck him, before twenty witnesses, at the Cercle Masséna at Nice, across the face with a kid glove; and so, according to the ethics of the society in which both moved, forced on a duel. At the first fire, Jasper was shot through the lungs, and dropped mortally wounded.

By the death of Sir Sykes, an event which happened shortly afterwards, Carbery Chase became the property of the baronet's two daughters. These two great heiresses, however, seem but little likely to marry, having already attained the reputation of confirmed old maids amongst their acquaintance, and expending most of their ample income in good works. It is whispered that it was on account of her unforgetten attachment to Lord Harrogate that Miss Blanche Denzil, who was known to have refused two or three good offers, was Miss Blanche Denzil still. It is whispered also that there is every probability that Carbery Chase will lapse to its original owners the De Veres, since Pounce and Pontifex are understood to have in safe keeping the wills by which the co-heiresses have bequeathed the property to the eldest son of him whom we will yet designate as Lord Harrogate.

The body of Ruth Willis, *alias* Hold, was discovered in a peat-moss adjoining the great morass of Bitternley Swamp, and was laid quietly to rest beside that of her brother, in High Tor churchyard. Betty Mudge is the notable wife of a small farmer, whose cowhouse and sheepfold were replenished through the dowry which the moorland maiden received from the bounty of her friend and patroness. And for the Ladies Gladys, Maud, and Alice De Vere, are not their marriages chronicled by Dod and Debrett?

It only remains to speak of the present Earl and Countess of Wolverhampton, the happiest, brightest, best—so general fame avers—of all the married couples within a summer day's journey from High Tor. Their quiet wedding took place within a few months of the discovery of Helena's real birth; and it was not until the following summer that the House of Lords formally registered the right of the young peeress to her hereditary honours. Even to this day, the young Earl often calls his beautiful Countess 'Ethel,' the name by which he had learned to love her; while Betty Mudge has an incorrigible habit of addressing 'My Lady' as Miss

Gray. The High Tor schools have long since been rebuilt, and an excellent mistress watches over the budding intelligence of the village children; but perhaps there never will be known in that sequestered nook a teacher so beloved as had been Helena, Lady Harrogate.

THE END.

DROLLERIES IN ADVERTISING.

THE following droll advertisements, culled from a variety of sources, may amuse our readers.

'A lady going abroad would give a medical man a hundred pounds a year to look after a favourite spaniel dog during her absence.' If this emanated from an elderly unmarried lady, can we doubt that an old bachelor composed the following advertisement? 'A Cook-housemaid or Housemaid-cook is wanted, for the service of a single gentleman, where; only one other—a man-servant—is kept. The woman wanted must be equally excellent in the two capacities of cook and housemaid. Her character must be unexceptionable for sobriety, honesty, and cleanliness. The sobriety, however, which consists in drinking deep without staggering will not do; nor will the honesty suffice which would make up for the possible absence of pilfering, by waste. Neither will the cleanliness answer which is content with bustling only before the employer's eyes—a sure symptom of a slattern. As it is probable that not a drab out of place who reads this advertisement but will be for imposing herself, though, perhaps, incapable of cooking a sprat, and about as nice as a Hottentot, all such are warned not to give themselves useless trouble. On the other hand, a steady, clean woman, really answering the above description, will, by applying as below, hear of a place not easily equalled in comfort; where the wages are good and constantly increasing; and where servants are treated as fellow-creatures, and with a kindness which, to the discredit of their class, is seldom merited. Personal application to be made to Mr Danvers, Perfumer, No. 16 Craven Street, Strand. December 4, 1811.'

What householder who can get no recompense for improvements from a grasping landlord, will not sympathise with the writer of this? 'Wanted immediately, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, 500 LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds sterling; and as I cannot leave the farm attached thereto in the same order in which I got it without at least Five Millions of Dockens, I do hereby promise the same sum for said number of Dockens.—N.B. The Rats must be full grown and no cripples.'

The two following advertisements, though they were probably intended to satirise the manners and customs of the period (1823), actually appeared, the first in the *Morning Herald*, the second in the *Monthly Mirror*. 'Wanted, for the ensuing London campaign, a Chaperon, who will undertake the charge of two young ladies, now making their entrée into fashionable life. She must possess a constitution impervious to fatigue and heat, and be perfectly independent of sleep; *au fait* at the mysteries of whist and cassino, and always ready to undertake a round game, with a supper-appetite of the most moderate description. Any personal

charms which might interfere with her acting as a foil to her charges, will be deemed inadmissible; and she must be totally divested of matrimonial pretensions on her own account, having sufficient experience in the *beau monde* to decide with promptitude on the eligibility of invitations, with an instinctive discrimination of Almack men and eldest sons. Address to Louisa, Twopenny Post Office, Great Mary-le-Bone Street.—*N.B.* No widow from Bath or Cheltenham will be treated with.' The second is as follows: 'Wanted, for a newly erected Chapel, near Grosvenor Square, a gentleman of elegant manners and insinuating address, to conduct the theological department of a refined audience. It is not necessary that he believe in the Thirty-nine Articles; but it is expected that he should possess a white hand and a diamond ring; he will be expected to leave out vulgar ideas, and denunciations against polite vices which he may meet with in the Bible. One who lisps, is near-sighted, and who has a due regard for amiable weaknesses, will be preferred. If he is of pleasing and *accommodating* manners, he will have a chance of being introduced to the first company. Letters must be addressed to James Speculate, Esq., Surveyor's Office, New Square, Mary-le-Bone.'

The Americans seem to be as smart in advertising as in everything else. On the fence of a graveyard a Pennsylvanian grocer inscribed in large white letters, 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here.' A firm in the 'statuary line' state that 'those who buy tombstones of us look with pride and satisfaction upon the graves of their friends.' What English schoolmaster would announce the termination of vacation thus: 'Flushing Institute. Dear Boys—Trouble begins Sept. 15?' The following is the advertisement of an accomplished editor. 'Sensational, distressing details of revolting murders and shocking suicides respectfully solicited. Bible-class presentations and ministerial donation parties will be "done" with promptness and despatch. Reports of Sunday-school anniversaries guaranteed. The local editor will cheerfully walk seventeen miles after Sunday-school to report a prize-fight. Funerals and all other melancholy occasions written up in a manner to challenge admiration. Horse-races reported in the highest style of the reportorial art. Domestic broils and conjugal felicities sought out with untiring avidity. Police-court proceedings and sermons reported in a manner well calculated to astonish the prisoner, magistrate, and preacher.' The 'sharpness' of some of these Yankee advertisements is very amusing. Many of our readers must have heard of the New York merchant who left his space blank with the exception of this note, in very small type, at the bottom: 'This space was sold to A. E. Brennan & Co., but as their business is sufficiently brisk already, they decline to use it.'—A correspondent wants to know what kind of a broom the young lady in the novel used when she swept back the ringlets from her classic brow. We don't know, and shouldn't answer if we did. We only undertake to answer queries of a practical and useful character. If our correspondent, who we presume is a gentleman, had asked who was the best and most popular hatter in the city, we would have promptly and unhesitatingly answered, James H. Chard of Broad-walk.'

During the civil war, hundreds of advertisements appeared like the following in the *Tribune*, February 1861. The attention is first riveted by the two lines:

'Important from Charlestown!
Major Anderson taken!'

Then proceeds the detailed explanation. 'On the 8th instant, about twelve hours before midnight, under cover of a bright sun, Colonel George S. Cooke, of the Charlestown Photographic Light Artillery, with a strong force made his way to Fort Sumter. On being discovered by the vigilant sentry, he ran up a flag of truce. The gate of the fortress being open, Colonel Cooke immediately and heroically penetrated to the presence of Major Anderson, and levelling a double-barrelled camera, demanded his unconditional surrender in the name of E. Anthony and the Photographic Community. Seeing that resistance would be in vain, the Major at once surrendered, and was borne in triumph to Charlestown, forwarded to New York, and is now on sale in the shape of exquisite card photographs at twenty-eight cents per copy, by E. Anthony, &c.'

'Manners make the man,' was evidently the motto of the boarding-house proprietor who thus advertised: 'Wanted, two or three boarders, such as go to bed without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast. When they put on their boots, to draw down their pants over them, and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantel-piece nor spit in the bread-tray. And to pay their board weekly, monthly, or quarterly, with a smile upon their faces, and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum up a persimmon tree.'

A good instance of the difference between precept and practice must be our last American specimen. It is from *Harper's Weekly*: 'Some of our contemporaries seem to think that the triumph of their cause depended, like the fate of Jericho, upon the amount of noise made. In these days of refinement and luxury, an article of real intrinsic merit is soon appreciated, hence the unbounded and unparalleled success of—Plantation Bitters.'

We must now say something of the matrimonial advertisements that appear from time to time in certain classes of publications. A few may be thus catalogued, for the benefit of those whose shyness has always prevented them investing in a specimen copy of the *Matrimonial News*. First in the list is Sincere Polly, who describes herself as dark, high-spirited, and handsome. Next is Evelina, eighteen, handsome, and accomplished, who will have three hundred a year when of age. Fanny declares herself to be a sweet-tempered and pretty girl, just seventeen. Annie Everard endeavours to attract by her modesty, in saying that she is eighteen, and not beautiful, only pretty. And Viola offers inducement in describing herself as seventeen, and Irish, merry, lively, and inclined to be stout. The following may well represent the gentlemen's interest in matrimonial advertisements: 'Wanted, by a young Gentleman just beginning Housekeeping, a Lady between eighteen and twenty-five Years of Age, with a good Educa-

tion, and a fortune not less than five thousand pounds; sound Wind and Limb, Five Feet Four Inches without her Shoes; not fat, nor yet too lean; good set of teeth; no Pride nor Affectation; not very talkative, nor one that is deemed a Scold; but of a Spirit to resent an Affront; of a charitable Disposition; not over-fond of Dress, though always decent and clean; that will entertain her Husband's Friends with Affability and Cheerfulness, and prefer his Company to public Diversions and gadding about; one who can keep his secrets, that he may open his Heart to her without reserve on all Occasions; that can extend domestic Expenses with Economy, as Prosperity advances, without Ostentation; and retrench them with cheerfulness, if occasion should require. Any Lady disposed to Matrimony, answering this Description, is desired to direct for Y. Z., at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, Aldermanbury.—*N.B.* The Gentleman can make adequate Return, and is, in every Respect, deserving a Lady with the above Qualifications.' So he says!

If we were all really sympathetic, the sight of a page of advertisements would excite in us thoughts akin to pity. How much, for instance, must those poor people whose advertisements appear under 'Situations Wanted' have thought over their simple plans of life before writing them down in these advertisements! How eagerly will they look out for answers; and when hope deferred maketh their hearts sick, many will fancy that there is no business for them in the world! Here is a record of those who have too much and of those who have not enough. In the same page is advertised a Gaiety Theatre and a Mourning Establishment; Toys for the Young and Funeral Requisites for the Old; joys and sorrows, laughter and tears—a picture of the checkered life of man. But it is in the 'Agony Column' of the leading journal that pathos culminates. Listen to the cry there uttered of some woman distressed by the infidelity of one whom she had loved not wisely perhaps but too well: 'The one-winged Dove must die unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies.' The next is more strong-minded, though evidently penned under a sense of deep grievance: 'It is enough; one man alone upon earth have I found noble. Away from me for ever! Cold heart and mean spirit, you have lost what millions—empires—could not have bought, but which a single word truthfully and nobly spoken might have made your own to all eternity. Yet you are forgiven; depart in peace.' No doubt it was a relenting parent, whose sternness has been subdued by the continued absence of his prodigal, who thus advertises: 'If H. R. will return, I will forgive him.—E. R.' Responses to imperative conscience like the following are surely very touching: 'Should this meet the eye of Two Sisters, at school many years ago at Prospect Place, Peckham-rye, the advertiser, with deep regret, acknowledges the doing of some acts attributed to them.'

The advertisements of swindlers and quacks have upon more than one occasion been noticed in these pages. Announcements of people who profess to have the secret of 'making two pounds per week by the outlay of ten shillings,' who for two-and-sixpence worth of stamps will 'tell something to our advantage,' or obtain 'an employment not unsuited to a lady or gentleman'—these traps

for governesses and gentlefolk of slender means are to be read in certain newspapers. Curious too are the answers received from time to time by persons with sufficient faith to make application to these advertisers. One reply received in return for half-a-crown's worth of stamps, which were to have purchased much wisdom in the way of money-saving, was this: 'Never pay a boy to look after your shadow while you climb a tree to see into the middle of next week.'

THE VILLAGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.

'WHILE at Hastings one day, the post brought me an ill-spelt blotted letter, stating that the writer knew my husband well; that she also knew me by sight, and had been one of the witnesses of our marriage in the church; that she had some facts to impart to me; and that I might call myself a lawfully wedded wife, but in reality was not so, although the service had been performed by a clergyman in due form. Naturally, I felt utterly indignant, and inclined to tear up the letter at once; but I did not, putting it away carefully, in order some day to shew it to my husband. The circumstance, I own, disturbed me not a little; and when, a few days later, came a second letter, inclosing a copy of a marriage certificate between my husband and another woman, my consternation could not be concealed. I answered the writer, at her request, telling her that I would grant the interview she asked for at Miss Wright's rooms; and leaving my baby in Kitty's care, I went off to London to tell my friend all. She was shocked at what I had heard, but was disposed to treat it as an attempt to extort money from me. We waited in terrible suspense; the person came, and I heard her story myself. She said that fifteen years before, my husband, who had been rather a wild gay young man at college, had met and married her friend, who was an actress at some provincial theatre; that he had thought her very pretty, as she was, and fallen in love with her; but that her habits were so notoriously profligate, and her love of drink became so strong, that they could not live together, and they separated, he allowing her a small independent income so long as she never troubled him. This went on for years; the interest of the money was still drawn regularly, and therefore her friend must still be alive. She seemed to feel for me and my condition; said she had gone to the church for the purpose of declaring that the marriage could not be; but her heart failed her, and she let the ceremony go on. She now felt that it would be wrong to let matters go further, and ended by declaring that make what inquiries I pleased, I should find the story true.

'I felt my heart sink. If this woman were his wife, what was I? And my darling baby, my son of whom I was so proud, who and what was he? The thought became too fearful. Miss Wright undertook to make all inquiries. I was too ill to do it myself. About a month after, she came to me. She said: "Be brave, my darling; it is all true." I turned to stone. I could not believe it. Gradually I learned from her what she had done. She had carefully examined the register

in the church, finding it exactly corroborated the woman's statement. She then went to the bank, and found that for fourteen years the same person had come to draw the same sum of money—one hundred pounds every quarter—with the utmost regularity. The clerk shewed her the receipt with the same signature so late as that April. What could I think? I felt ready to sink into the ground for very shame. I was crushed with this fearful blow; and worse than all, my idol was shattered, my trust in all that was good destroyed, my heart broken! One idea beset me, that I must hide myself at once. Whether I was wrong or right, God only knows. I could not reproach him—my darling, whom I still loved so fondly! I felt if he asked me still to return to him, I must; and yet, I thought it best to resist all temptation. I wrote to the agents, and countermanded my cabin which I had bespoken. I packed my clothes and the jewels which he had given me, and left them with Miss Wright. I bought a small outfit of under-linen and plain dresses, marked my things simply with my initials, M. B., which chanced to be the same as before my marriage, and after some delay, succeeded in obtaining my present situation as governess with Mrs. Nixon. The place seemed a very desirable one—quiet and retired, as Mr. Nixon, with whom I made all the arrangements, told me that his wife would live very quietly during his absence in India. I came, leaving my precious boy with Miss Wright and Kitty; but I could not live without him, my heart yearned after him so eagerly. I wrote to Miss Wright, and asked her to send him with my faithful Kitty down to see me, saying that I would find some suitable lodging when they came. To avoid remark, they were to pass this station, go on to the next, sleep there, and come over when I let them know that I could see them. I see you guess the rest, Dr. Summers.

'Yes; it was my own child I called you to help me to rescue on that terrible night. I could not rest; and made an excuse to Mrs. Nixon that I wanted to take some wine down to poor old Jackson. I hoped to catch one glimpse of my treasure as the train passed through the station. I was late, and only arrived in time to see the accident. Poor Kitty's life was forfeited; and you can scarcely wonder now at my almost frantic state of mind. Since then, I have lived as well as I could, paid good Mrs. Coulson for her care of the child, to whom I yearn with all a mother's deepest love, and whom I dare not own; and but for this affair of my ring, which I cannot help treasuring, and the absence of Miss Wright abroad, causing me to risk addressing Mrs. Coulson's letters myself, this mystery would have remained unravelled. When I have left Mrs. Nixon, I will write and tell her all my story. How often I have longed to confide in your darling Hilda, no one knows; but I did not dare to do so until now.'

She did not tell her tale as I have told it, but with many interruptions, sobs, and choking tears, especially when she spoke of her husband, and of their mutual love, and of the cruel deception of which she believed him as well as herself to be the victim. 'He did not knowingly commit this sin,' she cried. 'I am convinced he thought his wretched wife was dead; yet I dare not write to him to ask him. If he said the one word: "Come," I must go.'

Hilda's eyes were wet with tears; but never had she to my eyes looked so charming as now, when she sat holding that poor weary head against her bosom. At last she looked up.

'Now Harry,' she began, 'what can you do to help her?' she said.

'I fear but little,' I replied. 'Indeed I can do nothing except go over again the ground Miss Wright has already traversed; but to do this I must know still further particulars—the names of persons and places, and the precise dates of the various events as nearly as possible.'

'I cannot tell you more just now, Dr. Summers,' said Miss Brown. 'I am very tired; but I will make a full written statement of all that has occurred, which you will please consider as intrusted to you and Hilda alone.'

'Of course,' I answered, 'any confidence you may repose in us is sacred. I dare not raise false hopes in your heart, Miss Brown; but from what you tell me of the character of your husband, I cannot believe he is guilty of any intentional deceit towards you.'

'God bless you for these words!' she said earnestly, 'and thank you for all your kindness. You and Hilda may believe me when I say that although my visit here this evening has been a very painful one, the sympathy you have given me has gone far to lighten my load of suffering. I feel that you believe me, and look upon me as an unhappy but yet innocent woman; and somehow—why, I know not—you have given me a spark of hope.'

'Well,' said I, 'we will hope the spark may kindle into a bright flame before long. At all events, I will do my best, when you give me all the promised information.'

She pressed my hand warmly, drew down her veil, and took leave of us; and when Hilda and I were alone, we talked the matter over.

'I believe I know a great deal more about it than any one else,' I said; 'but you really must not ask me to-night, my darling, for I have a great deal to think about, and when I have arranged my ideas, you shall know all.'

'You are a horrid tantalising wretch,' said Hilda; 'but if you won't tell, you won't, I suppose. Is there any use teasing you?'

'None whatever,' I cried, laughing; 'spare yourself the trouble; only a few hours more and you shall know all I can discover.'

'Good-bye, then,' said she; 'I will have nothing more to say to you to-night.'

'Good-bye,' said I, and went.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day having been summoned to see a patient some twenty miles from home, I took the rail; and on my return journey homewards two gentlemen were my fellow-travellers, whose only peculiarity seemed to be their large number of rugs, hat-boxes, bags, and other travelling equipments, with which the centre seats of the compartment were filled. After a while, I ventured a remark about the weather and the war-news, and was answered by the gentleman opposite me, who said: 'My friend and I feel it very cold, as we only arrived yesterday from India, and have been travelling all night.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'I fear you will find England

very trying after India, and especially up here, for it is considered cold and bleak.'

'I know the country,' answered he; 'at least I have been in it and have stayed some little time. Do you know Creston, sir?'

'I live there,' I replied. 'And, pardon me, I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Mr Nixon. I saw the name on your hat-box there.'

Mr Nixon smiled. 'You could not well help doing so,' he said, 'as it is precisely opposite to you in very legible letters. But if you know Creston, perhaps you can give me news of my wife and children.'

'They are all well,' I answered, 'and daily expecting the telegram which will announce your arrival in England.'

'Ah!' said Mr Nixon, 'I hope my wife will not be too much startled; but I could not resist the pleasure of giving her a surprise. But may I have the honour of knowing to whom I am speaking?'

I handed him my card, and also one to his companion, who up to this period had scarcely spoken a word. He took my card now, read it and bowed, then drawing one from his pocket-book, handed it to me. On it was printed, 'Lieutenant-colonel Beauchamp, 140th Regiment.' I started. Here was the man whom I had determined to find—the man of whom my brother had written—the man who had deceived Miss Brown—the father of the child. I scanned his face attentively—a handsome sensible face—one with deep lines of care and anxiety on the wide forehead and about the mouth; a bright keen blue eye, which one could imagine flashing with anger at injustice or wrong; yet withal, one that could be gentle and loving as a woman's; one that could be no trifle with a woman's heart and fame.

I mused thus for some minutes, and at last said: 'If I mistake not, Colonel Beauchamp, my brother, Tom Summers, is in your regiment.'

'Is he your brother?' said the colonel, as his face lit up with pleasure. 'There is not a better fellow living. This is indeed a singular *rencontre*. I am very glad to have met you;' and he cordially held out his hand.

I took it; and we talked on for a while, Mr Nixon observing: 'You see, I was quite right, Beauchamp, to insist on your coming down to the Poplars with me. Here is one pleasant result already.'

'Yes,' said the colonel, a weary shade of pain and anxiety coming over his face. 'But I must not stay long with you, Nixon; you know my business is urgent.'

'A day or two's rest in the country won't hurt you at all events,' said his friend; 'and I believe we are just at Creston.—Is it not so, Dr Summers?'

'Yes,' said I; 'here we are.' And we all three alighted, sent on the impedimenta by a conveyance, and walked up the village together. The air was cold; but it was a sunny day, very seasonable and pleasant, and we all enjoyed the brisk walk. As we approached Mrs Coulson's cottage, baby was trying to peep over the board placed across the threshold to prevent his tumbling down the door-step; and when he caught sight of me, he stretched out his little arms for his accustomed toss.

'Hollo, Master Baby! what are you doing there

sir?' said I, as I stooped down and lifted him in my arms.—'This is our show-baby,' said I to Colonel Beauchamp. 'Is he not a fine specimen?' The little one crowed and laughed, and Mrs Coulson came running out to see what was the matter.

'We are admiring your little son,' said Mr Nixon. 'I never saw a finer child.'

'He is not mine, sir,' said she, courtesying; 'only to take care of. We don't know who his father and mother are—bless him! But he'll never want for some one to see to him, he's such a pet in the village. I made him smart to-day sir, because Miss Morton wanted him at the Rectory for a bit this afternoon; and I was just cleaning myself ready to take him.'

All this time Colonel Beauchamp had watched the baby with the most intense interest; his gaze seemed riveted upon the child; at last he said, in a low hoarse voice: 'Did you say that child has neither father nor mother? Who is it? Where did it come from?'

'It is a long story,' said I—'too long to tell you now. But if you care to hear it, and have time to listen, I will tell it to you some day.'

'These eyes are hers, her own; she speaks to me again in them!' he murmured to himself, and in so low a voice that I scarcely heard him. Then aloud: 'I am very fond of children, Dr Summers. Do you think he would come to me?'

'I am sure he would,' I replied, as I placed the little one in those great strong arms. How tenderly he took it, how eagerly he looked into its little face! At length his eye fell upon the child's frock, of some bright blue material, with a strip of delicate embroidery round it. 'Why, I drew this pattern myself!' he cried.—'Mr Summers, you may think me very strange, but I *must* know the story of this child. My whole happiness, my bliss or my misery for ever, may depend upon it! When may I come to you?'

'I shall be at home and ready for you at five o'clock this afternoon,' I said, 'and will tell you faithfully all I know.'

He pressed my hand. 'I will surely come,' he said; and then hastened after Mr Nixon, who, naturally anxious to reach his home, was wondering at his friend's delay.

I hurried to the Rectory, and sat long with Hilda, telling her all my thoughts and notions about Miss Brown and her story, and shewing her my brother's letter. She was in the wildest excitement, and could scarcely control herself.

'To think, Harry, that you have got it all right already!' she cried, dancing about the room. 'Oh, how delicious!'

'You forget, darling, that though Miss Brown may be the lady Colonel Beauchamp married, it is not yet proved that she is his wife,' said I.

'Oh, I don't know,' cried Hilda. 'I know it is all right; and it must, and it shall, and it will be right! I am quite sure about it! So don't you go and be disagreeable, and croak so.'

At last we arranged that Hilda was to get Miss Brown to spend the evening with her; and that if all was well, I was to bring Colonel Beauchamp to the Rectory about six o'clock. If things did not turn out rightly, I was to send Hilda a note. I own I was so excited myself, that the afternoon wore away very, very slowly; but as five o'clock

struck, Colonel Beauchamp entered my little study; and drawing a chair to the cosy fire, I bade him be seated.

'You must think me a strange being,' he began, 'to crave an interview with you on this subject so soon; but I must tell you my story, if you will let me, and then you will see how my happiness or misery may depend on the tale you have to tell me.'

I assured him, as before, that I was ready to tell him all I knew; and he proceeded, relating all that had occurred, exactly as my brother had told it to me, up to the time of his marriage and departure for India. He dwelt long on his unbounded love for his wife, on her apparently boundless love for him. Conjecture was hopeless; he was powerless to suggest any motive for her abandonment of him. He then told me of the wonderful and startling likeness in our mysterious baby to his lost wife, and on the strange similitude of the pattern of the embroidery on the infant's dress to one he had himself designed for his wife of her favourite flowers, the Marguerites.

When he paused, I asked abruptly: 'Did you see Miss Brown at the Poplars?'

'Who is she?' he asked. 'I know no Miss Brown.'

'She is governess there,' I returned. 'You are sure you did not see her?'

'Excuse me, Dr Summers; you are not listening to me,' he said coldly. 'I have taxed your attention too long and too selfishly. I know no one of that name, nor do I care to. Why should I look at the governess? What is she to me? I tell you a story that deeply affects me and my life's happiness, and you begin to talk about some Miss Brown, who, if I remember now, I heard is about to leave under rather disgraceful'—

'Hold!' I cried starting up. 'If I mistake not, Miss Brown is the mother of that child you saw; Miss Brown once believed herself your wife.'

'Once believed! What do you mean?' cried the colonel. 'Speak quickly. Do not keep me in suspense. Tell me the worst, and may God help me to bear it!'

I made him sit down, while I told him as rapidly and as clearly as I could all Miss Brown's story. His face lit up as he heard of the love she bore him, her grief at parting from him, her joy in the thought of reunion. But when I came to the dreadful letter she had received, and its contents, he started up, exclaiming: 'It is a falsehood! She is my own true wife, and nothing else!' I went on, heedless of the interruption, and told how Miss Wright had, or thought she had proved the facts.

He pondered long, hiding his face between his hands; when he raised it, it was very pale. He said with a deep sigh: 'My poor darling, how she has suffered. All I can do from this time will be to devote myself to making her happy; and so I will, God helping me! I will explain everything to you now, Dr Summers, as I ought to have done long ago to my wife; but the tale of sin and shame was, I thought, unfit for her pure ears to hear. That woman who wrote to my wife was right. I had been married before. When a boy at college, I was fascinated by a woman who was a singer at one of the music halls, fancied myself in love, and was induced by her to marry

her. Her name was Julia West; and we were legally married in the church and by the clergyman named in that unhappy letter to my wife, which I take it was written by my first wife's companion and friend, who was present at our marriage. I was scarcely of age myself; and had no sooner been entrapped into the business, than I found it became a curse to both of us. We lived a wretched life for about a year; when my wife, chafing at the restraint and decorum I insisted upon, left me to pursue her former calling. She rapidly went downwards deeper and deeper, and for some time I heard nothing of her. At last I was appealed to. Her health was broken; her voice, her only means of support, was gone; and exacting from her a promise to live quietly and respectfully with her mother and crippled brother, who were really honest people, I, as in duty bound, made her an allowance, to be regularly drawn, by a solicitor in the town in which she lived, every quarter-day. Four years ago, she died, leaving me a letter containing an earnest appeal on behalf of her aged mother and invalid brother, who, she represented, would be deprived of the comfortable home she had been able to give them. I heard that her life in latter years had been a reformed one, and found, on inquiring, that her statements respecting her relations were true. I therefore desired the lawyer to continue drawing the same allowance as before for the family; and hence this dreadful mistake has arisen. Had Miss Wright gone a little further, and insisted on seeing the person who signed the receipts, she would have found out all; but she must have jumped very hastily, I fear, at a conclusion.—My poor darling!' he added, springing up and seizing his hat; 'I must go and find her at once.'

'Stay,' said I, 'one moment. Mrs Beauchamp is at the Rectory now; but remember she does not know, she is unprepared; she—— Would it not be better if some one'—

'No, Dr Summers!' he said firmly. 'My wife must hear the story from no one but myself, and I must do it at once. It will not take long to convince her,' he added smiling; 'nor, I think, to gain her forgiveness. Let me go.'

I assented silently. He pressed my hand very warmly. 'I little dreamt of finding such a friend, an hour ago,' he said. 'God bless you!'

'Nay,' said I, 'I have done nothing except keep my eyes and ears open.'

'To some purpose, at all events,' he added, as he linked his arm within mine, and with long rapid strides walked on.

Five minutes later we were at the Rectory. I walked in unannounced; and opening the library door a very little, we looked in. The room was lit up with the warm glow of a bright wood-fire. Hilda sat in her own little chair beside it; and at her feet sat Miss Brown, or rather Mrs Beauchamp. Her face was very sad, and the traces of fears were in her eyes and on her cheeks. I closed the door quickly, gave three loud sharp knocks upon it, and we entered. Hilda started up. 'All is well, my darling,' I whispered. I saw a slight figure dart forward, then pause suddenly, and holding by the table, lift a face as white as ashes to the intruder. I saw Colonel Beauchamp dash forward and strain her to his heart, murmuring loving words: 'My wife, my darling wife!' And then

I whispered to Hilda: 'Come away; let us leave them now.'

Hilda was quite overcome, and I carried her off, shedding tears of joy. In a few moments she fled away, and running to the drawing-room, seized the baby, who was sitting on Mrs Morton's lap. She carried him to the door of the library, which she gently opened, and having deposited the little one just within the floor, she ran back to me, saying: 'Now they're all right. Begin and tell me the whole story, Harry. I told Margaret everything would come right when you took it in hand.'

'No,' said I; 'I think the baby did it. Let us go and tell all the story to the elders now, or they will think us quite demented.' And so we did; and the universal verdict was: 'The baby did it.'

And surely no happier people were in the world that night than we people of Creston. How proud little Mrs Beauchamp looked of her tall soldierly husband; how she laughed and cried, and nearly devoured the baby! And with what loving eyes her gallant soldier looked down at her, as if he never could believe in his recovered happiness. Mr and Mrs Nixon came down too in the evening, very happy likewise; and as for Hilda and me, no need to say much on that score.

Next Sunday, the church witnessed within its walls the baptism of the baby at last—Arthur Henry Beauchamp, after its father and its godfather, my unworthy self; and Hilda stood as godmother. Every one was glad, every one was happy, except poor little Mrs Coulson, who, though well cared for, lamented her severe trial—the parting with Baby.

And in the beauteous summer-time, amid the cheering of the people and the ringing of the bells and the blessings of all around us, I carried off my wife; and among our dearest and most valued friends are Colonel Beauchamp and Margaret; and the tale of The Village Mystery is often asked for, and often told to eager listeners.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DR CROLL, F.R.S., in a discussion on the Origin of Nebulae, assumes that the inquiry would be facilitated by first endeavouring to explain the origin of our sun. He does not mean the matter of which the sun is made; but in what way the sun came to be a sun, and what was the source of its light and heat? Difficult as the question is, it seems simple when we know that the sun must have derived its energy (light and heat) either from *Gravitation* or from *Motion in Space*. If it is not one nor the other, it is not worth while to pursue the inquiry. But, in the words of Dr Croll, 'the important difference between the two is that the store of energy derivable from gravitation could not possibly have exceeded twenty to thirty million years' supply of heat at the present rate of radiation, whereas the store derivable from motion in space, depending on the rate of that motion, may conceivably have amounted to any assignable quantity. Thus a mass equal to that of the sun, moving with a velocity of four hundred and seventy-six miles per second, possesses in virtue of that motion energy sufficient, if converted into

heat, to cover the present rate of the sun's radiation for fifty million years. Twice that velocity would give two hundred million years', four times that velocity would give eight hundred million years' heat, and so on without limit.' From these statements some notion may be formed as to the character of the discussion. Readers who desire to study the whole of the argument will find it in the *Philosophical Magazine* for July.

Last year an astronomer at Cologne, while examining the Mare Vaporum, a central portion of the moon's surface, discovered a crater which, after comparison of lunar maps and correspondence with other observers, was pronounced to be new. In the spring of the present year the discovery was made public, and the crater has been seen by astronomers in England and other parts of Europe. It is described as 'about three miles in diameter, deep and full of shadow,' situated among a number of small craters. The fact, therefore, seems to be well established, and it opens an interesting field of inquiry. A newly formed crater implies an active volcano; and with a volcano in activity the moon cannot be the lifeless mass so often described by astronomers and physicists. Gases in large quantities must be present; chemical action must be going on accompanied by alternations of temperature; and after all, there is perhaps not such a deprivation of atmosphere as is commonly supposed. These are questions to which investigators may betake themselves with ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and, it may be, advantage to physical science.

Professor Baeyer (Liebig's successor at Munich) has after years of patient investigation succeeded in producing indigo blue by chemical means in his laboratory. Organic chemistry has thereby made a most important step in advance; for although the process is far too costly for practical use, it is a great thing to know that a substance can thus be built up and produced by synthetical research; and we may fairly assume that, as with so many other abstruse discoveries, a practical application of it will some day be brought to light.

It appears that physicists expect to find good employment for the telephone as a measurer, or rather detector of vibrations, which because of their rapidity cannot be detected by any other means.

The vibrations of the metallic disk will produce electric currents in a conductor therewith connected, and these, as Mr W. H. Preece stated while discoursing on the subject to the Physical Society, are so minute that he has 'failed hitherto to make even an approximate measurement of their minuteness. We have no known standard to compare them with: we can only trust to the ear, and that is not only deceptive but variable. They are certainly less than one millionth of an ordinary working current.'

'However small,' continues Mr Preece, 'and however sudden the currents may be, the telephone records them with great accuracy; no known form of galvanometer or galvanoscope will do so.' Thus it is an admirable appliance for testing magneto-electric coils and spirals and other apparatus, and especially for discovering leaks in insulators and supports. 'Its delicacy has detected the presence of currents in wires contiguous to wires conveying currents, which have always been suspected, but have been evident only on

wires running side by side for, say, two hundred miles. In fact, the most delicate apparatus has hitherto failed to detect the presence of these currents by induction in short underground wires; but the telephone responds to these currents when the wires run parallel for a few feet only. Thus, between one floor and another floor, at the General Post-office, it has been impossible to converse by means of the telephone through a wire, owing to the presence of these currents of induction from the innumerable working wires contiguous to it; and through some of the underground pipes of the streets of London sounds are inaudible when the wires are working.

These facts, alike curious and interesting, bear out statements we made some time ago while explaining the working of the telephone, and make it clear that in that apparatus physicists have an instrument of surprising capabilities, the applications of which it is not easy to predict. Mr Preeco has spoken distinctly and easily with telephones that had no permanent magnet whatever, the core of the coil being of soft iron; and he has come to the conclusion that with the existing apparatus conversation might be held through a single wire-cable two hundred miles long. It is of no use, he says, to shout into a telephone, and much depends on the power and quality of the voice. Among the functionaries of the Post-office there is one whose voice is heard 'through resistances that have drowned all other voices.' The same remark applies to hearing; and trained ears will make out phrases which would be obscure to others. 'Singing always comes through with remarkable distinctness; and the sounds of a wind-instrument—cornet or bugle—are reproduced with startling force. A bugle sounded in London was heard distinctly over the large Corn Exchange of Basingstoke by a thousand people.'

Professor Blake, of Brown University, United States, has devised 'a method of recording articulate vibrations by means of photography.' He fastens to the vibrating disk in the mouth-piece of a telephone a small mirror, on which a beam of light from a heliostat is made to fall. This beam reflected downwards from the mirror passes through a lens and forms at the focus an intensely luminous disk which can be used for photography. A sensitised plate, lying on a small carriage, is made to travel under the disk, the actinic rays falling on the plate produce the usual effect, and the movements of the mirror when a voice speaks into the mouth-piece, are photographed in a series of complex and beautiful curves varying with the tone and manner of delivery. The velocity of the carriage can be varied at pleasure, from twelve to forty inches per second; but the greater the speed the longer must be the plate: up to twenty-four inches in some instances. This brief sketch will perhaps suffice to show that Professor Blake's method in the hands of skilful investigators opens a way for the study and analysis of the phenomena of articulate speech.

Among recent scientific news from America is an item stating that the microphone has been successfully used for speaking from a boat to a diver at work under water in Boston harbour.

As usual the Royal Agricultural Society's annual meeting shewed that the makers of implements for the farm and dairy are still active with

improvements. 'Harvesters' were exhibited which collect the cut corn, bind it into sheaves with wire or string, and by the action of a fork of suitable size toss the sheaf off the platform 'without knocking out ripe grain.' Much ingenuity appears in the contrivances for fastening the ends of the wire by a twist, or of the string by knots. One ties a double reef knot; another a clove knot, concerning which it is stated that 'the movement by which a hook is made to turn the string, pull it through the loop, and afterwards release it, is peculiar and remarkable.' Another twists the ends of the string, then twists a portion of the band over them, which has 'precisely the same effect as tucking the ends under.'

An improved sowing and spreading machine sows grain or artificial manure broadcast across a breadth of sixteen yards, and thus makes very quick work of sowing an acre.—A four-furrow seed-cover drawn by one horse is contrived to spread a thin layer of earth over seed sown broadcast, and arrange it in regular rows; and a farm-yard manure-cart will distribute the manure by a movement actuated by the cart-wheel.

A machine for cutting and trimming hedges is a novelty. It is drawn by two horses; from one side projects a movable lever carrying a cutter bar which, as the machine travels, trims one side of the hedge; then being turned completely over, it trims the farther side; and lastly, held in a horizontal position, it cuts the top of the hedge to a uniform height. Its capabilities are such that it will snip off branches an inch thick as well as twigs. In a general account of this machine, we are informed that 'the arrangements for adjusting the position of the cutter and the supporting arm, and for lengthening or shortening the arm without interference with the gear by which the movement of the knife is maintained, are of the simplest description.'

Recent improvements in ploughing-machinery shew ingenious adaptations of means to ends. A revolving drum is fitted to the engine itself. Two such engines, one at each side of the field, travel slowly along, and a rope stretched from drum to drum hauls the plough to and fro. Another method retains the use of the anchor; but the anchor moves itself along one headland while the engine moves along the other. Thus the length of rope is reduced to the absolute requirement, and two men and a boy suffice for the whole of the work. By yet another modification the weight of the engine is made to serve as anchorage, and the trouble of moving the separate pulleys, blocks, and anchors is obviated. Clearly the days of the 'slow' agriculturist are over.

To compress six trusses of hay into the compass of a single truss is an achievement worth notice. It has been done by a machine erected in the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, capable of exerting a pressure of two tons on the square inch under the operation of hydraulic power. If six, or even three cargoes of hay can thus be compressed into the space of one, the economy in transport will be important.

It is now known that a milk-can must be not only a big vessel into which milk may be poured, but something else. There must be some means of preventing shaking of the milk, and of ventilating it during a long railway journey; and a proper can must be easy to fill, easy to empty,

and easy to clean. Cans were shewn which fulfilled these conditions; and among the milk-coolers was one which will keep a large quantity of milk during not less than twelve hours at a temperature below forty degrees Fahrenheit.

To prevent the rising of cream, there was an automatic milk agitator, in which the water, flowing through the outer casing of the vat to keep the contents cool, falls upon a small water-wheel, which being unevenly balanced, gives an intermittent motion to a rake or stirrer in the upper portion of the milk in the vat. In this way milk for cheese-making can be kept for many hours without rising of the cream; whereas a continuous and regular motion of the rake would produce butter. Among the competing churns, the best was one brought from Holstein, a country in which all dairy-work is carried to high perfection.

From Finisterre, the Land's End of France, a reef of rocks of ill repute among mariners stretches out seven miles into the sea. Wrecks were so frequent, that the French government caused a survey to be made, with a view to build a lighthouse; and Ar-Men, one of the outermost rocks, about fifteen mètres long and eight broad, was chosen as the site. But owing to violent currents and waters proverbially turbulent, it was as difficult and dangerous to land on as the Skerryvore. The work was begun in 1867, in which year landing could be effected seven times only, and in a total of eight hours' work fifteen holes were pierced. In 1868 there were sixteen landings, eighteen hours of work, forty holes were pierced, and the rock was levelled for the first courses of masonry. In 1869 the placing of the stones was commenced, while an experienced fisherman watched the sea and gave warning when a great wave was rushing in; and it was found at the end of the season that twenty-five cubic mètres of stone had been fixed. In 1877 the number of landings was greater than in any previous year, and the solid masonry was raised to more than twelve mètres above the highest tides; and it is now expected that the tower, which will rise forty feet above high-water, will be completed by 1880.

Ere long another of these adventurous enterprises will be going on nearer home; for the Trinity Board have determined to build a new lighthouse of grand dimensions on the Eddy-stone.

A correspondent informs us that the check-till—the patentees of which are Messrs Lincoln and Lofts of Cambridge—described in *The Month* for June last, was invented by a self-taught mechanic at Cambridge, who had previously constructed a bottle-washing machine which, worked by a man and a boy, will wash and clean from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dozen bottles in a day. A tank is filled with an alkaline solution: two dozen bottles secured in an iron basket are sunk at once into the bath, as it may be called, and the 'dirt' is immediately removed by the action of the solution. Each bottle is then brushed inside by a whirling brush, is effectually rinsed by a jet of water from a perpendicular pipe which fits the neck, and is immediately wheeled away to the drying-room. This, it will be seen, is a great improvement on the ordinary way of bottle-washing; hot water is not required; and it appears that the saving by diminution of breakage soon pays the cost of the machine.

Referring to the water-supply of Kidderminster, which until comparatively recent times has been obtained from wells of doubtful purity, we are glad to learn that these have been condemned, and that the town is now supplied from an artesian well which is capable of yielding a million gallons of wholesome water daily. 'The cost,' we are told, is being repaid to the inhabitants, 'not only in the improved health of the town, but in the revenue which the sale of water was turning in.'

THE MOUNTAIN TARN.

A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

In a lonely glen, surrounded by lofty mountains, and miles from any habitation, lies a small loch or tarn, around which tradition hath cast a legend of the olden time. Situated amid the Grampians, the scenery is wild and rugged; such a scene amidst which the wanderer may pause, and feel that the hand of man has never disturbed Nature in her solitude.

Years and years ago, when the turbulent state of Scotland rendered life and property insecure, a large amount of treasure was supposed to have been thrown into the loch, there to escape detection, and to await the return of peaceful times to enable it to be recovered. It had been thrown into its hiding-place in the night by those who possessed it, and the secret had been solemnly sworn to on the naked blade of a dirk—an old form of Highland oath, held to be binding and sacred. Time passed, and quiet times or necessity induced those who held the secret to attempt to recover the treasure. In those primitive days, appliances were limited, and the first attempt failed, from inability to reach the bottom. Months were spent in the manufacture of rope from hides, in hopes that the dark water would yet give up the coveted treasure it held within its inky depths. By different routes, in the lone hours of night, the holders of the secret assembled on the shores of this Highland tarn, and vainly tried to reach the bottom. Fathom after fathom went down, but to no avail. Again and again, with increased lengths of rope, did these midnight seekers after gold prosecute their task, but to end in disappointment. The loch yielded nothing save now the almost certain fact, that it was unfathomable.

Years rolled away, and no further attempts were made, since dispirited they agreed to abandon the hopeless toil to fathom Lochan Kin Dhoan, or the bottomless loch, as they then styled it; nor was it ever again attempted by those who first essayed it. Subsequent, however, to their last failure, an incident occurred that, in that age of superstition, cast around the loch the weird belief that it was haunted.

In a baronial keep lived a chief in all the rude pomp of feudal pride. His lady had died, and left an only daughter, who, now grown up, to womanhood, presided over the household. Her father's temper was haughty and imperious, and he ruled every one around him with stern sway. As was the custom in those days, he had long been at enmity with a neighbouring chief; but Love laughs at Highland pride as well as at locksmiths. His neighbour had a son, who became enamoured with the maiden. But how was the fatal gulf of

feudal strife to be bridged? Time went on. Stolen interviews, when by accident they met, or when her father was absent, were all that the young hearts could glean from the stern hate of both the parents; till, unable to bear the long weary weeks that occasionally prevented their meeting, the young chieftain determined to beard the lion in his den, and demand the hand of his daughter. Accompanied by an escort, he arrived before the drawbridge, and demanded an interview with the chief. The interview over, the young chieftain with a heavy heart recrossed that drawbridge, and doffed his bonnet to a fair form on the battlements.

It was some time before they again met. The chief had used harsh words and harsh measures to his daughter; but 'Love will find out the way;' and at the next meeting of the lovers they had arranged to elope. The strong power of woman's love nerved her for the deed; the cold heartless home she was about to leave seemed to palliate the act. The temporary absence of the old chief afforded opportunity. On a dark November evening about two hours after sunset, a horse bearing the young chieftain and his intended bride was wending its way with difficulty along the rugged mountain-path, amid the darkness, when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. To turn was to encounter foes behind (as well as in front) if foes they were, as doubtless the flight of the lady had been discovered at the castle; besides, the nature of the ground and darkness rendered flight hopeless. To move a little to the side, and quietly await the chance of being passed in the darkness, was all that now remained to the youthful lovers. The night had hitherto been dark but still. The wind was now sweeping over the dark moor, and hurrying the black clouds across the sky with increasing violence. The young chief felt the fair hand that held his girdle tighten as the sound of the horses' hoofs was heard; but no scream, no signs of fear. All had as yet gone well; when a gleam of moonlight lit up the scene and revealed a party of horsemen scarce thirty yards distant. There was no time for deliberation; the young chieftain dashed his spurs to his horse, and with a bound the noble animal was crossing the now moon-lit moor, at full speed, hotly pursued by the chief and his party. 'Capture, but don't fire,' was the brief command.

At first, the lovers outstripped their pursuers; but the double burden began to tell on the young chieftain's horse, and the distance between lessened. The chief was gaining on them at every stride, and the pale moon still shone on the scene. Suddenly, as if the earth had opened at their feet, over the precipice that overhangs the Lochan Kim Dhoan, leaped the horse and his riders. An exclamation of horror, a wild yell of agony from the chief as he beheld this fatal leap. A dull heavy splash in the deep dark water beneath was all that responded. From that hour it was shunned as a fatal spot.

The story of the treasure had been handed down from father to son, and a party of stout hearts again resolved to brave the dangers that surrounded the scene of the hidden gold. A night was fixed. But scarce had the task begun, ere an arm and hand, holding a naked dirk, is said to have risen from the water, and an unearthly voice to have ejaculated 'Forbear!'

Such is the story of the haunted loch as told long years after on his death-bed by an old and wrinkled man, the last of the band that met that night; and as an example of the kind of oral tales which are now happily dying out amongst the superstitious folks in the North, we offer it to our readers.

ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the laboured fields,
Not for the good the yellow harvest yields,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year.
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.
I hail thee, goddess of the scarlet flower,
That brilliant weed, that does so far exceed
The richest gifts fair Flora can bestow.
Headless, I passed thee in Life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till Sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early day, when Fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxurious sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love.
The rose, the thorn, my numbers crowned,
As Venus smiled or Venus frowned;
But Love, and Joy, and all their train are flown;
E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
And I must sing of thee alone;
Unless, perchance, the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf,
Their pale, funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! Thou canst ease
The wretched victim of disease;
Canst close these weary eyes in gentle sleep,
Which never open but to weep.
Thine all-subduing charm
Can agonising Pain disarm,
Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
And bid the trembling heart to beat.
Soul-soothing plant, which can such blessings give,
By thee, the mourner bears to live;
By thee, the hopeless die.

Oh, ever friendly to Despair,
Might Sorrow's pallid vot'ry dare,
Guiltless, one final remedy implore,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more.
No more I'd sue that thou shouldst spread
Thy spells around my aching head;
But court thy soft, lethean power,
Inextinguishable flower!
To bid my spirit from this thralldom fly,
Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written.
- 4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.
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HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENTS.

We lately, for the first time, became acquainted with several of these establishments, and were amazed at their generally large dimensions. Possessing the character of private hotels or boarding-houses, their arrangements reminded us of some of the huge continental or American hotels—that, for example, at Saratoga. Hydropathic Establishments of this kind are among the remarkable novelties of the age. From small beginnings, they have increased in number and size, and are now on quite a comprehensive scale. As all, as far as we have heard, are flourishing, they must evidently meet some popular want; and what is it? Strictly speaking, they are health resorts. Situated in a pleasant rural locality, where the air is salubrious, and there happens to be abundance of pure water, they offer to the jaded health-seeker an agreeable means of restoration. They are, in fact, 'Maisons de Santé' of a superior description.

By the term Hydropathy is meant the cure of illness or disease through the agency of water instead of drugs, the possibility of such a cure having been introduced from Germany about forty years ago. Wonderful cures are reported by means of water, but we put but a limited faith in them. The value of pure water, as regards drinking and matters of personal cleanliness, is, of course, undeniable; and we all know what are the remarkable effects of certain mineral waters in rheumatism and various other ailments. Chalybeate and Sulphurous springs are acknowledged to be among the beneficent gifts of Providence. Two works have come under our notice eulogising hydropathy as superior in nearly all respects to ordinary medical practice. This is going too far, and as a doctrine will not receive general acceptance. Dogmatising on a subject involving so many delicate considerations, is, we think, very much to be regretted. Hydropathic Establishments should not rely for their success on an antagonism to the Pharmacopœia; and neither, in our opinion, do they. On water alone, applied externally or internally, does not rest the main attraction of

these institutions. Whatever they may have been at the outset, they are now simply resorts for a pleasant and healthful means of recreation, along with simplicity of diet, and the beneficial effects of pure air and unimpeded sunshine.

A person who feels himself injured by over-tasking mental occupation, and who is sleepless from impaired digestion and a polluted city atmosphere, seeks to restore the tone of body and mind by a summer excursion, by recreation at the 'sea-side,' or otherwise as suits his fancy. Now comes in the special advantage of a 'Hydropathic.' Without the trouble of searching for lodgings in a strange place, or being obliged to undergo the cost of a hotel, a home is readily offered, at which you can stay a day or two, or a week or months at pleasure. You are insured regular and excellent meals, quietude, and unbroken night repose. Instead of being expected, as at a hotel, to pay for liquors you perhaps do not want, stimulants are forbidden. Hot, cold, Turkish, and shower baths are at command, and included in the general charge. Gratuities to servants are neither expected nor allowed. There are indoor and outdoor amusements. Above all, you know to a penny what will be the daily or weekly bill. These are recommendations which may not suit everybody, but they suit a great many.

It has latterly been discovered, as a somewhat curious fact, that nowhere is there such good health as in some of the convict prisons—that at Perth notably so, as we have been assured by a distinguished medical visitor. Undoubtedly, the reasons for this phenomenon are the regularity of diet, the good discipline, the early hours, and the undisturbed quietude at night. In ordinary life, the system of dining late and lying down to rest with the stomach overloaded, by which there can be no refreshing sleep, accounts for much bad health, to say nothing of the profuse mixtures and stimulants indulged in. Convicts, who are forced to live by rule, and eat dinner about mid-day—the old Elizabethan practice—escape the mischiefs of over-feeding and drinking at late hours. They are lucky in being compelled to be healthy whether

they will or not. But this good luck, as it appears, can now be secured without losing character and unpleasantly figuring at any of the higher courts of justice. All that any candidate for good health has to do, is to board himself for a short time in a Hydropathic Establishment. There, in a very delightful sort of way, and if he pleases under medical guidance, he is set to rights; his dyspepsia and sleeplessness disappear, he revels in healthful exercise and amusements, his brain recovers its tone, and very much to his surprise and satisfaction, he goes home a new man.

Ben-Rhydding, a Hydropathic Establishment, situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the right bank of the river Wharfe, sixteen miles north-west of Leeds, is one of the oldest institutions of this kind in England, and is celebrated for its bracing air and sumptuous internal arrangements. A gentleman of our acquaintance who had been an inmate, speaks of it in a style of grateful admiration. He had gone to it in a broken-down condition from anxious professional duties, and after a residence of a few weeks came away a much altered man, lively and able to endure bodily fatigue. We are informed that this large establishment has been so successful financially, that the late proprietor realised by it a fortune of about one hundred thousand pounds. At Ilkley, in the neighbourhood of Ben-Rhydding, and at Matlock Bank, Derbyshire, there are large and successful establishments. Others in different parts of England are well spoken of.

The Scotch, who are pretty cautious in their undertakings, have plunged in a surprising manner into enterprises connected with Hydropathic Establishments. Within a very few years, above a dozen of these health resorts have sprung up in various parts of Scotland, north and south. We cannot describe them methodically. They are all much alike as concerns management, but differ in size. The present tendency is to organise them by joint-stock companies on a large and costly scale, as if that was discovered to be the more likely means of success. A few of them may be noticed at random.

The Waverley Hydropathic Establishment, now seven years old, and set on foot by a company with a capital of twenty-four thousand pounds, is situated on a mount known as Skirmish Hill, at the distance of about a mile west from Melrose, and a mile and a half east from Abbotsford. All around is essentially the country of Walter Scott and scenes which he has commemorated. Near at hand on the north is the Tweed, and on the south the Eildon Hills, with their three towering summits—the Trimontium of the Romans. Easy access is obtained by the railway known as the Waverley route to and from the south. Skirmish Hill is so named from having been the scene of a battle between the Earl of Angus and Walter Scott of Buccleuch, 1526; the subject of the strife being who should have possession of the youthful James V. Placed on this mount of historical

interest, and environed by pleasure-grounds, the establishment possesses a good look-out all round, with that amount of privacy which is indispensable. The structure is four stories in height, with accommodation for a hundred and fifty residents. A supplemental establishment, St Helens, close at hand, can accommodate sixty inmates. The Waverley establishment professes to have special reference to the requirements of 'Delicate Patients' in winter, supplying them as far as may be with a substitute for a continental residence. A summer temperature is maintained in all parts of the premises by means of a heating apparatus. Extensive provision has been made for indoor exercise and amusement in a large hall, billiard-room, spacious dining and drawing rooms, and long corridors well lighted and warmed.

A few items from the terms and arrangements will convey a better idea of an institution of this kind than any elaborate description. Board, lodgings, medical advice if required, and baths, L.2, 9s. for each person per week. A private parlour according to agreement, from L.1, 4s. 6d. Parties staying less than a week, at the rate of 7s. 6d. each per day. Breakfast is served at half-past Eight. Dinner at half-past One. Tea at Six. Supper at a quarter to Ten. Prayers morning and evening; but attendance is optional. Gas turned off from public rooms at half-past Ten, and at the meter at Eleven. It is indispensable that quiet be maintained during the night in all parts of the house. Excursions and picnic parties to places of interest in the neighbourhood. But it is expected that on all such occasions strict economy will be observed. No spirituous liquors are to be used at picnics, nor introduced without an order from the resident Doctor. No Smoking allowed in any part of the Establishment or grounds, except in the Smoking-room. No dogs allowed in the Establishment. Omnibuses for the Establishment await the arrival at Melrose of all the trains. Despatch and receipt of post-letters three times a day. So successful has been this Establishment, that the company to which it belongs pays, as we have heard, a dividend of ten per cent. per annum.

The Hydropathic Establishment at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, situated by train an hour from Carlisle, is on a large scale. Besides Billiard and Recreation rooms, it has accommodation for three hundred visitors. The pleasure-grounds extend to twenty-five acres. The bath arrangements are most complete, comprising Turkish, swimming, and every other description. Moffat Well, a popular spa, is in the vicinity. In this gigantic concern, the charge for board, lodgings, baths, &c. is from L.2, 12s. 6d. to three guineas each person per week. The Establishment was opened only a few months ago; and the average attendance of visitors, as we understand, has been two hundred persons daily. The outlay on the undertaking has been so far on a munificent scale, amounting to fifty-five thousand pounds. The entire cost will probably be seventy thousand pounds.

The Athole Hydropathic Establishment, opened only a short time since, is on a scale as large as that at Moffat, and it is understood to have cost seventy thousand pounds. It stands on an elevated plateau on the sunny side of the river Tummel, and commands an extensive view of some of the most exquisitely diversified and bril-

liant scenery in this country. The building accommodates about two hundred visitors; its public rooms are large, and richly and elegantly furnished; while its bedrooms are fitted up in the most approved scientific principles. There are suites of private apartments for ladies and families, together with billiard, reading, and smoking rooms. The baths are very spacious, and of the most complete and improved kind. The grounds, extending to thirty-five acres, present magnificent glen and burn scenery, and contain bowling, croquet, and lawn-tennis greens, curling-ponds, &c. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are numerous, and present great facilities for access to heathery hills and bracing mountain air. Omnibuses are run in connection with the railway station at Pitlochry, which is distant about three-quarters of a mile. The charges vary from three to four guineas per week, according to accommodation required.

Wemyss Bay Hydropathic Establishment, Ayrshire, possesses the peculiarity of being situated at the sea-side, with appliances for sea-water baths. The charge for board, lodgings, medical attendance, and baths, is three guineas for each person per week. For those who wish to indulge in sea-air, we know nothing better; though the Hydropathic Establishment, Rothesay, in the island of Bute, may be equally eligible, and where the terms are 8s. 6d. a day. The Bridge of Allan Establishment, in Stirlingshire, has been a number of years in good repute. It has been eminently successful; and so has the Strathearn House, Crieff. There are several others, but we can hardly particularise them; for new ones are continually springing up. The latest projected is one at Peebles, in a beautiful situation, at the opening of the vale of Soothhope, with a southern exposure, overlooking the vale of Tweed, and within little more than an hour's run by railway from Edinburgh. It is to be on a medium scale, but very complete in its internal arrangements, and its pleasure-grounds. The cost is to be from thirty to forty thousand pounds. Whether already in operation or about to be set on foot, we reckon sixteen hydropathic establishments in Scotland, involving an aggregate outlay of five hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, an enormous sum to be expended on this class of undertakings. It is scarcely necessary to add, that but for the facilities of transit presented by railways all over the country, few or none of these Hydropathic establishments could have come into existence.

In all the Scotch establishments, as far as we can learn, the principle of abstinence from alcoholic liquors is enforced as a general rule. It does not, however, appear that this privation has a marked effect in lessening the number of visitors, which is not a little surprising when we bear in mind the ordinary habits of the people. The truth seems to be that these establishments are resorted to by a respectable middle class, who are indifferent to indulgence in wine or spirits, and are perhaps glad to be free from the ordinary drinking usages in hotels. One thing is very certain. By the enforced temperance, there is not only an exemption from vulgar revelries, but from companionship with persons whose language and manners might be disagreeable. That smoking, which is a species of intoxication, should be tolerated in rooms set apart for the purpose, seems

a little inconsistent. Further than this it would be useless to debate the point. The establishments we speak of are a remarkable outcome of modern tastes and necessities, facilitated, as is observed, by the railway system. They have almost unobservedly risen to notoriety. They supply a want in our growing community, and their influence is undoubtedly for good. W. C.

THE HAMILTONS.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

BY HARRIET M. DAVIDSON.

CHAPTER I.—A WELCOME TO THE ANTIPODES.

It was intensely lonely. Four hours had passed since Jack Hamilton had left behind him the dreary little township of Winewa, which in those days consisted of about half-a-dozen houses, and has not materially increased since; and during those hours he had walked with his long steady stride along the dray-track, which was all the road there was to guide him. He had looked in vain for any sign of human habitation. Not a shepherd's hut had broken the solitude, not even a sheep had cheered his sight; and the silence would have become oppressive, save for the occasional clattering of wild-duck or teal, which disported themselves on the shores of the great inland sea now known as Lake Alexandrina. To his right hand, as he marched steadily on, stretched a wide expanse of grass-land, which undulated into low swelling hills, with here and there a gum-tree or a she-oak breaking their monotony. On his left were the waveless tideless waters of the lake, of a curious pale-brown colour, though the sky above was one arch of cloudless blue. Before him lay the track—two deep black ruts cut in the soil by bullock-drays—which to his somewhat weary eyes seemed to stretch out to infinity.

'I wonder if it really leads to anywhere?' he said to himself as he trudged along; 'or if its loneliness and silence are the spell of enchantment, and I am predestined to walk on to all eternity? What a horrible idea!' And laughing aloud, he began singing the verses of Montrose's charming love-song in a strong full voice, which echoed strangely across those lonely hills and over the waters of the lake.

'I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword,'

rolled out the rich voice; and then he stopped singing, and a curious smile passed over the handsome brown face and lingered in the bright black eyes. 'Come,' he said to himself again; 'suppose this weary traveller rests for a little under one of those unnatural-looking trees, and refreshes his body with a sandwich and his mind by another reading of Bob's letter.'

It was a goodly length of limb which he stretched on the grass beneath the she-oak, that strange leafless tree; a handsome head of dark curls which he unbared when he tossed his wide-awake aside. His face was browned by the long sea-voyage; and the eighty miles he had walked since he landed, with only an occasional lift in the bullock-dray, had proved somewhat sagging work. His features were well marked and manly, if not regularly handsome; his large black eyes were full of fire and good-humour; and when he smiled, which

he did very often, he displayed a set of strong white even teeth. As for his dress, it was very fine for Australia and very ordinary for England, being a suit of rough gray tweed, the perfect fit of which told of Bond Street. His linen too was scrupulously fine, and fastened at the wrists by gold links. He was too new to the ways of the country to guess how plainly those dainty details spoke the 'new chum.' He unfastened the small knapsack which was all the 'swag' he carried, having left his heavier luggage to follow him in the bullock-dray, and from out of its recesses he disinterred a tin of sandwiches and a small flask, and proceeded to make a very moderate luncheon; and while thus pleasantly occupied, he took from an inner pocket a letter, whose worn folds shewed how often it had been read. He turned to one particular page of it, and again the curious smile passed over his face as he read.

'And so, my dear Jack, you are weary of the over-civilisation of English life, weary of the society which has dukes at one end and paupers at the other. You find too, you say, that having finished your university career with a moderate share of honour, every pathway that might lead to independence is filled to overflowing, and that a man with only average ability and small capital has a long and uphill struggle before him. Why not do then, my dear younger brother, what I did years ago, when you were but an undeveloped school-boy—leave the worn-out old world behind you, and seek a new world, where fortune waits for every man who has a brain to think and strong arms to work? You say you are six feet high, as strong as a horse, and have never had a day's illness in your life. It is such men we want out here; men who are not afraid of hardship, of rough fare, and the sky for a roof; above all, who are willing to work. No idle bones will do here; no sitting with your hands in your pockets while others work for you. It is every one for himself; and the servant of to-day will be master to-morrow unless the master can prove he is the better man, by doing the better day's work. Suppose you come and try it for a year or two; and if you do not like it, why, you can go back again to the old country, none the worse for having had some experience of a new one. I have a fine farm, all my own, and won by honest work every acre of it. I have a house which is considered splendid in this country, and there is a room in it which already goes by the name of "Jack's Room." I have a sweet wife, and a pretty boy who is the delight of our hearts. Need I say to you, my only brother, almost my only kin, that half of all I have is yours, always saving and excepting the wife and the boy! And as for that—are there any bright eyes that have won your heart at home yet? If not, I have a splendid wife waiting for you, Jack; but you must make haste if you want to win her. Girls are scarce hereabouts, and she has refused half the men in this part of the country already; and the other half we must contrive to keep at bay till you come. Shall I describe her to you? No; you must paint her for yourself; but I think you have only to see Phyllis Yester, my wife's sister, to love her.'

What a lovely dream, woven of mists and moon-beams, had been created by the young man's fancy out of those brief sentences! How the syren had lingered by him, the charming ethereal being, on

many a night in the tropics, when the stars shone in the deep sky, and the sea was hushed about the becalmed vessel! How she had beguiled the tedium of the long voyage with her winning ways, all conjured up out of a free heart and a vivid imagination; sitting by his side in the cabin, when waves were high and winds loud; pacing the slippery deck, supported by his strong arm; sheltered beneath his warm plaid, pressed close to his heart! Oh, very lovely, very unreal, was the ideal the young man had made for himself of the wife his brother was trying to keep for him—Phyllis Yester. And yet now that he knew, in spite of the apparent endlessness of the road, that he was within a few miles of his journey's end, he began to falter when he thought that not his dream-maiden but a real flesh-and-blood woman was at the end of it. And yet he knew not what the real Phyllis was like. Was she dark or fair, tall or short? Was she—dreadful thought!—married to some of those audacious men who had the ridiculous impertinence to want her?

Those were the questions which floated dreamily through Jack Hamilton's brain, as he lay with half-shut eyes under the oak tree, after his lunch of sherry and sandwiches was eaten, and his brother's letter returned to his pocket. Presently he was roused by a curious sound, the like of which he had never heard before, and which made him raise himself from his comfortable couch of grass and his head from the knapsack which he had taken for a pillow. He rose to his feet, and looked all round at the wild expanse of grassy undulations and the mud-coloured lake; but all was solitary as it had been when he lay down. Again came the sound, but louder and stronger; and this time, being fully awake, he had no difficulty in discovering its origin. A slight wind had risen, and blowing through the long hollow reeds which are all that the she-oak can boast of for leaves, caused them to rub against one another, and produced a sound which, though he heard it often enough afterwards, Jack never ceased to regard as the most weird, loneliness-suggesting rustle which it is possible to imagine.

The incident, slight as it was, served to rouse him from the dreamy half-slumbrous condition into which he had fallen, and buckling on his knapsack, he once more set out on the seemingly interminable road. It turned off to the right, shortly after he had left his tree behind; and for a couple of miles the ground rose between him and the lake and shut out from him the sight of its waters. He did not dare to leave the track; for he had been warned by the bullock-driver, that if he did so, he would inevitably be lost; and he quite realised the hopelessness of wandering over those monotonous pathless undulations, which seemed so exactly like one another to his untrained eyes. Suddenly the track curved to the left again and ascended a very gentle slope, at the top of which Jack paused to look about him with more satisfaction at the prospect than he had felt since he left Winewa in the morning. Before him lay the expanse of water, no longer unbroken; for at least half-a-dozen low green islands were now in sight; some mere islets, only large enough to hold half-a-dozen trees; some from a mile to two miles in circumference; and the largest of all, which lay to his right as he stood facing the lake,

was, as far as he could judge, fully six or eight miles in length. Between the islands, looking down the vistas of water, he could see yet other islets, blue in the distance. The nearer ones were intensely green; for it was early in September, and the grass was still fresh from the winter rains. Their edges were fringed by tea-trees, great olive-green shrubs growing sometimes to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, their branches hanging over into the lake. Bunches of tall reeds were dotted here and there in the shallower water, which was no longer mud-coloured, but flushed with a beautiful rosy light, the reflection of the reddening western sky. There was nothing grand or striking about the scene, and yet it pleased him better, Jack thought, than anything he had seen since he landed; and his heart leaped with gladness when he saw, built on the largest island and not a hundred yards from the water, a long low cottage, with out-buildings standing back from it, which he knew, from the bullock-driver's directions, to be his brother's.

'I wonder how I am to get to it?' he thought in perplexity.

The water between was not more than a quarter of a mile across, and yet it formed a very effectual barrier to one who had no boat. Jack was seriously contemplating the idea of taking off his clothes, making them into a bundle which he could carry in his mouth, and swimming the distance, when he became aware that he was not alone in this seemingly solitary place. Just at the foot of the slope on which he stood, and hitherto unnoticed, was a rude jetty, constructed of rough unhewn timber, and only so far boarded over as to make it possible for men and cattle to get to the end of it. And at the end of it, fastened to one of the stakes by a carelessly twisted rope, there lay a rather flat-looking boat, brown from long service. In this boat was the stooping figure of a woman, whom our hero perceived, as he ran down the slope, to be baling out the boat with an old tin pail. Her back was towards him; and as he saw nothing but a shabby brown calico gown and an enormous sun-bonnet, the flap of which completely covered her neck, he at once concluded, new as he was to colonial ways, that she was one of the female servants belonging to his brother's farm.

'Hollo! my good woman,' he shouted uncere- moniously as he stumbled along the rough flooring of the jetty. But as the figure raised itself from the stooping posture, and turned to con- front him just as he arrived at the end, he saw that he had made a mistake. His cap was off in an instant.

'I beg your pardon; I didn't know,' he stam- mered, as he caught sight of a blushing face and met a pair of grave dark-blue eyes fixed on him.

'Do you wish to cross the ferry?' asked the girl quietly.

When he heard the tones of her voice, he was quite sure that she was a lady, though what a lady meant by wearing such a gown and bonnet, he could not conceive. 'I do, very much,' he answered; 'if that is Mr Hamilton's house on the other side?'

'It is Mr Hamilton's,' said the girl. 'Please get into the boat.—No!' she said very decisively, as he jumped down and offered to take the oars;

'I always row. Sit down there and keep quite quiet. The boat leaks rather.'

Jack did as he was bid, and watched his com- panion anxiously as she uncoiled the rope with her capable sunburnt hands, pushed the boat from the jetty, shipped the oars, and with the utmost ease sent the clumsy boat at a good pace through the water. How strange it all was to him—the rosy water, the low green islands, the foreign-looking trees, above all this girl, who was so different from any of the girls he had left behind him. It was easy to see, as she bent to the oars, that her figure was handsome to an unusual degree. Tall, with little limbs, a supple waist, and the bust and neck of a young goddess. She seemed not only strong, but accustomed to use her strength in all sorts of ways; her hands grasped the oars, which were no play- things, as if they knew the work and liked it; and the splendid figure bent to the work with a grace that betokened perfect ease. He only saw her face now and then, the huge sun-bonnet shaded it so completely; but the few glimpses he had managed to obtain of it assured him that the figure by no means outrivalled the features. It was very grave for the face of so young a girl, with something of the gravity of those grand Egyptian faces that look down on us from the carved stone of untold ages. Her forehead was low and broad; her eyes of the darkest shade of blue; her nose straight, with delicately cut nostrils; her mouth perhaps rather large, but with well-moulded lips, which closed firmly on one another. The contour of the face was round rather than oval, and beneath it was a neck which carried the head nobly.

'Who can she be?' thought Jack, as he took all this in silently. 'Can this be—is it possible this can be—Phyllis?' The idea was almost over- powering. Was this the tender dream-maiden, the clinging creature whom he was to protect, this strong grandly-made woman, who coolly put him in the stern of her boat, and told him to keep still, as if he had been a boy of six?

His musings were, however, soon to be broken by the same quiet voice. 'I suppose you are Jack?' it said in a matter-of-fact tone. 'They will be very glad you have come. We have been expecting you ever since the *Australia* arrived.'

'And you are?'—He hesitated.

'I am Phyllis.' She turned her face full on him, and the charming lips parted in a smile.

'She is awfully handsome,' Jack thought. Then he heaved a sigh, and the dream-maiden vanished into thin air.

Presently the boat rustled through the reeds which bordered the island, and he saw they were nearing a rough jetty like the one they had left on the other side. Then the fair rower unshipped her oars, and standing up in the boat, threw her rope round a stake, and jumped on shore before Jack had time to offer her his hand. Indeed the idea of such small civilities did not seem to occur to her, as she walked off with long swift steps, leaving her companion to follow up the grassy slope in front to the cottage. It was certainly not a very pretentious building, Jack thought then; though he soon learned to look upon it as a palace, when compared with some other dwellings. It was built in common

Australian fashion, being four rooms wide and one room deep, so that the front of each room faced the lake. The apartment at each end projected beyond the two centre ones, so that space was left between these two bits of projecting wall for a covered veranda, up the pillars of which vines were trained to climb. Of the two larger rooms, one was the common sitting-room of the house where meals were served, and where every one sat when so inclined. The other large room was Mr and Mrs Hamilton's bedroom; and the two smaller rooms in the centre were also bedrooms, one being occupied by Phyllis, and the other reserved for Jack. Each room opened on to the veranda, which was the only passage of communication between them. In a cold climate, this would have been unbearable; but Australian winters are seldom cold enough to make the arrangement an undesirable one, and in summer the veranda is as good as another room, and is a delicious lounging-place for all.

With no show of ceremony Phyllis opened the door of the sitting-room and went straight up to a lady, who was half-sitting half-reclining on a sofa, with an opossum rug wrapped about her feet. 'Bessie, Jack has come!' she said; and with flushed cheeks and an exclamation of pleasure, Bessie put out both her hands to welcome her new brother. Feeling drawn at the very first to a gentle fair face, a sweet mouth, and a pair of honest blue eyes, Jack stooped and kissed her. She was like Phyllis, but much smaller; her hands were white and delicate; and she had by no means that look of strength which characterised the fair rower.

'Where is Bob?' were his first words, as he still held her hands in his.

'He is busy somewhere about the farm,' she answered. 'Robert is always busy, you know. He will be in soon now; the darkness comes on so quickly here after sunset. And oh, he will be so glad!—Here is little Bob,' she went on smiling, 'commonly called Bertie, to distinguish him from Big Bob, his papa.' And drawing down the opossum rug, she proudly exhibited a beautiful boy of about two years old who lay asleep at her feet. Jack stooped and kissed the child fondly; and his heart felt full at meeting with kinsfolk after his long journey across the great ocean.

Drawing a chair beside Bessie's sofa, he talked to her of his journey, of the beauty of the lake and the islands, and of his pleasure at being there at last. Her bright gentle questions and replies charmed him at once, for Jack Hamilton was one of those men who thoroughly appreciate domestic happiness, who are fond of and tender to all their female belongings, especially if those are of the delicate clinging kind. Thus he felt at home with his sister Bessie in half an hour; and when his little nephew woke up, he speedily enlisted the sympathies of the child by coaxing him to sit on his knee and lisp out his pretty words to him.

Then there was a step in the veranda, and a tall sunburnt bearded man came in, whom Jack knew must be his brother. He put little Bertie gently down from his knee, and went forward to meet him with both hands outstretched. The brothers had not met for years; yet there was wonderfully little demonstration of affection now between them; only a firm grasp of the hands, a

glad look in the faces, and a moisture in the eyes, mutual exclamations of 'Jack!' 'Bob!' and the meeting they had both longed for was accomplished.

'You have made friends with my wife, I see,' said Robert Hamilton cheerily, as he went forward to kiss her and the child. While doing so, Jack looked eagerly at the brother from whom he had parted when he himself was a mere school-boy, and the remembrance of whom was dimmed by time.

He saw a man nearly ten years older than himself, and very much handsomer. Jack himself was a tall and well-made man; but he thought he had never seen before such wondrous symmetry and strength of limb, such depth of chest and breadth of shoulder, as was possessed by his brother Robert. Added to this, the Australian settler possessed a handsome face, and a beard which fell nearly to his waist. A pair of sparkling eyes shone in an honest face. Indeed gentler eyes never gladdened a woman's heart than those which were now resting on his wife's delicate face; and it needed but this to assure Jack that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and that he had committed no imprudence in quitting Old England.

FLOWERS.

RESEARCH and intelligent thought have shewn us of late that every special colour, form, and character of a plant or animal has a purpose, a reason for its existence, which can be discovered and explained; and this reason is not the simple delectation and enjoyment of man, as the old lovers of nature were wont to aver. The love of colour is not confined to man in the scale of animal creation. The bright tints of the summer flower attract the bee and the butterfly, just as the rich tints of the luscious autumn fruit tempt the bird and the mammal. The beautiful colours of the external world, whether they be seen in fruit, flowers, or the plumage of gaudy birds, the brilliant tints of the insect, or the bright clothing of many animals, delight alike all sentient beings, and would seem to have had their common origin in the great principles of evolution and natural selection. They are amongst the many means taken by Nature to prevent the extinction of the race and secure its increase and perfection. Dr J. E. Taylor, in his interesting work on *Flowers, their Origin and Shapes, Perfumes and Colours* (London, Hardwicke and Bogue), has shewn us the results of modern botanical research in this direction; and in the chapters on the 'Old and New Philosophy of Flowers,' and the 'Relations between Flowers and their Physical Surroundings,' the whole matter is discussed and agreeably and intelligently explained.

We are led to trace the origin of flowers, and are taken back into remote geological periods, when vast forests of a flora unknown to present times covered the surface of our earth. In the great tropical swamps, the remains of whose vegetation now supply coal, there grew a thick herbage of ferns, mosses, and other green plants,

but probably not a single coloured flower. Green and green on every side! Had there been eyes to see it, the gaze would have rested on one unbroken field of verdure. No insect's hum disturbed the silence of these primeval forests; no bird's song cheered their gloom. The wind passed over them and carried the delicate pollen dust, as it became perfected in the cells of the plant to the embryonic seed, which must be quickened into life by contact with the pollen, so that new vegetation might continually spring up and multiply.

All the researches of naturalists in any field of inquiry result in the conviction that the one great object in all Nature's plans, designs, and contrivances is the continuance and perfection of the species, whether in plant or animal. It is for this that all the charm of a lovely flower exists; just as much as it is the bright coat of the bird or mammal that gives the well-favoured owner of brilliant feathers, or soft and rich fur, a preference amongst its kind in the struggle for existence. The love of beauty and colour does not seem to be confined to man. The eye of the insect is so constructed as to receive the impression very perfectly; and botanists are now convinced that the visits of insects to certain flowers are regulated in a great measure by their brilliancy.

It has long been known that flowers were necessary to insects; but it is only within the last few years that it has been discovered that insects are quite as necessary to flowers. There are, however, but two or three tribes of insects whose visits are serviceable to flowers in the way of fertilisation. The *Lepidoptera* or butterfly tribe are specially so; and the moths flying by night and visiting such flowers as are only open at that time, are furnished with a trunk or proboscis which sucks up honey in its fluid state, and in seeking it, the insect becomes covered with pollen, which it transfers from flower to flower. In this way a single insect will fertilise many flowers. Besides being attracted by the colour of flowers, insects seem capable of appreciating taste and smell, just as the higher animals do. What flowers are to insects, fruits are to birds and mammals. Both are coloured, scented, and sweet; but they have acquired their various allurements for the attraction of widely different creatures.

Dr Taylor explains to us in his book a new philosophy as applied to popular botany, and illustrates to us the connection between insects and plants by such facts as that in the atmosphere of some of our large manufacturing towns, surcharged as it is with chemical smoke and odours, insects are poisoned, and cannot live. Consequently, certain plants which were once included in the local flora, find it impossible to perpetuate themselves without the aid of their insect visitors, and so have disappeared from the districts where they formerly grew. With the disappearance of their natural fertilisers, the flowers themselves have disappeared. The adaptation of the shapes

of certain flowers to receive their insect friends is very interesting and curious; and a change in the fauna or animal life of a country is supposed to affect the distribution of the flora very considerably. Certain tropical plants will grow well enough in other countries, and even bear with equanimity a great change of climate; but being dis severed from the insects and birds which are the natural agents in propagating the species, they do not produce seed, and leave no successors. The yucca, for instance, which has been introduced into this country and the United States, and grows and flowers abundantly, never produces fruit, because it is absolutely dependent on the presence of a little moth which cannot live in this country. Thus certain plants are as it were wedded to certain insects, and seeds cannot be produced unless both are indigenous to the district.

Darwin has shewn that birds are active agents in the dissemination of aquatic plants by carrying their seeds attached to the feet or plumage. Some plants have seed or seed-vessels provided with hooks, so that they are torn off by passing animals, and are thus carried to great distances in their hair or fur. Mr Moseley, naturalist to the *Challenger* expedition, speaks of having seen humming-birds, which to many large flowers take the place of insects, with the base of their beaks clogged with masses of yellow pollen. Tahiti and Juan Fernandez both have the same conditions of climate and soil. In the former there is a remarkable absence of flowers, in the latter an abundance. This is accounted for by Mr Wallace by the general absence of both insects and flower-frequenting birds in Tahiti. Of the relations of insects to flowers we propose to treat shortly in another and special article, but the remarks already made on this interesting subject will serve to pave the way for the understanding of the topic, and in some degree we trust to excite an intelligent curiosity therein.

All such investigations as those recorded by Dr Taylor enable us to guess how flowers came first to be developed, and favour the theory that they were gradually and naturally evolved or produced. Plants favoured with flowers having forms which were easily accessible to the visits of insects, or having the beginnings of colour which contrasted with the perpetual green of the earliest forms of vegetation, would be sure to attract such insects as then existed. In such plants—the ovules being placed in a sticky receptacle which would be sure to retain any pollen grains which might fall upon it—there would be special advantages in the struggle for existence, which would enable them to live down their less fortunate neighbours, and become the ruling members of the vegetable kingdom. In proportion as the descendants of each favoured plant grew stronger and developed all their family peculiarities, so this charm of colour or scent would be enhanced and perpetuated; and so the colours and various tints of the world's flora may probably have originated. Nor is the attraction of insects to coloured and sweet-scented flowers the only side of the problem. Side by side with the development of colour in flowers must have grown the development of a colour-sense in insects. When once this power had begun to exist, the two must have continued to develop,

side by side. Sir John Lubbock tells us that a bee habitually fed from a piece of paper of a particular colour would at once select that colour from a considerable number of others—showing how the sense of colour can be cultivated even in an insect.

A clever writer on this subject of colour-love in insects traces the bright colours of the insects themselves to the agency of flowers. He further says that as insects are perpetually seeking their food amidst bright blossoms, it follows that their eyes must have become specially sensitive to the attraction of brilliant colour or light. We get the extreme case of such attraction in the infatuation which draws the moth irresistibly to the burning candle. We get it too in the nocturnal insects like the fire-flies which are furnished with lanterns to guide their mates to them.

In the pleasant book of which we write, we are told that the life of every plant is associated with the two necessary functions of vegetation and reproduction. The former is that by means of which the plant lives and grows, the latter that by which it perpetuates its own kind. Of the latter function we have said a little, and shown how dependent the plant is on the animal for its continuance and propagation. The organs by which a plant lives and grows are known popularly as its leaves and roots; and it is an interesting study to trace the connection, first enunciated by Goethe, between the floral organs to true leaves, and the root to the stem; and indeed to observe the freaks and changes in the functions and positions of the parts of plants and flowers which are constantly effected by cultivation or degeneration.

Our old ideas of botany have been so greatly revolutionised by the discoveries of modern observers, that they begin to assume a more philosophic character than they possessed in our younger days. All that was then supposed to constitute a botanist was a correct knowledge of names and families of plants, and a general idea of their several virtues. There is now, however, a degree of interest attached to the study of botany which it never had before, and there is already mapped out botanical and entomological work which will occupy years to come, and a field of investigation thrown open in which the humblest observer has a chance of adding new facts to the fund of human knowledge. The shapes of flowers and their special adaptation to the visits of certain insects, is a study in itself. Observe, for instance, the long tube of the honeysuckle, rich in nectar, which can only be reached by insects possessing equally long mouth-organs, such as the sphinx-moth. The honeysuckle throws out its richest perfume in the evening, when the sphinx hawk-moth is flying; and its powerful scent, aided by the light yellow colour of the petals, never fails to attract these night-flying insects. Perhaps the most singular of these specialised flowers is the Madagascar orchid referred to by Dr Darwin, which has a nectary nearly a foot in length. This great observer inferred from the presence of such a great tubular store of sweets, that there would be found huge moths in Madagascar with sufficiently long probosces to reach the end of this long tube. No moth in the world was known at that time to possess such a length of probosces; but since

then, Fritz Müller has found a species in South Brazil whose probosces is nearly twelve inches in length, and which therefore amply answers the purpose.

The modifications of the parts of flowers so as to insure the conditions necessary for their continuance and survival, form an interesting field of study for the young botanist who enters upon it in the light of the new philosophy. Every shape, size, tint, streak, colour, and odour has to be accounted for; and one is under no necessity to inflict pain in the prosecution of such researches, for these bright denizens of the woods and fields seem ever tempting us to gather them. Fresh air, sunny skies, breezy heaths and moors, windy hillsides or dark cool woods—such are the surroundings of our objects of floral study. The curious insect traps, odd pollen brushes, and deceptive appearances of many a wayside plant, are deeply interesting subjects of investigation to all who would pursue a charming study.

Of the perfumes of flowers there is much to be said, but space is wanting. We do not need to be reminded of their deep-laid associations in our memories. Chemists can imitate many of the most subtle of our vegetable scents, yet no laboratory is so perfect as that in which the sun's rays are the active agents. To trace and discover Nature's experiments in her own grand laboratory is a noble work, and we have in the book before us many results of such study put before us in an interesting manner. The further we investigate the origin and design, the why and the wherefore of natural things, the larger and grander will be our conception of the great Architect of the universe.

HOME FOR INCURABLE CHILDREN.

PASSING along a row of houses in that pretty London suburb, Maida Vale, my eye was caught by the above inscription on the door-plate of No. 33. It was such a pitifully suggestive name, that I could not resist the desire to make acquaintance with the inmates of such a Home.

The idea of the Home is to take in children certificated as incurable at any age, and keep them till they are sixteen, and so eligible for other institutions. A list is kept of candidates, who are admitted as vacancies occur. I am also told that the vacancy is not always caused by death, as might naturally be imagined, but that sometimes the little patients recover sufficiently to be able to go out. Only the week before, two boys had been thus happily dismissed, and their places were vacant for a short time—very short, without doubt. When the Home was first started, imbecile patients were admitted; but the effects were unhappy, especially on the other poor little sufferers; so now they take in any disease but idiocy, and find it a far better plan.

Asking whether the children are patient, I am told that, as a rule, they are wonderfully good and submissive; of course sometimes the pain and weariness cause murmuring, but this is the exception supposed necessary to the proving of every rule. I am assured that there are many lessons of patient cheerfulness to be learned in watching the poor little ones, on whom the

troubles of life have come so early. One thing my informant admits: boys are much more troublesome than girls, especially as regards being amiable to one another. A case they had a short time since of a boy paralysed up to the neck, and yet so anxious to be 'master' that he managed to make all the rest suffer if they did not let him take the lead! One wonders what the young gentleman would have been if he had had use of limbs as well as tongue.

Following the matron up a narrow staircase, we enter the boys' ward, or rather nursery, for nothing could be less like the ordinary ward of any hospital. They do well to call it *home*, and this room was as cosy as any mother could desire for her children. The cribs are not placed in rows, but so arranged as not to immediately attract attention. Yet they are pretty enough, and the red coverlets have a cheerful look. The walls are covered with pictures of all sorts. The chimney-piece has its share of ornaments. Two birds in cages seem to be having a good time, and in the corner stands a nice piano. So I think all would agree in saying that the nursery is pretty well furnished. Friends are kind in sending books, which those able to read, much enjoy. One of those, who had lately been an inmate, was described as *voracious* in his appetite for this amusement. Two of the elder boys are employed in mat-making. One, a quiet-looking lad of fourteen, is paralysed all but his left hand. He has lived most of his life in hospitals, and has undergone many terrible operations. All he can do towards the mats is to wind wool round the frames. His companion, who has the use of both hands, finishes off by tying and cutting. The younger one has a face so painfully like an old man, as to be quite startling, his ailment being a peculiar one, what nurses call 'glass-bones.' Nine times the poor little fellow has suffered from broken bones; but only once during the two years he has been at the Home. My companion speaks of him with special affection; but he is so highly delicate that it is most unlikely he will live to complete his sixteenth year.

At the same table sits a sturdy baby of four years. He certainly has no appearance of disease; but one poor hip is so affected that he cannot stand. He does not suffer pain, and amuses himself all day and every day by putting skittles in and out of their box. My guide says she fears they must lose him, but the doctors have come to the conclusion that he may be cured by a course of treatment, and so the little man will have to go to the hospital. On hearing this, the nurse, a comfortable motherly woman, puts her arm round the baby in a way that says plainly he should not go if *she* had anything to do with it. The fourth child is a boy of seven with a spinal affection which prevents his sitting still. When first admitted he had no power of speech, but now he says several words, and tries hard to improve, and was, we understand, about to quit the Home. Of course it is sad to think of children with such a life of suffering before them; but mercifully they live in the present, and are happy in so doing.

Before leaving, my attention was drawn to a bright pretty screen which was being covered with pictures, and so renovated. Many of the pictures are very gay, and the children get a penny a dozen

for cutting them carefully out—a combination of pleasure and profit. The boys seem pleased to see visitors, and the poor left-handed lad made me a most elaborate bow as I retired.

Down one set of stairs and up another, we come to the girls' room. As soon as the door is opened, 'baby' waddles across to examine the new-comer. She is a dear child of four, and will soon have to leave, being almost cured. When admitted, she was so paralysed as to be unable to move herself in any way. She soon began to raise herself, and now she can get about fast enough, though her walk is rather peculiar. She is such a merry little thing, they will all miss her, especially as she is the only one who can move about much. Most of the others remain where they are placed, and have very limited powers of locomotion. On one side of the fire sits a quiet girl of thirteen, whom the others term the 'mother' of the ward. She is one of the scholars, and is engaged in trying to teach one of the younger children to read. On the other side the fireplace sits a girl of the same age, almost a woman in size, but a baby in mind; in great measure helpless and speechless. She is highly delighted with a child's squeaking toy, and makes inarticulate sounds to the nurse to shew the rest her treasure. Amongst other little things I had brought, was a money-box; but when asked, they all informed me they were already supplied, except 'baby,' who volunteered the information, 'Me tarnt dot un;' so my box found a tiny owner. Those old enough to understand, are usually presented with a similar bank when they enter.

This room has two windows looking down on the road, where there is considerable traffic, and a good deal to amuse. In one window sits a bright-faced child terribly deformed, but very proud of being the oldest inhabitant. She is also pointed out as a capital stocking-mender, and the poor little face blushes with pleasure at the compliment. In the opposite cot is a shy child of seven. She has been in the Home more than two years, and nearly all the time has lain on her face, from painful and incurable ailments. Though as a rule she is shy, a black doll which I have brought quite unlooses her tongue, and makes her smiling and cheerful as the others. Like the boys, they have many things to amuse and interest; amongst others, a dolls' house, in which they take great pride and pleasure. A new doll to be the *queen*, draws forth expressions of satisfaction. They certainly seem loyal in their tendencies, 'queen' being used in both rooms as the highest stretch to which imagination can go.

The girls were waiting for a kind friend who comes every week to teach them to sew, and I am told there are some of them clever with their needle. They are neatly and brightly dressed, and their pinafores are as white as heart could wish. The plan of management is the law of kindness, and the most dreadful punishment inflicted is to be put to bed before the time; but this is only resorted to in extreme cases. In the summer-time, the children who are well enough to bear the fatigue are wheeled about in perambulators. One capacious vehicle takes three little inmates, and in it they enjoy famous rides in the Park near at hand. The girls quite share the feelings of the boys as regards visitors, and I was assured I should be recognised the next time I came.

As we went down-stairs I noticed some plants on a window-ledge which nurse was preparing for her children. Asking whether they are fond of flowers, the answer is, 'Passionately.' Flowers and music are their great delights. In the parlour we found a famous scrap-book had been brought for each ward, a gift which seemed to give variety to the lives of the poor sufferers.

Good would it be, if Homes similar to that of which we write could be so multiplied that each little incurable sufferer might be sure of a refuge, with all that care and kindness can do to alleviate the inevitable suffering. The Home is under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, and is well worthy of a visit.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

In this paper we have brought together a number of curious epitaphs gathered from the quiet resting-places of the departed. It will be observed that several of our examples would furnish ample materials in the hands of skilful writers for expansion into three-volume novels. To make clear the allusions contained in the epitaphs and to add to the interest of the subject, we shall give occasional comments as we go.

On one of the buttresses on the south side of St Mary's Church, Beverley, is an oval tablet to commemorate the fate of two Danish soldiers, who during their voyage to Hull, to join the service of the Prince of Orange in 1689, quarrelled, and having been marched to Beverley, sought, during their short visit there, a private meeting to settle their difference by the sword. Their melancholy end is recorded in a doggerel epitaph as follows:

'Here two young Danish Souldiers lye,
The one in quarrell chanc'd to die :
The other's Head, by their own Law,
With Sword was sever'd at one Blow,
December the 23rd
1689.'

In the parish register, the following entries occur:

'1689, December 16: Daniel Stroker, a Danish trooper, buried.

1689, December 23: Johannes Frederick Bellow, a Danish trooper, beheaded for killing the other, buried.'

The story of a long and eventful life is recorded on a gravestone in Longnor Churchyard, Staffordshire, as follows:

'In Memory of WILLIAM BILLINGE, who was Born in a Corn Field at Fawfield head, in this Parish, in the year 1679. At the age of 23 years he enlisted into His Majesty's service under Sir George Rooke, and was at the taking of the Fortress of Gibraltar in 1704. He afterwards served under the Duke of Marlborough at the ever memorable Battle of Ramillies, fought on the 23rd of May, 1706, where he was wounded by a musket-shot in the thigh. Afterwards returned to his native country, and with manly courage defended his sovereign's rights at the Rebellion in 1715 and 1745. He died within the space of 150 yards of where he was born, and was

interred here the 30th January, 1791, aged 112 years.

Billeted by death I quartered here remain,
And when the trumpet sounds I'll rise and march again.'

On a tombstone erected in the churchyard of Spofforth, at the cost of Lord Dundas, the remarkable career of John Metcalf, better known as 'Blind Jack of Knaresborough,' is well told:

'Here lies John Metcalf, one whose infant sight
Felt the dark pressure of an endless night;
Yet such the fervour of his dauntless mind,
His limbs full strung, his spirits unconfined,
That, long ere yet life's bolder years began,
The sightless efforts marked th' aspiring man;
Nor marked in vain—high deeds his manhood dared,
And commerce, travel, both his ardour shared.
'Twas his a guide's unerring aid to lend—
O'er trackless wastes to bid new roads extend;
And, when rebellion reared her giant size,
'Twas his to burn with patriot enterprise;
For parting wife and babes, a pang to feel,
Then welcome danger for his country's weal.
Reader, like him, exert thy utmost talent given!
Reader, like him, adore the bounteous hand of heaven.

He died on the 26th of April, 1801, in the 93rd year of his age.'

A few jottings respecting Metcalf will, we think, be read with interest. At the age of six years he lost his sight by an attack of small-pox. Three years later he joined the boys in their bird-nesting exploits, and climbed trees to share the plunder. When he had reached thirteen summers he was taught music, and soon became a proficient performer; he also learned to ride and swim, and was passionately fond of field-sports. At the age of manhood it is said his mind possessed a self-dependence rarely enjoyed by those who have the perfect use of their faculties; his body was well proportioned to his mind, for when twenty-one years of age he was six feet one and a half inches in height, strong and robust in proportion. At the age of twenty-five he was engaged as a musician at Harrogate. About this time he was frequently employed during the dark nights as a guide over the moors and wilds, then abundant in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough. He was a lover of horse-racing, and often rode his own animals. His horses he so tamed that when he called them by their respective names they came to him, so he was able to find his own amongst any number and without trouble. Particulars of the marriage of this individual read like a romance. A Miss Benson, daughter of an innkeeper, reciprocated the affections of our hero; however, the suitor did not please the parents of the 'fair lady,' and they selected a Mr Dickinson as her future husband. Metcalf hearing that the object of his affection was to be married the next day to the young man selected by her father, hastened to free her by inducing the damsel to elope with him. Next day they were made man and wife, to the great surprise of all who knew them, and to the disappointment of the intended son-in-law. To all it was a matter of wonder how a handsome woman as any in the country, the pride of the place, could link her future with 'Blind Jack,' and reject many good offers for

him. But the bride set the matter at rest by declaring: 'His actions are so singular, and his spirit so manly and enterprising, that I could not help it.'

It is worthy of note that he was the first to set up for the public accommodation of visitors to Harrogate a four-wheeled chaise and a one horse-chair; these he kept for two seasons. He next bought horses and went to the coast for fish, which he conveyed to Leeds and Manchester. In 1745, when the rebellion broke out in Scotland, he joined a regiment of volunteers raised by Colonel Thornton, a patriotic gentleman, for the defence of the house of Hanover. Metcalf shared with his comrades all the dangers of the campaign, defeated at Falkirk, victorious at Culloden. He was the first to set up (in 1754) a stage-wagon between York and Knaresborough, which he conducted himself twice a week in summer, and once a week in winter. This employment he followed until he commenced contracting for road-making. His first contract was for making three miles of road between Minskip and Feirnsby. He afterwards erected bridges and houses, and made hundreds of miles of roads in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire. He was a dealer in timber and hay, of which he measured and calculated the solid contents by a peculiar method of his own. The hay he always measured with his arms, and having learned the height, he could tell the number of square yards in the stack. When he went out, he always carried with him a stout staff some inches taller than himself, which was of great service both in his travels and measurements. In 1778 he lost his wife, after thirty-nine years' conjugal felicity, in the sixty-first year of her age. She was interred at Stockport. Four years later he left Lancashire, and settled at the pleasant rural village of Spofforth, not far distant from the town of his nativity. With a daughter he resided on a small farm until he died in 1801. At the time of his decease, his descendants were four children, twenty grandchildren, and ninety great-grandchildren.

In the churchyard of North Wingfield, Derbyshire, a gravestone bears the following inscription:

'In Memory of THOMAS, son of JOHN and MARY CLAY, who departed this life December 16th 1724, in the 40th year of his age.

What though no mournful kindred stand
Around the solemn bier,
No parents wring the trembling hand,
Or drop the silent tear.

No costly oak adorned with art
My weary limbs inclose;
No friends impart a winding-sheet
To deck my last repose.'

The cause of the foregoing curious epitaph is thus explained. Thomas Clay was a man of intemperate habits, and at the time of his death was indebted to the village innkeeper, named Adlington, to the amount of twenty pounds. The publican resolved to seize the body; but the parents of the deceased carefully kept the door locked until the day appointed for the funeral. As soon as the door was opened, Adlington rushed into the house, seized the corpse, and placed it on a form in the open street in front of the residence of the parents of the departed. Clay's friends refused to discharge the publican's account. After the body

had been exposed for several days, it was committed to the ground in a grave.

Another instance of the strange custom of exposing and detaining a body for debt is recorded in the parish register of Sparsholt, Berkshire.

'Memorandum.—The corpse of JOHN FAWLER, of Fawler was stopt on the Churchwarden's debt, Augt 27th 1689. And having lain there fewer days, was by Justices warrant buried in the place to prevent annoyances—but about six weeks after it was by an Order of Sessions taken up and buried in the Churchyard by the wife of the deceased.'

Let us turn to a more pleasing theme. Under the shadow of the ancient church of Bakewell, Derbyshire, is a stone containing a long inscription to the memory of John Dale, barber-surgeon, and his two wives, Elizabeth Foljambe and Sarah Bloodworth. It ends thus:

'Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1757, the rambling remains of the above JOHN DALE were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
Here all three lie together lovingly,
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes;
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toylsome lives,
The good man's quiet; still are both his wives.'

Our next epitaph records the death of a fiddler, who appears to have been so much attached to his wife that upon the day of her death he too yielded to the grim tyrant. Of this pair, buried in Flixton Churchyard, it may be truly said: 'In life united, and in death not parted.' The inscription is as follows:

'To the Memory of JOHN BOOTH, of Flixton, who died 16th March, 1778, aged 43 years; on the same day and within a few hours of the death of his wife HANNAH, and was buried with him in the same grave, leaving seven children behind them.

Reader, have patience, for a Moment Stay,
Nor grudge the Tribute of a friendly tear,
For John, who once made all our Village gay,
Has taken up his Cold Lodging here.

Suspended now his fiddle lies asleep
That once with Musick us'd to charm the Ear,
Not for his Hannah long reserv'd to weep,
John yields to Fate with his companion dear.

So tenderly he loved his dearer part,
His Fondness could not bear a stay behind;
And Death through Kindness seem'd to throw the dart
To ease his sorrow, as he knew his mind.

In cheerful Labours all their Time they spent,
Their happy Lives in Length of Days acquir'd;
But Hand in Hand to Nature's God they went,
And just lay down to sleep when they were tir'd.

The Relicks of this faithful, honest Pair
One little Space of Mother Earth contains.
Let Earth protect them with a Mother's Care,
And Constant Verdure grace her for her pains.

The Pledges of their tender loves remain,
For seven fine Children bless'd their nuptial
State.
Behold them, neighbours! nor behold in vain,
But heal their Sorrows and their lost Estate.'

In explanation of the following epitaph, which is on a stone in St Martin's Churchyard, Leicester, we learn that Fenton was shot by a Frenchman on the steps of a public-house in Gallowtree Gate, Leicester, where they had been playing together, Fenton having won rather largely. After a trial, in which it was thought the judge rather unfairly used his influence to secure the acquittal of the prisoner in the face of the clearest evidence of guilt, it is stated the accused was continually followed by the brother of the murdered man till opportunity of vengeance presented itself in France, and the supposed murderer was taken by him. The stone containing the following inscription was not permitted to be placed in the churchyard till several years after the trial, owing to the reflections it contains on the judge :

'Enquiring mortal whoe'r thou art, ponder here on an incident which highly concerns all the progeny of Adam. Near this spot lies the body of JOHN FENTON, who fell by violence, May 17th 1778, and leaves a sad example behind of the incompetency of juridical institutions to punish a murderer. He has left behind, to mourn his untimely fate, a mother, a widow, and two children. These, but not these alone, are greatly injured. Personal security received a mortal wound when vengeance was averted from his assassin by the sophistical refiners of natural justice.'

A gravestone in Pudsey Churchyard states that

'Beneath this stone lieth the remains of JOSEPH BLACKBURN, of Pudsey, who departed this life the 25th day of May, 1826, aged 31 years.

Sharp was the stroke that did appear
Which took my life away.
Oh! reader then for heaven prepare,
On earth you cannot stay.
The moon gave light, he took sight,
Through the top pane I lost my life.'

Relating to the foregoing doggerel is a sad history. The young man to whose memory the stone is erected went a-courting to a house near the church; and in order to speak one evening to his lady-love, who was in her chamber, he climbed up to the bedroom window and stood with his feet on the bottom of the window of the lower room. The father of the young lady hearing a noise, and seeing a man against the window, took a sword and plunged it through a pane into the body of the man, doubtless deeming him to be a robber. The young fellow died; hence the line

Through the top pane I lost my life.

We shall bring to a close our jottings by a sad record of loss of life. On the 19th of August 1830, six young persons, brothers and sisters, were drowned in the river Ouse. Their fate is commemorated in the churchyard of St Lawrence, York, by a tablet erected by public subscription. It bears the following inscription :

'Raised by friendship in memory of four sons and two daughters of JOHN and ANN RIGG, of this city, viz., ANN GUTHRIE RIGG, aged 19 years, ELIZA RIGG, aged 17; THOMAS GARWOOD RIGG, aged 18; JOHN RIGG, aged 16; JAMES SMITH RIGG, aged 7, and CHARLES RIGG, aged 6, who were drowned by their boat being run down on the river Ouse, near York, August 19th 1830.

Mark the brief story of a summer's day!
At noon, youth, health, and beauty launch'd away;
Ere eve, death wreck'd the bark, and quenched
their light;
Their parents' home was desolate that night;
Each pass'd alone that gulph no eye can see;
They met next moment in eternity.
Friend, kinsman, stranger, dost thou ask me where?
Seek God's right hand, and hope to find them
there.'

HEARTS OVERWORKED.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than ever was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these 'excitements' is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a 'sinking' or 'emptiness,' as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be 'put upon,' as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganisation which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganisation begins too often now-a-days in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high-pressure is employed. Hence, young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. These precocious couched-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. In a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school-room some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. 'It is no object of mine,' says Dr Richardson, 'to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a champion rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart-disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and for rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained, the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results.'

The symptoms of failure of the heart from over-

work are unusual restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste, become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a workman as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting fillip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table-knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even if it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common avocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at the moment as clear to him as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar; or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall. 'When we sit writing or reading or working by gas-light, and the gas suddenly goes down and flickers, we say "The pressure is off at the main." Just so in a man who in declining health suddenly loses consciousness, when his mind flickers: then, in his organism, the pressure is off at the main; that is, the column of blood which should be persistently passing from his heart to his brain is for the moment not travelling with its due force, to vitalise and illuminate the intellectual chamber.'

But indeed it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganised. 'Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labour is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than attempt at complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work unless its activity be diverted into some new channel.' Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train-haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion; and first of anger. A man is said to be 'red' or 'white' with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. 'Red' rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels; and 'white' rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr Richardson in the case of a member of his own profession. 'This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over, there were hours of sorrow and regret in private, which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short severe madness, he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his "heart were lost." He reeled

under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist, and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock; and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. "I am broken-hearted," he would say, "physically broken-hearted." And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken heart tempered marvellously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder.'

Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that sorrows 'grieve the heart' is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and 'It went clean to my heart, that did,' is his physiologically correct description of his experience. When Hamlet thinks of the 'wicked speed' with which his mother married his father's murderer, indignation forces from him the words, 'But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.' Permanent intermittency of the heart is often induced by a single sudden terror. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease: the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.

Wine is commonly said to 'make glad the heart'; but such hilarity is short-lived; and it would seem from the latest discoveries of science, that the drunkard is even physically a heart-broken man. The heart is nothing more than a force-pump to keep up the circulation of the blood. The pulse indicates the beats or strokes of the pump. If the beats be more than seventy per minute in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This over-action of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact, however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced, and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alcohol is, 'Look to your pulse,' for on the proper working of the heart length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide which all can understand.

These few illustrations shew us that if we would keep our hearts whole we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control that 'alone lead life to sovereign power.' Did we know ourselves and our real capacities, we would not break our hearts working and worrying to attain objects which have been placed beyond our reach. Rather we would be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way and in that place to which our powers and circumstances point. The fretful stir—unprofitable that wears out life—generally arises from false ambition, striving after impossibilities, which by reason of self-ignorance are not perceived to be such. And surely if a man will rightly value and reverence himself, he will be content to well use the one talent that has been intrusted to him, rather than make himself miserable and ruin his health in competing with those who have received five or ten talents. It is well to 'scorn delights and live laborious

days; but the energy of which we in these islands are rightly proud is too much developed when competition breaks our hearts, and when for the sake of getting on we throw away life itself. Speaking of the Arabs, in his book *Mohammed and Mohammedanism*, Mr R. Bosworth Smith makes the following not unnatural reflection: 'It is surely a relief to turn, if only for a moment, to the supreme contentment of an Arab with his lot, to his carelessness of the future, to his ineffable dignity of repose from the feverish activity, the constant straining after an ideal which can never be satisfied, the "life at high-pressure," which is the characteristic of the more active but hardly the more highly gifted races of the West. It is not that the Arab lacks the intelligence or the power to change his condition—he does not wish, or rather he wishes not, to do so.' Knowing well that the 'pains and penalties of idleness' are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words, to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.

AMINA THE OLD AYAH.

HER original name was Sidhlingawa. She was a Hindu by birth; and her Canarese parents, natives of Kolhar in the Bccjapoor district, belonged to the sect known as Lingaits, who are worshippers exclusively of Shiva, the second person of the Hindu triad. Like all Hindus, she was married in childhood, but to a well-to-do farmer, somewhat advanced in years, the childless wife of whose youth was still alive. Her condition was not a happy one. She was an eyesore to her husband's first wife, who having the domestic management of the family under her control, subjected Sidhlingawa to every species of indignity. Although still little more than a child, with very little assistance, the grinding of corn (by means of a hand-mill) and supplying of water for household purposes, the sweeping and cleansing the rather extensive dwelling, the scouring of cooking utensils and preparation of food for the inmates, nearly all fell to her share. She was indeed compelled to be the household drudge. At the age of fourteen she became a mother; and that circumstance to a certain extent entitled her to some consideration from her husband, whose object in marrying her was simply to have a son who would perpetuate his memory. This consideration was shewn by him in providing her with superior articles of dress and additional jewellery; but these, as well as her child, who was a son, had the effect of making her more hateful in the eyes of the jealous mistress of the house.

During her girlhood she tamely submitted to this woman's overbearing treatment; but as she grew older, her spirit began to rebel, and the neighbours with whom she daily conversed on her way to and from the village stream, whither she had to go for water, were not slow to intensify her feelings of discontent. Suffice it to say, that at the age of seventeen, in consequence

of the repeated solicitations and misrepresentations of a wily old dame who was hired for the purpose, she was in a hasty moment, while smarting under some fresh act of tyranny, induced to leave her home and child and elope with a man who at the time was employed on the revenue collections of the district. She had never had any conversation with him, nor did she for certain know him by sight; but he had often waylaid her on her errands to the river, and struck by her superior looks, he determined by the allurements of wealth and ease, if possible to obtain possession of her.

After the elopement, her husband made diligent search for her in the surrounding villages; but care had been taken to convey her to such a distance as precluded the possibility of the whereabouts being traced. After a time he gave up the hopeless search, and concluded that she had been carried away by the current of the river; for the last time she was seen she was going thither, for the purpose of washing some clothes. To her horror the poor creature found, when she arrived at her destination, that she had not only been decoyed away to the dwelling of a flesh-eating Mohammedan (the Lingaits are vegetarians), a man of no caste, and not particularly well off; but had again to take up the very position she had so longed to escape from. The Mohammedan in short had also a first wife. But this was not all; as the wife of a Lingait, she had been free to leave the house and go wherever domestic business called her; but as the inmate of the household of a Mohammedan, she became as it were a prisoner. She must not cross the threshold of the door; she was in fact a *purdawali*, a screened woman; no stranger's eye must look upon her. Her chagrin can be imagined, but scarcely described. She wept tears of anguish; for days she refused food; and at times, when she thought of her baby which she had left behind, she would, had she possessed the means, have destroyed herself. Escape occurred to her; but whither was she to go? To retrace her steps was out of the question; her husband could not receive her back; and the consequence to her would have been serious; certain disgrace, possibly death. After a time she submitted to her fate, and became a Mohammedan. A ceremony of marriage was performed by the Kazee, and her name changed to Amina.

Twenty years have gone by, and after various wanderings in Marathi-speaking districts with the man for whom she had left home and friends, we found her with him and his first wife at a town called Indapoor, eighty miles to the east of Poonah. Like most Indian women, she has become prematurely old; her attractions have faded, and the necessity for carrying out the strict rules of zenana life have in her case at least passed away. An Englishman, the only one, and his wife are residing at Indapoor, and they are in want of an *ayah* (a nurse) for their child.

Amina's husband hears of the place, and reduced in circumstances, proposes to her to apply for it. She is accepted, and takes up her abode in the Englishman's family. She found it strange at first; but in time prefers the change to anything she has previously experienced, and before long, freely acknowledges that she has at last found peace. Her antecedents did not transpire for some time; but nothing in either word or deed indicated that she had been the subject of such an untoward event as that which had occurred to her in early life. Her conduct invariably manifested that a gentle and subdued spirit ruled within.

Ten years more have rolled on, and the Englishman is encamped at Bagulcote, a large market-town not far from Kolhar, the people of which place visit it for the purposes of traffic. Old Amina is still nurse in his family; and her womanly affection for young folks has long since been brought into active play by attending to the number of children that have been born since she joined it. She once more hears her mother-tongue, and her youthful memories revive. She is curious to know if her son is living; and she makes inquiries among the visitors from Kolhar concerning her people, carefully concealing her identity with one of whom the elderly people of Kolhar still speak with bitterness, for her husband's theory of her disappearance was not accepted by them at the time she left her home and child. She ascertains that many of her youthful acquaintances are dead, and among them her husband and his first wife have passed away; but to the joy of her heart, she is told that the infant she deserted long ago has grown to be a man—that her son is alive and well; that he is in a prosperous condition, and holds a respectable standing in the village. With tearful eyes she reveals the fact to her mistress, and expresses her intense longing to see him. He is sent for, and the fact of his mother's existence disclosed to him. He also is intensely desirous of seeing her, and they are introduced to each other's presence. The resemblance between the two is very remarkable. They silently eye each other for a moment; and then, as if by natural instinct, the son, with true Hindu feeling (the Hindu's reverence for his mother is second only to that he pays the Deity. 'I can get all I want in the world; but a mother once gone can never be replaced,' is a well-known saying among them), throws himself at his mother's feet, embraces and lays his uncovered head upon them. The scene is most affecting. She raises him, and they sit opposite to each other speechless; their hearts too full for utterance.

He has learned from other sources how his mother had been ill-treated; he himself had experienced much of the same treatment from the jealousy and overbearing nature of the woman who should have been a mother to him in his boyhood, and he is ready to make every allowance for his erring parent. He is not enlightened as to the caste of the man with whom she had eloped, nor of the way in which she has lived since, and he takes her home, cherishing the hope that some atonement being made, she will be readmitted to social rights and caste privileges. In vain. Although the Lingaits are on the whole more liberal than other Hindu castes, they will have nothing to do with the old woman. She

must remain an outcast for ever; no atonement can cleanse her. The only concession the caste will make is to allow her to live in a detached portion of her son's dwelling. She must not eat, drink, or have free intercourse with him, his wife, or children. They submit; and she remains on the premises of her son till the day of her death.

But now comes the sorest trial to the feelings of this dutiful son. The people of his caste refuse to perform her funeral rites; and if he even desired it, the Mohammedans of the village would object to inter her in their cemetery. His only alternative is to give her remains over to outcasts to be buried like a dog. The idea is revolting to him, and he is at his wife's end how to act. Besides, the climate demands instant decision. The sacred stream of the mighty Krishna is flowing close by, and it has been for ages the ambition of many to be borne down its waters after death. It leads to future bliss. His mind is made up. He wraps the dead body of his mother in a sheet, and unassisted, in the silence of the night, conveys it to the river. The watchman of the village is the only witness of what is transpiring; but he offers no obstacle; he rather approves the son's devotion. Arrived at the river, he wades with his sacred burden as far into the stream as he can safely go, and then consigns it to the current, which is flowing majestically along. The difficulty is solved. But in acting thus, he had transgressed the rules which forbid contact with the corpse of one of another caste, how much more with that of an outcast; and under ordinary circumstances, he would have been subjected to degrading and heavy penalties; but it was remembered that the outcast in question was his mother. The feelings of humanity triumphed over the dictates of superstition, and all that was demanded, by way of satisfying the sticklers for external purity, was a slight atonement and a feast to the priests.

Thus ended the career of poor old Amina, who may be looked upon as the victim of an unnatural state of society. The closing particulars of her melancholy story were communicated to her old master by her dutiful son.

USES OF THE HORSE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The following is an extract from the letter of a lady residing at Buenos Ayres.

'You see that we are now at Mercedes. On our way out we noticed, from the railway station, a great number of horses; not grazing, as they may be seen anywhere, nor trying to run races with the train, as they may be seen any day, but with an important business-like look about them. There were a few Guachos standing with them, who also appeared to have something to do, which is an unusual thing with the natives, who seem always as if they had never done anything and never intended to do anything. In reply to our inquiry, we were told that the horses had just been thrashing; that the sheaves of corn are put into an inclosed place like a pen, and the wildest come-at-able horses are driven in and lashed to make them kick and jump—and so the wheat is thrashed.

'The horse,' says Mavor's Spelling-book, "is a very useful animal;" but surely none but the

Guachos know its value. When the milkman comes in the morning and is asked for the butter, ordered, he will perhaps say that he has not made it yet. Back he clambers on his horse, where he sits surrounded by milk-cans, and on he trots. Presently he dismounts, opens his cans, skims the butter off the top of each, puts it into a cloth, mounts again, and trots about selling his milk as he goes along. After a few hours he returns and hands in the butter; and not bad butter either when it is salted and settled up.

'This primitive mode of churning may remind some old Indians of that practised by the "bearers" in the now almost forgotten days of palanquin travelling. They would before starting fasten a large-mouthed bottle, three parts full of cream to the pole of the palanquin, the perpetual jolting of which through the night's journey sufficed to convert it into butter for the Sahib's breakfast.'

LOST EILEEN.

I.

SORT lights may swathe the castle tower,
O'er purple hills the dawn may break;
Dark eyes may shadow Eileen's bower,
And night its dusky pinions shake;
The bell may beat what hour it will,
Or hang in silence hushed and still,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

II.

When gloaming last engloomed the land,
And vapours gathering dimly swept
The ridges of the dark ribbed sand,
And where the latest sun-glow slept,
Ere yet the silver moon had shewn,
Or o'er the wave her light was thrown,
Beside the ocean old and gray,
Sweet Eileen bent her lonely way.

III.

So still! The wind was all too weak
To lift the wriggle from her breast,
Or toss the curl upon her cheek,
But died away in tones of rest.
So still! No other sound awoke,
Save when a quivering billow broke
About the cliff—or, faintly hailed—
Her solitude the curlew wailed.

IV.

So still! But list—for as a beam
Of silver moonlight slanteth through
Deep-foliaged dells, a sudden stream
Of saddest sweetest music, new
With echoes of the sobbing blast,
Across the listening waters past,
Now fell away, now rose again
Like gushes of the summer rain.

V.

A shallop through the mist appeared,
Cleaving the dark in noiseless flight,
And on the prow, as still she neared,
There hung a fit and starry light;
A shallop's swift—nor oar nor sail
Broke crystal wave or kissed the gale,
Nor lacketh them, the path to win
Soul-moved by one who sate therein.

VI.

Now by that wild uncertain gleam,
Maid Eileen saw a vision bright,
With bated breath, as when a dream
Arises on the brain by night—
The spirit of the mystic bark
That oarless cleft the odorous dark,
A youth with darkly floating hair,
And eyes that glowed with lustre rare.

VII.

Close to his heart a harp he held
Of chastely burnished Indian gold,
That, by his fingers moist compelled,
A weirdly woven music rolled,
A strain where lingered strangely blent
All notes of awe and wonderment,
Like those sweet subtle thoughts that start
At twilight through a poet's heart.

VIII.

'Soft-bosomed maiden, o'er the main
My palace halls are gleaming white;
Full many an emerald they contain,
And diamond and chrysolite.
And there are domes of milky pearl,
And thrones of sapphire, gates of beryl;
And to the portals, wrought of gold,
The tribute of the sea is rolled.

IX.

'Soft banners of the crimson even
Hang grandly in the hyaline,
White creamy waves to foam are driven
Round islands nestled in the brine.
Endusked by blossom's greenery,
Those purple islets peaceful lie,
And scented breezes upward run
Like incense to the golden sun.

X.

'For thee, when gloaming mists were weft
Across the gray face of the sea,
The glory of those halls I left,
The glory of those isles for thee—
My heart was tingling all aflame,
I could not rest me till I came,
And if with me thou wilt not go,
Alas! Thou workest bitter woe.'

XI.

Like netted sunbeams softly fleeing
To sleep upon the violet's breast,
Into the maiden's inmost being
The magic of those strains hath pressed.
A touch of hand, a breathless kiss,
The mortal maiden seals her lips;
A parting look, a flashing oar,
Sweet Eileen will be seen no more.

XII.

The purple-vestured dawn may break
Once more across the restless main,
Across the meadows she may shake
Soft falling dews in pearly rain.
The glowing hues of eve may burn,
And twilight lift its darkling urn,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

Bdfast.

GEO. E. MOORE.

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SELINA, COUNTESS OF WAXHAM:

MEANING Miss Selina Smith, post-mistress of Waxham.

You would understand our harmless banter in ennobling the name, if you could see its owner treading our uneven pavement on Sundays. 'Stately' is not too grand a word to express her step. It is a step which asserts superiority over all us girls, and men too for that part of it; and I will say that her straight back and sloping shoulders set off a shawl to great advantage. She walks to her seat under the pulpit, her dark eyes beneath their long lashes sweeping the floor of the middle aisle with something of the pride which apes humility, but with more of the dignified consciousness of a government functionary.

Mrs Fallstole the pew-opener calls her figure 'majestic.' But it is only on Sundays that the whole of it is vouchsafed to public gaze. On week-days no more is revealed to the vulgar than can be seen through the official pane of her parlour window. Even there she presents a passable Kit-cat portrait. Regular features; but brown: that waning shade of brunette which warns us of coming middle-age. Her dark hair is smoothed in such tight bands over her forehead that the roots seem ready to start out at the parting. Her manner and motions are deliberate so long as you do not tease her with foolish inquiries about missing letters, and when you give the right names of senders on presenting post-office orders for payment. Although Selina is accused of being tart and short, yet she is never in a hurry. Slow regularity is the rule of the Waxham post-office; and the rule of the Waxham post-office is the post-mistress's rule of life.

For, that important position in the service of the crown has been hereditary for generations. Selina's grandfather and father were her predecessors. Swathed therefore in red-tape bonds of officialism during infancy; brought up in the way a child and grandchild of public business should go, she has not departed from it in maturity. So that when the post-office bud flowered into the

full-blown post-mistress, the private sentiments and instincts of the Woman were sunk in the public responsibilities of the Administratrix. What she does out of office-hours: how she passes her limited leisure in the remaining niche of the patrimonial parlour not boxed off for the advantage of the nation, no Waxham imagination can picture. The oldest inhabitant cannot call to mind any neighbour being asked in to tea. Speculation is rife as to whether Selina ever sews. Can she do tatting or crochet? Does she in weak moments unbend her burdened mind over a book? Has she ever condescended to cribbage, or practised 'patience'? If the opinion of Waxham were polled upon these questions, the unanimous answers would certainly be 'Never!' As to the tender passion—well, really I cannot write the words in connection with Miss Smith without a sort of shock. It is pure nonsense in Miss Point who helps us in the Sunday-school, trying to spread the report that Mr Treadle our handsome organist keeps single for Selina's sake. Yet I must own that he is always lounging in High Street close to the post-office precincts; but nobody ever saw the Countess deign to deprive her sorting operations of a single glance to turn it aside through the window towards that philanthropic musician.

Flirtation is so utterly abhorrent to the rules of the Waxham post-office, that, once upon a time, an inflammable young post-office first-class clerk travelling as District Inspector, overcome by Selina's charms—then in their earlier bloom—dared, while she was ruling off her bill for the night despatch, to encircle her slender waist with his arm. The consequences were serious. The mail-coach passing through the village an hour later had to pick up that bruised Lothario with his hand in a sling. Selina's office ruler had been applied so vigorously to the fingers pressing her side too affectionately over the region of her heart that, in spite of leeches and fomentations, the British public was deprived of the young gallant's services for several weeks. In complaining to headquarters of his indecent breach of

the Waxham post-office rules, upon wide-margined foolscap, the indignant virgin laid great stress upon the fact that it was perpetrated in office hours. Uncle Richard is one of the presidents of the Inland Branch in St Martin's-le-Grand, London, and saw the complaint.

No power on earth can turn Selina one hair's-breadth aside from the path of duty. But she is impartial. The Countess of Waxham administers one law alike to the rich and to the poor, after the manner of the Medes and Persians, and never alters. Our dear old Dowager Duchess of Limpenhough, whom everybody loves, is lame; and I forgot to mention that to reach the office window one has to cross the pavement and pass through a flowery forecourt. One afternoon the grand Limpenhough carriage dashed up to the curb. A footman alighted and tapped respectfully at the pane of communication. Would Miss Smith have the goodness to step out to the carriage and speak to the Duchess?

Selina. 'Certainly not! Against the rules of the office.'

Footman. 'But you surely don't expect the Duchess to get out of Her Grace's carriage to come to you?'

Selina. 'I do though. Dare not leave office unattended. If Duchess has any business to transact with me—official business—I must trouble Duchess to come to window.'

Footman (indignant). 'Really I couldn't—I could not—take back such a message.'

To which Selina merely ejaculated 'O!' and closed the dialogue by shutting the window.

Mr Treaddle, who was lounging over the front palings as usual, told Miss Point, who told me, that he quite felt for the poor young man when he returned to the carriage, stammering out Miss Smith's 'horders,' as he called them, and dusting the air out of his powdered head with agitation.

By the aid of her crutch-headed cane and her servant's arm, the dear old lady limped across to the post-office: not angry, as Mr Treaddle would have expected, but amused. She asked her sister-peeress very meekly why the Limpenhough post-bag had not been delivered as usual that morning to the Limpenhough donkey-boy.

Selina. 'New boy. Stranger. Not known to office. Not certified by your Grace, nor by any confidential member of your household. Might have been a young thief.'

Duchess (trying not to laugh). 'But "the office" must have known the donkey—the old donkey that has brought successive messengers here any time these twenty years.'

Selina. 'Strange boy might have stolen a ride upon Limpenhough donkey to deceive office; might have purloined despatches and got office into serious difficulties with THE DEPARTMENT.'

I have had the word 'Department' printed in capital letters because Selina discharges it in the midst of her snappish sentences, whenever she can, with uncommon unctiousness.

This is her even-handed way. There is hardly any one from the peer to the pauper who has not some grievance to groan out against her. Thin letters marked 'More to pay,' newspapers fastened up by the accidental intrusion of the stamp over the edge of the cover, delayed and delivered days old, with Selina's Roman hand-

writing in red ink, 'Closed against inspection.' Urgent missives hastily directed, returned to the writers with her rubrical legend, 'Insufficiently addressed.' (More of that presently.) The feeble old French usher at Mr Birch's Academy reduced to starvation for a whole week, because he pronounced the name of his brother, who had sent him a post-office order for a pound, in the French manner. 'R-r-r-Reego, Mademoiselle!' he screamed through the square hole day after day; but the sound not in the least corresponding with any spelling on her advice paper, she sent him each time sighing away. It was not until Saturday night that Mr Treaddle overheard the dispute. He suggested 'Rigault' to Selina; and the poor old gentleman got his sovereign.

It is most aggravating that whoever complains against her gets snubbed by 'the department;' while she always comes off with flying colours. The London authorities make her out to be always in the right. Uncle Dick takes great pleasure in enraging us when he comes down from Saturday till Monday by singing the Countess's praises: 'The best provincial officer in the service;' 'Never was known to make a mistake;' 'Marked down in the Secretary's list for speedy promotion.' But I am sure he says these things only to tease us. Her own subordinates can hardly live for her. She ruins our old post-runner in fines—he is afflicted with corns and a bed-ridden wife in mamma's visiting district—for keeping bad time. As to the person who takes the bags to the station and works the railway machine, he is so often changed, that papa, who is a justice of the peace, has a fresh statutory declaration to attest for a new man at least once a month.

But the Reverend Aloys Aspern: his story is the saddest of all. I really have not, like Miss Point, any vindictive sensations whatever against Miss Smith; although the best feelings of my own nature were cruelly sacrificed in that sad business.

Let me first make known the curious fact that, ever since I left school (with a Cambridge local exam: first-class certificate), our curates one after another have come to us either engaged men, or have left some unpleasant entanglement behind at their latest cures. Our dear kind old rector never negotiates with married curates, out of regard to us girls and the best feelings of our nature. Happily the Reverend Aloys Aspern had come into the parish, so far as we could ascertain after a few months' discreet inquiry, perfectly free. It is true that we learnt from Mrs Butterscotch at his lodgings that she was constantly taking in letters for him directed in a scratchy female hand all *ms* and *ns*; and we knew he has no sisters. He is an orphan; and, in a worldly point of view, independent. That makes him most interesting; to say nothing of his glossy apparel, which fits as close to his straight figure as the silken folds of his slender umbrella fit its stick. The slouch of his hat, too, is remarkably engaging. But he endears himself most to us junior members of his flock by his soft manners, by his pale complexion, his raven hair, lovely teeth, low classic forehead, meek countenance, absence of whisker, and pious eyes. His timidity is painful. When any young lady under thirty speaks to him he blushes to the ears; and to offer him a pair of slip-

pers of your own working, or a Scriptural book-marker, or a pocket-case with his monogram embroidered in gold-thread, or anything of that kind, is to cover him with confusion. I must say he was, up to a certain point, very nice to me. He was especially sweet on the occasion of his bending down his fine head for me to invest him with the watch-guard I had woven for him. Indeed he visited at our house so often that it became quite marked. His principal pretext was to consult mamma about various parochial and other difficulties. One day he mentioned at dinner—and I was deeply impressed with his affectionate glance towards me—that ‘dear Mrs Pansey’ was quite like a mother to him. Things went so far that he and I got talked about. He let out that presents of slippers, &c. from other quarters quite fell off; and, only think! while teaching my class last Trinity Sunday morning, Miss Point had the impertinence to whisper in my ear: ‘When is it to be?’ What she might mean by ‘it,’ I was too indignant to inquire.

The crisis came. Papa had started on his hunter for the meet, when Mr Aspern was announced. I really think he watched papa in his red coat away through the trees—for he was always frightened with father’s blunt jocular ways—and it was so very early for a morning visit: Monday too. Mamma was checking the house-books. I was doing Dorcas-work. Mr Aspern seemed unusually nervous, even for him. He sat crumpling his hat between his knees until the engaging slouch got quite crushed out. He sighed a good deal, answered dear mother’s small-talk—of which she is an acknowledged mistress—in half-uttered monosyllables, and could not muster courage to steal even a side-look at me. Blushing more scarlet than the red flannel I was herring-stitching, and repeating the first words of his opening sentence several times, he managed to make us understand that he had come to consult ‘dear Mrs Pansey’ on a matter that deeply concerned his future happiness. Mamma sent me out of the room with one of her speaking glances.

Imagine my sensations, while alone, during that interview! The suspense was so extremely painful that I cannot dwell upon it. It seemed to last for hours.

At length the breakfast-room bell rang for him to be let out, and I beheld Mr Aspern slowly crossing the lawn, squeezing his umbrella very tight; his symmetrical back bent, the very picture of dejection. Good gracious! Had mamma discouraged his advances?

When I returned to her, I never before saw her so angry. What did I think? Far from the wretched young man coming to open the negotiation we had hoped, he drew out a letter, all spiky *ms* and *ns*; and, presuming upon mamma’s motherly interest in everything that related to him, owned that he had held tender correspondence with the writer ever since he had known us. He even begged mamma to accept a solemn confidence regarding himself and that young person, with a view to advising him how to act in a difficult and delicate conjuncture. ‘How outrageously impudent these modest men can be, my dear!’ mother continued. ‘He was sure I would approve his choice when I saw her likeness; and he actually drew from his false bosom the miniature of a

creature with flaxen hair, blue deceitful eyes, and a wax-doll complexion. Worse! The paltry bauble was suspended from the very chain—Don’t sob, my child, he is not worthy of you—by the very chain which you had placed round his unmanly neck!’

Indignation prevented me from fainting.

‘Be calm, dear Priscilla! You have nothing to regret. The girl appears to be the daughter of one Sir Saber Jackspur, K.C.B., Major-general on the Madras establishment; home on (pretended I am sure) sick-leave. A restless man, Mr Aspern informed me, who drags his only daughter about from pillar to post all over Europe; never stopping in one place more than a week, and never knowing where he will go next. The epistle in prickly penmanship was dated from the *Birnam Hotel*, Dunkeld, Scotland. There for shooting, no doubt. And just notice the girl’s artfulness;—she hints that her father’s junior staff-officer, Lord Tosh (also, no doubt, home on pretended sick-leave), follows them about everywhere. “Papa,” she proceeded, “likes him; and is really no protection to me whatever. If only Mr Aspern could join them for a little while”—pretty strong that, Priscilla—“a clergyman is such a safeguard to a motherless girl left to the care of a fond but heedless papa.” There’s a daughter for any rational man to desire for a wife! “Dear Mr Aspern”—Yes, I’m sure it was “dear”—was to be sure and write or telegraph whether he would or would not come; for they were to move in a couple of days; “heaven only knows where.” Then, Prissy, came the wretched young man’s perplexity. Would dear Mrs Pansey say, speaking as a parent, whether it would be honourable in him to accept such an invitation from a daughter? Ought he not first to ask permission of the father? Should he not write to Sir Saber, and ask if joining them, say next Thursday, would be agreeable to *him*?—My patience gave way. “Ought I,” he went on, “to go straight off by to-night’s express mail? Or ought I to wait for the answer, and then go?”

“Go to the —” your dear father would have rudely exclaimed, had he been present; and I nervously hoped that Mr Aspern did not divine that very improper expression which suppressed rage had suggested to my mind. On the contrary, he kissed my hand respectfully, and left me; puzzled, perplexed, dejected.

Days passed, and we were assured by Mrs. Butterscotch that no letter came from Scotland or elsewhere. After several returns of post Mr Aspern told mother distractedly, in the words of his favourite song (he has a lovely tenor voice), that ‘he could bear his fate no longer,’ and went away to Dunkeld. All my rivals concealed their spiteful glee at my discomfiture under, I will say, the most lady-like condolences. But our delight was unanimous when made to understand by letter to mother that Mr Aspern’s lady-bird had flown the day before his arrival, and that he had rushed off to the India Office in London to find her. Upon some vague surmise learned there, he made arrangements with his banker, and travelled to the Paris Exhibition. In Paris he halved his time between the show-wilderness and poring over the visiting list at Galignani’s. All to no purpose. Something struck him that the General and Miss Jackspur

must be in Brussels. There, at the *table-d'hôte* of the *Hôtel de Londres*, he met an obliging unpaid attaché on the way from Downing Street to the Conference. This pleasant young diplomatist knew all about the Jackspurs. The General had established himself at the *Kaiserhof* at Berlin in order to interview the British plenipotentiaries. Then he drew Mr Aspern into the bay of one of the windows, and confided to him in the strictest confidence a momentous state secret. The British government, to keep a strict eye upon Russia, to give full protection to the Turks in Asia as well as to patronise Greece, intended gradually to buy up the entire Grecian Archipelago. Sir Saber was in Berlin with his daughter to solicit the governorship of one of those desirable islands.

Mr Aspern you must know innocently wrote to mother by every post. Her next advices were from Berlin. Most distressing! The General had been so well received by the plenipotentiaries that he had left the *Kaiserhof* the day before with his wishy-washy daughter for Malta, to await eventualities, and to select that island in the Mediterranean which upon inspection he might find best suited to his taste. Most fortunately the delightful unpaid attaché was accredited to Malta from the Berlin Conference with a protocol. Mr Aspern accompanied him. At Malta they parted, the 'unpaid' straight back for London with secret despatches from the governor to our Deputy Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. A visiting card was inclosed by Mr Aspern in his letter from Malta to mother, inscribed: 'Mr Algernon de Leudre Flukes,' with a request that Uncle Richard would kindly call at the Foreign Office on Mr Flukes, from whom uncle was authorised to receive one hundred and fourteen pounds, which had accumulated in loans out of the Reverend A. A.'s purse during the travelling companionship.

It really is shocking to think how successfully designing persons may impose upon young clergymen left quite alone to travel by themselves. Aloys had been deceived from beginning to end: in reality the General when in London had been ordered suddenly off to Madras to embark fresh troops for Cyprus. No such name as Flukes appears in the Foreign Office list; nor, Uncle Dick ascertained, even amongst the occasional transcribers hired to copy secret despatches of vast importance at tenpence an hour.

I had almost forgiven and began to pity our Telemachus, as father called poor Mr Aspern, when the announcement came of his arrival (*vid Athens*) at Constantinople; and the best feelings of my nature returning in force, found vent in a flood of tears, when I read a paragraph in the newspaper, copied from the *Levant Herald*, to the effect that a promising young clergyman had drowned himself in the Bosphorus.

It was very appalling, for the painful catastrophe must be laid entirely to Selina Smith's (glass) doct. She and she only was the cause of the unhappy young curate's wanderings from the first.

It came out that Sir Saber Jackspur had duly and truly despatched the desired letter by the desired return of post. Not having seen the name of our village properly spelt ['for of course,' mamma suggested, 'artful Miss Wax-doll never showed him one of "her" Aloys's letters'], the

General left out the full address and spelt our village, in his scrawly way, simply WHACKSHAM. Although Selina knew the Rev. Aloys Aspern and where to find him thoroughly well, she sent the letter back to the Dead Letter Office in London, having indorsed the superscription, 'Insufficiently addressed.' Uncle Dick saw the dead letter which had been opened by 'the proper officer,' and remembered its contents:

BIRNAM HOTEL, Tuesday.

MY DEAR ASPERN—Come immediately. Delighted to see you. We start Friday.—Ever yours in haste,

S. JACKSPUR, GL.

Yet Uncle Dick could look us all in the face, applaud Miss Smith for her business accuracy, and repeat that she is the best post-mistress and telegraphist in the service; so accurately cut out to please the patronage authorities at the Treasury that—

Well, actually even as I write, Selina is promoted! Her appointment has just come down. She is now post-mistress of our county town. But oh, how mistaken we have been in her! The secrets of her leisure time have been discovered. The post-runner's wife and Mrs Michal the Bible-woman have let them out; yet she bound them to strict secrecy. Mr Shauve our village doctor (bless his bald head!) never could find out who it was that sat up with the poor old French teacher for nights in his last illness. Mamma used to wonder where the post-runner's wife got so many nice comforts from. Now we learn that Selina was the good Samaritan in these and many other instances. But whatever good she did she bound the recipients to secrecy. Her pride is so strong and hard, that she regards kindness of heart as weakness of character. I am sure she is sorry at heart for poor Mr Aspern, now that the marriage of Miss Milk-and-Water to Lord Tosh is announced in the newspapers—which I am pleased to state, misprinted 'promising young clergyman' for 'promising young midshipman.'

For Mr A. A. is on his way back. And the best feelings of my nature are also returning; seeing that in his letter from Dover, he tells mamma that he has torn deceitful Miss Jackspur out of his heart, and her image from my watchguard.

As to Selina, now that she is leaving us, I almost love her. Indeed every drop of village gall is turned to honey, and the best wishes of all will follow her. The testimonial which mamma has set on foot in the Countess' honour will be a handsome one. Papa heads the list with ten guineas.

THE SPEAKER.

THE position of the Speaker of the House of Commons, 'the first gentleman in England,' is more remarkable than that of the president of any legislative assembly on the continent. In no other is the president or chairman's decision so implicitly obeyed, his *fiat* so indisputable. Whatever may have been his party ties or predilections before his elevation to that lofty post, an English member of parliament ceases to belong to any party when he becomes Speaker; his pride it is to ignore party altogether, and, so far as practicable, to treat the six hundred and fifty gentlemen who are under his rule as if they also were free from party organisation.

The election of a Speaker is one of the ceremonies consequent on a general election and the assembling of a new parliament. The Clerk of the Crown hands to the Clerk of the Commons an alphabetical list of the members elected to serve, prepared from the returns received by the former official from the returning officers of the several constituencies. A member addresses the Clerk of the House (who is seated), and proposes some other member as a fit and proper person to fill this important and responsible office, moving that he 'do take the chair of this House as Speaker.' This motion is seconded by another member. If (as is the usual rule) no opposing candidate appears, the choice is at once concluded. The chosen candidate, standing in front of the chair, thanks the House for its gracious choice, and takes his seat. The mace now comes into use; it has hitherto lain concealed under the table, but is now placed conspicuously on it—where, throughout the session, it remains whenever 'Mr Speaker is in the chair.' (The mace concerning which Oliver Cromwell issued the contemptuous order, 'Take away that bauble!' was made in 1648, in the reign of Charles I.; the present mace dates from 1660, when Charles II. was restored.) The newly elected Speaker is congratulated by some leading member or members, and the house adjourns. On the following day the House meets again, and awaits a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The Speaker announces that the Commons have elected him, and expresses a hope that their choice will meet with the Queen's approbation. The Lord Chancellor (as a matter of course) declares that such is happily the case, that her Majesty fully approves the excellent selection which her faithful Commons have made. The Speaker then claims for the House of Commons all the ancient rights and liberties pertaining to the legislative assembly of the people; which claim is at once assented to. And so the ceremonious interview ends.

The Speaker is elected not simply for one session, but for the whole duration of that parliament, the maximum being seven years. If he dies or resigns during the currency of that parliament, a new Speaker is elected by a slightly modified form of procedure.

We have now to see Mr Speaker entering on the duties of his fatiguing but well-paid office. (Five thousand a year and a palatial residence elegantly furnished are certainly a tempting honorarium.) On the morrow after formally taking his seat, and when he and the other members present have taken the prescribed oath or oaths, prayers are read for the first time in the new parliament by the Speaker's chaplain. If the chaplain be accidentally absent at any sitting of the House, the Speaker himself reads prayers, which are never, excepting on extremely rare occasions, omitted.

Although an obstinate member may occasionally worry the House, the proceedings in the Commons are upon the whole conducted with a degree of order and regularity which foreign assemblies may well envy. One rule of debate is that every member shall address himself to the Speaker personally. This is found conducive to courtesy and good temper, as it necessitates the use of the third person instead of the

second in making allusions or bringing accusations often very bitter and irritating. A member must not read his speech, but may refresh his memory by referring to notes; extracts from documents may be read, provided his own remarks or observations are not read from a written paper. Many years ago a written speech was on one occasion delivered without any reproof from the Speaker; but extempore delivery is now an invariable rule, any infraction of which is checked by the warning cry of 'Order, order!' from the chair. At the same time the House indulgently consents, if appealed to, to permit a short written speech on the plea of indisposition. In most continental legislative chambers the delivery of written speeches, carefully prepared beforehand, is customary.

A member is permitted to speak from the Members' Gallery; but this is generally avoided, as he cannot well be heard there.

Etiquette permits of members wearing their hats, if they so choose; but when a member rises to address the House he stands uncovered, except by permission asked and obtained in case of illness or bodily infirmity. In some proceedings, however, partaking of a conversational character, the members usually speak sitting and covered.

A debate, to be conducted in due form, commences after the question has been 'proposed' but before it has been 'put' by the Speaker. Occasionally, through irresolution or forgetfulness, a member does not rise to speak until the question has been put; in which case he is not allowed to proceed.

A very important matter it is sometimes, in the estimation of members, when two or more of them rise to address the House at the same time. The rule is for the Speaker to say which of them 'caught his eye' first. This decision is generally accepted, but is not always a true test, because he cannot see all the members at once, and may not really know which rose first. If there be a general impression in the House to this effect, and a general naming of the member who is believed to have risen first, the Speaker ~~swaves~~ gives his decision. Sometimes as many as twenty members have risen at once, when an exciting debate is going on; in all such cases it is found advantageous to adhere as closely as possible to the Speaker's decision. Fierce is the battle occasionally when two members of opposite parties, both eminent, and both willingly listened to by the House, rise simultaneously; each is encouraged by his party not to give way; a contest of cries or shouts ensues, the result of which is a regular motion that the honourable member for so-and-so be now heard. In such a case the House decides the matter by vote.

In order to prevent interminable prolixity, no member is allowed to speak more than once on the same question. The rule is, however, subject to a few exceptions. For instance, a member may rise a second time to explain some part of his speech which has been misunderstood; or he may, in some cases, reply at the end of a debate which he himself commenced. In a Committee of the whole House, when the Speaker has risen and a 'chairman' has been appointed, any member may speak as often as he pleases; a liberty which is grasped at with such avidity as sometimes to prolong the proceedings to an inordinate degree.

'I rise to explain,' is the plea which a member generally uses when he speaks, or rises to speak, a second time on the same question. The House is usually indulgent in such cases; but the member must confine himself to such remarks as will remove any unfavourable impression concerning his language or conduct, without entering into general arguments beyond the fair bounds of explanation, or making too distinct a reference to former debates. But honourable members are sometimes found to be too much like rackets schoolboys. The privilege of explanation is found to need much caution and restriction, lest it should degenerate into irregularity. A member who rises to explain does so usually at the conclusion of the speech which led him to the adoption of that course; if in the middle, it can only be done with the consent of the deliverer of that speech.

Mr Speaker has often to warn those over whom he presides that they must not refer to debates of the same session on the same question; nor speak against any rule of the House (save on a motion to rescind it); nor allude directly to debates in the House of Lords; nor use the Queen's name in a way to influence the debate, or in an irreverent manner; nor speak offensive words concerning either House or any member individually in the Commons; nor read from a printed book or newspaper any speech or portion of a speech delivered in the same session.

'Taking a division' is not the least remarkable of the duties that devolve upon Mr Speaker. When the debate on any particular subject is ended, the Speaker puts the question in the following manner. Taking in his hand a copy of the question, he rises and reads, beginning with the words: 'The question is, that' &c., and ending with 'As many as are of that opinion say Aye, and as many as are of the contrary opinion say No.' Endeavouring to judge from the quantity of voice (so to speak) which are the more numerous of the two, he does not express himself positively, but says: 'I think the Ayes have it' (or the Noes, as the case may be). If the House adopt his opinion, the matter is settled; but if the Speaker's opinion is disputed by any member, a division is ordered.

The mode of taking a division is really very remarkable, as described by the great authority on these subjects, Sir T. Erskine May (the present Clerk of the Commons). It is as follows: No member is permitted to vote in the division unless he was present when the question was put. To be in either of the two lobbies is not to be 'in the House.' The officers of the House clear the lobbies of all members; any members may retire to rooms beyond the lobbies, if they wish neither to quit the building nor to vote. The next step is to issue an order for strangers to withdraw. The rule is less stringent now than it was half a century ago; as it will suffice if strangers withdraw from behind the bar and from the front gallery. The clerk turns a two-minute sand-glass; and while the sand is running out the doorkeepers ring bells which communicate with every part of the House where members may happen to be at the moment; the division bell, as it is called, is heard in the library, refreshment-rooms, waiting-rooms, &c., and members who wish to take part in the division hasten into the

House before the two-minute glass has ceased running.

The division proper is a curiously managed ceremony—very roundabout in the estimation of many persons. After the Speaker has cried 'Order, order!' the sergeant-at-arms, with his doorkeepers and messengers, close and lock all the doors leading into the lobbies, corridors, passages, &c. No member outside can enter, nor can any within make their exit; the number within the chamber is thus strictly definite, and all *must* vote. Until 1836 it was the custom for one party or section to go into a lobby, while the other remained in the House; but since that year the Ayes have been directed to pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right hand, while the Noes walk into the lobby at his left. The Speaker names members to act as tellers, selected impartially from among the supporters and opponents of the motion, two of each; and the members named are not allowed to shirk this duty. They place themselves at the lobby doors, two and two, each to check the counting of the other. Two clerks as well as two tellers are placed at each door, holding alphabetical lists of all the members of the House printed on large sheets of stiff pasteboard or cardboard. As the members return into the House from the lobbies, the clerks mark off the names; while at the same time the tellers count the total number without noting names. (If any one is disabled by infirmity from entering and quitting the lobbies, he is counted at his seat in the House.) When all have re-entered from the lobbies the four tellers approach the table; one of them, belonging to the majority on this particular question, announces the numbers; and when the Speaker has endorsed or sanctioned this announcement, the important but slowly managed ceremony ends—often amid loud cheers from those members who constitute the majority on that particular question. A member sometimes goes into the wrong lobby through inadvertence; there is then no escape for him; *volens volens* his vote is recorded according to the lobby in which he finds himself. During the past session, instances of such misadventure were not infrequent. Instances have been known in which even a cabinet minister's vote is recorded on the side which he really intended to oppose—much to his own mortification. A member thus awkwardly placed usually takes some mode of making the facts known to his constituents and the public; but the official record remains unalterable. It has occasionally happened that only one member approves of a particular question or motion; he is the only Aye; and as he is not allowed to count himself, the House at once decides that 'the Noes have it.' Many sessions ago a stranger was descried in one of the lobbies after the door had been closed, and was counted by two of the tellers; but the clerks found him out and reported the case to the Speaker, who duly admonished the intruder.

After a division, the sheets of pasteboard are examined by the division clerks, and sent off to the printer, who prints off the marked names in due alphabetical order. The printed division lists tell the tale to the world next morning.

If the members are equal on a division, the Speaker has a casting vote. Although a member

of one or other of the two great political parties before he became Speaker, he throws off (as we have already stated) party feeling altogether when raised to that dignified position. In giving his casting vote he generally manages to give it in such a way as not to close the subject; affording the House an opportunity of reconsidering the question.

One peculiarity of taking a division is that of *pairing*, a sort of negative proxy, enabling a member to vote although not actually in the House at the time. A member pairs with one of the opposite party, each agreeing not to vote, and each thus neutralising the vote of the other. It is an irregularity which is permitted because convenient to the members generally. The majority on a division is left just as it would have been if there were no pairing at all.

The position of the Speaker is certainly one of great honour, but also of great irksomeness. The long sittings to which he is doomed must often be very distressing, and in a greater degree must be preservation of temper when the House is tormented by something like a systematic obstruction of business. In this latter respect, we are sorry to think the House of Commons has been decidedly deteriorating. As an acknowledgment by the Crown of his great services, the Speaker, on finally retiring from office, is raised to the peerage, and consequently to a seat in the House of Lords.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER II.—JACK'S NEW HOME.

ALL this time Phyllis was passing in and out of the room, covering the centre table with a fresh white cloth, and carrying in a tray laden with cups and saucers. Jack began to wonder where the servants were, and why the young lady of the house should be left to do all this by herself; from which you may guess that life in the bush was a thoroughly new experience to him. She had put off the objectionable sun-bonnet, and displayed a head round which thick plaits of beautiful light-brown hair were twisted. Try as Jack would, he could not help following with his eyes every movement of that tall lithe figure, and thought that if such service must be rendered by ladies, it could scarcely be done more gracefully. As far as he could see, she never even glanced towards him; but she had a very bright smile and a kiss for Robert, of whom she was evidently exceedingly fond.

'Will you come out and take a turn round the place, Jack?' said Mr Hamilton. 'There will be time before tea is ready, I think.'

The two brothers went out together, Robert carrying his boy on his shoulder, and strolled slowly round the house. There was no flower-garden; as Robert explained, he had always been too busy to make one, though 'the girls' had been begging him for a long time to inclose a certain plot of ground which sloped downwards from the parlour windows, in order that they might fill it with geraniums and roses.

'Perhaps I might be able to do that,' said Jack.

'Well, if you want to get taken into favour at once,' answered his brother, smiling, 'I don't know that you could begin better. But you will find that you have no time for anything except hard work. I am at it from morning till night; there has been no time for such luxuries as flowers. You see the place is too large for one man to manage. If you like the life—after a trial—I shall want you to take part of it off my hands. Then you can build a house and settle down, and we'll be quite a colony of Hamiltons. What do you say to that, Jack, my boy?'

'I can only say as yet, that you are behaving very generously to me, Bob. I can see that. But you know I have everything to learn; I shall not begin to be of use to you for some time.'

'Oh, you'll pick it up fast enough,' said the other laughing. 'Sheep-farming doesn't require any overpowering amount of brains. As for generosity, well you know I expect you will give quite as much as you get. If it were nothing else, the mere fact of having a civilised being to talk to will be an unspeakable boon. Man can't live by bread alone, and we have been very lonely hitherto. As for the bread, there is plenty of that, thank heaven, and mutton too. But every one is the better for a little educated companionship sometimes.—There! How do you like this view?'

They had strolled up to the summit of a rising ground; and looking before him, Jack saw a new and exquisite view. The lake in front seemed to open out into a wide river, on each side of which, numerous green promontories, some island and some from the mainland, jutted out into the water. The vista was closed by a range of hills, that lay calm and blue in the distance. The short Australian twilight was fading; but a soft golden light still lingered in the west and glowed in the dim water, while a young-crescent moon was climbing slowly into the heavens.

'Altogether very charming!' said Jack as he gazed about him. 'It seems to me, Bob, that a man might be well content to live and die in such a place as this, so beautiful, so peaceful!'

'This is where Bessie and I talked of your building your house by-and-by,' said Robert quietly. 'Of course you needn't think of it for a good while yet, and you can look round and see if there is a spot you like better. But we fancy that this is the prettiest view all about the place. And if it comes to parting the land, Jack, all that lies beyond this will be your share, and mine would reach just to this side of our house. So you see you would be near us, and yet each would be lord of his own domain.'

Jack laughed. 'I can't fancy myself a landed proprietor,' he said. 'As for the house, I suppose it is a thing to dream about. But it will be a very pleasant dream.'

'A dream that will become reality, as our best dreams always ought,' returned Robert. 'I shall

see the house and you in it, and a good wife and bonny bairns by-and-by, I hope.'

They turned back and walked towards the house. 'Come round by the stables, and I will shew you a horse I bought the other day, thinking he would do for you. I hope you have kept up your riding.'

They inspected the gallant gray, who stood peacefully munching his hay; looked into a paddock where the milch cows were feeding, and into a cool half-underground dairy, where great yellow pans of milk were standing; and finally peeped into the kitchen, which was a detached building at the back of the dwelling-house, and where Jack saw what he thought a novel and very pretty sight. It was a rather large lofty room, for Robert had so constructed those rooms as to be commodious enough to suit a larger house when he should be able to add to the present one. The floor was flagged with red stone; there was no ceiling, but the large solid rafters were left exposed, and from them hung many a goodly side of bacon and strings of apples, which gave the whole place a sweet wholesome flavour. On one side stood a high-shelved dresser, made after Robert's recollections of an English farm-house one, and well garnished with bright-coloured ware. Near the window was a great white wooden table; and beside it, the centre light of all the homely picture, stood Phyllis, the sleeves of her cotton dress turned up above her dimpled elbows, shewing the round shapely arms. Her flour-covered hands were deftly rolling out scones, a batch of which were browning on the griddle, and her careful attention was directed at intervals to some mutton-chops which were frizzling in a very appetising manner. For be it known to all whom it may concern that Australia is not without her national dish. Scotland has her haggis, England her roast-beef, and Germany her sour-kraut; but Australia glories in a dish which is always ready for the hungry traveller, which can be cooked at the shortest notice and under the greatest difficulties, which is eaten alike at the well-appointed table of the well-to-do squatter, and by the camp-fire of the evening bivouac, where it is doubly welcome after a long day's march. Always ready, always welcome! When aught else fails, the Australian creates a *pièce de résistance* out of his mutton-chop!

Robert and Jack stood for some minutes looking in at the open door before Phyllis noticed them. Their presence was betrayed to her by little Bertie, who stretched out his arms to her with the delicious sound, half-laugh, half-crow, which a two-year-old child makes when it is thoroughly content. She made a step or two towards him, holding up her floury hands and smiling. 'I can't take my pet just now,' she said. 'Bertie must wait a little, till auntie makes such nice scones for his tea.'

'Where are the servants?' asked Jack of his brother, as the two men turned towards the dwelling-house.

Robert laughed. 'My dear boy, don't expose your ignorance. There are no servants. We have tried... succession of incapables, whose chief employment seemed to be to break, dirty, or tear everything they could lay their hands on. If by chance we got a woman who was worth the food

she ate, she immediately got married to some man about the place. Just now, we think ourselves very lucky because a woman who lives in the neighbourhood condescends to wash for us. There is a lad about who chops wood and cleans the knives, and he represents what in England you would call our "establishment."

'And do you mean to say,' said Jack, opening his black eyes very wide, 'that Phyllis does all the work?'

'Well, just now I'm afraid she does. Of course when Bessie is quite well she helps. There isn't a more useful little wife in the colony than my Bessie,' added the husband with pride. 'But just now she can't do much, and upon my word I don't know how we should get on if it were not for Phyllis. She is a glorious girl!'

They went round to the front of the house; and Robert opened the door of one of the small rooms that occupied the centre part of the building. It was a glass door, so that it also served as a window, and commanded a view of the lake and the mainland opposite. 'This is your room,' he said. 'I hope you will find it comfortable. You know we don't go in for luxuries in the bush.'

When Jack was alone, he sat down on one of the cane-bottomed chairs with which his room was furnished, and looked about him. Everything was plain, but exquisitely neat and clean. There was an iron stretcher covered with a snowy quilt; a dressing-table and small looking-glass neatly ornamented with white muslin and blue ribbon; and a little cedar chest of drawers, on which stood a vase holding a bouquet of wild-flowers. Somehow, as Jack looked round the room he seemed to realise that Phyllis's fingers had been everywhere, for there was a daintiness in all the simple arrangements which he thought no servant could have given. He stepped to the window and looked out on the waters of the lake, from which the evening flush had faded, and which now reflected a long trembling path of moon-lit silver. He tried very hard to think of all the new interests which had opened up to him during the last two hours, and to realise something of the new life that was before him; but his thoughts were in a whirl and refused to fix themselves in any definite manner. As he looked out at the strange new world before him, it seemed to him that once more the figure of the dream-maiden whom he had taught himself to love 'took the vacant chair beside him, laid her gentle hand in his.' He looked on the lovely vision, so vague, so poetic, gazed into the dreamy eyes and on the sweet lips, and then they faded, and he seemed to see Phyllis, so straight and strong and tall, going quietly about her household tasks, bringing dainty order wherever she moved.

'She is a glorious girl,' he thought; 'but'—

CHAPTER III.—FORESHADOWINGS OF CHARACTER.

It seems to me that if two young people are desired to fall in love with one another, the worst possible method of securing that they should do so is to tell them that the arrangement is a perfectly suitable one, that all their friends and relations will be delighted, and that there is no imaginable reason why they should not love and marry with all convenient speed. Tell them, on the contrary, that it is utterly impossible that

they should be allowed to marry; that all sorts of mysterious and insurmountable barriers are between them; that the young man will be cut off with a shilling, and the lady turned out of doors, if they presume even to think of one another—and within a month they will be sighing for the forbidden sweets, dreaming of each other by night, and exchanging stolen glances by day. If people so good and true as Bessie and Robert could make a mistake, the blunder they fell into was this. They made their plans for the happiness of the young people too manifest. Phyllis had a shrewd suspicion that the young man had been told he might make love to her, and with a toss of her beautiful head, she, as a matter of course, tacitly refused all such love-making. And Jack, while he felt it impossible to refuse admiration to the splendid figure and lovely face, yet lacked something in this strong independent girl, who was as self-reliant as any man he had ever met. You will perhaps say he was foolishly hard to satisfy; but I believe that what he really did miss in her was weakness. His ideal woman was a soft clinging being, whose shelter should be his breast, who would look for strength and guidance to his stronger nature. And Phyllis, he told himself, needed no shelter, and was perfectly capable of guiding herself. Besides this, he fancied she despised him because he was ignorant of many things which the men she had been used to were most familiar with. He had not only to learn the details of farm-work, but he had to become accustomed to manual labour; to learn to sit on horseback from morning till night without being weary; to ride over the roughest ground hunting for lost cattle; to split logs and mend fences; to plough and sow and reap; and be able to turn to any sort of work when hands were short, which they generally were. And as the ability to do all these things is more a matter of custom than of strength, Jack was often, during those first days of his apprenticeship, very weary—so weary, that when he came home at night he was scarcely able to drag himself to his room. He never complained; but he fancied that Phyllis saw his weariness and despised him for it; which was an utter mistake. Gradually, of course his muscles became accustomed to hard work, and then it became a pleasure to him. His face became browner, his shoulders broader, and his chest deeper; he abandoned civilised dress except on rare occasions, and usually wore, like his brother, the extremely simple costume of the Australian settler. As for such luxuries as gloves and gold sleeve-links, they were laid aside and became things of the past.

Phyllis on her side believed that Jack missed in her all the little refinements which he had been accustomed to in the ladies he had known in England. She was not without faults, and just at this time of her life she was too proud to correct them, because by so doing she told herself she would be making an attempt to appear unduly pleasant in James Hamilton's eyes. She was perhaps, too proud of her strength, and too apt to be obviously independent in her doings, preferring always to accomplish any work for herself, however hard it might be, and however ready either Robert or Jack might be to help her. Also she was more careless about her appearance than most women are; her hair was always neat, and her

person delicately clean; but there her cares for herself ended. No matter how faded or scrimp the gown she wore, no matter how ugly the bonnet; if they were clean and whole she was satisfied, and wore them steadfastly. Probably, after Jack came, there did rise in her bosom some longing for feminine adornment, for a bright ribbon or dainty ruffle; but she scorned to add to her attractions in his eyes by so much as an inch of sarsenet, and her sun-bonnets became more determinedly strong-minded and unbecoming than ever.

'Why don't you put on some of your pretty dresses?' said Bessie to her one day, watching all this from her couch with an understanding half-vexed, half-amused.

'As if it mattered!' answered Phyllis contemptuously. 'Why should one wear nice clothes here, where there is so much work to do and no one to see?'

'I wish you had not so much to do, dear,' said Bessie gently. 'And as for people to see—I am always here, and Robert.'

A bright flush came into the girl's face. Jack's name was made too conspicuous by its absence. But she only replied: 'Nothing I can do for *you* is too much, Bessie;' and she kissed her sister before marching out of the room with her head up, and her sun-bonnet pushed rather further forward than usual.

As for her education, it was almost necessarily defective in some ways and more than usually good in others. She could neither sing nor play; and even if she had been able to do so, there was no piano at Hamilton to give her a chance of practising. She had never learned to draw, though I think that as she had a keen eye for natural beauty, she would have done so easily. But she had read more than most girls of her age, and being beyond the reach of circulating libraries, her reading had been of a useful and solid kind. Robert's library was a small one, but it contained a few first-class novels, several books of history and travel, and some standard poetry; and Phyllis had read nearly every book on the shelves—some of them two or three times over. She could read French easily, though her pronunciation was deficient; and she had read a little Latin with Robert in the winter evenings. Moreover she could do all sorts of household work deftly, as only a lady can do such work, with daintiness and swiftness of touch. As for her physical education, it was simply perfect. She could row a heavy boat and ride a half-broken horse and walk long distances without fatigue. Altogether, both her faults and virtues were perhaps more masculine than feminine. She had none of the small jealousies and petty meannesses common to women; she was generous and brave and proud; and her very pride made her careless of some things about which most girls are apt to be over-careful.

It was not possible that James Hamilton should at once fully understand such a character as this. With him she was exceedingly quiet, shewing him very little of her acquirements, such as they were. He knew she could 'bake and brew' like the lady in the song; but it was almost a shock to him when one evening he came upon Robert and her with their heads bent over an old *Cæsar* in the lamplight. As for her bravery, I fear he rather disliked it; and he did not know how superficial a thing it

was after all, serving to make her do daring things and then forsaking her when the reaction came, as it does to most women. An instance of this happened one bright November afternoon, nearly two months after Jack had arrived at Hamilton Farm.

It was one of the first hot days of the season, and Jack, though becoming rapidly accustomed to hard work, had felt the heat almost too much for him. It seemed to him that the sun poured down its rays with a fierceness that was almost capable of burning the very life out of every living thing exposed to its power. All day the cicadas had chirped sleepily in the gum-trees, the grasshoppers had swarmed in the grass, and towards evening the mosquitoes had risen from the lake in clouds, and he declared to his brother that they were the last straw on the camel's back, and would certainly drive him mad. He and Robert were walking slowly homewards, coming down from the hill at the back of the house, where they had been superintending the shearers at their work, and were passing the kitchen in order to go round to their rooms. As they passed the open door, Phyllis called to them, not loudly or with any alarm in her tone, but rather softly, as if she did not wish her voice to reach the house.

'Robert, come here for a minute,' was all she said; and Jack was surprised to see his brother become suddenly pale, and rush forward the instant he put his head in at the door.

'Why, what is the matter?' he asked. Then he saw that Phyllis was standing in the middle of the kitchen floor holding down with all her strength a long deal board, under which was struggling a black snake, fully five feet long, and nearly as thick as a woman's wrist.

'Hush! don't make a noise,' she said quietly. 'I was so afraid Bessie would hear something, before I could make you understand. She hates snakes, and it would have frightened her so.'

Robert seized the kitchen poker and Jack a thick stick, and between them they despatched the ugly visitor.

That was a wise idea that gave to the Essence of all Evil the serpent form. Of all others it is the most utterly repugnant to humanity; and though it has been estimated that of all the species known, not more than a sixth are venomous, there is no man who, on seeing a snake, does not feel a horror of it and the instinct to kill strong within him, and this quite irrespective of the harm it may do him.

'You brave child!' said Robert. 'How long have you been standing there holding down that thing?'

'Oh, a good while,' she answered, smiling. 'Nearly an hour, I fancy. It was here when I came in, going to eat out of the pail where I throw things for the pigs. I was so afraid of its getting to Bessie somehow, that I dared not leave it.'

Jack saw the smile and heard the brave words, and then he walked out of the kitchen. But he did not see that whenever he was gone the girl grew pale and faint with the suppressed excitement.

'I daresay it was not so very long,' she whispered with a little shudder, 'but it seemed a long time to me till you came.'

'My dear brave girl,' exclaimed her brother, caressing her.

'Don't tell Bessie,' was all she said; and then she retired for a while to her own room.

When Jack saw her again at tea, she was as composed as usual. He had seen the strength, which he told himself was masculine; he had not seen the feminine weakness that followed.

WILD-CATS.

Of the few beasts of prey that the spread of agriculture and the deadly gun of the gamekeeper have left in this country, undoubtedly the most ferocious and destructive is the wild-cat.

Though at one time common enough all over the kingdom, the rapacity of this animal and his insatiable thirst for blood, early turned every man's hand against him; everywhere a price was set on his head; till now he is quite extinct in England, and is only to be found at rare intervals even in the remoter fastnesses of the Highlands, where the nature of the ground still gives him a chance against the pursuit of his implacable foe the gamekeeper. How rare the true mountain-cat is we may see from a return recently published in *Land and Water* of the so-called 'vermin' killed during the last five years by the Duke of Sutherland's gamekeepers in the north. While polecats, stoats, weasels, hawks, &c. were indiscriminately and as we think foolishly shot in hundreds, only five wild-cats were bagged. That veteran sportsman, too, the author of *The Moor and the Loch*, tells us that he has only seen five or six genuine wild-cats in the whole of his long sporting career. No doubt there are animals, only too common on all shootings, in one sense entitled to be called wild-cats; but these are either domestic pussies who have taken to a wild life in the woods, or their offspring, kittenized in freedom. The descendants of these semi-wild cats gradually assume a uniform colouring of fur not unlike that of the genuine mountain-cat, yet there are points both of appearance and habits in which the two species always differ.

The true wild-cat or mountain-cat, as for the sake of clearness we shall call it, may be distinguished from the domestic tabby, and in a lesser degree from the wild-cat, by his greater size, his incomparably greater strength, and by his colour, which never varies, but is always a dusky gray, marked with brown on the belly and flanks. His fur is much longer and rougher; his head very broad, whiskers abundant, ears short, teeth extremely large. In size the mountain-cat is sometimes equalled by the wild-cat; and frequently, as we have said, that wise provision of Nature, which adapts the colouring of an animal to the shades of the locality it inhabits, makes the coat of the wild-cat very like that of the other. Yet there is one conspicuous point peculiar to the genuine animal which never reappears in the most remote posterity of the once tame cat—the long bushy tail, of uniform thickness throughout, annulated and tipped with black, which the mountain-cat has instead of the tapering tail of the other. In the male of the true breed this appendage is shorter than in the female, but much bushier, being almost as thick as a fox's brush.

In proportion to its size, the strength of the mountain-cat is prodigious, and though he is not a fast animal, his agility in climbing and 'dodging' is astonishing. Nocturnal in his habits, and possessing in an eminent degree all the 'stalking'

qualities of his kind, the amount of destruction he causes to the game on a well-stocked shooting is enormous. Nothing that he can get comes amiss to him in the shape of prey; but while he pounces with avidity on any grouse, hares, and rabbits he may fall upon, luckily he has a decided preference for the smaller rodentia. When pressed by hunger, he has been known to drop on to the shoulders of a well-grown lamb or a young deer, and cling there, tearing at the animal's neck till it drops from exhaustion and loss of blood. His habits are essentially solitary. Except at breeding-time, it is very rare that two are seen together, while at all times he shuns the neighbourhood of man; and it is only in the depths of very severe winters, when he is forced by hunger, that he leaves his lone retreat and comes down to ravage the farmyard, the fold, or the home-preserves.

In conflicts with men or dogs, the mountain-cat is never the aggressor, except, perhaps, when a female with young. When assailed, the cat's first instinct is to fly; but when brought to bay—up a tree or in the cleft of a rock—as he usually very soon is by a speedy terrier, he soon shews how high is his courage, for he at once in his turn becomes a dangerous and determined assailant. 'I never saw an animal fight so desperately, or one which was so difficult to kill,' says Mr Charles St John.

The female usually rears her young—of which she seldom has more than three at a litter—in the cleft of as inaccessible a rock as she can find. At this time she is perfectly fearless, and will attack men or dogs who have approached her lair, though with no intention of molesting her. Many stories are told in the north about such attacks that have had very serious, and in some cases fatal endings; but as there undoubtedly exists among shepherds a disposition to make a 'bogie' of the mountain-cat, we shall rather give this well-authenticated instance from the Keilder district, that wild part of Northumberland where the cat had his last home in England. The story was told by James Telfer of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, in a letter to Robert White, the editor of *Leyden's works*.

'Keilder, you may have been told, is indeed,' he writes, 'a bleak, wild, out-of-the-way place as any to be found on the Middle Marches. Till within the memory of man, the lower parts of the district were overgrown with natural wood, which afforded a refuge for a breed of wild-cats, the last, I believe, that were known on the Border. My grandfather was a shepherd; and it so chanced that being one day either herding or hunting in Keilder, he was attacked by a wild-cat. The creature, without the least provocation, sprang upon him before he was aware, making right for his throat, and although he was then a very athletic man, it required all his strength and agility to baffle it in its purpose. He made several attempts to strangle it or to fling it from him; but these proving ineffectual, he contrived in the end to pin it to the ground under one of his knees, and then he and his dog together managed to despatch it. His dog, you must understand, chanced not to be within sight of him when the creature made its attack; and it was always his opinion that if the dog had been out of hearing and not come to his call, he would in the end have fought a losing battle. After

his assailant was fairly dead, my grandfather stretched it out at its length upon the grass, and found that from the nose to the tip of the tail it outmeasured the dog; and a collie dog, you know, from the nose to the tail is not a very short animal. As may be supposed, from the nature of the contest, my grandfather got his hands severely bit and lacerated. Among other injuries he got the nail of one of his thumbs split by a stroke of the creature's claw, and his thumb was disfigured ever afterwards. I can yet remember it. This adventure of my grandfather's might occur a little after the middle of last century, or about a hundred years ago.'

Whether the animal be the aggressor or not, a combat with a mountain-cat is at all times a sufficiently dangerous and exciting event in a sportsman's life. Nowadays, so rare are the animals and so well armed their assailants, that few accidents occur; but many stories are still told of long and bloody combats in the times when shepherds or peasants attacked the fierce animals with no better weapon than a knife or a thick stick. Some years ago, in Sutherlandshire, a shepherd's collie put up a cat which took refuge in a cleft of a rock behind a large stone. The shepherd, supposing the cat had escaped, and growing impatient at what he thought his dog's barking at nothing, went down to make sure the cat was away, when the animal sprang out on him, and with its claws tore open an artery in his throat, so that he bled to death.

There are few places where these fierce animals once lived that have not still some lingering tradition of them; like the story Mr Hamerton tells of Bamborough in Yorkshire, where a man and a wild-cat fought together in a wood, the combat going on till they got to the church porch, where both died of their wounds.

In many parts of the continent the genuine wild-cat is still pretty common, though there too his evil reputation draws down on him the bitter hostility of gamekeeper and farmer, which is slowly but surely leading to his ultimate extinction there, as in England.

Some time ago it was stated in a German newspaper that a Herr Hecart had tamed a wild-cat to take care of a tame sparrow. The animal did his duty so conscientiously, it was said, that when another cat attacked his charge, he defended it most vigorously. The German trainer, according to this, has succeeded in proving that the mountain-cat *can* be tamed; though, as far as we know, the unanimous opinion of all authorities in this country is that this cat, even when captured as a kitten, is hopelessly untamable. Gamekeepers who have tried the experiment on kittens have told us that as they grow up their native fierceness invariably shews itself, and soon they have to be condemned to the strong cage that one now and then finds in the outhouses of the keepers' cottages, tenanted by the wild fierce-eyed mountain-cat. If captured alive when some months old, as they sometimes are in traps, they never become in the least tamed by confinement. Kind treatment has not the slightest effect on their ferocity; and even when feeding the captives, great care has to be taken, otherwise they will at once tear the hand that feeds them. In the Earl of Scafield's farmyard at Balmacalan, near Loch Ness, there used to be, and probably still is, a fine collection of wild-cats captured on the estate.

Though many of them were taken when very young, they appeared to the spectator much wilder than their larger relations the lions and tigers caged in zoological collections, as they growlingly shewed their huge fangs, and glared rage and hatred alike on keeper and visitor.

An infinitely greater nuisance to game preservers than even the mountain-cat is grimalkin that has become wild—the semi-wild cat. Almost the equal of the mountain-cat in ferocity and destructiveness, these wild cats are enormously more numerous. It is amazing the number of domestic cats that, by cruel neglect on the part of their owners, or other causes, annually revert to their natural state, and take up their quarters in the woods, to live as wild animals. During the five years in which the Duke of Sutherland's game-keepers bagged only five mountain-cats, they shot two hundred and thirty-five of the other kind; and when we come southwards, into the preserves near large towns, the numbers grow enormously. 'In the preserves say from ten to twenty miles round London,' says a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'the cats thus killed must be counted by thousands. Families change their houses; the cat is driven away by the new-comer, and takes to the fields. In one little copse not more than two acres in extent, and about twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner, fifteen cats were shot in six weeks. When two or three wild or houseless animals take up their abode in a wood, they speedily attract half-a-dozen hitherto tame ones; and if they are not destroyed, it would be impossible to keep either game or rabbits.'

We have on more than one occasion protested against the heartless cruelty of turning cats out of doors to starve, when shutting up houses for the season. As is seen, the poor creatures are often driven wild with hunger and exposure, and liable to be killed as a measure of general police. We again denounce this odious misusage of the faithful and domestic cat, as a scandal to humanity. Those who cannot permanently provide for cats ought not to attempt to keep them.

IRISH TRAITS.

OLD JUDY—A TURF TICKET—THE WIDOW'S SON.

WE read of

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

But in our dealings with the Irish poor we find tongues and books and sermons as eloquent and instructive as are to be met in any inanimate objects. 'God is good!' is the saying on their lips in every emergency; and their patience and implicit trust in Providence in all their difficulties are wonderful.

A striking example of this firm faith was an old woman well remembered in the parish, where she had come as a stranger, and lived for years without any fixed home or apparent means of subsistence. Old Judy had contrived to secure the good-will and respect of all, rich and poor. There was a decency of manner and appearance about her that spoke of better days; she was scrupulously clean in her person; and her clothes, though ever so worn and threadbare, were patched and made the best of. The neighbours gave her 'the place of

her bed,' sometimes in one cabin, sometimes in another; and her little figure trotting along with a stick in her hand, came to be a familiar and well-known object. The magnates of the place patronised her; and whenever blankets were given out or there was a distribution of food or clothing, old Judy's name was sure to be down in some one's list. Every stray shilling or sixpence bestowed on her was forthwith invested in ginger-bread and sugar-sticks. An occasional gift of a basket of apples was a welcome addition to her store; and with this stock in trade she took up her post at the school-house gate and beguiled the scholars of their halfpence by her tempting array of good things.

When not thus employed, Judy's usual seat was a long stone bench at the gable-end of a thatched cottage by the roadside. Here she used to sit basking in the sunshine, her trembling hands resting on a staff—a picture for an artist; with the wrinkled fresh-coloured face like a frost-bitten apple peeping out from the frill of her clean white cap, over which was tied the scarlet kerchief that forms so picturesque a feature of Irish headgear; her tidy little gray cloak, turned-up stuff gown, blue petticoat, well-blackened brogues, and gray stockings. And as she sat on her favourite bench, with generally two or three village children playing about her, her figure harmonised well with the lovely view around.

As fair and pleasant a view it was as could be seen anywhere, and one on which no eye could rest without delight. To the left, Kilkeedy church with its 'ivy-mantled tower,' the tall spire rising from a clustering mass of glossy verdure; and beyond, the trees and sunny fields of the Rectory, to which a Gothic gateway led through a cloistered walk of overarching evergreens, holly and yew, laurel and arbutus. On the right, crowning the green upland, surrounded by a belt of trees, with background of purple mountain, Carrig o' Gunnel Castle, that beautiful old ruin, the cynosure of Clare and Limerick, that looks down so proudly over the broad Shannon. Across the road opposite the cottage was a large field—

The richest land in all the glebe—

bordered on one side by a hawthorn hedge, and on the other by a row of lofty elms; a broad expanse of verdure, with its single fine tree in the centre, a noble beech, underneath whose spreading branches the cattle loved to gather for shade from the sun or shelter from the breeze. Nowhere did the grass seem to grow so luxuriantly or wear so bright and rich a green. And in summer, when the sun was setting and the crimson glory of its rays were flung across this pleasant field, brightening with mellow light the cheerful landscape, and touching with silvery sheen the windings of the far-off river Maigue—fair indeed was the scene. Pleasant then was the mossy walk along the hedge, or the path beneath the trees. The glowing sunshine, the gorgeous western sky, the quiet church, the clover-scented velvet turf, all so glad and beautiful!

Alas for the changes brought by the revolving years! The old familiar church is gone. Ruthless hands have cut down the lordly beech; and the eyes that gloried in the silvan beauties of the place, the master mind that planned and tended all with loving care, are closed for ever.

There were times when Judy, like many others whose means of subsistence were less precarious, was very low in the world; and then she might be seen on a Sunday seated outside the door of the chapel when the country-people were going to mass, with a white plate on her knees to receive the halfpence of the charitable. This was generally an extreme measure, and one which, being rather ashamed of, she felt needed an apology.

'An' what can I do, avourneen! Sure if the good Christians don't give it to me, I must die entirely. An' look at my old cloak, honey, with the daylight coming through it in spite o' me; an' 'tis flying 'twill be before winter, in rags an' tatters. I don't know what I'll do; but God is good.'

'Well, Judy, we must get up a subscription to buy you another. It would be a pity to see you "flying."'

And accordingly a petition was drawn up and some names entered; and away started Judy to 'gather little or much among the quality.' And a proud little woman she was when in due time she came trotting home with a smart gray cloak she had bought in Limerick with the fruits of her collection, 'for less than half-price, and it better than new. An' now wouldn't she be warm night an' day; with the fine blanket already, an' the elegant cloak forby.'

Judy's comforts were soon needed, for her health failed, and she was unable to do anything to help herself, or to sit out in the open air selling apples and lollipops. This was a great loss to her; for 'sure,' said the poor old woman, 'the pence I got from the scholars were what I put my dependance in to buy the bit of soap an' the sod of turf, an' maybe a grain of snuff of an odd time. It's enough for me to be trusting to the neighbours an' the gentlefolks for lodging an' clothes, an' for the potatoes an' the cup of tay, without going to trouble them for small little things of that sort. But God is good, acushla, God is good!'

Her trust in the divine goodness was justified. One of her patrons put her on his list of weekly pensioners, and placed her as a permanent inmate of the thatched cottage outside of which was her favourite bench. There at times she sat, attended as before by her escort of young urchins; for Judy was most popular among the juvenile population. And when she grew quite feeble and unable to go about, there was not a boy or girl in the parish who was not at all times ready and willing to run with her tin can for broth or to fetch sirup for her hacking cough, or perform any little service she required.

When at last the stone bench was unoccupied, and poor Judy's vacant place knew her no more, her constant exclamation 'God is good!' seemed to have brought a blessing with it. Like the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, she had neither storehouse nor barn, could neither toil nor spin, and yet her Heavenly Father had not allowed her simple wants to go unheeded.

This Irish trait also manifested itself strongly in a bright cheerful-looking woman, who appeared among a host of applicants at the door of an office where turf tickets were being distributed.

'Here's your ticket, good woman,' said the clerk. 'You'll have to pay one-and-sixpence for

it, and they will give you three shillings-worth of turf at the turf-yard.'

'Och, then, sir, I may as well leave it with you so,' replied the woman. 'Where would I get one-an'-sixpence? The never a farthin' in the world-wide have I to pay for turf; an' how would I, with six children to provide for, an' no father over them since Christmas last?'

'Here's a sixpence for you,' said a by-stander. 'But how are you to make up the rest of the money?'

'God will give it to me, never fear!' said the woman, as thanking the donor profusely, she walked briskly off with a beaming face.

The next morning she made her appearance again at the office.

'I'm come for the turf ticket, sir!' she cried; 'an' here's the price of it;' holding up in great glee her one-and-sixpence. 'Didn't I tell you God would give it to me? So he did; glory be to His holy name! He never disappointed me yet.'

A neighbour inquiring how it had come about, drew forth her little story.

'Why, you see,' she said, 'when I left this yesterday, I hadn't a spark of fire to boil the hand-ful of potatoes the neighbours—long life to them—gave me for the children's suppers. So I went to the copse behind the village to try would I pick up any sticks or brambles that would serve me till such time as 'twas pleasing to the Lord to send me the price of the turf. Well sir, I had gathered a small bundle, when I looked up an' saw a gentleman on horseback coming across the field over forenent me. There was a gate at the end of the field, an' he stopped when he came to it an' tried to open it. The horse was very contrary, an' wouldn't stand for him all he could do, an' the gate was stiff moreover; so when I see that, I threw down the sticks an' ran to open it. 'Twas lucky I did, for the horse by this time was gettin' quite cross entirely.'

'Where do you live, my good woman?' sez the gentleman, riding slow, an' I keepin' up with him.

'Don't you see my little cabin, sir?' sez I; 'that's it by the roadside yonder.'

'Is it that hut covered with the potato-stalks?' sez he, turning round on his saddle; 'without window or chimney in it, an' the smoke coming out through the top? Why, woman alive, that isn't fit for a pig, let alone a Christian, to live in!'

'A pig is it sir? Why then, I wish I could shew your honour the six beautiful children, God bless 'em! that I'm rearing in that cabin; every whole one of them with skins as white as snow, an' as fat as if three cows were milking morning an' night for them. I buried their father, rest his soul! the time of the cholera; an' I must strive now and do for them with the help of God, till they're big. Here's the road now sir; and there isn't another gate, so good morrow kindly;' for I was afeard o' my life some one might make away with my little bundle of sticks; an' I set off running back again towards the wood. The gentleman called out after me to ax what I was in such a hurry for.

'Stop a minute,' sez he; 'an' here's something to help the six children.'

'With that he pulled out his purse an' threw a

shilling down to me. The moment I saw it, I knew 'twas God sent it for the turf. I put it along with my sixpence, an' I'm come now for the ticket. We'll all be fine an' warm this many a day with such a sight of firing.'

Another instance of the like simple piety is the case of a poor widow's son, taken down in her own words after the young man's death.

'I know,' she said, 'that 'tis a sin and a shame to misdoubt the great God. I often did misdoubt Him; but my poor Tom never did, for he said He was the true friend that would give him all he'd ask for. One day just a week before he went to the hospital, he was sitting forenent the fire; and very weak and bad he was the same time, and the sleep hadn't closed his eyes for two nights. And "O mother, asthore [dearest]," sez he, "I'm destroyed with the thirst that's burning me up like a fire; and what will I do at all?" Well, I had nothing to give my poor child but the cold water, and that was not fit for him; and it was breaking my heart to look at him perishing for want of a drink, and his two cheeks like red coals with the fever that scorched him. I didn't answer him a word, for what could I say? and he got up from his chair and began walking to and fro in the cabin quite restless in his mind. Presently he went back to his place; and when I looked over at him, there he was sitting as patient as a lamb, and looking down at the fire contented and quiet.

"'Tis a poor case, Tom," sez I, "that your mother must see you in want of a drink, and not have a sup to give you to wet your lips, agra."

"Oh, I'm easy now, mother," sez he, and a smile like an angel's come over his face, for all 'twas so thin and so flushed: "I'm easy now, for I've asked God to send me the drink, and I know He will soon."

'The word was hardly apast his lips when, as I was standing at the door, who should I see coming down the hill towards the cabin but the ladies from the great house! and "O Tom," I cried, "here's the darlin' ladies coming to see you, and maybe they'll ask are you thirsty, and will send you a dhrop." Well, they come in, and sure enough, spoke very tender to him; and inquired how he was, and about the pains, and if he slept better at night, and whether he'd finished the book they'd lent him, and they'd send him another when that was done. But not one word all this time about the thirst! not one, though we were watching an' watching in hopes they'd say something consarning it. The poor boy was shy of speaking about it; and so was myself—timorous for fear we'd be too troublesome.

'At last they turned to go away, and wished us a good-evening. The heart within me followed after them as they went out of the door, for the longing I had to ax for a drain of something I'd give my poor son. I hadn't the courage still to speak; so I went after the ladies, hoping it might yet come across their minds, and walked up the hill along with them a good piece of the road. It was a beautiful evenin'. The sun was setting behind the Shannon over; and I went as far as the old hawthorn tree, themselves talking to me all the way till we parted.

'A was with a sore heart I faced my poor boy again without any good news for him. "Never

fear, mother," sez he; "God is good! I'll never let go my hold on Him." He didn't speak a word more after that; for indeed he wasn't able, his mouth being parched with the drouth. I didn't like to be looking at him sitting there so patient and still, so I turned away and pertended to be dusting the things on the dresser; and just then, when my back was to it, what should darken my door but the ladies' shadows! I thought the heart would jump clean out o' me when I heard them tell Tom about a big jar of cooling drink they had above at the great house; and how they had come back to ax him would he like any, and that I was to go up for it!

'The minute they were gone, my poor Tom went down on his two knees and gave up his thanks to th' almighty God. "For, mother dear," sez he, "it was He sent the ladies back. Didn't I tell you when I asked Him for it He'd surely give me the drink?"

'Ever after, when I was oneasy in myself or troubled, my poor fellow would bring up to me that evening. And now that he's cold in the clay, his words come across me often. And when black thoughts and misdoubting come into my mind, I think that I see his mild face and hear him saying: "God is good, mother! I'll never let go my hold on Him."

A WORD FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.

LONELY and grim in the wild waters of the Western Atlantic, lies the island of Newfoundland. At present it is a much undervalued and undeveloped country, on account of its chilly climate and unpromising appearance. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the prodigious importance of the Newfoundland fisheries, and the treasures of mineral wealth recently opened up, make the natives well content with their country. The abundance of whales has latterly decreased; bonito and turbot give an occasional treat; lobsters exist in immense numbers on many parts of the coast, but are being rapidly destroyed by over-fishing in the few places where, to use an American term, they are 'manufactured'; but cod and herring still abound, if not in incredible quantity, still in numbers sufficient to furnish the mainstay of a country of one hundred and sixty-two thousand inhabitants.

Of this population, seventy-two thousand (including twenty-seven thousand able-bodied seamen) are engaged in catching and curing fish. Cod are annually exported, literally in millions; of herring, two hundred thousand barrels; and of salmon, fifty thousand hundredweight. The annual catch of seals ranges from three to five hundred thousand. The total value of exports in fish, oil, and seal-skins amounted last year to nearly two millions sterling.

In a country where so large a proportion of the population is engaged in the fisheries, agricultural and other industries as may be imagined, do not flourish to any great extent. Indeed, mechanics and handicraftsmen, farmers and merchants, here number only a few thousands; and of these the greater number reside in Avalon, a small penin-

sula forming the extreme south-eastern portion of the island. Though in area only about one-tenth of the whole island, it is in point of fact its only important section, owing to the fine position it occupies as regards the line of ocean-travel, and as a rendezvous for vessels engaged in the bank-fishery and in sealing. In short this portion of the island enjoys all the advantages of civilisation and refinement, except railways. Churches abound, schools flourish, the spirit of progress is abroad, and new industries are waking the country to more active life.

Let us now leave Avalon and take a peep at the resources of the main body of the island. Newfoundland is about two-thirds the size of England, having an area of thirty-seven thousand square miles. Its coast is extremely bleak. On the east and south, shelving grassy shores are seldom seen; but the sea-wall rises frowning and precipitous, sometimes to a height of three and four hundred feet, jagged, broken, terrible! At a little distance it seems almost impossible to find safe haven among those perilous rocks; but a near approach shews sudden glimpses of lovely land-locked harbours. Nine great bays, varying in reach from forty to one hundred miles, offer fine feeding-grounds for fish, which frequent them in immense numbers.

Strangers passing by are apt to imagine the character of the whole island to correspond with that of its coast, which certainly is bleak, barren, and uninviting. But it would be just as wise to judge of a garden by its wall. These high shores lift into a clear and bracing atmosphere lands as lovely as any that are the boast of England. Great ranges of hills protect the habitable country from stormy winds, and call down abundance of rain to bless the lovely valleys at their feet. Broad stretches of fertile lowland are varied by rolling uplands, covered with forests of pine, fir, spruce, larch, and birch, waiting to bow to the woodman's axe. Numerous lakes, ranging in length from ten to sixty miles, offer to bear on their placid bosoms the woody treasures to fine rivers that run in every direction to the sea. Only about two hundred small (very small) farmers cultivate any portion of this fine country, of which at least five thousand square miles, lying in the main body of the island, are pronounced by competent judges to be as well adapted for agriculture as any in Europe. Of the saw-mills that utilise the riches of the forests, the generality employ one or two 'hands'; two only, in Trinity Bay, employ from ten to eighty men. Many of these mills, under inexperienced management, destroy more timber than they save. For the rest, the forests are left unworked, or to lawless cutting and burning.

Minerals of the finest quality abound in Newfoundland. The geological formation of the island is largely of granite, serpentine, and limestone. The coal strata of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, after dipping under the sea, reappear in St George's Bay, on the western coast. The seams are thick and of excellent quality, but none are worked nor probably will be until the railway—the line of which has already been surveyed—runs directly through them. Silver and iron exist in small quantities, and copper in abundance. Two fine copper mines—namely Tilt Cove and Bett's Cove—are now in operation, both in Notre Dame

Bay, on the north-eastern shore of the island, and quite near each other, and are being worked for fairly remunerative returns. In Fortune Bay, on the southern shore, there exists another mine, said to be the richest yet discovered, but not yet worked. In White Bay, to the north of Bett's and Tilt Coves, the mineral deposits are so fine, the agricultural prospects so encouraging, and the climate so agreeable, that great hopes are entertained of its future prosperity. It is the opinion of the present governor that 'in three or four years the exports from this bay will amount to one million pounds sterling, or nearly one-third of the whole amount of the exports of Newfoundland and Labrador.' This indeed should be, but never will be here, nor in other parts of the island, until government and public-spirited men open up the country by roads and railways, and foster those industries on which Newfoundland must ultimately depend.

The interior of the island is at present almost wholly uninhabited. Traces of deer-fences, thirty and forty miles long, only remain to tell of the sports and labours of the *Bocothicks*, the aboriginal Red Indian tribe, long ago exterminated or driven away. The short-sighted policy of the whites in killing the goose that lays the golden egg, led to the destruction of the unfortunate *Bocothicks*, for the sake of the valuable furs of fox, otter, &c. which they alone could procure. With them, of course died out the fur-trade. After they had been wantonly persecuted for over two hundred years, the local government, in the beginning of the present century, woke up to the idea of protecting a tribe that no longer existed! As a step towards shewing good-will, an Indian woman was forcibly taken from her home, brought to St Johns, kindly treated, loaded with presents, and returned to her tribe. The incidents attending the abduction of this woman and the death of her only child, so suddenly deprived of its mother's care, roused the ire of the *Bocothicks*, who at once resolved to kill any of their number who should afterwards be captured and returned. The result of this was that three more women, who were similarly taken in 1823, and similarly treated, refused to return to their homes. Two soon died. The third, a fine handsome woman, named *Shanandithit*, lived for two years with her white captors and became quite civilised. After learning to speak English, she explained the reason of her refusal to return to her companions, saying she would surely have been killed. Since her death in 1825, not an Indian has been seen. The skeleton of 'Mary March,' who returned to her tribe in 1819, has since been found, dressed in white muslin and adorned with trinkets, known to have been hers.

But though the Indian has been exterminated, the white man has not taken his place; the country lying desolate. Over regions that should yield rich harvests to the farmer's hand, now flaunt the golden lily and the purple iris; tangled vines of cranberry, partridge-berry, and delicate capillaire carpet the ground with darkest green, flashing with fruit of scarlet and white; and thickets of blueberry, raspberry, and bake-apple in their season clothe in blue and crimson and amber the wasting plains. Great forests declare that beneath them lies a rich subsoil that should furnish food for thousands; and no man is found to

till this great lone land, which is the secure home of wolves, deer, black bears, hares, foxes, and all manner of vermin. Osprey and owl, raven, crow, and blue-jay, woodpecker and robin, martin, wren, thrush, titmouse, blackcap, fly-catcher, grosbeak, snowbird, and sparrow, all abound in the woods; plover, bittern, snipe, whimbrel, and sandpiper haunt the wilds and marshes. Partridges abound everywhere. Water-fowl of many species are found in the lakes and ponds; while gulls, cormorants, eider-ducks, geosanders, loons, and pullins abound on the sea-coast, and are to be had for the shooting. Penguins were once plentiful, but have been almost exterminated; and almost within the memory of man that now extinct bird the great-auk found a breeding-place on the adjacent islands. Trout and salmon abound in the rivers and ponds, but though well protected by law, are wantonly destroyed in districts where law is practically without effect, from the want of an efficient staff of water-bailiffs.

Concerning the climate of Newfoundland, great mistakes have been made, first as to fog, second as to cold. Fog is not prevalent. On the southern and eastern coasts it is sometimes seen, but is soon driven off by the north-westerly winds that prevail during summer. On the western coast fog rarely appears. As to cold, the mistake is still greater. On the sea-shore, chilly winds certainly prevail all the year round, as is the case in every country, and only the shores of Newfoundland are inhabited. There indeed, the summer is short, though often hot, and spring is late; but autumn is a long and lovely season. The winter too is long and steady, but not extremely cold. While in Nova Scotia the thermometer frequently falls to thirty degrees below zero, in Avalon it seldom reaches *minus* twenty degrees; and on the southern coast, and in the interior, the cold is still less. In Avalon, small garden fruits grow well; but orchard fruits seldom attain great excellence. In the great southern bays, however, they attain perfection. Everywhere, vegetables are remarkably fine, not in size but in flavour, the short hot season forcing the plants to a rapid and tender growth.

The climate is certainly salubrious, as the healthfulness and longevity of the people prove. Zymotic diseases rarely occur, and never in great violence. Consumption is rapidly disappearing. In spite of the free use of salt-provisions by the working population, scrofula seldom appears, thanks to spruce-beer, a pleasant beverage made from the black spruce, and a most powerful anti-scorbutic. Most of the Newfoundlanders live to a good old age. In the census for 1874, one thousand six hundred and sixty men and one thousand four hundred and thirty-five women—making together a fifty-second part of the whole population—are returned as being over seventy years of age. The numerical predominance of men over women at this age is accounted for by the excessively hard life led by the Newfoundland fisherman's wife, her toils being much more constant and exhausting than those of her husband.

We have alluded to the project of a railway to intersect the island with a view to developing its vast mineral and other resources. It would be gratifying to hear that this railway was proceeded with by means of native wealth and enterprise; for considering the way that English capitalists

have been victimised by the deceptive promises of transatlantic projectors, we fear that there would be little chance of raising the requisite capital for the undertaking in Great Britain.

A FAR-TRAVELLED TELEGRAM.

A remarkable instance of the value of the telegraph in abridging time and space and enabling many nations to join in being useful to each other, has been brought under notice in America. A resident in Auburn, N. Y., wished to communicate with a person in Sydney, New South Wales, and sent him a telegram, on which sixty-five dollars were charged. Let the reader take a globe or map and trace the following route. To reach its destination, it had to traverse the Atlantic, Europe, Asia, and the Eastern Archipelago; passing over about two hundred and fifty degrees of longitude, and about ninety degrees of latitude. It passed through the United States, Newfoundland, Ireland, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), reaching Wladiwodstock, in what is termed the 'third region' of Siberia. Passing thence, the message next traversed the Yellow Sea to Shanghai, passing through Nagasaki in Japan *en route*, and subsequently by the submarine cables touching at various points; finally starting from Bangowanjie, the terminal point in Java, for Port Darwin in Australia, and so to its destination. The journey would exceed twenty thousand miles; being nearly equal to the earth's circumference, and almost double the direct distance between the points, had a westward route been open.

B A L L A D.

My love he took me to the fields,
And through the woods, and o'er the lea;
He said the charms which Nature yields
Were such as those he found in me.

I looked upon the streaming light,
That fell around us everywhere;
He said the sun would not be bright
But that it wished to match my hair.

I stooped to cull a simple flower,
And in its scent he found a sign;
He told me Flora gave that dower
To those whose breath was pure as mine.

I listened to the roving breeze,
That wafted leaves from every tree;
And fondly he declared that these
Were like the vows he sighed to me.

I paused to hear the happy birds,
That sang their trusting mates to rest;
He said such songs, too sweet for words,
He sang to me within his breast.

And when the dews came down, he said
A sadder symbol these impart;
For these are tears that angels shed
To see that we again must part.

Thus daily did he me rejoice,
But never now these charms I see;
For I have lost the gentle voice
That made them all so dear to me.

J. E. W.

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HAPS AND MISHAPS OF SUBMARINE CABLES.

THOUGH in former articles we have described the process of manufacturing submarine cables, we may briefly remind our readers that the substances used are several in number. First there is the copper wire or wires which are insulated in a covering of gutta-percha; and second there is a sheathing, composed of hemp, which, like gutta-percha, is a non-conducting substance; and lastly, the strong twisted wires which envelop and strengthen the whole.

Sir William Thomson, one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, has said that the very safest place for a submarine cable is the sea, sea-water being the very best preservative for gutta-percha. It was therefore thought in the early days of cables that they would be of a practically infinite durability when once submerged; but experience has told a different tale. It shews that the average life of a cable is only about twelve or fourteen years. Were sea-water the only thing a cable had to encounter in the 'slimy bottom of the deep,' there would be good reason to expect a long life for cables; but there are many sources of mishap and trouble to them, some of which could hardly be conjectured beforehand.

It was foreseen that near the land, where storm-waves move the whole depth of water, the cable would be rasped on the rocks and worn through or pulled forcibly asunder; a common accident on the old Orkney cables. But in the depths of the ocean, where all is still, it was thought no harm could come unless, by rare coincidence, a sinking ship settled down upon it. No such instance has yet appeared; but the cable has encountered a far worse enemy in the teeth of a tiny sea-creature, the *Limnoria terebrans*. In 1865, Dr W. H. Russell, as *Times* correspondent with the Atlantic Cable expedition of 1865 wrote: 'But as a mite would in all probability never have been seen but for the invention of cheese, so it may be that there is some undeveloped creation waiting *perdu* for

the first piece of gutta-percha which comes down to arouse his faculty and fulfil his functions of life—a gutta-percha boring and eating *teredo* who has been waiting for his meal since the beginning of the world.' While the doctor wrote these words his prophecy was being actually fulfilled. The borer was at work! The Levant Cable, laid in 1858, and taken up next summer, was found to be beset by 'millions of small shell-fish or snails,' accompanied by small worms, which had completely destroyed the hemp of the outer sheathing, and eaten circular holes in the gutta-percha core. Professor Huxley on examining these shells wrote: 'The specimens you sent me remove all doubt as to the nature of the mischief-maker in the cable. It is a bivalve shell, the xylophaga, closely allied to the shipworm (*teredo*), but distinguished from it, among other peculiarities, by not lining its burrow with shelly matter. The xylophaga turns beautifully cylindrical burrows, always against the grain, in wood; and I have no doubt it perforated the hempen coating of the cable in the same way. On meeting the gutta-percha it seemed not to have liked it, and to have turned aside; thus giving rise to the elongated grooves which we see.'

In 1860 several pieces of cable were picked up off Minorca in the Mediterranean having the hemp between the steel wires eaten into holes with the regularity and spacing of a cribbage-board. The gutta-percha was also penetrated to various depths, and it did not seem from these that the *teredo*, as the borer was now called, had any dislike to this nutriment. Subsequently, the borer was found off the Norway coast and in the English and Irish Channels, where it did and still does great harm to the Irish cables. A part of the Dublin and Holyhead Cable was taken up, pierced in many places right through the core, directly inwards to the copper-wire, and the worms were found in the holes. Dr Carpenter examined these, and identified them as the *Limnoria lignorum* of Rathké, better known to British naturalists as the *Limnoria terebrans*. 'This,' says Dr Carpenter in his Report, 'is a most destructive creature, whose

ravages have long been a source of great injury to the woodwork of piers, bridges, harbour-works, &c.; often erroneously attributed to the borings of the "teredo." The *L. teredrans* is about a quarter-inch long, in body like a truncated maggot, with seven pair of small legs and a round head. From its small size it can readily wriggle its way between the iron guard-wires of a cable where they do not close up well. They have since been found in such widely distant seas as the Florida and Persian Gulfs, and it is believed that they are to be met with over the greater part of the world. It is startling to think what a destructive power this little worm possesses. A single unconscious meal of his might so affect a cable as to render it absolutely useless for the time being.

The repairing of submarine cables and the results of deep-sea soundings prior to laying, began to throw new light on the depths of the sea, and to suggest that life in a variety of forms might inhabit them. Further experiences strengthened this view, and naturalists bestirred themselves for new explorations. The expeditions of the *Porcupine* paved the way for the famous voyage of the *Challenger*.

The amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs after being immersed for a year or two, is surprising. Three years ago, the writer was with a repairing expedition on the Pará to Cayenne section of the Western and Brazilian Company's Cables. We were chiefly at work off the island of Marajo, in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs, and curious shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty. The sea-weeds were in great variety clinging to the cable, sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow algae; slender, transparent, feathery grasses; red slimy fucoids, and tufts of amethyst moss. We found branching coralline plants upwards of a foot in height growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of a deep orange colour. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the roots of these corals, and delicate calcareous structures of varied tints incrusting the stems of all these plants, and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them. Parasitic life seems to be as rife under these soft tepid waters as it is on the neighbouring tropical shores. Many star-fishes, zoophytes, and curious crabs and crustaceans were likewise fished up on the cable. The crabs were often themselves completely overgrown with the indigenous vegetation of the bottom, and so were scarcely distinguishable from it. Others, although not so covered, were found to have the same tints as the vegetation they inhabited, and even in structure somewhat resembled the latter. Others again were perfectly or partially transparent; and one most beautiful hyaline crab, new to science, united in its person several of the prevailing colours of the bottom. Its slender limbs, like jointed filaments of glass, were stained here and there of a deep topaz brown. Its snout, pointed like a needle, was of a deep scarlet; its triangular body was of a deep yellow; its eyes were green; and its tiny limbs of an amethyst blue.

Within a day after this cable had been laid, a

mysterious fault had occurred; and this we were in pursuit of. To our surprise, we found it to have been caused by the bites of some voracious fish. About thirty miles north of the Pará mouth of the Amazon we found the cable bitten in many places, and in some so severely that the iron guard-wires had been forcibly crushed aside, the cable penetrated to the conductor, and pieces of the animal's teeth left sticking in the core. Instances of cables having been damaged by the saw-fish were known before, both by us and doubtless by our readers. The saw-fish grubbing with its snout in the mud is supposed by Frank Buckland to encounter the cable; and becoming enraged at it, to deal it a sharp downward stroke with its saw, thereby piercing the cable from above, and in certain cases leaving its broken teeth jammed between the wires. But the bites we cut out were evidently due to another fish; for they showed signs of having been made by a direct bite between a pair of powerful jaws. Pieces of teeth were found both on the upper and under side of a bitten place, showing that both jaws had been at work. Of what the fish really is which tries its teeth on such expensive prey, nothing is certainly known. Naturalists have not yet explored these virgin waters. The cable has been bitten again and again since it was submerged. It lies over the surface of the coral reef which fringes that coast, and where it spans the jagged projections of the coral rock, will offer a tempting bait to the big and strange fishes which are known to haunt the caverns of a reef.

Fish are not the only large animals who have tried to make a meal or a plaything out of a cable. Underground cables have been found eaten by both rats and mice. In Bristol, a year or two ago, a company of rats made their way into the street pipes, and devoured the gutta-percha coating of the street cables. Not long since at Dawlish a mouse built her nest and reared her progeny in one of these pipes, and apparently supported both herself and her household on the gutta-percha of the wires. No doubt as the current passed at times while she was gnawing, the little creature felt a tickling sensation of the palate, which fairly puzzled its tiny understanding and possibly disturbed its innocent feast.

A curious submarine accident occurred a few years ago in the Persian Gulf Cable. The cable suddenly broke down faulty. The position of the fault was localised by shore-tests, and a ship despatched to raise the cable and repair it. It was duly grappled; and after a great deal of labour, caused by the extraordinary weight of the cable in hauling up, they succeeded in raising it to the surface, when they found, much to their amusement as well as surprise, that they had 'caught a whale.' The body of a dead whale was found entangled in the coils of the cable, where the animal had netted and strangled itself.

The great majority of breakages result from the fouling of ships' anchors. Nor do the skippers of these defaulting ships in every case furnish reports of what they have accidentally done, although it would be of great service to the Company which owns the cable. Every one in the telegraph world has heard the story of Mr Hockin's feat in this way. Mr Hockin, one of the most eminent electricians of the day, was on

his way home from Pernambuco after the laying of the cable from Europe to Brazil. The mail-steamer he was aboard of accidentally hooked the cable on her anchor outside of Lisbon. The captain, eager to get home, would simply have dropped the injured cable and passed on; but Mr Hockin represented to him the importance of the case, and prevailed upon him to delay a few hours. Then Mr Hockin extemporised a rude battery and signalling key out of some scrap metal on board, and succeeded in signalling along the broken cable to the shore. The shore replied. Receiving the signals on his tongue by the taste which the current made when it passed, he instructed the shore exactly where to find the breakage; whereby much delay and expense were saved the Company, who presented him with a handsome acknowledgment. Such is the story as we have heard it. Whether true in detail or not, the moral obviously is, that ships committing damages to cables should invariably report upon them.

High words passed between two rival Atlantic Companies on the subject of the mysterious breakages which occurred in 1875 and 1876 on the Direct United States Cable newly laid. These breakages were imputed by some to the machinations of the Anglo-American Company. They occurred off the American coast, one in seventy, the other in one hundred and twenty fathoms. Sir William Thomson and Mr Bramwell, C.E. reported on them as follows: 'The tapering down of the ends of the wires, characteristic of good ductile metal in act of breaking, combined with the general appearance of the broken cable, could admit of only one conclusion being drawn, and that the breakage was not due to any decayed or imperfect condition of cable, and also that it was not due to chafing of the cable against a rock, or to any influence of an abrading or of a crushing character; but that the breakage had occurred on a perfect cable and through thoroughly sound metal, and was caused by the whole having been torn asunder under a violent tensile strain.' This strain they thought to have been caused by the arm of a grapple or the fluke of an anchor, by which the cable had been for a distance underrun, till the frayed hemp stopped it, when the final strain broke the cable. Mr Gaines, Superintendent of the Anglo-American Company, subsequently wrote, explaining that every year, with one exception, since it was laid in 1869, the Duxbury and St Pierre Cable of that Company had been broken through at least once by the anchors of fishing-smacks. These breaks, with one exception, were all within fifty miles of each other. Sometimes the skippers of the smacks reported on the breakages, but sometimes not. The exceptional year was 1874, the first year of the submersion of the Direct United States Cable, during which it also was untouched. A fishing-boat, it was argued, hooks the cable with its anchor, and while hauling in, the heavy ground-swell heaves up her bows, snapping the cable.

Besides these fisher-folk, there have been other human depredators of cables, especially in the benighted East. Coolies have been known to steal a river cable, cut it in pieces, and plant the bits, to grow more; and for a long time the Chinese proved very troublesome to the early

cables laid to China. Not only did they persistently cut it in two, because they believed it to be an evil demon or false joss; but after they had learned to fear it less, they appropriated the shore-ends, in order to make tea-nails out of the iron wires, while out of the copper of the core they manufactured ornaments for the person.

Ice sometimes ruptures cables, as, for instance, in the White Sea. These ice-breakages were for a time as mysterious as any other kind when they first appeared. Thus one gentleman, an officer in one of Her Majesty's scientific corps, wrote to the papers to explain that the ruptures in the White Sea Cables were due to the fact, which he claimed to have discovered, that the world was growing bigger, stretching itself, so to speak, and bursting its bounds. This suggestion is on a par with that of the lady who, after the failure to lay the 1858 Atlantic Cable, wrote to *The Times* suggesting that cables instead of being under-sea should be over-sea, and proposing Gibraltar Rock, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Andes as convenient points of suspension!

Besides these mechanical foes to submarine cables, we may say in conclusion a few words about some more subtle disturbances which, if not exactly foes, are at least pests. We allude to magnetic storms and lightning.

It is well known that a display of the aurora borealis is always associated with disturbances of the earth's magnetic condition, so that delicate compass needles, and especially the magnetic needles of telegraph receiving instruments, are set in irregular motion. The 'magnetic storm' precedes, accompanies, and follows the aurora, so that with a suitably suspended magnet or magnetometer, an aurora can be predicted. Beyond the connection of the two, almost nothing is yet known about magnetic storms. The aurora is almost certainly caused by electric discharges in the higher atmosphere, like the beautiful display of colour made at lectures on electricity, by passing a current through tubes of highly rarefied gases. The abrupt erratic movements of the needle in magnetic storms, of course disturb the true indications of the mirror galvanometer used in working the telegraph, and cause false signals. But 'electric storms' or lightning are far more troublesome, and are even dangerous. The effects of lightning, or disturbances of the atmospheric electricity, are chiefly felt on land-lines. The lightning is attracted to the land-lines, raised as they are above the earth; and by those land-lines connected to cables, the subtle fluid would rush into the cable, committing incalculable damage, were it not that lightning protectors are inserted between the land-lines and the cable. These protectors take the form of a series of fine points inserted in the ground, or to use the technical phrase 'connected to earth,' across which the lightning leaps rather than enter the cable; or of fine wires inserted between the land-line and cable, which are fused by the lightning, and the connection of cable and land-line thereby broken.

These lightning-currents in telegraph lines, although they are thus ingeniously kept out of cables, often seriously interfere with overland messages. Instruments are sometimes completely destroyed by the violence of the 'earth-current,' as it is called, and in America more than one operator has been accidentally killed while on duty.

During thunder-storms, these earth-currents are naturally most violent. It is even possible on some lines to predict thunder-storms in the neighbourhood. While testing the Santa Cruz to St Thomas Cable, West Indies, we remember being able to tell when there was a thunder-storm and rain in the neighbouring islands, by the earth-currents in the cable disturbing our tests. When they were more violent than usual, we would generally learn subsequently that there had been heavy rain and thunder at St Thomas on the same day. Except for the telegraph, we should not have known of the existence of these 'earth-currents.' Their cause is yet a mystery, just as the connection between auroras and 'magnetic storms,' and these again with 'sun-spots,' is a mystery; but through the telegraph itself, we hope in time to learn more about them, so that our physicists may be enabled to unveil another great cosmical secret.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER IV.—SHE IS MY SISTER—ALMOST.

THE sitting-room at the farm had, as is usual with colonial rooms, two doors, one opening as I have described to the front veranda, the other leading out to the back-court, through which meals were carried from the kitchen. Just inside this back-door, Jack was seated one Saturday forenoon, reading a four months' old English newspaper with as keen a relish as home people have for their morning's *Times*. It was an oppressively hot day, and Robert had insisted on sending him indoors earlier than usual out of the mid-day sun.

'You must take a little care this first summer,' he had said, 'or we shall be having you laid up with sunstroke before you have become acclimatised.'

So he sat by the open door trying to catch the ghost of a cool breeze and reading his newspaper. Bessie was in her own room, and Bertie was taking his siesta, while Phyllis was in the kitchen preparing the dinner. Jack was entertained during the hour he sat there by the nondescript character of the levee she held at her kitchen-door. First came Sam, the general factotum of the household, a big slouching lad of thirteen, who wore such an old jacket that it was a marvel how it hung together, and a wide-awake hat without any brim to it.

'Please miss, master wants some chopped eggs, cos there's two broods of young turkeys comed out up at the hill-paddock, and master has a-drivin' of 'em into the shed.'

'That's good news Sam,' said Phyllis cheerily. 'Sit down here in the cool while I boil the eggs. Will you have a drink of tea?'

'Ess miss,' said Sam with a bashful grin, plucking off the brimless hat, as Phyllis had taught him to do in her presence.

In Australian kitchens, by the way, as in many of the humbler dwellings in Scotland, the teapot is absolutely never off the stove, and tea is being consumed all day by farm-servants. They seem to have an unlimited capacity for it, and at shearing-time and harvest it is sent out to the men by the bucketful.

The eggs were boiled and chopped, and Sam departed to provide for the wants of the interesting brood. Phyllis was seen by Jack from time to

time as she crossed the gloom within the kitchen-door, while out in the yard the sun poured down his fierce uninterrupted rays. The next arrival on the scene was Judy Maloney, a native of Erin, who drove up in a cart drawn by a very old white horse, which seemed delighted to be allowed to stand still, holding down its head, and only shaking its ears slightly by way of a gentle remonstrance to the flies. Judy lived about two miles off, and came weekly for the family washing. She had placed a chair in the cart, on which she sat in solitary state; and as she was attired in a grass-green gown, a straw bonnet trimmed with yellow ribbon, of which the design seemed to be to have as many streamers as possible, and a scarlet handkerchief round her neck, the effect of the whole was brilliant in the extreme.

'Sure, Miss Phyllis,' she said in a rather high-pitched voice, as that damsel came to the door, 'an' its meself is glad to see you lookin' so well this blessed day, an' the very marrow like to be melted in me bones.'

'It is very hot, Mrs Maloney. I have the clothes ready for you. Will you come in and have a cup of tea?'

'Well then, I would need to come down out of the cart, me dear, an' it is easier to sit still where I am. But if you will just give me the tea, I faith I will be glad to drink it, for I'm as dry as an old leather brogue.'

The tea was poured out of Phyllis's inexhaustible teapot and brought out, accompanied by a large slice of currant-cake.

'I was baking this morning, Mrs Maloney, and I thought I would make a little cake for you. I know Pat likes a bit of cake.'

'Well, indeed he does, poor man; an' it's but seldom he gets it,' said Judy. 'For what with the washin' an' the cleanin' an' the makin' an' the mendin', I have but little time for cakes an' the like of that. Ah! it was like your sweet self, me dear, to think of poor old Judy; the saints bless you for it, darlin'.'

'I hope they will,' said the girl, laughing. 'And how are all down your way doing, Mrs Maloney?'

'An' wasn't I up all last night with Mrs Murphy, that has two as beautiful twins as ever your eyes looked on?'

'Twins! poor woman!' said Phyllis commiseratingly. 'That makes six altogether. What a handful for her!'

'Well then, my dear, an' the ways of Providence is puzzling sometimes. I says to her this morning: "Mrs Murphy," says I, "as the Lord has denied the affliction of children to me an' Pat, just give me one of them two beauties, an' it's meself will be a mother to it, an' likewise Pat a father, or I'll know the reason why." For, Miss Phyllis darlin', you know I have two as fine cows as ever was calved on this island; an' the child would niver have wanted bit nor sup as long as I could give it. But what does Mrs Murphy do but fall a-crying and a-kissing of 'em both, an' says she, "Misthress Maloney," she says, "here is thanks to you for your kind offer; but to part with one of them blessed babbies I never could." Here Judy heaved a deep sigh, and emptying her cup, handed it back to Phyllis.

'Well, perhaps she was right,' said the girl. 'They say that when God sends a mouth He gives

something to feed it. I'll walk over to see her to-morrow, Mrs Maloney, and bring her some strong soup. Tell her so, please; and tell her I wish her good-luck of her children. Here are the clothes, and here is the cake wrapped up in paper.'

'I thank you kindly, mavourneen,' said Judy, turning her cart. 'An' a sight of your purty face will do the poor dear good. An' may the Blessed Virgin see your own dear missus safe through her throuble; an' any hour by day or night it's Judy Maloney will come when she is called.' With which alien Mrs Maloney drove off, and as the rumble of the cart-wheels died in the distance, silence again settled down over the farm.

About a quarter of an hour passed quietly, and then the sound of a trotting horse was heard approaching, and presently a powerful bay, ridden by a stalwart young man, came into the yard.

'How do you do, Mr Campbell?' said Phyllis, coming to the door again.

The young man dismounted, and slipped his horse's bridle over a post which was erected in the yard for the purpose. He was a young Scotch farmer, quite a near neighbour of the Hamiltons, his farm being only twelve miles off. His face was at present of a deep crimson, partly from the heat, and partly from the excitement of seeing Phyllis, whom he admired greatly, though as yet he had 'never told his love.'

'Did you get your horse across the water easily?' she asked as they shook hands.

'O yes,' he answered; 'the float was on the other side, and I poled him over. He knows the way now, I think, Miss Phyllis, though it is so long since I have been here.'

'I suppose you have been busy, as we have. Our shearers only left this week, and we were all glad to see the last of them. We have had, as you are doubtless aware, an arrival since you were last here, Mr Hamilton's brother James. Will you come into the parlour and see him?'

Crossing the yard to where Jack was sitting, Phyllis introduced the two men to one another, and then disappeared to finish her cooking, leaving them to get on as they best might in each other's society. Jack thought the young man plain and sensible, and by no means difficult to talk to, as they discussed the shearing just finished and the harvest about to commence, and all the numberless details interesting to farmers. Only he noticed that whenever Phyllis came into the room, which she did presently to lay the cloth for dinner, the young Scotchman's manner became somewhat awkward and uneasy, while her slightest movements seemed to be fraught with an irresistible fascination. Jack noticed also that on these occasions he caught himself hating the Scotchman in quite an unreasonable manner; for what object, he asked himself, could he possibly have for feeling indisposed towards this good yeoman, with the smooth fair hair and brilliant complexion?

When Robert had come in and they were all seated at table, Mr Campbell unfolded his mission, bashfully and with many blushes. There was to be a dance at Glen Assynt, only five-and-twenty miles off; it was to be given by the bachelors of the neighbourhood—said neighbourhood meaning a circuit of forty miles—and they would one and

all consider any such festivity incomplete without the presence of Miss Phyllis. (These were early days; and where now the flourishing township of Glen Assynt stands, there were only a few scattered cottages; but the first store had just been built, and the ball was to be given in the large ware-room before the goods were moved into it.) Mr Campbell took from his pocket three elaborately written cards of invitation, which had been composed with care by the best penman among the bachelors; and one he delivered to Phyllis, one to Jack, and one to Bessie and her husband. The eyes of the first named sparkled and her cheeks flushed with pleasure, but she glanced dubiously at her sister.

'You can't go, Bessie,' she said hesitatingly; 'and I don't see how I can leave you.'

'Nonsense, child,' answered Bessie briskly. 'Do you think I am going to stand in the way of your pleasure? You have so few changes, Phyllis, you must go. Robert will stay and take care of me, and Jack will go and take care of you. So that is settled.'

Jack had been looking down rather superciliously at his card; a dance in a store with a lot of country lads and lasses was not particularly to his taste. And besides he was not at all sure that he wanted Phyllis for himself; yet he experienced a vague uneasiness at the idea of bringing her into the midst of all the bachelors of the neighbourhood to be doubtless the belle of their ball.

'Five-and-twenty miles seem a long way to go for one evening's amusement,' he said in a lukewarm tone, 'and we are so busy; I don't know that Mr Hamilton can spare me.'

'Spare you!' laughed Robert; 'of course I can. Why, we think nothing here of riding twenty or thirty miles to see our friends; if we did, we should soon forget what human faces were like. Of course you must go, and I'll stop at home and take care of my old lady.'

It was therefore settled that Jack and Phyllis were to ride on to the farm of Mr Campbell on the morning of the ball, and were to leave their horses there, and be driven on to Glen Assynt in his light wagon. Phyllis's dress was to be sent on before in one of the drays to Campbellton, where she could change her riding-habit for ball-costume. This arrangement made the young Scotchman's face glow more deeply than ever with pleasure; while Jack, who now disliked the whole thing excessively, for reasons best known to himself, looked positively sulky. He went out to his work after dinner without saying a word to any one, and when he came back in the evening young Campbell was gone.

He was sitting in the front veranda after tea, smoking and looking at the lake, in which one or two stars were beginning to be reflected, when Phyllis came out and stood beside him for a minute or two. 'I am afraid,' she said gently, 'that you think the going to this dance will be a great deal of trouble, and that you will not care for it much after you are there. Please do not mind going just for me. I would rather give it up than that you should be bothered.'

Jack felt thoroughly ashamed of himself in a moment. It flashed into his mind how hard the girl worked, how little amusement she had, such as other young girls he had known were used to,

and he took himself to task severely for his selfishness. And besides, as he looked up into her face, he thought it looked wondrously fair in the twilight, and that a shadow of trouble or regret lay in the sweet and gentle eyes.

'Why Phyllis,' he said, rising and taking her hand, 'what a selfish sort of fellow you must think me! Do you think I can't see how much you do for us all every day, and could I refuse to do such a little thing for you? Of course I will go with you. Who should go to take care of you, if your brother did not?'

It was the first time it had occurred to him that such a relationship might really be said to exist between them, and by a sort of intuition he guessed that by making use of it he might establish a more satisfactory state of things, and draw aside the veil of coldness and reserve which seemed to separate them. For lately he had taken to thinking that Phyllis was more reserved than ever with him. With Robert and Bessie she was frankly affectionate. To little Bertie she was a sort of second mother. To every living thing about the place, from Sam the lad-of-all-work, to the dogs that came to lie by her kitchen fire, and the chickens that ran about her feet in the yard, she was kind and friendly. Only Jack felt that somehow he was left out in the cold; and though he often told himself that he was by no means in love with her, he nevertheless longed to share in this universal friendliness. Her face brightened at once, though she drew away her hand gently.

'You are very good,' she said, 'and of course I shall be glad to have you with me, if you will be so kind.' Then she tripped back into the house, and Jack went on with his pipe and his meditations.

'She is very gentle and beautiful and good, and she is my sister—almost. Why should we not be friendly and fond of one another in that way? Any man might be proud of such a sister. I will be kind to her, and try to make her like me a little better. And if she chooses to like some one else better still, even if it were that idiot who was here to-day'—

Why did he break off his musings so abruptly at this point, and get up from his lounging-chair, and walk off at rather a quick pace towards the shore of the lake, where he paced up and down for half an hour? And why had he called John Campbell, who was a remarkably sensible young fellow, an 'idiot'? Probably he did not exactly know; but at the end of the half-hour, he went back to the house and called 'Phyllis!'

When she came out, surprised and inquiring, he said: 'Come and shew me where you want your garden to be; I'm going to make it for you.'

'Oh, that would indeed be charming!' she exclaimed delightedly. Then her face falling a little: 'But you are so busy, and so tired when you come back from your work.'

'A little extra tiredness won't hurt me,' he said, laughing. 'Besides, I'm getting used to it now; you needn't despise me any more on that score.'

'Despise you!' she said, looking hurt. 'Why, I never thought of such a thing! Outdoor work tires every one who is not used to it, just at first. Only, I was sorry for you sometimes.'

'Come then,' he said, 'and let us measure out the garden.' And the two spent a pleasant hour under the silver light of the moon measuring and

debating; while Robert and Bessie sat in the veranda and looked on well pleased.

CHAPTER V.—THE GLAMOUR AWAKES.

The next day was Sunday; and a long quiet dreamy day Sunday usually is in those far regions which, like Hamilton Farm, are beyond the sound of church-bells. Everything rests: the horses in their wide paddocks; the sheep-dogs by the kitchen hearth; the men, glad to repose after the week's labour, stretched out on grassy knoll, with pipe and book for companions, and thoughts that often stray into dreamland or travel back to scenes which have been left far behind on life's journey, and faces that may be seen no more on earth.

This especial Sunday rose fair and bright, and though the sun was hot, his rays were tempered by a cool breeze which blew from off the waters of the lake. Australia's climate is certainly changeable, alternating between fierce blinding heat and dust-storm and rain and cold, all succeeding one another with extraordinary rapidity. Yet she gives very often such perfect days as are to be found in few other countries in like abundance; days when merely to be alive is a delight, the air one breathes is so delicious, so balmy, so invigorating, full as it were of the very essence of life; when never a cloud flecks the deep arch of blue overhead, but the sun rises in the pure golden morning to set in an evening as golden and as pure. And oh! the beauty of those nights when, after the brief gloaming, star after star gleams out, and pays homage to the Southern Cross; and the moon rises above the hills and mounts up into the sky, large, glorious, silvery, casting white lights and black shadows over all the sleeping world! How often on such nights have we lingered out-of-doors in that enchanting atmosphere of balmy air and silver moonlight; of orange-blossom and roses; deeming it almost a sin to retire to the sleep and darkness of indoors, to lose so many hours of Paradise!

The early dinner was cleared away, and Phyllis made her appearance in the veranda, neatly dressed in a fresh muslin gown, and with a pretty little straw hat on her head, in place of the everlasting sun-bonnet which was so obnoxious to Jack.

'Where are you going, Phyll?' asked Robert, who was extended at full length on a lounging-chair, with a book on his knees which he pretended to read.

'To see Mrs Murphy and her twins,' answered Phyllis, holding up the basket she carried in her hand, 'and to take them some soup.'

'Tell her, with my kind regards, to call the twins Castor and Pollux,' said Robert, lazily closing his eyes.

'I think they are girls,' answered Phyllis, laughing; 'but I daresay she would think the names did just as well.'

'May I come?' asked Jack, suddenly appearing at the door of his room, dressed in the original gray tweed suit in which we first saw him.

'O yes,' said Phyllis, 'if you care.'

'And if you don't mind standing god-father to Castor and Pollux,' added Robert, opening his eyes.

'As if Mrs Murphy would have a heretic for any such important relationship!' said Phyllis

laughing, as the two young people walked off together, Jack having taken possession of the basket.

Keeping his eyes open sufficiently long to watch them to the top of the nearest rising ground, the settler marked the pair with an approving look. How well, thought he, they look together—both so straight and tall; for tall woman as Phyllis was, Jack's dark head towered considerably above hers.

'It's a pity they don't seem to see it,' he mused, just as he was sinking off into a comfortable doze. 'To-day it has been better; but up till last night, really they always seemed on the verge of a quarrel. Perhaps it's a good way to begin—perhaps'—But here all future possibilities were lost in dreamland.

Jack had not walked very far when he began to reflect that this was the first time he had ever been positively alone with Phyllis. Hitherto their intercourse had been limited to such matter-of-course words as must pass between dwellers in the same household, or to some brief question and answer connected with farm interests. But now they were away together on the grassy uplands of the island, with the lake at their feet, the blue hills in the distance, a bright sun overhead, and a southern wind blowing in their faces. He wondered very much what they would talk of during the hour or two they were to be together. What used he to talk to girls about at home in England? The weather, boat-races, theatres, the opera, Tennyson's last poem, the last month's magazines, the new exhibition of the Royal Academy. But none of those subjects seemed suitable, or indeed possible just at present, and he stole a glance at his companion, as if he would guess her thoughts. Not guessing them, he set about thinking for himself. His first thought was that she looked very pretty in her fresh muslin and little hat; and his next was that he might as well tell her so.

'How nice you look in that dress, Phyllis,' he said. 'And do you know, that hat is an immense improvement on the one I saw you first in?'

She coloured, but only slightly, and her eyes met his with a bright smile. 'When you took me for an aboriginal,' she said, laughing.

'Not quite so bad as that. Why, the moment I saw your face and heard you speak, I knew you were a lady.'

'I am glad of that,' she said, blushing rather more deeply than before. 'I have often wondered?'

'Wondered?' he asked, seeing that she paused.

'How curiously everything must have struck you, when you first arrived. And whether you are not growing very tired of this kind of life, and do not long to get back to England and civilisation again.'

'I have asked myself that question sometimes,' answered Jack thoughtfully, 'and as far as I can tell, the answer is No! I like this life. I like its freedom, its thorough independence, and above all its fullness of work. It is good to feel that every day one has earned the food he eats and the sleep he enjoys, by sheer hard labour, and labour that really produces something.'

'But could you not have done that at home,' Phyllis asked, 'and have had the pleasures of civilisation too?'

'Not so well. You have no idea how crowded everything is there, how every inch of ground, every profession is occupied by men pushing and struggling for a bare existence. I declare,' he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, 'the very remembrance brings a suffocating feeling, and makes me thankful for this wide free country, where one can throw out one's arms and breathe and grow.'

'I am glad you like it,' she said. 'I thought that you were feeling it dull, and missing a good many things.'

He glanced at her rather sharply. Had she been watching him, he wondered, and noticing when he looked tired and cast down, all this time, while he had thought she heeded him less than the commonest labourer about the place?

How little we understand even of the people we live with, with whom we sit at the same table and hold familiar converse! What a sealed book their hearts are to us, how we misinterpret their thoughts, misjudge their actions! And how well for us it would be if we could only forbear our judgments until motives and causes were fully revealed to us. Something of this was passing through the mind of James Hamilton as he walked on silently by Phyllis's side in the sunshine, and dreamily watched the faint breeze stir the waters of the lake and bend the tall reeds. When he next spoke his tone had gained something; a new feeling had taken possession of him in that brief silence, and he could never again feel to Phyllis exactly as he had felt before.

'Of course there are things one misses here,' he said. 'Books and pictures and intercourse with thinking men, and much of what goes by the name of civilisation. The question is, do we not have things here that are worth all that, and more? Is it not a nobler thing to work with all one's might at the building up of a civilisation in this new world, than to sit down tamely at home, and enjoy the blessings of the old civilisation, which after all is very much overdone?'

'I think so,' replied Phyllis, smiling with her blue eyes into his dark ones, which were flashing just then with hope and spirit. 'But then you see I am different from you.' 'I came to this so young that I have never really known anything better. This is my home, and I love it, and think it the best country on the face of the earth. But with you it is different.'

'Well, after all,' he answered, smiling back to her, 'the best country is where home is; and one can make a home here or anywhere, if one is with the friends whom one loves.'

'Yes,' she said sedately; 'this would have been very different for you, if Robert and Bessie had not been here.'

'It would be different if you were not here,' rose to his thoughts, and almost to his lips, but he checked the utterance. 'I have no right to say such things to her,' he thought, 'and never may have the right. I will not disturb this new peace that has come between us, by being hasty.' So he began to talk to her of home-life and of his student days, from thence diverging into a discussion of books they had both read, and some which he promised to get out from England for her. The way to Mrs Murphy's hut, built in true colonial style of 'wattle and dab,' seemed marvellously short; and when Phyllis went inside to sit with the mother of many children, he lay

down at full length on the turf of a grassy knoll just within call of the cabin door. A solitary gum-tree reared its majestic height on the slope of this knoll and sheltered him from the sun; the glimmering water stretched away from the shore, the tall reeds on the bank nodded and whispered to one another. A great stillness brooded over everything, and in this stillness perhaps the young man began to realise something of what was going on in his heart, and to understand that there was dawning in him for Phyllis something more than a brother's love.

His meditations were interrupted by little shy footsteps, which stole very slowly towards him over the grass. He lay perfectly still; but glancing through his eyelashes perceived two little figures drawing near, pausing now and then in a breathless silence to see if he would move. Jack felt irresistibly reminded of Gulliver as he lay asleep, and the Liliputians who pinioned him to the ground with their tiny cords. However, he kept still; and the two small figures, encouraged by his seeming harmlessness, advanced cautiously and sat down near his feet, where they began to talk in whispers.

'Sure an' it's the grand gentleman he is, Patsy! Did ye iver see the loike afore?'

'Sich beautiful boots, Jan! Moy, don't they just shine!'

'An' the little gowld buttons to his shirt, Patsy! Ah! he had more money than he know'd what to do wid, when he hammered it into them things!'

Here Jack's lips twitched and betrayed him; so he put out his hand and clutched Patsy before the queer little Antipodean-Irishman had time to run away. Jan stood by his brother valiantly, though he glanced at the cabin behind him, and thought of the bit of open country he would have to cross to get to it.

'Now tell me,' said Jack, 'what your names are, and what you are doing here?'

Patsy put his finger in his mouth and hung down his head; but Jan answered boldly: 'I'm Jan, an' he's Patsy; an' we're here because the Virgin Mary wint in to see mother.'

'Who?' said Jack, opening his eyes.

Patsy, who was more matter of fact than his brother, whispered: 'It's Miss Phyllis from the big house, sir.'

'But mother says,' persisted Jan, 'that the Holy Virgin is a beautiful lady with a blue gown and yellow hair. An' isn't Miss Phyllis that same? I always think of Miss Phyllis when I says my prayers sir.'

'You might think of a worse thing,' said Jack, laughing to himself that the heretic maiden with her golden-brown hair and grave and gentle eyes had become the ideal of these lonely Catholic children, who had never been inside a chapel, never seen even a picture of the Maiden Mother to whom they were taught to pray.

'Natural enough, though,' he thought, 'that the only beautiful face they have ever seen should become to them the type of her whom they have been taught to regard as the essence of all that is divine in womanhood.'

Chatting familiarly to the two funny wise little men, he dispelled the lingering remains of their shyness. Then they told him of their baby sisters, who had come mysteriously one night, and been

discovered next morning fast asleep in the cradle. Then in return he told them that ever fresh ever beautiful story of a Babe who came one night to a poorer house even than theirs. When Phyllis came out of the cabin she found Patsy nestled close to one side of Jack and Jan to the other, while their pure child-eyes were fixed on his face. Nor did he leave without just one kiss offered to and accepted by the two humble grandchildren of old Ireland. And glad was he afterwards that he had touched those two little faces with his lips; for a curious feeling of affection came over him for those little lonely boys, who prayed to the most beautiful and gracious being they had ever known—his sister Phyllis.

THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

It has lately been stated as a fact beyond all dispute, that after the close of a great war there is always an increase of crime in the countries which have been engaged in it; owing firstly to the suspension of all the nobler faculties which the arts of peace develop in the minds and souls of men; and secondly to the number of unemployed soldiers, who failing the ability or means to obtain an occupation, become highwaymen, tramps, and idlers.

This was the state of things which existed to some extent after the Crimean war, when—to our discredit be it said—it was no unusual sight to see men with missing limbs, and with medals on their breasts, actually engaged in *sweeping the crossings* of our London streets; one man in particular, who wore on his breast, beside the Crimean, French, and Turkish war-medals, the Victoria Cross, and who had lost a leg in the service of his country, was engaged for many years as a crossing-sweeper opposite the principal entrance to Buckingham Palace in St James's Park! This was the sort of thing which moved the generous heart of Captain Edward Walter, a retired army veteran, to form the now celebrated corps of Commissionaires, whose organisation and public utility have thoroughly deserved the full measure of success which has attended it.

It was in the year 1859—about the time the Volunteer movement began—that this benevolent officer collected a few discharged soldiers of good character, drew up a set of rules for their guidance, and set them to work to endeavour to get honest employment as public servants in any capacity, their chief duties at first being as messengers for City houses or at the mansions of private gentlemen.

Such was the usefulness of the new institution, and the public appreciation of the smart, neat, and soldierly appearance of the men as they moved about the streets in the faithful and zealous performance of their tasks, that their numbers had increased to about four hundred by the year 1862. This was the period of the second great Exhibition; and many of the men were engaged in the building in all capacities, from money and ticket takers down to messengers and 'care-takers.' Kindness, care, and an ordinary degree of comfort, combined with a strict application to a system of self-discipline and thrift, by which the corps has been made self-supporting—these are the grand secrets of Captain Walter's success with his famous regiment of Commis-

sionaires; secrets which might be applied with considerable advantage to many an institution and many a class of men in this country.

The Commissionaires now form a goodly regiment, and are employed by nearly if not all the public departments, where they are engaged as door-keepers, night-watchmen, messengers, &c.; their engagements being as permanent and as lucrative as such places generally are, and the pay being as follows: sergeants (first-class), twenty-five shillings per week; sergeants (second-class), one guinea; corporals, one pound; first-class Commissionaires, eighteen shillings. And for temporary employment, the tariff is as follows, though this is liable to alteration: sergeants, four shillings per day or three shillings the half-day; corporals and first-class Commissionaires, three shillings and sixpence per day and two shillings and sixpence the half-day; but if sent away from their district, sergeants get four shillings and sixpence per day or twenty-five shillings per week; and corporals, &c. twenty-two shillings per week. Lately, however, such has been the demand for these men, that the committee, which consists of officers and others of social influence, have not been able to meet it, although salaries to the extent of two pounds and more per week have been offered. The Prince of Wales, who has always taken great interest in the corps, constantly employs some of its members; and there is not a fashionable club or place of resort in the metropolis which is without its regular Commissionaire.

The following are some of the rules or regulations upon which the corps is founded: 'Every candidate for the post of Commissionaire must have served either in the army, navy, militia, or police, and be in the receipt of a pension. Those who have been severely wounded having the preference for admission to the corps; no pensioner, however, being permitted to join it whose character cannot bear the strictest investigation.

'In the case of soldiers of impaired health whose temporary pensions have expired, a deposit of twenty-five pounds must be made in the savings-bank of the corps, which sum will be liable to forfeiture in any instance of dishonesty proved in a court of justice; but will be returned to the Commissionaire on his resignation, subject, however, to deduction for any debts due to the corps.

'On entering the corps, every man must sign, in presence of a witness, a formal document binding himself strictly to conform to all the rules and regulations made by the commandant for the maintenance of discipline and order, and understand that he has no claim for payment of any kind, that he is dependent solely on his own exertions, and that, if offered charitable aid from any source, he must not take it without leave.'

A copy of these rules is furnished to every member, who deposits the sum of one pound as a guarantee of good conduct; and each man pays to the corps out of his earnings, eight shillings and sevenpence per month, or five pounds three shillings per annum. This includes six shillings and sixpence per month for the use of clothing (which belongs to the corps), and two shillings and one penny subscription to the general and sick funds. Besides this, if a man obtains a permanent situation, he contributes ten shillings to the general fund. This fund pays for the working

expenses of the corps—namely, wages for the staff-sergeants, clerks, stationery, barrack-rent, clothing, &c. The sick fund entitles the man, in the event of illness, to an allowance of seven shillings per week for four months, and half that amount for the next two months, after which all payments cease.

The corps is divided into first and second class men, each class wearing a distinguishing badge; the men who have been non-commissioned officers in the army wearing the *chevrons* appertaining to their rank. Every man must belong to some religious denomination, and attend church or chapel, absence from church parade being punished with a fine of one shilling. Absence from muster parade results in a fine of two shillings; from an ordinary parade, sixpence; late for parade, one penny; five minutes late, twopenny; being improperly dressed or untidy in appearance, threepence. Refusing to obey an order meets with the punishment of dismissal; while promotion is earned by good conduct and ability. Thus it will be seen that the military spirit pervades the whole system on which this excellent corps is founded. The committee guarantee the safety of all property intrusted to the men for delivery, to the value of ten pounds with the privates, and twenty pounds with the non-commissioned officers. The public, however, must beware of sham Commissionaires; and as a preventive to fraud, each veritable Commissionaire is provided with a ticket, which he must produce if demanded.

The corps has also a good band, which is formed of musicians who have been in the army or navy, and its services are in frequent request at private entertainments throughout the country. During the first few years of the corps' existence the band used to play for two or three hours every evening in St James's Park, to the delight of thousands of people; but for some reason or other, this harmless performance was prohibited by the 'powers that be.' As an instance of the popularity of the band, we may mention that its receipts have amounted to several hundred pounds per annum, and that this money is divided amongst the musicians according to their proficiency.

The barrack of the Commissionaires is situated in Exchange Court Strand, a place which is totally inadequate to the extended operations and utility of the corps, which, should another war unfortunately break out, must attain to considerable proportions.

Many of the men are decorated with medals for service in the field, and some are conspicuous by the loss of an arm or an eye, or by ugly scars on their heads; shewing that they have at some time or another gained, by suffering, a title to the gratitude and good-will of their countrymen. There are heroes too in the corps, many of whom have had almost a lifetime of warfare, as in the case of one man who was present in not less than twenty-eight actions during his twenty-one years' service.

The affairs of the corps are administered by an executive board or committee, which, as we have already stated, consists of men of social influence and exalted station; and the whole matter is under the patronage of H.R.H. the Field-marshal Commanding-in-chief. In addition to the committee, there are 'governors' (among whom is the Prince of Wales), who qualify by the payment of twenty-five pounds; while a regiment or battalion pay-

ing the same amount also obtains a perpetual governorship. Such an institution as this, relying as it does on faithful and useful industry, is in our opinion deserving of public approbation.

GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

IN former times, ghost-stories constituted much of the fireside talk; the weird tale was told of how a spectre clothed in appropriate white was seen to appear, and in due course to vanish; and the hearers, duly impressed with the apparent truth of a tale, for which no *natural* reason was vouchsafed, became themselves in a measure forced to believe. Science and common-sense are, however, now robbing these absurd stories of much of their glamour, by explaining in a simple straightforward way what by many has hitherto been held to be supernatural and therefore unaccountable. With these remarks we proceed to offer a few instances of explained ghost-stories kindly supplied to us by a contributor. He says:

What I am going to do is simply to give some instances in which what might have made a capital ghost-story, proved to be nothing of the kind, and to draw from thence the inference that all such stories could, if only we were acquainted with *all* the facts, be accounted for by natural causes.

I have myself been sorely puzzled to account for what I have seen. On one occasion I was passing by a cemetery on my way to a distant part of my parish. The night was dark and foggy; and as I walked along the road close to the iron fence, I perceived within the inclosure, apparently but a few yards off, a body of dim light that seemed to come up from the ground. Now my impressions were all in favour of ghosts, and if my judgment also had been equally in favour, I should have had a ghost-story to tell about that place. But I was determined to seek an explanation of the phenomenon; so I went up to the railings and looked hard at the light, but could make nothing of it. At the same time I became conscious of a dull sound proceeding from the ground where it stood. I could not understand it; and there I stood peering in until my ears suddenly gave me a clue to the mystery, for I fancied I detected the thud of a mattock. And such it was. The sexton was working against time to dig for a large vault, and the mysterious light was nothing more or less than that of his lantern, some feet below the surface, which threw up into the foggy air a volume of strange misty brightness. But really it made a very creditable ghost.

Another adventure I had was more laughable, but not less perplexing at the time. The night was very dark indeed; and as I took a sudden turn in the road, I saw a feebly illuminated figure moving slowly some distance in advance and in the same direction with myself. My first impression was that some one was going to try to frighten me; so I grasped my stick, intending, as boys say, to 'whack in' to the culprit. But as I drew nearer, the figure stopped; and in a moment or two the illumination became somewhat brighter. I got close up to it, prepared to strike, but for the life of me could not tell what it was. I passed it close, and looked round into it, and found it was an old woman going home from a day's washing.

She had on, poor soul, a very attenuated cloak, through which the light of the lantern she was carrying feebly penetrated, and when she had stopped to snuff the candle with her fingers, the light of course burned brighter. She was very deaf, and had not heard my footsteps; so that when I spoke I frightened her, I fear, more than she had frightened me.

Talking of not hearing footsteps in the dark. I remember once alarming a neighbour most unintentionally; and had he not discovered the true cause, he might to this day have had a tale of mystery to unfold upon the subject. I was walking briskly home one night with a map—mounted with rings for hanging it to a wall—under my arm and goloshes on my feet. The rings kept up a sort of clicking noise as I went, while the goloshes caused me to glide along the damp lane with the noiselessness of a cat. But I never thought of either circumstance till afterwards. Hearing footsteps in front, I fancied it might be my neighbour, it being about his time for coming home, so I pushed on. But the quicker I went the farther off he seemed. I went faster still, but still I came not up with him; until, determined to overtake him, I set off running at a brisk pace and only reached him as he was passing into his gate, having, beyond the possibility of doubt, made a run for it himself. Whether he took the clicking of the rings, unaccompanied by the sound of footsteps, for the clicking of a pistol or the mysterious rattle of a fancied ghost, I cannot say; but this is certain, that if he had only stopped or even not run away, he would have found out the cause of what was undoubtedly a curious accompaniment on a dark night.

A gentleman living in a country-house which I had once inhabited, wrote to ask me whether during my residence there I had ever heard any reports of its being 'haunted.' He did not believe in such things himself, he said, but he always liked when he heard of anything of the kind, to investigate the matter as far as possible. It was a very sensible thing to do; and I was able to give him a satisfactory explanation. It was news to me that the house had this evil reputation; but when I heard of it, it immediately occurred to my mind how it was to be accounted for. It so happened that a certain mischievous female member of my family had, towards the latter part of my stay in that house, been guilty of the cruelty of terrifying the servants almost out of their wits. She appeared one night in their room covered over with a sheet, which sheet was raised high over her head by means of a stick, to the end of which was fastened a bull's-eye lantern—a ghost of commanding stature and terrific gaze. It is very wrong to play such tricks, as the consequences might be serious to some weak minds. In this case, however, no harm was done, except that the servants were unalterably settled in the persuasion that they had seen a ghost, and that they had, as a matter of course, inoculated the village with their own firm belief that the house was haunted.

Little things are apt to be magnified, and the simplest things frequently become mysterious, in the stillness and darkness of the night. When living in London, I was one night aroused by my sister coming into my room to tell me that some one was trying to break into the house by

the front-door. I looked out of the window, but could see no one, though a low jarring noise could be heard. The statutory procession was formed. First came I, holding a poker warily, and looking anxiously for a human head; then came a servant, who had first given the alarm, lifting aloft a candle to aid me in the search; and last of all came my sister, bold as a lion, though pale as death. As we slowly descended thus in battle-array, I could distinctly hear the fitful jarring sound from the region of the street-door; but I declare I could not in the least make out the cause of it until I had got quite up to the door, and then the mystery was solved. One of the family had come home late, fastened the door as he thought, put up the chain, and gone to bed. But the door had not been fastened; the bolts though shot, had not been sent home, and so the door kept swinging backwards and forwards in the gentle night-breeze as far as the chain would let it. Had the house been reputed 'haunted,' it would have suggested a ghost, just as anything strange will suggest one where the mind is suitably impressed with the idea of the thing. Thus a relative of mine used to relate how frightened he had been when a boy in coming down the stairs of an old tower of ghostly fame, at the top of which he and other boys had been amusing themselves until the shades of evening surprised them. It was his fate to bring up the rear, and he no doubt felt in consequence his exposure to the enemy in black, and sure enough he heard a hollow step behind him keeping step exactly after him; when he hurried, that hurried; when he paused at some difficulty in the descent, that paused also; but when at length he emerged from the darkness with a final rush, no ghost came out after him. But he recollected that he had got a bag of gingerbread nuts in the hinder pocket of his long great-coat; and the flapping of that in the stairs was the mysterious sound that had so alarmed him.

It may be said that instances like these, in which what seemed at first mysterious and ghost-like was perfectly accounted for by natural causes, can never, how many soever they be, disprove the reality of far more remarkable appearances which are vouched for on the most respectable testimony, and which have never been accounted for on any theory, apparently explainable. Still, their reality as mysteries depends on the credibility of the testimony in their favour, and a complete knowledge of all the circumstances. All I maintain is, that the frequent and, in my own experience, the invariable explanation of things of this sort (that at first looked unaccountable) by natural causes, sets us in the right direction for inquiry, and affords presumptive evidence that all such things might, if only we knew all the facts, be similarly explained. It must be remembered, moreover, that while it is true that far more marvellous ghost-stories than those I have related have been solemnly placed on record, it is equally true on the other hand that the operation of purely natural causes can furnish explanations far more subtle and complete than those which sufficed to dissipate all my ghosts. The phenomena of Nature in all their varieties of combination can never be fully known; while as regards the credibility of witnesses, we want to know not only that their veracity is un-

impeachable, but also that their judgment is sound, and their health, both bodily and mental, not abnormal. I remember a friend telling me with the most evident sincerity that he felt sure he should succeed in some enterprise he had begun because he had just seen seven ducks waddling one after the other. He was an excitable man, just then in highly nervous condition; and if he had said he had seen seven ghosts instead of seven ducks, I should have believed him, but set the ghosts down to mental aberration.

What condition the witnesses were in who saw the following 'well-accredited' feat of a ghost, I will not venture to determine. The story is related by an enthusiastic believer in and even admirer of ghosts of every sort and kind, and the ghost and witnesses are all phlegmatic Germans. 'One night as Kezer lay in his bed, and the servant was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement he saw a jug of beer which stood on a table in a room at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted and emptied, as by some one drinking; whilst the servant exclaimed in terrified surprise: "Look, it swallows!" The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor.'

No doubt there was not; and let us hope the ghost was all the better for having taken only the half-glass. But what scrutinising of the witnesses we should require before believing such nonsense as this! What, we repeat, must have been their condition!

Even without anything abnormal or diseased, there unquestionably are mysteries of our nature which we cannot fathom, and which perhaps we had better not try to comprehend, but which when brought to notice by accident or design, might seem preternatural. Thus the power of what is called 'second-sight,' of which remarkable instances have been given by persons not likely to be deceived, is not really as some have supposed, a preternatural gift, but may be accounted for simply as an extraordinary faculty possessed by some, under certain conditions, of reading what is in the mind of another when brought in contact voluntarily and for that very purpose with the person who has the gift. There are, in like manner, many remarkable faculties naturally possessed by people as part of their peculiar constitution which, if only we were aware of the fact, would explain many a circumstance that bears on the face of it the stamp of mystery. I have a friend who cannot sleep unless his head is turned towards the north. The first time he slept in my house his bed was against a south wall, but he was not aware of it. In the morning he told me he could not sleep until he had placed the bolster and pillow where his feet had been; and so the clothes were found arranged, to the great amusement of the housemaid.

The inference I draw then is: that the true explanation of all ghost-stories, however marvellous, is to be found in natural causes, in a knowledge of all the facts and circumstances of each particular case. These explanations will sometimes, as in the instances I have given, lie on the surface; sometimes they will lie more deeply

within the mysteries of our complex nature and the surroundings, and have to be studied and searched out; and sometimes they may be so deep down as to be quite beyond the reach of either our powers or opportunities of investigation, though doubtless still perfectly natural. But when we consider how credulous human nature is in regard to mysteries that have no higher authority than that of men, and that are only morbid and unwholesome in their tendencies; and when, moreover, we take into account how almost unlimited are the resources in nature for the explanation of what at first seemed supernatural, it appears to me to be decidedly better, safer, manlier, more rational, and at the same time more respectful towards what is truly supernatural, to relegate all ghost-stories without exception and without hesitation to the domain of wonders that have a purely earthly origin.

THE OPEN VERDICT.

It is a very pleasant feeling that of liberty from all business care of whatsoever kind, if only for a few weeks, when one's avocations for the remainder of the year confine one to a busy brain-devouring city like this mighty London of ours; and therefore it was with no slight degree of anticipated enjoyment that some year or two ago I accepted an oft-repeated invitation to visit an old school-chum, Dr Henry Gladden, at the village of Claystone, in one of our northern counties.

I arrived, however, at an unfortunate period, and found that what I had pictured to myself as being a happy jolly country-house, was at that time a house of mourning: Gladden's uncle and predecessor, old Mr Williams, had died only a few hours before my arrival. I would willingly have gone on my way; but this my friend with his wife would not hear of, and everything was done to render my visit as cheerful as circumstances would permit. I attended the funeral; and as we turned to leave the churchyard, was much struck by an expression of Gladden's, which appeared to be uttered without any knowledge of it on his part. It was: 'The grave has closed over the last.' I felt greatly tempted to ask for an explanation, but for obvious reasons checked my curiosity.

A few mornings afterwards, while accompanying my friend on his round of visits, we came before an old large red-brick house that stood close beside the road, being separated from it merely by a hedge and small lawn.

'Why, what's this?' exclaimed Gladden, as we saw a number of workmen engaged in erecting scaffolding, digging up the lawn, and otherwise demolishing the place. 'What are all these men about?—Hi!' (calling to one of the people) 'What is it you are doing here?'

'Pulling down 't' house for railway,' was the laconic response.

'Then the final link is being broken,' mused my companion as we drove on.

My curiosity was again aroused, and this time I resolved to satisfy it, so I came to the point at once by thus addressing my friend: 'Hal, you are not generally given to ambiguous or unsatisfactory sentences, and therefore—if I am not presuming too much—would you mind telling me

to what you alluded in your last remark, and the equally strange one uttered at your uncle's funeral?'

'Well, Dick,' he replied, 'it is a strange story, and one perhaps that does not reflect much credit upon my poor uncle; but as the actors in this little drama have passed away, and even the very scene of action will in a few days be ploughed up, I may and will set your mind at rest on the subject. You remember that after I had walked the hospitals in town, I came down here partly on a visit to, and partly to study under my late uncle. But I found a greater attraction than any I had anticipated, in the person of my cousin Lucy, with whom I soon fell over head and ears in love. Her father was not averse to it, and things were shortly in good train for our marriage. I was to be taken into partnership by my uncle when that event took place; and the day before the deeds were signed, the old gentleman called me into his room, and narrated the following story, which will explain my late expressions, and which I will tell in his own words.

"Harry," said my uncle, "as you are now to be my son-in-law and partner, I think it but right you should become acquainted with an adventure which befell me in my younger days, and for my share in which—justifiable as it then appeared to me—I have never ceased to reproach myself. At the time I am speaking of, I was studying medicine at Manchester, but while on a visit to a distant relative, a Dr Seyton, who occupied this very house"—('You see, Dick, this is quite a family practice,' parenthesised Gladden)—"I was one night awakened by a shake of the shoulder, and looking up saw, by the light of the moon, which streamed in at my window, Dr Seyton standing by my bedside. 'Come, get up,' said he. 'I have been sent for; and as Poor' (his assistant) 'was out last night, I'll get you to accompany me now.' While he descended to the surgery and stables, I speedily donned my habiliments; and by the time I reached the front gate, the doctor was seated in his gig waiting for me. It was a most magnificent moonlight night.

"Along the clear white road, as fast as horse could draw us, on we went; past cottage, farm, and mansion; past pond and park and stream; beneath long avenues of trees that bordered the roadside and drooped over us, now veiling all in shadow, now shewing some stray moonbeam that danced upon the quivering boughs to the soft cadence of the night-breeze. Sharp and crisp rose the echo of our horse's tread; and as we came within sight of our destination we heard the gallop of another horse; and as we sped past a turning, saw a horseman riding up—as we imagined, the messenger who had been despatched for the doctor, and who had said he must return by way of Merlton. We stopped before Mazeborough House, the residence of the Honourable Frederick Wellesley, presumptive heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Cautldale. There was great commotion in the house; for its owner, who had been ailing for some time past, had that night been taken seriously ill; and while the doctor ascended to the sick-chamber and our horse and trap were put up, I lit a cigar and stood under the veranda, looking out upon the night and musing. Presently, one of the domestics emerged from the house and passed out into the road, walking briskly on; and just as

my cigar was out, I heard Dr Seyton's voice inquiring for me.

'Take this,' said he, handing me a paper, 'and ride home as fast as you can. Get Poor to make it up; and come back with all speed: it is life or death. Here is one of Mr Wellester's horses for you.' I then perceived a groom standing with one ready saddled at the gate, on which I mounted and galloped off.

"For upwards of a mile the road lay open and clear enough; but beyond that it was darkly shaded by copses and plantations, through which the moon's rays found little space to shine. I had barely penetrated a dozen yards into this dark and lonely spot before I received a summons to 'stand and deliver.' My horse being very fresh, quite entered into his rider's feelings, and had not the least intention of checking his speed, but continued his journey; while behind came he who bade me 'stand,' threatening to put a bullet in me if I did not draw rein. This only made me urge my animal to greater speed; but my pursuer did his best to keep his word, for he fired, and the bullet just grazed my left arm; and at the same instant a hand was laid upon my horse's bridle so suddenly as to throw him on his haunches and cause me a speedy and ignominious dismount. But be that as it may, it served me a good turn, as I was enabled, not being at all hurt, to slip away in the darkness and conceal myself in the plantation.

'Where is he?' inquired the horseman, riding up.

'Stunned, I s'pose, close by,' was the reply.

'The fiend take him for a plaguy horse-dealer,' rejoined the first speaker, as I fancy they searched for me. At last the same voice said: 'Here, Stevens; I can't see him. Take this note to Walters of Garforth, and bring me back an answer sharp. Take my horse; that other brute might get you recognised.'

'Besides,' said the other, 'the animal has trotted off;' which was true, and much to my regret.

'I will wait for you at the corner of Deadman's Lane,' said the first speaker, as his companion mounted and rode on; and he continued his search for me, little thinking I was creeping away from him through the plantation, out of which at length I emerged, and crossing some fields, regained the road, and had the unspeakable gratification of seeing the horse I had ridden fastened to a gate. This, I suppose, had been done by Stevens when he overtook him. I was soon once more in the saddle, and away we went as fast as horse could go. About three miles from here the road to Garforth branches off to the right; and as I came down the hill towards the turning, I perceived Stevens riding along it. Quick as thought, I threw myself flat on the horse's back, thinking it just possible he might hear the galloping, turn round, and try his hand as a marksman; fortunately he did not; and I arrived at my destination without further adventure. To call up the assistant, have the prescription made up, and attend to the horse, were things speedily done; and ere long I was again in the saddle.

"Now I looked before, beside, and behind me; but all was peaceful. I neared the plantation where I had been stopped; but no one barred my progress; so on I rode, not quite reassured though, for I had not forgotten my pursuer was to wait at

the corner of Deadman's Lane, and I did not know where that was. And now the open road, shining in the clear moonlight, lay bright and untenanted before me. I could distinguish Mazeborough House; and nearer, the lane up which, when coming with Dr Seyton, we had seen a horseman riding. Then it struck me that as that horseman was not the messenger who had been despatched for the doctor, that functionary having arrived before us, it might have been the one who had stopped me, and that that was Deadman's Lane. There was no help for it; I must pass the spot; so feeling for the pistol I had taken the precaution to bring with me this time, I pressed the horse's sides and urged him on. I was not four or five yards from the lane when a man started into the roadway and stood directly in front of me; his figure was slight and his face concealed by a mask; but when he spoke, I recognised the voice that bade me 'stand and deliver.'

'Not quite so fast, young sir,' said he, as he perceived my intention to draw on one side. 'We don't part quite so easily this time. I must have the medicine.'

'What medicine?' I asked.

'Oh! none of that stuff for me. I want that physick you have been sent for; and that bottle I must and will have. So take your choice: that bottle and life; or,' producing a pistol, 'this barrel and death!'

"It was a serious moment; but my plan was at once decided on; so putting my hand in my breast, as if for the bottle, I reined close up beside him, and as he eagerly stretched forth his hand for the expected prize, I drew my pistol and fired. I saw him stagger, and in a few moments after, as it seemed, I was at the gate of Mazeborough House.

"Once inside and safe, I had no sooner delivered the medicine to the servant, to be taken up-stairs to Dr Seyton, than the state of tension to which my nerves (not of the strongest) had been strung, gave way, and but for some stimulant from the steward I should have fainted away. However, I soon recovered sufficiently to narrate my adventure to him; but he only laughed at my attributing a literal meaning to the robber's demand for the bottle, and suggested it might be slang for plunder; so I held my peace on that head, feeling the force of the lines:

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

The conversation with the steward soon changed to the family, and I learned from him that the Honourable Frederick Wellester had a half-brother Ernest, a very wild dissipated person, who had been the favourite of the Earl until his character was found out. This Ernest used to live at Cauldale Place, one of the Earl's seats, some fifteen or sixteen miles off; but owing to heavy gambling debts, he was compelled to break up his establishment, and only retained one servant, whom after a time he also discharged. This servant Mr Frederick had engaged, 'and,' continued the steward, 'a very decent servant Stevens was.'

'Stevens!' I ejaculated, very loudly. I daresay, for a man looked into the apartment and inquired: 'Did you call, sir?' I was struck dumb; a thousand ideas rushed through my brain. 'No; it was nothing,' replied the steward; and the man disappeared, but not before I had recognised in him one of the men concerned in my late adventure.

matter of especially interesting information to after-comers to know that the proverbial Smith of London has visited this temple in his travels; or that Jones, Brown, Robinson, and others of that ilk think so much of their spirit of adventurous enterprise in arriving at such a place, that they are obliged then and there to inscribe their homely names in the most ill-chosen spots. One cannot help feeling a species of contempt for one's countrymen when their spirit of assertive snobbishness is rendered so unpleasantly apparent. Amid the calm barbaric grandeur of such a scene, it is hardly possible to look with any feelings except those of anger and disgust at the ruthless and useless disfigurement of those sculptured remains, which should from their very antiquity have insured respect. When one thinks of the ages on ages they have stood there, calmly regarding the myriads of human worshippers at their feet, who bent before them only to pass away from kith and kin, and have their places filled by thousands of more devotees, it is impossible not to regard them with some feelings of awe, almost approaching to reverence, as the mind strives to form an idea of time; and with such thoughts as these flitting through the brain, the incongruity of the tourists' hackings and carvings is irritably felt as a desecration.

We had our tiffin in the shade of the rocks near the caves, where it was cool and shady, and from the place we chose we had a splendid prospect of the far-spreading ocean. After tiffin, for which our rambles and exertions had fully prepared us, we went our several different ways, some to sketch, some to explore. I have now before me a sketch which brings the spot vividly to my mind's eye. The afternoon was drawing in as I finished it—the sketch—and a cool breeze was ruffling the water below with gentle ripples; the dipping sun casting its golden gleams across the water, here and there catching the foliage of the different trees, and heightening the varied tints with unwonted splendour; the blue and purple shadows on the distant line of Ghauts softened down the almost too brilliant colouring, while harmonising and giving a tone to the whole scene. I gazed far down below me over the heads of the palm and peepul trees, until my eyes rested on the cool water with its varied changing lines as the sun caught the tips of the dancing ripples; and then my looks wandered again out over the expanse of water, and rested on the purple-shadowed mountains, which even as I looked were caught here and there with touches of gold; and as Sol dipped lower and lower, he bathed one side of the mountain shadow in warm rosy light. It is not in words to describe—at least not in mine—such a fairy scene. But as all pleasant things come to an end, so did that day at Elephanta, and we had to set sail on our return voyage.

There is no twilight in India; the sun sets and the night. Gloaming is unknown. The sail back ceeding a favourable breeze was refreshingly cool; or two

and as we neared the harbour, the bright lights from the various anchored ships shone out in the semi-darkness, casting their reflections over the darkened water. After setting down our friends, we made the best of our way back. The breeze freshened more and more, until we were sailing rapidly along; the noise made by the water splashing before our boat's bows mingling harmoniously with sounds of distant music, borne by the cool evening breeze down from one of the vessels lying at anchor in the harbour behind us. It ending to an enjoyable day was the stillness of that evening hour, broken only by these soft musical sounds; and as we sailed nearer the landing-place, we could just discern the spire of the Colaba church standing darkly out against the sky; and knew that we were close to our bungalow, had ended another day, and had visited another beautiful Indian scene that was destined to be photographed on our memories.

WITH A PRESENT.

THE Index to a book is small
Compared with what the book contains;
The Head, though but a little ball,
Incloses ardent, thoughtful brains.

And drops of rain are little things
That point to oceans in the sky;
And bridegrooms deal in little rings
As symbols of the strongest tie.

And little blades of grass, though small,
All point to life within the earth—
That life, that in this great round ball
Gives Spring its sweetest, freshest birth.

A woman's eye is but a bead
Set clear and fair 'neath snowy brow,
And yet it shews the fairest creed
Before which men on earth may bow.

And words are little weakling notes
That vanish like a passing sigh,
And yet they tell our sweetest thoughts,
And have told thoughts that will not die.

So this I send is but a mark
Of grateful thoughts and warm esteem—
Is but a little wav'ring spark
Dropped down from friendship's glowing beam!

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1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written.

4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.

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READING AT OXFORD.

SUMMER term is the play-time of Oxford life, and to visitors at such a time it seems all gaiety and sunshine. But when the cricket-grounds are lying desolate and cold under the mist which wraps Oxford in autumn; when the lawn-tennis nets are reposing snugly in their boxes, and all have deserted the river save one or two enthusiasts who make rowing the business of life, reading becomes the real pursuit of our lives; and some scraps of my experience in this line I will, if permitted, retail to outsiders.

I must begin with the statement that we do read; more than this, that many of us read hard. In summer, amusement with most ranks first, and study, though still kept up, is but a secondary occupation; but though we occasionally play at rackets and football in the winter terms, it is only that we may read the more efficiently. Reading we call it, using the term as a general one. To speak more exactly, we have various names for it, 'sapping' or 'grinding;' while 'cramming' has its own particular meaning, which is not much in favour among the heads of the 'varsity. These usages I have no doubt might be classified, referring each to some great school of those which act as feeders to the university; as for instance 'sapping,' a word of classical derivation, is in favour at one or two of the old classical schools. Be that as it may, ancients or moderns, classical or mathematical, we all call it 'reading,' and I daresay pride ourselves on no longer 'working' as in the old school-days. Before saying anything more about this, it would not be out of place to give some idea, as far as I can, of the examinations which it is necessary to pass in order to take a degree.

Every one must matriculate, and once matriculated, or entered among the numerous foster-sons of Alma Mater, he has to pass three distinct examinations: the first commonly called 'smalls;' the second 'moderations,' or more shortly 'mods;' the third 'greats,' or final examination. The three should be passed within three years if only a *pass*

be sought; within four years or a little more if honours be aimed at. They increase in difficulty, as the bears in the fairy tale; the small bear leading the way, then the middle one joins in, and the great bear, a very ugly customer, comes last. But this examination may be divided into separate parts, and overcome in detail. Every college has its own rule as to the time allowed for each examination, and if this should be overpassed, the unlucky man, unless he have some good excuse, is begged to remove his name from the college books. This however, does not imply expulsion from the 'varsity; for he may renew his efforts either as an unattached student, or in the kindly refuge of those small halls which receive all comers and ask few questions. Most men are apt to consider smalls mere child's play, which however is not the case, seeing that compensation is not allowed; that is, each paper must come up to a certain standard, super-excellence in one failing to make up for poorness in another. Thus an even mediocrity comes safely through, where great but partial talent goes to grief.

The non-compensation rule holds in all pass-examinations. In smalls there are no honours to be gained. Moderations, by those who seek honours, are generally passed at the end of two years, by others a little earlier; the several subjects being classics and mathematics, with a little divinity. Greats or final 'schools' offer more variety; pass-men have to go through, if I remember rightly, four schools or departments, of which divinity is one; and honour-men must also take a pass in that, before seeking, or after winning their laurels in some subject of which they pretend to an advanced knowledge, such as classics, mathematics, law, history, natural science, and others, each affording a chance of distinction as well as a testamur. That gained, the candidate is competent for a degree. If my description be not very lucid, I must plead in excuse the singular ignorance of these things which exists in Oxford; for it is an undoubted fact that a man seldom understands his own line of business—that is, his own exams—until he has passed

them; still more seldom is he capable of enlightening his neighbour! An honour-man knows little or nothing of the rules of pass-examinations; and a pass-man has probably even less idea of the duties of his more ambitious friend.

Certain phases of Oxford life are still a mystery even to four-year-old men; and curious are the tales of the economical management of university and college which find credence, affording immense scope for the versatile imagination of the undergraduate. Of the university chests, the university registers, the press, the vice-chancellor, the duties of the bedells, or who those latter are in private life, whether old M.A.s or superannuated scouts, he knows not enough even to form the basis of a tale. It is believed that the volume of Latin statutes which is presented to every man at matriculation contains some hints on such matters; but who ever reads the *Statuta Universitatis*, except at that page which forbids the undergraduate to appear in any save 'subfusc' raiment, a rule which it is to be hoped he invariably observes.

Besides the university examinations, alone necessary for a degree, all colleges impose private trials, terminally or yearly, which are called 'collections.' And now let us see how the undergraduate prepares himself for these terrible examinations, for which 'reading' is a *sine quâ non*. Sometimes he reads hard, and comes out well, with his honours thick upon him. Sometimes he gets the honours without over-much reading, or the reading without the honours; and very often he doesn't read and fails, or to use the all but invariable expression, he is ploughed. Examinations try a man in so peculiar and mysterious a manner, finding out some weak place never visible at other times, that it is impossible to pick out beforehand the man certain to do well, even if you have trained him yourself. I have known men apparently talented, witty, ready at repartee, fairly steady readers, who with all these qualifications, were sure to be floored at every examination. I don't pretend to know why, but such is the case. Of two men seemingly equal in knowledge, one will pass with ease, the other will be hopelessly ploughed. The uncertainty is proverbial, though the general explanation is that even clever men will lose their heads in the excitement. On the other side, some quiet, dull-looking men seem to surmount these periodical trials with little difficulty.

Reading is chiefly done in the morning before one o'clock P.M. Early rising is not our forte as a rule, but if four hours' work is done in the morning, we think we have got considerably before the world, and may employ the day after luncheon pretty much as we will. During the hours devoted to work, even the laziest man pretends to do a little, or at least does not interrupt his friends without some apology; and if you walk the streets of Oxford on any morning in the winter term, very few loungers will meet your gaze, numerous though they may be in the afternoon. A large number of men think this morning work sufficient, and consider the day and a great part of the night also to be at their disposal.

Next to the morning, the favourite time for

reading is the hour or so before dinner, often called the 'reading-man's hour.' Some colleges dine at seven, which favours reading, since a man coming in at five will be able to utilise the intervening time, or at least gain one extra hour; whereas had he dined at six he probably might never have done that hour afterwards.

Five hours a day ordinarily, and seven when an examination is imminent, are usually considered a very good allowance for a reading-man, and if kept to regularly should insure success. Many do a little more; but to work more than eight hours even in an emergency, is really but to waste energy and brain-power. All my experience goes to convince me that in reading for an examination there is nothing like regularity; sticking to it, I mean, so many hours every day, and not a double quantity three days in the week and none at all the other three; and yet being more convenient, more independent and pleasant, men often adopt that plan, even if they do not defend it. Some have a peculiar knack of doing a good deal of reading without seeming to do any, while others make a great parade of their industry and do nothing. In the latter case, I have noticed that the results are mostly unfortunate. It is curious that while the idle man, with some perception of his real interest, would fain be thought to follow it, the reading-man as a rule tries to conceal his assiduity, influenced by that old school contempt of a 'sap.'

I remember a scout telling me one of those tales in which scouts delight, of a fast man in a fashionable set who used to conceal himself in one of his voluminous window-curtains, and there read at his ease, while his friends fancying the room empty, believed he was 'racketing' elsewhere. He kept his books under the window-seat, and not a sign of reading was visible in his rooms. One would think that at the best such reading must be too exciting to do much good; but on the scout's authority the man got a 'first.' There seems to be a preference of wit to industry. At the 'Varsity, the man who can get a good class *without apparent exertion* earns far more *kudos* (Anglicè, fame) than the hard reader who wins even a higher distinction. The latter's good fortune is constantly marred—in his own eyes—by the good wishes of his perhaps envious friends. 'Very glad to hear of it, old fellow; you've worked like bricks, and ought to have it,' congratulates his college friend; and the successful one shrinks in his shoes. 'I am so very delighted, George, you are so persevering, and I am sure you deserve it,' says his maiden aunt; a sentiment which causes George to feel like a convicted 'snug.' Of course such a feeling is wrong; and it is true enough that no final success worth winning can be attained save by hard reading; but it cannot be denied that the feeling prevalent at Oxford is, a preference of intellect to industry. Though the steady worker may really possess the former, envy will attribute his success to the latter. Hence the idea of being thought industrious, chafes him!

As in other things, so in our reading we are fond of comfort. We have a liking for roomy library chairs, cushioned if practicable; for many-drawered writing-tables and handsomely bound books, and elegant paper-knives and inkstands and pencil-cases. We delight in reading-desks and

book-rests, and have much to say on the relative advantages of a standing and sitting posture. I have heard men say that they would read history for their final schools, because no dictionaries would be needed, and they could do their work in cosy arm-chairs by the fire. But they wouldn't get firsts if they did. Some men who find solitary work tiresome, try reading in parties in one another's rooms. I don't believe in this, after some experience. Undergraduate spirits are high; and if there be one inclined to fun or idleness, he prevents the others doing any work, and the attempt is soon given up for a gossip or a 'hay-making.' Yet it seems to succeed in some sets; and I must say that an evening party of this kind is pleasant enough at times, if the men are at work on different subjects, and strict silence is kept save at the regular intervals of rest and tea. Pleasant indeed to the average undergraduate are those intervals, say ten minutes at the end of every hour, when time is called, the shades on the reading-lamps are raised, and every tongue is loosed in chaff and gibe; when the host wields the kettle manfully and dispenses the soothing cup, while the more restless give their cramped limbs a little exercise over the sofas and chairs. How many an old Oxford man, no longer able to clear a chair or vault a sofa, must look back to such a scene, when he possessed all the energy of a schoolboy!

There is another way in which the idle man avoids pursuing his insupportable task alone, and that is by having a man to read to him—that is, to read a translation while he runs his eye over the original. I believe that those who perform this monotonous task at the remunerative price of a shilling or eighteenpence an hour, with unlimited liquor of some sort, are generally old choristers, or the ambitious offspring of well-to-do scouts, who have adopted this as the nearest thing to a learned profession, though I suppose they have some other employment. As may be imagined, the words they often meet with in translations of Aristophanes and the like are too much for their pronunciation; and most amusing are the tales of their adaptations of these words to their ideas of what should be, and of the consequent grief to which too trusting employers have come. Some of these English readers are, however, said to be well up in their work, and capable of giving pass-men a hint or two now and then as to the historical personages mentioned in the course of their reading.

To touch upon the drinks indulged in at the universities is perhaps to touch upon a somewhat delicate subject. The matter depends very much upon taste, and the society into which the reading-man is thrown. Wine parties do and will flourish, and will continue to be an institution so long as Oxford and Cambridge exist. Some men pin their faith to beer; but though I have often enough seen the undergraduate moistening his dry labours with a frothing pewter, I have never observed the same man at the head of his 'collection list,' or astounding the examiners by any display of Burleigh-like sagacity. Rather the reverse, in fact. So I put my faith in tea; and when I do come in to get a little reading done before dinner, I delude my appetite with that wakeful drink. It is a favourite with reading-men, and I don't think it ever did our nerves much harm.

It is more conducive to reading to be in lodgings than to have rooms in college. Your movements are more independent; interruptions are less frequent; it is more quiet; and you are less open to the temptation of taking a few minutes' chat with Jones or Brown or Robinson. It is at anyrate well as a rule that men get into lodgings a term or two before their greats; as by so doing, many a plough is avoided.

So we read, by rule or as the fit takes us, in cheerful company, or in consumption of the midnight oil, with a coach or unaided, until the day comes when we find ourselves in the schools, and must give proof of our labours and of what stuff is in us: the dreaded moment when isolated each at his little table in the long Divinity schools, or the room over the Ashmolean, we write ahead in nervous haste or despondently suck our quills, or anon, with hands deep in trousers-pockets, chairs tilted back, and eyes fixed on the ceiling, grope feebly in the cobwebs of our memories. All too surely comes that later day when we are face to face with the arbiters of our destiny, and strive while *viva-voce'd*, to wrest their every look and gesture into an indication of favour, certain in any case so depressing is the ordeal—to retire in a very slough of despond. Last of all, that *mauvais* quarter of an hour when we listen for the steps of him that cometh with tidings of the Class List, or with the precious testamur, which has cost us or our people some hundreds of pounds. If it comes, then well. If not, with many the first question is: 'What will the governor say?' Sometimes, the governor's patience exhausted, they leave the old 'varsity to seek for better luck, sheep-farming in Australia or clearing in the backwoods of Canada. Praught with destiny is that slip of paper; a man's life is often decided by it, and it is given or withheld according as he has—read.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER VI.—THE BALL.

A BRIGHT January morning! The sky of the clearest blue overhead, the lake like a silver mirror in the sunlight, the reeds swaying to and fro in a fresh breeze, flocks of wild-fowl rising here and there from the water, and a merry group of people standing on the end of the rude jetty where Jack had first landed on the island, now about five months ago. What a curious five months they had been, and how the old life in England had faded away into a dim dreamy memory, and his island home and his friends there become the only realities in the world to him.

Two horses had been led on to the raft which was to carry them to the mainland; one, Jack's gray, which had become a familiar friend to him; the other a handsome bay mare, which was supposed to be Phyllis's peculiar property, though Robert often rode it, 'just to keep it in condition,' he said. Jack stood at the horses' heads, and Phyllis sat on a sack stuffed with straw, while one of the farm-men who had to bring the raft back to the island, ferried them across. Robert and Bessie and little Bertie stood on the end of the jetty, the first two waving their adieus to the travellers and their wishes for a pleasant ride and

a merry party; the latter rather inclined to cry because Aunt Phyllis and Uncle Jack were going away without him.

The mainland reached, the horses are safely landed; for a moment Jack holds a shapely foot in his hand as Phyllis springs to her saddle, and then they are off, cantering gaily along the track by hill and lake, which Jack had thought so endless when he first traversed it. Perhaps Phyllis never looked so really beautiful as she did when on horseback. She seemed literally to become part of her horse, her supple figure swaying with every motion of the animal as easily and gracefully as the reeds by the water's edge swayed in the wind. She loved the exercise dearly, and the carmine of her cheeks deepened and her eyes had a brighter sparkle as she felt her steed bound under her, and the fresh wind blow in her face.

'Oh, this is nice!' she said to Jack, who kept close by her side, his powerful gray taking stride for stride with her slender and fleet bay. As she spoke she laughed aloud, a soft rippling peal, such as Jack had seldom heard before, a laugh born of the pure gladness in the girl's heart, which rejoiced in the swift motion, in the free wind, and in the beauty of hill and lake, which sped so swiftly past them as they rode. Keeping to that steady pace, they covered many a mile without ever drawing rein; and when at last Phyllis brought her horse to a walk, she turned to Jack with a thoroughly contented look on her bright face.

'There!' she said. 'That has done me ever so much good! It is such a long time since I have had a thoroughly good stretch like this. How well our horses keep together, and how beautiful everything is to-day!'

'It is charming,' said Jack. 'And I never before felt the real pleasure of having a holiday. I suppose because I never before worked hard enough to earn one.'

'This is the road you walked along by yourself when you first came to us,' she said presently. 'Does it not seem a long time ago?'

'Yes. And I kept wondering all the way what you were like.'

'Really? But how did you know that such a person existed?'

'Do you suppose that Robert could have written to me without telling me of you?'

'No; of course not,' she answered, smiling. 'I was silly to ask. But I wonder'—

'What he said of you. Little Vanity! You know what he must have said of you, if he spoke the truth; that you were'—

'No, no!' she exclaimed. 'I don't want to know. I didn't mean to ask.'—And before he could speak again, she put her horse into a canter; and once more the shining water and the brown sunburnt hills were fast receding as they rode swiftly on. When next they drew rein, Phyllis spoke in quite a different tone.

'What is your idea of heaven?' she asked seriously, turning her blue eyes gravely on her companion's face.

'My idea of heaven? What a very odd question!'

'Well, what do you suppose it to be like? Do you think there is such a place, don't you? and you must have some ideas about it.'

'I don't know that I ever did think definitely

about it,' said Jack meditatively. 'I suppose I have a vague notion of harps and crowns and the flutter of angels' wings.'

'Now I never could bear,' said Phyllis earnestly, 'to imagine a heaven where one had to sit still all the time. In my ideal of happiness there must always be swift motion. The likeliest thing I know to it on earth is riding a fast horse along a road beside some water. Only, instead of a lake, I always fancy it ought to be the sea, with soft little waves all over it, and that there should be moonlight shining.'

'What a strange fancy!' said Jack. 'What made you think of it?'

'I can't tell,' the girl answered, shaking her head; 'but ever since I was quite a little child I have sometimes woke up at night in the dark, thinking of it.' Then, as if ashamed of having revealed so much of her hidden thoughts to him, she became silent again; while, as he kept by her side, he marvelled what stores of fancy and imagination, what beauties of thought and feeling might lie behind the calm grave exterior of the girl, whose quiet practical way of life had sometimes rather chilled the dawning affection in him.

After they had ridden for some miles, the road turned to the left, away from the waters of the great lake, and in an opposite direction from Winewa. This part of their ride was new to Jack, and he could not help admiring the picturesqueness of the scenery, though somehow he wished he were going anywhere except to Campbellton. The narrow bridle-path led up a valley or gorge, on each side of which sloped grassy hills, whose sides were clothed by scattered groups of gum and she-oak, while here and there waved tracts of fern. Sometimes their road lay across the bed of a creek, which though dry after the long summer drought, was deep and strong enough, Phyllis told him, to carry away a wagon, horses and driver included. Indeed such a catastrophe had happened only the previous winter.

'There is the house,' she said, pointing with her whip. 'Is it not pretty? I always think that Campbellton is one of the most beautifully situated places in our neighbourhood.'

Jack could not help acknowledging that it really was pretty 'for a colonial place'; a grudging admission which he regretted the moment after, as Phyllis's eyes turned reproachfully on him. The house stood just at the head of the gorge; on each side the uplands curved away from it, leaving space enough for a large and pleasant garden. Mr Campbell's father had been one of the very earliest colonists, and had built the house whenever he found things beginning to prosper with him, so that the trees and shrubs about the place had had time to grow large and luxuriant; and surely in no other land do fruit-trees and flowering shrubs grow more luxuriantly beautiful than in our sunny Australia. In the Campbellton garden, almost every English fruit-tree grew to perfection, and those mingled delightfully with the products of more southern climates—oranges loaded with their golden balls; lemons, paler in colour and giving out a delicious perfume; while down by the creek, where their roots could find almost constant moisture, bananas reared their graceful heads. Just in front of the house were beds filled with scented verbenas and

glowing scarlet geraniums; and in the broad front veranda stood Mr Campbell, watching anxiously for his expected guests.

I am afraid Jack scowled at him when he saw him lift Phyllis from her horse with as much care as if she had been made of china. Nor did the sulky expression on his face soften, as he followed the two into the house, in spite of the hospitable welcome he had received, but which he could not help feeling was given more for Phyllis's sake than his own.

The arrangements of the house and table were all that could be desired. Mr Campbell's mother, a clean tidy old Scotchwoman, took care that her son was comfortably looked after. The internal arrangements of the house were as perfect as snow-white table-linen and admirable cookery could make them. After doing justice to the dinner which the worthy dame set before her guests, Mr Campbell took them round the garden, shewing them his favourite fruit-trees; his long vine trellises, loaded with fast-ripening grapes; his paddocks, where fine Ayrshire cows were grazing; his cool dairy, with its wealth of yellow cream—all of which however, Jack felt, or believed he felt, was being shown to Phyllis for *her* approval, and that she had only to say the word in order to be mistress of Campbellton with all that pertained thereto. He could not help remembering too, that supposing *he* had wished to appropriate her, he had neither home nor land to offer her as yet, little more indeed than a strong right arm and a heart willing to work for her.

'For she is a woman worth working for,' mused Jack. 'Not that she would ever think of waiting for me, or that I could think of asking her—but'—Whereupon he sought the veranda and smoked in silence, while Phyllis and Mr Campbell wandered up and down under those arching vine trellises, through which the light shone so deliciously green and cool. About five o'clock Phyllis disappeared to dress; for they had still an hour's drive before them, and in that part of the world people kept early hours. When she came to the door again, the light-covered wagon, drawn by a pair of strong handsome horses, stood ready for them.

'A ball would need to be worth something,' said Jack as they drove along; 'for we have to take a considerable journey to get to it.'

'It is worth something,' said Phyllis, smiling. 'It is worth a great deal to unsophisticated people like us. And you are to enjoy it, please, and not be in your severely critical frame of mind.'

'Am I ever severely critical?' he asked.

'Yes, very often; particularly if anything puts you out. And Jack'—She leaned forward so that her flushed cheek almost touched his shoulder, and her sweet eyes looked beseechingly into his.

'Well?' he questioned, smiling down at her. His cynical fits were never proof against those gentle looks of Phyllis's.

'You really mustn't criticise the whole thing too severely. Remember, we are in the wilds of Australia, and things aren't here just as they are at home. And Jack—you'll be pleasant to the girls, won't you, and dance with them, and make yourself generally agreeable?'

'I didn't know I was in the habit of making a bear of myself,' he answered, rather piqued.

Phyllis flushed still deeper; and he fancied that her lips trembled. 'O no!' she said; 'I didn't mean that. Only you know you are different somehow from the people one meets here; and I thought perhaps you might shew that you didn't care for our little pleasures.'

He was silent for a minute—half-annoyed, half-pleased, till she added pleadingly: 'Don't be vexed, Jack.'

'Vexed! No. But I am thinking that I must have often made myself much more disagreeable than I was at all aware of. I will try to be pleasant to-night at all events, to every one. There! it is a promise.' And he held out his hand, to be grasped by hers for an instant. Phyllis's hand-clasp was rather a curious thing, by the way. It was so firm, so steady, so like that of a calm and gentle man, so unlike the feeble fluttering pressure that most women give.

Mr Campbell was driving; and when they reached the township of Glen Assynt, he had to unharness and attend to his horses, so that Jack and Phyllis entered the ball-room by themselves. They created quite a sensation; and indeed they looked a rarely handsome couple as they walked up the long room together—he so tall and well proportioned, with bronzed face, bright dark eyes, and curly black locks; she with her fair and stately head just reaching his shoulder, her sunny hair set off with blue ribbons, her beautiful neck and shoulders and full white arms bare—all else was soft white muslin, with here and there a knot of blue ribbon. 'She says there is a difference between me and the others,' repeated Jack to himself; 'I wonder if she is conscious what a wide difference there is between every other woman here, and herself?'

As I have said, the dance was held in the large ware-room of a newly erected store, the first of any consequence which had been built at Glen Assynt. The walls were of coarse rough plaster, and the great rafters stretched unceilinged overhead. But much taste and care had been expended to hide the deficiencies; the walls were festooned with pink and white, caught up by wreaths of flowers; flags and garlands were twisted about the rafters; and really, when lighted up, the effect of the whole was exceedingly pretty. The band had been sent for to Adelaide, and was the best obtainable; for when the 'Bachelors' entertained their fair neighbours, they were determined to do the thing well.

Phyllis was immensely popular; and if Jack had not made such strong resolutions to be pleasant, he would have felt inclined to grumble at the way she was carried off from him, first by a bevy of laughing girls, all founcers and ribbons and ringlets, and then by a succession of partners. But he determined to keep the promise he had made in the wagon, and got Mr Campbell to introduce him to one young lady after another, with whom he danced and talked so pleasantly, that instead of being pronounced proud or unsociable, he bid fair to become as popular as Phyllis herself. Nice bright girls they were too, he thought, those daughters of Australian farmers. Wanting perhaps in the refined softness of English girls, but making up for it in their outspoken frankness, their ready wit, and their stock of good common sense. Girls who were used to work hard, and who were contented to do it; who had not the

empty lives, the idle objectless days which so many women at home murmur about, to complain of. Their lives were full to the brim of healthy work, and they were all the more capable in consequence of enjoying simple and healthy pleasures.

The evening was more than half over when Jack stood behind the chair where Phyllis was resting after a gallop.

'Have I worked hard enough?' he said, bending down and speaking softly in her ear. 'Do you think I deserve to be rewarded?'

'Yes, indeed,' she answered. 'I have been watching you, and thinking how well you were keeping your promise.'

'Then give me the next waltz, won't you?'

She rose at once; the band was playing a capital old waltz—out of fashion now, but which sounded deliciously fresh then—and away they went in that delightful swinging step which but comparatively few people seem ever to acquire. 'How well you waltz,' said Phyllis, looking up at him with sparkling eyes when they had been once round the long room.

'Do I?' he asked, laughing.

'Oh, I never felt anything like it,' she answered.

'I suppose I mustn't ask you too often,' he said, when they had finished. 'But, remember Phyllis, you must keep one more waltz for me.'

There was a broad veranda running down one side of the ware room, and this had for the occasion been inclosed by canvas curtains, which were lined with flags, and lighted by candles set amid wreaths of evergreens, so that it formed quite a pretty promenade for the dancers. Into this veranda Phyllis was led, a little later in the evening, by Mr Campbell, with whom she had just been dancing. She had noticed that for some time he had been particularly silent and *distract*, hardly answering her when she spoke to him, and seeming to have some difficulty in remembering even the figure of their quadrille. The veranda was empty when they entered it. Two or three times they walked up and down in silence.

'How cool it is here,' said Phyllis at last, speaking more to break the silence than for the sake of saying anything. 'And those flags and wreaths how pretty they are; are they not?'

'Are they? O yes—very!' said her companion absently. Then abruptly: 'I beg your pardon; but indeed I was thinking of something else, and scarcely knew what you said.'

'You have been thinking of something else for the last half-hour, I believe,' said Phyllis, laughing good-naturedly. He was silent; and when she looked up in his face, its usual ruddy colour had flown; he was very pale, with a look in his eyes which her womanly instinct told her meant something she had been dreading for some time past.

'Oh, I trust he may not!' she said to herself, looking round her for a way of escape, and almost praying that some one would come out of the ball-room. But no one appeared, and his words were spoken in a voice which told of strong emotion.

'Miss Phyllis—you must have seen—you must know, already what I am going to say. I have never cared for any one but you; can you care for me enough to—marry me?'

The pale face was looking down at her, the strong young man standing before her was posi-

tively trembling with strong feeling. Phyllis felt terribly guilty, with something of the contrition that a careless child has who has let fall a costly vase, and then cries to see it broken. Before James Hamilton came to Hamilton Farm, she had been very good friends with this young man; there had even been a time when, if he had spoken, her answer might have been different from the one she felt she must make now. But that time was now past; her views of life and ideas of happiness were completely changed, she scarcely knew why.

'I am very very sorry,' she managed to falter out; 'but it cannot be.'

He put up his hands to his face and stood silent, while she stood before him like a guilty child, trembling and longing to get away. When he looked up again, the naturally good-humoured expression of his face was changed to one of anger; the colour had come back in a dark hot flush. 'You did not always think so,' he said in a low voice. 'A while ago you seemed to like me well enough. If I had spoken this time last year, you would have answered differently. Oh what a fool I was not to speak!' he exclaimed, clenching his hands tightly; 'and now it is too late. But I know who has done this—who has robbed me of you!'

'Hush! please,' exclaimed Phyllis in a terrified whisper. 'Oh, you are quite mistaken—there is no one else.'

He put out his hand and grasped her wrist tightly. 'Will you swear that to me?' he said. 'Will you swear that this isn't James Hamilton's doing? But indeed I know it is. He comes among us with his fine-gentleman ways, and a plain farmer like me has no chance. Miss Yester, I am much mistaken if he means as fairly by you as I do. It is plausible gentlemen like him who win girls' hearts, and then leave them to break, while they go off and take their pleasure elsewhere. You'll be better with me at Campbellton, my lass, than pining for him.'

Phyllis had stopped trembling, and had drawn herself up to her full height. Now she looked her angry lover full in the eyes, her proud lips full of scorn. 'Let go my hand, Mr Campbell,' she said quietly. 'I was sorry for you, because I thought you were vexed, and that perhaps I had once given you cause to think what no longer exists. But you have no right to insult me, as certainly no gentleman would. And I have certainly given no one any right to couple my name with—with Mr Hamilton's. I am quite sure now that I would never have been happy at Campbellton.'

Campbell had changed colour several times during this speech; and when she was silent, he turned away with a look of hopeless pain which it grieved her to see. He did not say another word, but walked towards the other end of the veranda, where he lifted the canvas and quietly stepped out into the darkness. Phyllis continued standing till he disappeared, then, when she found herself alone, she dropped her head on her hands, and gave way to a flood of bitter tears. It was not for young Campbell's disappointment that she wept, nor for the remembrance that she had treated him badly; perhaps it was because his angry words had revealed to her another feeling, of which she had been unconscious till then, a feeling which with torturing shame she could not but confess was true.

'What a fool I am,' she said to herself, 'what a weak fool, to betray myself so!'

Just at this moment the last person in the world she wished to see came into the veranda in search of her. 'Why, here you are Phyllis!' said Jack. 'This is our waltz'— He came up to her, and though she was trying hard to choke back her tears, he instantly saw that something was the matter. 'Tell me what it is?' he whispered gently. 'Has any one been annoying my sweet sister? Just tell me who it was; he had better look out, whoever it was!' He would have put his arm round her to draw her towards him; but she drew back, flushing excitedly.

'It was nothing—nothing that I need have minded,' she said, speaking very coldly. 'I am sorry you had the trouble of looking for me. I am quite ready now.'

She walked towards the dancing-room, and he followed her, piqued and wounded by her change of tone. Lately she had been so bright and good with him, and now, what had he done that she should speak to him so, and refuse comfort from him when she was in trouble? Their waltz was danced in silence, and after a few turns she said she was tired, and begged to be allowed to sit down. After that they did not speak to one another till the ball was nearly over, and then she came to him looking more wearied, he thought, than he had ever seen her before, and asked him if he would look for Mr Campbell and the wagon.

'I suppose we must go to Campbellton,' she said wearily, 'as our horses are there. Shall you be too tired to ride home directly afterwards?'

'If you are not,' he answered, 'it is not likely that I should be. But had you not better rest there for an hour or two?'

'O no. I will go home at once, please,' and she went to get her wraps, while he went outside to find the wagon and its driver. The wagon was standing among a number of others, and Mr Campbell wrapped in a greatcoat, stood at the horse's head, with his face almost concealed by a muffler.

'I am afraid you have been waiting,' said Jack politely; but receiving no answer, he turned to help Phyllis into the wagon. It was rather a dreary ride that in the gray morning light, which was now stealing over the country; for scarce one of the party spoke a syllable till they reached the door of Campbellton Farm. Then their host remembered his hospitality so far as to ask them to rest for a few hours.

'I would rather go home at once. Pray, let us have the horses,' pleaded Phyllis as she went up-stairs to put on her habit. When she came down again, a service of hot coffee was waiting for them, and as they sat down to it Jack could not help thinking he had never partaken of a more thoroughly uncomfortable meal.

Just as they were mounting their horses, Mr Campbell came to her side. 'I want to ask your pardon,' he said, 'for the words I spoke—when I was angry.'

Phyllis turned her head away from him and was silent for a minute. Jack, who by this time had guessed how matters stood, took care to have something to do to his saddle which forced him to turn his back to them. At last she stooped down from her horse and held out her hand to Mr Campbell. 'I think we have both something to

forgive,' she said sweetly. 'And there is no reason why we should not be friends.'

After watching the two ride off together in the lovely light of early morning, the disappointed wooer went round his farm and gazed at his possessions—possessions which had now lost their beauty in his eyes. He cared no longer that his cows were fat and his horses sleek, his barns full and his garden productive. The one thing he wanted above all others was not to be his, and for the time all life looked dark to him. What a blessing it is that such wounds do heal in process of time, though they may leave scars behind! Nothing would have made the young man believe then that things would begin to look brighter by-and-by; yet life was not over for him because one woman refused his love. Some other would be beautiful in his sight in time to come, and a fair mistress would reign over Campbellton, and children's tiny feet make music in its rooms.

Meanwhile Jack and Phyllis rode homewards up the gorge and along by the waters of the lake. Phyllis rode fast and silently till she was forced to breathe her horse up a long ascent. Then Jack came and put his hand on her horse's mane and looked into her face.

'What have I done, Phyllis, that you should be cross to me?' he asked, smiling.

The cloud passed from the troubled face, and she smiled in return. 'I have been cross; but something vexed me, and I beg your pardon.'

'Granted!' he answered gaily, and they rode on, friends again.

Nevertheless, when Hamilton was reached, and Bessie had insisted on the tired girl going to lie down for an hour or two, Phyllis's pillow was wet with tears, for she had sobbed herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

In all countries and all large towns there is a certain section of the population to which the old saying applies—namely that one half the world does not know how the other half lives—a saying, by the way, that touches a great many more people than the world suspects. In these days, when everybody must be or fancies he or she must be 'in society,' the struggle to make ends meet involves many shifts in the home circle, which are only known to the members of that circle, and the secrets of which they keep with Spartan firmness. Outside are show, expense, and glitter; inside are anxiety, shabbiness, pinching, and gnashing of teeth; and if, Asmodeus-like, we could peep into all the fashionable houses and note the interior *ménage*, we should be more than a little surprised, and probably very much startled.

But it is not with these decorous griefs and difficulties that this article will deal, but with a much lower stratum of population—indeed the very lowest. There is not a capital in Europe or America in which hundreds of people do not rise up in the morning uncertain, as to where they shall get their meals for the day, or indeed if they shall get any; and the hidden life of these dinnerless and supperless ones must be as extraordinary as often it must be grievous. In London

and New York there is probably a more monotonously sad existence for thousands of their inhabitants than in any other cities; for the masses of people are so great and the race for existence so keen, that numbers must get shouldered aside and forced to depend on charity, or to do worse. In Paris too there is a vast amount of distress and crime, but there are at the same time probably more outlets for employment amidst the restless and varied life of the Parisian world. Some few of these industries we are about to relate; for with their extraordinary querness, they read us many a lesson of perseverance and the value of little things.

In no towns in the world perhaps, except those of China, is the value of little things better understood than in Paris, and particularly in that essentially Parisian branch of industry which caters for the hungry man. Even in the lowest quarters of Paris, people must dine, just as they must in the Boulevards and the Palais-Royal; but the modes of dining are so different, that they might belong to two different worlds. The expensive dinner has often been described, and in these days of quick travelling, when Paris is only eight hours from London, dining there is as familiar as dining in London; but few people have ever penetrated into these nooks and corners, where the customers measure their appetites by centimes, and very frequently can only gratify them in an unpleasantly intermittent manner. In these Barmecide establishments, a plate of meat can be had for two sous (a penny), and one of vegetables for a halfpenny, while some of the meals combine with the chance of getting something good to eat, the thrilling possibility of getting nothing. This is playfully called *l'hasard de la fourchette* (the chance of the fork), and consists in the player taking one shot for his money with a broad two-pronged fork into a seething caldron, and bringing up whatever he is able to stick the fork into. An old hand often succeeds in landing a succulent fragment of something unknown, but a novice finds the coveted morsel evade the prong, and leave him despondent and dinnerless.

Another branch of the purveying business, and one too in which fortunes have been made, is that of selling 'harlequins,' which consist of an olla podrida of scraps of every kind, and sold for a halfpenny a plate. The idea of calling this collection of eatable patches by the name of harlequins, from the dress of divers pieces and colours which decorates that stage professional, is Parisian to the backbone, and suggests the cynical grin with which the mess is regarded by its purchasers. The harlequin purveyor is on terms of business with all the cooks at the restaurants of the neighbourhood, from whom he or she buys the broken scraps collected by the end of the day, at the rate of three to three and a half francs the basketful. Indeed this is the most lucrative portion of the cook's trade; for though he earns probably a pound or thirty shillings a month for his salary, he will

make twice or three times as much by the perquisites which he sells to the harlequin merchant. A fine basketful it is, from bread-crumbs to beef-steak and truffled turkey—bones, fat, pickings, parings—all is fish that comes into this net. But valuable as the assortment is for nutritious purposes, some portions of it fetch a still higher price, such as the fat, which is carefully sorted and sold to merchants to be converted into lamp-oil. The bones too, at least those which are bare of meat or skin, are picked out and sold back again under the name of *réjouissance* to the restaurants, to make their commoner soups; and having done duty in this department, they pass to the very lowest cook-shops or *gargotiers*, who again use them in a mess of broth flavoured with carrots and burnt onions. One would surely think that a bone had now done its duty sufficiently, and that it might be allowed to rest in peace. But no. There is still money to be made out of it; for if big enough, it is sold to the bone button makers; and if it has been too much reduced by repeated cracking and maceration for this small purpose, it is at all events fit to be made into animal charcoal, and probably does duty in a box of charcoal tooth-powder lying in a place of honour in the window of a fashionable perfumer.

Thus it will be seen that nothing is too small for a Parisian speculator, and that there are depths in each station of society which even our philosophy dreams not of. Just as the eating material descends a step at a time to fulfil its various uses, there is a corresponding grade of professional industry connected with it; for the harlequin purveyor, like the flea which has smaller fleas to bite it, employs a number of hands, chiefly women, to sort out the savoury messes and apportion the elements so as to suit the cooking department, the lamp-oil maker, the button-maker, and the preparer of animal charcoal. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that even in little restaurants and cook-shops which carry their occupation and class of customers on their face, there is often a most appetising display of meats, vegetables, and poultry hanging up at the window or near the door, giving the visitor the idea that there is good fare within, notwithstanding the humble exterior. But these succulent joints, plump fowls, and tasty vegetables are a delusion and a snare. They are real, it is true, but they do not belong to the establishment, and are in point of fact let out for show from day to day for a small sum; just as a beggar-woman hires a baby for her stock in trade to appeal to the sympathies of the charitable. So then, there is a regular industry of provision renters, the eatables being returned as wanted, after having done their duty in practically advertising the excellent resources of the cook-shop!

Touching this cheap soup, there is one fact connected with it which is worth mentioning, as it shews another branch of industrial cooking as ingenious as it is nasty. It must be admitted by even the most unprejudiced that soup made of three or four times used bones, and flavoured with a burnt onion, cannot be very strong, neither can it look strong, which is perhaps more to the purpose; so with a view of rectifying the latter defect, an appearance of fat at all events must be given. But as all the fat in the harlequin's cellars has been sold more profitably to the oil-merchant, he makes good the defect in another way.

The soup-concocter takes into his mouth as much fish-oil as he can hold, and at the critical moment, blows it out again in a sort of well-regulated fog into the pot, where it settles on the top of the soup, and gives it the appearance of actually boiling over with richness, like the milk-and-water so graphically emphasised by Mr Squeers. This ingenious process is called 'putting the eyes into the soup.' No wonder that money is made in a trade of so many resources; or that a few years ago a celebrated harlequin-purveyor, a Madame Maillard, retired with a large fortune, having already settled her four daughters in establishments of their own.

DROLL BLUNDERS.

AN amusing book has been recently published entitled *A Book of Blunders*. It is a republication of a series of papers and letters sent to the *Glasgow Herald*, and well repays perusal. We give a few extracts from it.

As specimens of typographical errors, there are amongst others the following: By the insertion of one letter in place of another, a newspaper, not long since, reporting the danger that an express train had run, in consequence of a cow getting upon the line, said: 'As the safest way, the engineer put on full steam, dashed up against the cow, and literally cut it into *calves*!'—A Scotch newspaper, reporting the speeches at a Scott centenary meeting, made one of the orators exclaim with more truth than accuracy:

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Wet-nurse for a poetic child.

Never perhaps was the word 'austere' more misconstrued than in the instance of a clergyman in Lancashire who got a wholesome warning in regard to pulpit articulation, by discovering in one house which he visited the day after preaching from Luke xix. 21, that the servant had gone home with the impression that his text had been, 'I feared thee, because thou art an *oyster-man*!' A Hampshire incumbent recently reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some of the blunders he had heard made in the marriage service, by that class of persons who have to pick up the words as best they can, from hearing them repeated by others. He said that in his own parish, it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring, to say to the woman: 'With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods, I thee and thou.' He said the women were generally better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the Prayer-book, to take her husband: 'To 'ave and to 'old from this day fortui't fo betterer horse, for richerer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay.' What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to her own mind, the incumbent said it baffled him to conjecture.

The stories told of the blunders made by Oxford

and Cambridge undergraduates in the Scripture examination, are almost incredible. One of these, when asked who was the first king of Israel, was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of 'Saul.' He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to shew the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scriptures was, added confidentially: 'Saul, also called Paul.' Another was asked to give the parable of the good Samaritan. He did so with tolerable accuracy till he came to the place where the Samaritan says to the inn-keeper: 'When I come again I will repay thee.' Here the unlucky examinee added: 'This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more!'

A ludicrous story is told of a bailie, whose studies in natural history seem to have been rather limited. The following case came before him one day: 'A man who kept a ferret, having to go into the country, left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbour till he should return. The neighbour incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The owner was very angry, and brought a claim against his neighbour for damages. The following was the decision of the learned bailie: 'Nae doot,' he said to the man who had been left in charge, 'ye was wrang to open the cage door; but,' he added, turning to the other: 'Ye was wrang too. For why did ye no clip the brute's wings?'

It is also told of a certain Glasgow bailie that, when visiting Paris as one of a deputation from Glasgow to Louis-Philippe, the king said, when shewing the party through his library, where he had many of the English classics: 'You will know Milton very well?' 'O bless you, yes; bless you, yes,' said the bailie cheerfully, delighted that something had been mentioned that he *did* know. 'Yes, your majesty, I know Milton very well' (Milton is a little place in the neighbourhood of Glasgow); 'we're just building slaughter-houses there.'

By the bad arrangement of clauses in composition, ludicrous blunders are sometimes made. A Wisconsin paper announced that the Board of Education had 'resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high.' In an English paper an advertisement appeared, under the heading of 'To Let,' of 'A house for a family in good repair.' *Punch* noted this, and conjectured that 'a family in good repair' must mean one in which none of the members were cracked.—'The brooches would have been sent before but have been unwell,' was a note of apology sent to Dean Alford by his jeweller; and 'Two sisters want washing' was an advertisement which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*.

An amusing style of blunder is the 'bu'l,' for which the Irish get most credit. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of his country: 'Her cup of misery has been overflowing, and is not yet full!'—It was an

Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that 'he left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time.'—Irish also was the cornet who, when writing home from India praising the much abused climate as really one of the best under the sun, added: 'But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they eat and they drink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends, saying it was the climate that did it!'

Though not so numerous as those of the Emerald Isle, Scotland is not without its specimens of this kind of blunder. Two operatives in one of the Border towns were heard disputing about a new cemetery, beside the elegant railing of which they were standing. One of them, evidently disliking the continental fashion in which it was being laid out, said in disgust:

'I'd rather dee than be buried in sic a place.'

'Weel, it's the verra reverse wi' me,' said the other; 'for I'll be buried naewhere else, if I'm spared.'—A story of Dean Ramsay's is given of a half-cracked man in the parish kirk of 'Auld Ayr,' who got his head in between the iron rails in front of a seat, and startled the congregation by crying out in the middle of the sermon: 'Murder, murder! my head'll hae to be cuttit aff. Holy minister! O my head maun be cuttit aff. It's a judgment for leaving my godly Mr Peebles (his former minister) at the Newton.' When he had been extricated and quieted, and was asked why he put his head there, he said: 'It was juist to look on wi' another woman.'

Amongst the instances of blunders from absence of mind are the following: A clergyman walking one day in the country, fell into thought. He was so accustomed to ride that, when he found himself at a toll, he stopped and shouted to the man: 'Here! what's to pay?'

'Pay for what?' asked the man.

'For my horse,' said the clergyman.

'What horse? There's no horse, sir!'

'Bless me!' exclaimed the clergyman, looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback!—Sydney Smith was not in general absent-minded; but he says that once, when calling on a friend in London, and being asked by the servant: 'Who shall I say has called?' he could not for the life of him recollect his own name, and stared in blank confusion at the man for some time, before it came back to him.

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Hagley, 'he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim.'—A New York paper gives the following story in illustration of the absent-mindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards. When out riding one day, a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him. 'Whose boy are you, my little man?' he asked. 'Noah Clark's boy sir,' was the answer. On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked: 'Whose boy are you?' 'Noah Clark's sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir.'

Some blunders arise from misapprehension. A bishop of Oxford sent round to the churchwardens

in his diocese a circular of inquiries, including the question: 'Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and is his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?' The churchwarden of Wallingford replied: 'He preaches the gospel, but does not keep a carriage.'

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much, was sent for, to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bedside, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfuscated condition would permit. He counted: 'One, two, three;' then he got confused, and began again: 'One, two, three, four.' Still confused, he began again: 'One, two.' No; he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering: 'Topsy, I declare—tipsy!' Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed and take some hot lemonade, to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked 'Private:':

'DEAR DOCTOR—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the inclosed fee for your visit' (a ten-pound note), 'and do not, I entreat of you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me.'

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition!

The Rev. Mr McDougall of Paisley used to tell the following story: One day he was taking a simple friend from the country to see Gartnavel; but passing the Exchange on their way to the Asylum, he took him to the door to look in. The man, who thought they had got to their destination, stood behind Mr McDougall, and staring eagerly over his shoulder at the merchants stepping up and down, and gathering in eager groups, exclaimed with surprise not unmingled with awe: 'Is't safe, man?—they're a' loose!'

There are some good stories about mistakes as to person, and with two specimens of this class of blunders, we will close our paper. It is said that William IV. was once kept waiting outside a certain part of Windsor Castle, owing to a private entrance being that evening in charge of a substitute who did not know the king in his plain clothes. 'You can't pass, old'un,' said the man cheerfully. 'No one is allowed to pass here after dark, except the king and the lamplighter.'

A mutual mistake was once made by Lord Guildford and a lady of quality in the house of Lord Melville. There was a dinner party, at which Lord Seaforth was to be present. As Seaforth was deaf and dumb, Lady Melville, before the company arrived, sent a lady friend who was familiar with the dumb alphabet into the drawing-room, to be ready against his lordship's arrival. It happened, however, that Lord Guildford was the first to make his appearance; and the lady taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to sign to him nimbly with her fingers. His lordship happening to be an adept in the deaf and dumb alphabet

replied in the same way; and so they went on talking in this noiseless manner on their fingers till Lady Melville entered, when her friend said aloud: 'Well, I have been talking my best to this dumb man!' 'Dumb!' cried Lord Guildford in unfeigned surprise; 'why, my good lady, I thought *you* were dumb!'

THE SCOTCH GARDENER.

THE following amusing piece of bargain-making between a Scotch gardener and a gentleman in Australia; together with the touching sequel, reaches us from a correspondent in Victoria.

An advertisement for head-gardener by a gentleman occupying a handsome villa residence at St Kilda in Victoria, brought a response of not less than one hundred and ninety-seven applicants for the situation, most of whom represented every profession and calling but that advertised for. But while this interviewing was going on, a strange man made his appearance, and without further ado set to work in the garden, reducing to something like order some oleanders that previous neglect had suffered to run wild. The owner of the premises and a friend kept an eye on the intruder for some time, admiring his dexterous handling of the pruning-knife, and the excellent effects speedily produced by it; and when they reached the border, the former addressed him thus: 'And who may you be, my friend, that's slashing away among my trees as if they were your own?'

The man thus addressed, and who turned out to be an excellent specimen of a race now rapidly dying out, very leisurely finished the oleander limb he had then in hand, and replied: 'Weel, I'm come to tak the place o' head-gairdner that ye hae advertised.'

'Cool that,' said the employer; 'you have not applied for it yet.'

'No matter,' remarked the stranger indifferently, while he examined critically the tree before him. 'There wasna a gairdner amang a' the folk that was applyin', as ye ca' it, an' I wadna meddle atween you an' them.'

'But I may have engaged one of them all the same,' said his interrogator, 'and then you would have been out of the place.'

'Nae doot,' replied Sandy reflectively, tapping the lid of his snuff-box, 'ye nicht; there's nae leemit to human folly; but I didna like to speak before, because I'd be unwillin' to let on that I thoct ye a fool.'

Good-naturedly entering into the 'pawky' humour of the Caledonian, whose straightforward hits might have been less favourably received by many another employer, the master of the Mount there and then engaged Sandy; but there were a few formalities to be gone through, for appearance's sake.

'I think I'll try ye for a month,' said Sandy; 'for I suppose you're the master himsel'? But mind, I'll stand no interference. I know my business, and must guide a' thing my own way. And I'm very parteec'lar about the Sabbath-day, an' couldna think of biding wi' ye unless there's an earnest gospel minister near-hand. None o' your fusionless good-works men or preachers o' cauld morality, but a speerit-rousing preacher

that'll hold the Deil under the noses o' his congregation, an' mak' their flesh creep.'

'But,' said the master, vainly endeavouring to keep the control of the business in his own hand, and though quite willing to engage Sandy, reluctant to let his friend see that Sandy was engaging him, 'what references have you, or certificates of character and efficiency?'

'My character's in my face,' he answered; 'an' my competence is in my head an' at the ends o' my ten fingers! If that disna satisfy ye, ye maun find a gairdner whar ye can. Besides,' he went on, 'I hae been brought up to gless, an' surely that's enough qualification for a paltry bit place like yours. When I gaced gairdner to the Earl o' Stair at Culhorn, he never demeaned himsel' to ask for certificates, as ye ca' them.'

And in this strange *rencontre* an engagement was completed which extended itself over many years, with much advantage to both parties, and as will be shewn in the sequel, to the employer's family. 'Brought up to gless' settled the question, though what the phrase meant was a mystery to the family, who understood it somehow to have a jest mysteriously underlying it; unless it indicated that Sandy had been familiar with greenhouse work, and was therefore entitled to aristocratic rank in the gardening profession.

Sandy proved most efficient in his new situation, and the effects of his wise and vigorous management were soon apparent in the improved appearance of the grounds and gardens, which became the most beautiful and productive of any in the district; and to any comment on the superiority of the fruit, Sandy's invariable reply was: 'Weel, they should be guid, or where's the use o' havin' a gairdner "brought up to gless"?'

Never very ready to grant propositions, as age increased, Sandy's idiosyncrasy grew upon him to such an extent, that at length he would admit nothing. Late one autumn, when the neighbouring gardens could not shew a single bloom, he had a splendid display of antirrhinums; and to a visitor's complimenting him on his success, he replied with his native brusquerie: 'Weel, the floors is guid o' their kin', nae doot; but ye dinna ken whether they are guid or no.'

Sandy was a very religious man after a sort. It was not apparent, however, that in one respect his strongly held religious views kept him in the straight path, for at times he indulged overmuch in strong waters; nor was he always behind-hand in using strong language when excited. His religion was kept for higher uses than the common and prosaic one of regulating his life—namely, for the purposes of contention and argumentative strife. He had a rich vocabulary of Scripture phrases, which he employed with great effect in all such cases.

Sandy's graver studies generally came on the back of a protracted spree, when it was an amusing sight to see him seated in his sanctum, midst seed packets, labels, and dried bulbs, pouring over Boston's *Fourfold State*, *The Hind let Loose*, or *One Word with the Unregenerate*, in seven octavo volumes. One of his master's favourite amusements was to involve some unsuspecting visitor in a theological argument with Sandy, and particularly a certain young parson who was inclined to modern ideas, and suspected of being rather weak on future punishments. The abilities and

principles of this opponent were held in the greatest contempt by Sandy, as being those of a 'weak-kneed' Christian at the best, fit only to nourish babes in grace; whereas he, Sandy, required the strong meats of the Word for his spiritual sustenance. In a discussion upon the extent of the atonement, the reverend gentleman rashly quoted 'St John' to his antagonist, who astounded him by the remark: 'But there me and the apostle differs.' One of his modes of aggravation was to cavil at words; thus when arguing with the same clergyman at another time, when the word 'sin' was used, Sandy immediately came down upon him with the question: 'When you speak of *sin*, sir, do you refer to legal accountability or moral blameworthiness?' Next to drinking whisky, Sandy's great pleasure was to offer up a word in season at weddings and other similar festivities, when the services of a regular celebrant were not available; and this he did well, his main defect in devotional exercises being that he prayed at his congregation, or any one he deemed in need of a little wholesome advice from one in every way qualified to give it. He would sometimes attack even his employer in this manner, and depict his character in a way that was the reverse of flattering; indeed the odd things that entered into the head of this strange old man to do, were a source of amusement to his master and friends, who found it impossible to trace his pranks to any comprehensible reason. For instance, on a terrace walk in Mount Ophir garden were two ornamental tool-houses, one at each end. On opening one of these, the owner found one of his sons inside, doing penal servitude. On inquiry, he found the boy had been guilty of stealing unripe fruit, and unless the punishment were carried out in its integrity Sandy would wash his hands of the whole concern. Soon after, Mr M— found another prisoner in the other tool-house.

'What! has he been stealing unripe fruit too?' demanded the master.

'No,' replied Sandy; 'but I put him in there for the sake o' uniformity.'

An amusing instance of Sandy's unwillingness to admit propositions occurred on the return of the mistress and family from a visit of some weeks to Queenscliff, during which time their own residence had been re-painted and otherwise renovated. On the morning of the day of their expected return, the master and head-gardener were making a tour of inspection through house and grounds. Everything was in perfect order, and the owner rubbed his hands in satisfaction, and in anticipation of the happy re-union then imminent. But Sandy was perfectly unsympathetic. No muscle of his sour pragmatism countenance relaxed—nothing but the most rigorous taciturnity; and when remonstrated with by his master on his silence, he so far relaxed as to remark that: 'The grounds look weel enough;' but added that 'he was no judge o' painters' wark, an' could say nothing about the house.'

'And what's amiss with the house?' demanded his master impatiently. 'You doited old fellow, nothing pleases you.'

Fairly taken to task, Sandy replied: 'Weel, the house is just chock fu' o' mice.'

When chaffed by his friends about Sandy and his assumed airs of intellectual superiority, Mr M— would laughingly explain that he kept his

head-gardener for the good of his health; for his aggravating ways acted upon his liver, and stimulated the secretion of bile, and saved him expense in doctor's and chemist's bills—being a perpetual tonic and blister, so that at any time if his circulation became languid, he had only to have a rouse with Sandy, and the current soon ran fast enough. Tom Purdie, Sir Walter Scott's factotum in the happy old Abbotsford days, could never be got to make any further concession to his employer's will than to say he would 'tak his honour's advice for *this* time.' Sandy never got so far; he would take no man's advice, and least of all his master's. It was one of that master's jokes to say that his servitor never did condescend to obey orders—he only gave a kind of 'pragmatic sanction.'

Yet there was a mysterious bond of union between master and man, and each had a regard for the other, strenuously as they strove to conceal it. Were the master absent for a few days, the gardener was more uneasy and querulous than usual; and after the greeting of wife and bairns, the first business of the master was to have a flare-up with Sandy. An efficient manager, it was against Sandy's principle to perform *hard* work with his own hands. Grafting, budding, and pruning he would do, for that was high skilled labour; but to walk between the shafts of a manure-laden barrow, he regarded as degrading to a 'knowledgeable man—a man that had been brought up to gless;' and added: 'He had no time to work except with his head.' To induce him to put a little more of his own labour on the ground under his care, his master would take up the hoe and operate vigorously among some French beans, remarking to Sandy, that work gave an added zest to food and rest, &c. Sandy looked gravely on for a time, and then, tapping reflectively the lid of his snuff-box, a sure sign that something remarkable was coming, observed: 'Weel, some sma' exercise will do ye nae harm. Ye lead but an idle life, and ye eat far owre much, and ruin yer digestion wi' that sour trash o' Rhine wine, as ye ca't. But I'm no sae clear that it's safe to lippen (trust) my beans to ye. If you'd gae oot to the roadside an' knock doon a wheen thistles, ye would be workin' to some effect.'

His lapses in the direction of overmuch use of mountain-dew were only occasional, and did not interfere much with the duties of his office; *without* this, he would have occupied such an exalted platform, intellectually and morally, that he would have been altogether too much for ordinary mortals. The whisky-bottle was the one agency by which he was retained in the ranks of fallible beings; besides which Sandy, habitually sober, would not have been, by any means, so amusing a character as he really was. The tenor of his way would have been too prosaically even.

The reverend gentleman once took Sandy in hand, and graphically described for his benefit the evil effects of over-indulgence, adding: 'Think of what physical pain a man suffers after a boose—the aching brow, the parched throat, the trembling nerves.' Whereupon Sandy interrupted him with: 'Gie's yer han', doctor, man; ye describe the sensations so weel, that I ettle (think) it's no' the first time ye've been fou yersel'.'

A change however came o'er the scene. Mr

M——'s affairs were not looking bright. The family was numerous and costly, and no particular care had been taken to keep down expenses. But it is not necessary to trace the career of a free-handed man from comparative wealth to ruin. 'A friend of the family dropped in upon Sandy, and commiserating the position of his master :

'Hoo could it be otherwise?' Sandy asked. 'A parcel of lazy servants robbin' the puir man richt an' left, and fine friends to sorn on him. Grand friends he'll find them noo, I'se warrant.'

But the other replied: 'You have made a good deal of the money yourself; you have been as wasteful yourself as any one about the house.'

'Ay,' he admitted, 'I tak some blame mysel' on that head; but if the siller has gone on the ground, there's guid value to shew for it.'

There was nothing saved out of the estate, but Mount Ophir, which had fortunately been settled on Mrs M——; and the master himself did not long survive his losses, dying in a few weeks of a broken heart. And now Sandy putting aside his oddities, shewed himself in his true colours. The few hundred pounds he possessed he proposed to use for the benefit of the family. He induced his mistress to keep on the house with the furniture, letting a portion of it as opportunity offered, and remained himself in his situation at greatly reduced wages, managing the garden and orchard solely with a view to profit, and selling the produce. His suggestions were acted upon, and thus the family was pulled through its difficulties, Sandy himself working in good earnest. And when at length the Mount Ophir estate was sold, to start the boys in business with the proceeds, its present owner did not scruple to give a handsome price for it. So after all, Sandy, with all his eccentricities, was the humble means of rescuing from penury the descendants of his kindly employer. He has long since been gathered to his fathers. 'Peace be to his ashes!'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

In cases of difficulty of breathing, the by-standers commonly raise the sufferer to a sitting position and allow the head to bend forward, and by so doing they increase the difficulty. Dr B. Howard, in a communication to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, points out that there is 'an anatomical remedy against respiratory obstruction.' This remedy is very simple, and may be described in one word—position: raise the chest, and let the head hang back as far as may be. The effect of this position on the respiratory apparatus is described in anatomical detail by Dr Howard; but under all the words rests the simple fact, 'that complete extension backward of the head and neck should be the first and instant measure in threatened or actual apnoea, both as a remedy and as the first step towards success in artificial respiration.'

'An Analysis of seventy-five cases of Writer's Cramp, and Impaired Writing Power,' is published in the *Proceedings* of the same Society. The author, Dr Vivian Poore, remarks that the integrity of the ulnar nerve is more necessary than that of any other nerve of the hand, for all delicate manipulation, especially writing; that loss

of writing power is often the first and most prominent symptom of degenerative change occurring in the spinal chord or brain. He regards writer's cramp as a fatigue disease, and takes 'the word fatigue as a convenient expression for an easily recognisable and familiar condition, of the pathology of which we are uncertain.' He thinks that 'occasionally fatigue is the expression of hyperæmia or mild inflammation of a motor nerve, and that the same condition may be produced either by overwork or by accidental causes such as cold, strain, rheumatism, or injury.'

Dr Poore says further: 'Fatigue especially attacks those muscles which are subjected to prolonged strain, and it is probable that the relative frequency of writer's cramp, as compared with other professional ailments, is due to the fact that prolonged strain of certain muscles (those which hold and steady the pen) is inseparable from the act of writing.'

A dentist at Munich states that in certain cases where teeth required filling, he has taken them out, cleaned and filled them, and has then put them back into the patient's jaw with satisfactory results. And Professor Kolbe of Leipzig, a foreign member of the Royal Society, demonstrates from personal experience that one gramme of salicylic acid taken daily in beer, wine, or water, is a protection from the distressing effects of indigestion, including pustules in the mouth, which often made speech difficult. 'My state of health,' he remarks, 'is excellent: I feel myself better and stronger than ever. . . . and the prescribed visit to Carlsbad has become unnecessary.'

That certain drugs act upon the liver and stimulate the flow of bile, has long been known. Professor Rutherford, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, shews that the number of those drugs may be largely increased. His statements are based on experiments made with forty-six different substances, which leave no room to doubt his conclusions, one of which is, that 'if a purgative agent has no direct stimulating power on the liver, it diminishes the secretion of bile.' Among the additions to the list of drugs are phyto-laccin, physostigma, ipecacuan, sodium salicylate, and the benzoates; and, provided with these, the physiologist and clinical observer will now have to make their experiments. 'The clinical experimentalist,' says Professor Rutherford, 'has a far more difficult task to discharge than the physiological investigator, and he urgently requires all the assistance which physiological methods can render him; and the more so because it is now admitted by all competent thinkers, that the actions of medicinal agents in diseased conditions cannot be rightly understood unless we also know their effects in a healthy condition of the bodily system.' And further: 'Although therapeutics can never be brought within the sphere of exact science, it is nevertheless very urgently our present business not to fold our hands in a despairing nihilism, but to search for every fact that can throw light on the function of every bodily organ, the nature of its diseased conditions, and the manner in which it is influenced by medicinal agents in its normal and abnormal states.'

Dr Gaillard Thomas of New York finds that injection of milk into a vein will revive patients likely to die after an operation, or in collapse from cholera, and other critical conditions. The

quantity injected may be as much as eight ounces; but it must be milk which on the instant has been drawn from the cow. Blood is preferable to milk for transfusion, but fails of success should a touch of air or a particle of lymph pass in during the operation. Hence Dr Thomas remarks: 'If milk answers not as good, but nearly as good a purpose as blood under these circumstances, its use will create a new era in this most interesting department of medicine;' and he predicts for 'intra-venous lacteal injection, a brilliant and useful future.'

By much study of the subject, Mr Javal of Paris is led to the conclusion that shortness of sight is occasioned or aggravated by the forms of the letters of the alphabet as printed in books and newspapers. Similarities of form strain the eye by the effort to distinguish one from the other, and especially is this the case with Gothic or 'black letter' characters. Short-sight prevails largely and increases in Germany, owing, as Mr Javal believes, to the general use in that country of Gothic printing-types. It would be worth studying whether other alphabets are open to the same objection. The recently invented writing-machines which write in capital letters, impose a new trial, for many readers find that whole pages of capitals fatigue and irritate the eyes in a very peculiar manner. In like manner a page of close-printed matter of any kind of type, is more wearisome to the eye than a page broken up into paragraphs. The eye delights in a resting-place.

Dr Campbell Morfit has discovered by long-continued experiment that flesh, fish, and fruits, and other substances can be preserved for a long time by thoroughly impregnating them with gelatine. There is apparently no mystery about his process, all that is required being to take care that the gelatine is completely diffused through the article intended for preservation. Thus, lean beef, after stewing in its own juice, is dried, and reduced to a smooth pulp, and then triturated with gelatine, in the proportions of one pound of the jelly to fifteen of the meat. Fruits in like manner are reduced to pulp, and are then gelatinised. Milk may be condensed without the use of sugar, and thereby rendered more acceptable as an article of diet than the condensed milk at present in use. One pound of gelatine dissolved in a gallon of fresh milk converts the whole to jelly. This is dried, then dissolved in another gallon, and so on until eight gallons of milk have been taken up by the original pound of gelatine. In a similar way the juice of meat may be consolidated, and lime-juice, and other liquid substances, and the jelly thus produced may be dried in flakes or incorporated with biscuits. This preservative action of gelatine will perhaps be a surprise to many persons. The results of Dr Morfit's experiments are so far satisfactory, for articles preserved more than a year ago retain their freshness unaltered, notwithstanding that they have been kept in an ordinary store-room, exposed to the air and to changes of temperature.

Mr Recordon of Paris has constructed instruments for enabling blind persons to read and write in a way to be understood among themselves, as well as by those who can see; to reckon arithmetically, to write music, and print books. The reading and writing instrument he calls a diplo-

graph, from its twofold character; the blind alphabet being placed letter for letter above the seeing alphabet, as we may call it, on the working disk.

The relief-printing press, which is small, and of moderate cost, is composed of perforated sheets of brass, a number of metal pins or pegs all of the same size and shape, a wooden frame, and an india-rubber roller. The metal pegs answer the purpose of type; the blind compositor places them in the perforations of the sheet of brass, which when full is inclosed by the wooden frame, a sheet of paper is laid on the pegs, the india-rubber roller is passed over it, and a page in relief is produced filled with blind characters all formed by the pegs. There is no difficulty in the distribution, for as the pegs are all alike, they can be returned to the box from which they were taken by simply reversing the brass sheet. In this way blind persons can compose and distribute without difficulty, and with a little practice can print what they have composed. A special advantage of this press is that it costs not more than ninety francs, and weighs not more than four kilogrammes. In a similar way arithmetical calculations may be carried on, and music may be composed and printed when a way shall have been found to employ the pegs in musical notation. Particulars of these useful inventions are given in the June report of the meeting of the *Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale*.

There is running on a railway in the neighbourhood of Paris a locomotive without fire, similar to the locomotives employed on the tramways of New Orleans, U.S. It is provided with a cylindrical reservoir of great strength, which being filled from a fixed boiler with steam until the pressure reaches fifteen atmospheres, then distributes it under proper regulation to the working machinery, and the fireless engine begins its journey. The pressure can be varied according to the exigencies of the route, the ordinary speed being about eight miles an hour. The filling of the reservoir takes fifteen minutes, and must be repeated, if required, every time the engine returns to the boiler station; but experience has proved that for short distances this locomotive has advantages over all others. It will turn a short curve, and travel up-hill, with a load of ten tons; makes but little noise, wastes a whiff of steam only, and is in no danger of explosion from overheating.

It was found some time ago that sewage could be purified by pouring into it a small quantity of muriatic acid: the animalculæ were all killed, and lay in a darkened mass at the bottom of the vessel, while 'the supernatant water was changed from a deep-green colour to be perfectly clear.' Mr Watson, in a communication to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society, attributes the comparative absence of foulness in the Tyne to the effect of the weak hydrochloric acid which flows into the stream from the factories on the banks. It is also worth remark that 'the Tyne fisheries have been increasing in value at an amazing rate,' and that the salmon bred in the upper reaches of the river, go back thither in the breeding season. These are facts which will have to be further verified; but that they have an important bearing on the subjects of pollution of rivers and utilisation of sewage cannot be doubted. The Tyne is not the only river in the kingdom which could be improved by a dose of the acid. Perhaps Mr

Frank Buckland could tell us something of this.

Frequent telegrams concerning winds and storms compel us to pay attention to the meteorology of the United States. Professor Loomis of Yale College, whose meteorological reports we have often quoted, states, in a recent discussion, that barometric waves travel at the rate of about forty miles an hour from the Pacific coast across the Rocky Mountains, and reach the Mississippi Valley with but little modification. And he remarks: 'Thus we see that an unbroken mountain-range of six thousand feet in height cannot stop the progress of atmospheric waves; neither do ranges of more than ten thousand feet in height present any insuperable obstacle. A great barometric depression requires either a wind blowing with a hurricane velocity, or else a system of converging winds extending over a vast area. The depression of the barometer at the centre of a great storm is mainly due to the geographical extent of the system of winds set in motion; and after a storm-centre has reached the Mississippi River, there are no mountain barriers to prevent the formation of a system of circulating winds over an area two thousand miles in diameter.'

In addition to the geographical and geological surveys carried on by the United States government, reports are in preparation on the ethnography of the Rocky Mountain region, which will present many points of interest, for vocabularies of Indian dialects, and observations on the habits and customs of the natives are included. Dictionaries and grammars, a tentative classification of the linguistic families of the Indians, and monographs on their mythology and funeral rites are in preparation. We are informed that in pursuing these investigations, pains have been taken to produce results that may be of practical value in the administration of Indian affairs; statistics have been specially attended to, with a view to discover the causes and remedies for the inevitable conflict that arises from the spread of civilisation over a region inhabited by savages. Talk about the 'inevitable conflict' seems to us little better than nonsense. The way to civilise the Indians would be to treat them on principles of justice and honesty; and this, through the baseness of the agents employed, has never been done. In their treatment of the Indian races, the United States are chargeable before the world as guilty of a great and very shameful crime.

'In the art of tanning, great improvements have been made in every state in Europe, whilst we still pursue the method practised by our forefathers a thousand years ago.' These remarks were published more than one hundred years ago by the Dublin Society, but they are virtually true of to-day. Lime is still generally used as a depilatory, though it has been condemned by common-sense, by men of science, and every writer who has studied the subject; practice also most strongly proves its injurious effects, for it is well authenticated that those American tanners who do not use it can gain in weight from twenty-six to forty-three per cent. over those who do. Another most injurious effect caused by the lime is, that the hide being saturated by this alkali, is not in a fit state to receive the tannic acid; neither can it do so until the alkali is neutralised to some extent by gallic acid, which then

allows the tannic to follow. This is simply the reason why tanning has been heretofore such a long process, many tanners even yet taking twelve months to complete the process. We are now informed that all this can be changed by a process perfected and patented by Mr John Palmer of Liverpool. This process obviates the use of lime, and by saving the corrosion and destruction which it causes, enables the tanner to gain in weight from forty to sixty-five per cent. over what he now obtains; at the same time, there being no alkali in the hide to prevent the absorption of the tan, the hide can be tanned in a very few weeks. If we assume that the present manufacture of leather is two hundred million pounds, and that the gelatine lost was at the average of fifty per cent., and that this pure gelatine so ruthlessly wasted, costs one shilling per pound, we have a national loss of about five million pounds per annum, in addition to allowing the Americans and others to supply our market with about sixty million pounds of leather, when up to within five years we had always been an exporting country. Thus it is that because our tanners will persist in destroying half their hides with lime, England is fast losing another industry.

BLACK-WOOLLED SHEEP.

ON the above subject, which was recently noticed in these pages, we have been favoured with the following notes from Miss Hope Johnstone of Marchbank Wood, Moffat. She writes as follows:

Having read with interest the article in your *Journal* (of July 27th) upon Captain Mayne Reid's two white-faced black-woolled sheep, I beg to offer you a few particulars about a rather larger black flock which I possessed myself, in the zenith of my farming career of twenty years—from 1850 to 1870. During that period I rose from small boundaries and limited stock to about seven thousand acres imperial of land, and five thousand sheep of different kinds, from sixty to one hundred cows, and twenty-eight to forty horses, besides many pigs and a great variety of poultry. But I began with my black flock and I ended with it, and parted with it with regret. As my object in troubling you with any record of my farming concerns is merely to give you a few particulars of the once far-famed 'Black flock of Marchbank Wood Farm,' I shall confine myself to that.

When at Brighton in 1851, I one day observed a black, or nearly black, Southdown lamb; and making a little inquiry about it, was told that a black Southdown lamb was a *rara avis*, literally 'a pariah of the flock,' and hardly to be met with. I had some black Cheviot and half-bred lambs at home, as although the exception and not the rule in every well-bred flock, still they are less rare in these breeds than in any of the Downs. Knowing the fineness of the Southdown wool, I determined to try how many black or dark-coloured Southdown lambs I could manage to collect, and applied to a particularly civil and obliging butcher in the Western Road at Brighton to be kind enough to help me in my endeavour. Mr Sharpe took no end of trouble, and succeeded after some time, by employing his friends in the length and breadth of England to inquire and

hunt up these 'pariahs,' in getting for me nine ewe lambs—all Downs, and all more or less black or dark coloured. To these I added enough of other black and brown lambs, of Cheviot and half-breds, to complete the score; and with that I commenced a flock, which at the time of its perfection numbered two hundred and fifty or more, of most picturesque and well-bred sheep, of every shade of black, vandyke, and chocolate browns, dark gray, blue gray, brownish gray, pale lavender gray, and pinkish gray; and every quality of wool from purest Southdown and Cheviot to cross-bred of every quality and kind.

I do not know whether it was fancy, or whether it was because great care was taken in the breeding of these dark sheep, but we used to fancy that they were more hardy and less liable to all kinds of disease than the white sheep. Certainly when we had got the flock to perfection, it was, as far as it went (two hundred and fifty about), a particularly healthy, hardy lot of sheep. The wool was much admired and much sought after; but most of it we used up in our family circle. It made admirable stout linseys for dresses; and for men's clothes there was nothing to compare with it for either beauty or 'everlasting wear.' In fact it used to be a joke that no amount of tear and wear would ever destroy it or even fade it. A dyed wool suit would be threadbare and almost colourless before the sun and weather ever made the slightest approach to a weather-beaten look upon the undyed brown, black, and gray wools. If I had had ten thousand such sheep I could have found a market for all their fleeces at any price I liked to put upon them; and the same for the cloth when woven.

I sent some very fine and pretty specimens of black, brown, and gray fleeces to the Great Exhibition of 1862 in London, and was told afterwards that some Frenchmen had wanted to buy them for the Emperor of the French, Louis Napoleon. I did not hear of this till too late, or His Majesty would certainly have been made welcome to them.

In conclusion to these few remarks, I may observe that I am certain such dark-coloured flocks might very well be begun, perfected, and kept with great benefit, and profit both to the proprietor and to the manufacturer of those rough home-spun tweeds, so much liked for shooting-clothes and ulsters for gentlemen as well as for garments for the working classes, who always were ready to give double price for these dark shades of undyed wools, because experience proved them to wear and stand in colour so very much better than the very best of dyed wools. The working classes preferred the blacks and very dark brown shades; gentlemen, the light soft lavender and pinkish grays, which certainly were very pretty and refined-looking. These undyed coloured wools also made beautiful and comfortable plaids, either all of the natural colour, or with stripes at the borders of white wools dyed scarlet, purple, or any colour.

Of all British wools, that of the small sheep of the Shetland and Orkney Islands is the finest; and whether by accident or design, a very large number imported to the mainland of these island sheep are dark, rich vandyke brown in colour, and not unfrequently have white or very spotted black and white faces. From the extremely fine quality of their wool and certain peculiarities

of shape, it has often occurred to me that some time or other some Merino strain must have got amongst the Shetland sheep especially; possibly by some shipwreck, or from some traveller bringing foreign sheep to the islands.

THE ARCTIC ICE.

Mr Youle Hind communicates to the *Canadian Naturalist* a paper 'on the Mechanical Effect of Arctic Ice in producing Ocean Currents,' in which he estimates the extent of the ice in the North Polar Ocean to be 2,333,330 square miles, taken as one foot thick. This is equal to 382 cubic miles; and as salt-water ice during the process of freezing is raised about one-tenth of its volume above the level of the sea, a void is created which can be filled only by currents flowing northwards from a lower latitude. According to Mr Hind, 'the amount of inflow required would be equivalent to the entire discharge of the Gulf Stream during sixty-three consecutive hours. Besides this, there are squeezed out of the great mass of ice during the process of freezing, heavy brines, which have an important effect on the saltness and specific gravity of the waters of the Polar Ocean, and give rise to undercurrents which flow to the south. At present, the inflowing warm current extends to Port Foulke, in latitude 78° 20', which, as Sir G. Nares reports, is the best known station for winter-quarters in the Arctic regions.' But if, as is supposed, the land in the Polar area is rising, the climate will be altered, and an increase of cold will take place in Northern Europe.

THE ROSE.

'The lilies and languor of Virtue,
'The roses and rapture of Vice.'

How art thou slandered here, fair blushing Rose!
Thy beauty with a deeper crimson glows,
As though the calumny had fired thine heart,
To know thyself assigned so base a part.
Can he be Poet true, who does not shrink
Thy fairness to all foulness thus to link?
Should it not be the Poet's highest aim
To raise, to glorify, and not defame
Or vitiate the grace of God-sent flowers,
By twining coronals for fleeting hours
To deck the brow of Vice? though no such care
Can ever make its visage really fair;
No gloss of honeyed words, no outward show,
Can hide the unrest and despair below.

I loathe these lines, and from the noxious strain
My soul recoils with shrinking and with pain,
And wandering through the halls of Memory vast,
I search the stored-up treasures of the past—
If haply I may find some fairer theme
To blend with roses, in the Poet's dream—
Nor vainly seek, for quickly comes to view
A vision pure and most divinely true
Of Him alone, who in this world of strife
Did wear the 'white flower of a blameless life,'
The Rose of Sharon—Lily of the Vale,
Before whose shining other lights grow pale.

Beside this holy title, who shall dare
To breathe dishonour on the roses fair?
For aye let lilies Virtue's crown adorn;
But, reft of roses, leave to Vice the thorn! M. P. C.

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PLUNDERING À LA MODE.

WE are not among those who contemptuously depreciate the present in comparison with the past. From all we have read in historical and general literature, what are usually spoken of as 'the good old times' were in reality very bad times. It would be simply ridiculous to affect ignorance of the crimes, the follies, and the shortcomings of the eighteenth century—the atrocious highway robberies, and the piracies at sea; the iniquities of slavery, crimping, and kidnapping; the brutalities of bull-baiting, cock-fighting; the equally unrebuked cruelties exercised on all sorts of animals; the coarse language usually interspersed in the conversation of even the higher classes; the terrible severity of the penal laws, which led to weekly and almost daily executions; the costly and heart-breaking procrastination in ordinary litigation, which frequently amounted to a denial of justice; the corruption and profligacy in high quarters; the odious religious intolerance—exemplified in the Lord George Gordon riots; the drunkenness, which a stern act of parliament failed (as a matter of course) to suppress, but rather to make worse, as we learn from Hogarth's picture of Gin Lane, 'Drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing.' Well-meaning people appear to forget these facts.

No: the world was not better a hundred years ago. It was a great deal worse. In the course of a century, matters have been considerably modified. There are still heavy crimes to be deplored—for instance, the maltreatment of wives, which the law treats with an incomprehensible degree of leniency. With exceptions of this nature, crimes of violence are little heard of. There are no longer robberies by presenting a loaded pistol, in the style of Captain Macheath; for by police agency such would soon come to an end, and besides would be of small account financially. Education, the progress of wealth, and the unregulated desire for luxurious living, have sent crime in a new direction. Cunning has been substituted for personal outrage. The art of

preying on society now consists in highly ingenious systems of cheating. Fraud takes the place of the pistol, being a safer mode of enrichment. While preserving external decency and still figuring in good society, men attempt to defraud their unsuspecting neighbours on a scale which goes far beyond the petty and precarious plunderings of the old highwaymen. If, therefore, the present age is to be complimented, it is on the delicacy, and seeming legality, with which depredators contrive to carry on their operations. Only poor and ignorant creatures rob in the old-fashioned method. The higher order of the craft resort to expedients embracing a species of diplomacy. This is one of the remarkable discoveries of the age. We call it Plundering à la Mode.

A few years ago, a considerable amount of plundering was effected in the form of Foreign loans, also by projecting a certain kind of Joint-stock Companies (Limited), and for a time the country was deluged with prospectuses of schemes, which for the most part were so many traps to catch the unwary. Bad as these frauds were, they had a colour of lucrative business. People lent their money, or became responsible for shares, under the notion of 'making investments.' So far as not blinded by greed, they speculated with their eyes open. The practices to which we have now to refer fall under a slightly different category, and are only beginning to be acclimated among us on a scale hitherto unknown. In this new device of cheating by wholesale, England may be said to follow at a humble distance after the United States. There, the art of laying conscience asleep and putting a fair face on commercial depredation, has attained to a distinction which is as yet but faintly imitated in the slow communities of Europe. We can but briefly allude to a few of the great American doings, such as the stupendous frauds that brought South Carolina to bankruptcy; the speculations and ruin of Life Insurance companies; the collapse of several Savings-banks, by which unfortunate depositors lost millions of dollars; and the villainies developed in connection with the Tammany and

Erie rings, by which thousands of luckless individuals were plundered, and in many instances reduced to indigence.

A particularly striking instance of deception took place a year or two ago in relation to the stock of a tramway company at Philadelphia. The artist was a young man, John S. Morton, who through family relationship became president and exercised a control over the company. For a number of years he managed affairs honestly, and was universally trusted and respected. In a fatal moment, through the spirit of avarice, he began to speculate in railway shares—and lost. To make good his heavy losses, he borrowed money by bills from banks on the collateral security of fraudulent certificates of the tramway company shares, which were at a considerable premium, and eagerly sought after. To effect this unprincipled act, he procured the connivance of the treasurer and secretary of the company. Thus commencing a course of crime, fresh batches of fraudulent certificates of stock were pledged in security, till at length enormous sums were obtained. Morton, the chief delinquent, was all the time rising in public estimation. He took a leading part in the management of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, and carried on fresh speculations with a view to relieve his difficulties, but which ended badly, and only increased his indebtedness. In all rascalities of this nature, a trifling circumstance brings about a development. Such was the case in the present instance. Morton had given a note to a bank which fell due on the 15th September 1877. By mistake, he had made a memorandum of the date as being the 25th September. The note was accordingly unpaid on the 15th. The directors of the tramway company were communicated with, and the vast system of fraudulent issues of stock was revealed. The money that had been surreptitiously obtained amounted altogether to one million four hundred thousand dollars, or about two hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling. Morton accordingly lost caste, and was placed under supervision of the police. What ultimately became of him, we have not heard. In the States, matters of this kind are for the most part glossed over with a facility which is almost ludicrous.

Though still behind as regards miscellaneous cheating, England is getting on. Horse-racing, which used to be a purely sportive recreation, or at anyrate of betting among the higher orders, has latterly degenerated into a comprehensive system of fraud. 'The turf,' in short, has become nearly synonymous with swindling. This new and enlarged character came vividly out in the case of what were called 'the turf frauds,' tried at the Central Criminal Court in April 1877. Five men were charged with defrauding a French lady in Paris, the Comtesse de Goncourt, of the sum of ten thousand pounds. The way they did this was ingenious. Having heard that the Comtesse was fond of betting, they sent her a letter accompanied

by a pretended English newspaper called 'The Sport,' containing an article representing the wonderful success achieved by a Mr Hugh Montgomery, who had invented a new mode of betting on horses by which he had realised a fortune of five hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds. A French translation of the article accompanied this so-called newspaper, which had been specially printed at Edinburgh for the purpose of promoting the fraud. So imposed on, the lady sent the sum of ten thousand pounds to be invested in this wonderful mode of betting. She was, however, asked for a further sum of one thousand two hundred pounds; and this rousing suspicion, led to the detection of the fraud. The prisoners were found guilty. Benson, a clever linguist and chief mover in the scheme, was sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years; William Kur, Frederick Kur, and Charles Bale, each to undergo ten years' penal servitude; and Edwin Murray, an accessory after the fact, to eighteen months' hard labour. Only a small portion of the money of which the Comtesse was defrauded was recovered.

No one would deliberately say that the law of England was purposely framed to facilitate fraud. Yet, such is practically the result, as concerns the fabrication of titles to real property. Ordinary usages aid in promoting deception. Much real property—such as dwelling-houses—is acquired on lease for a temporary period, and accordingly the preparation of leases is a business of great magnitude. Excepting in two counties, Middlesex and Yorkshire, leases, like other titles, are not subject to compulsory public registration. The title is a scroll on parchment, very formal and valid-looking; but the purchaser or the lender of money on the property designated, has no absolute security that the transaction is not a trick. The reputation of the solicitor dealt with is usually all that can be relied on, and that, as it appears, may be far from unchallengeable.

About eighteen months ago, the London world was startled by the discovery of an extraordinary series of frauds committed by Frederick Dimsdale, a solicitor of thirty years' standing, at the head of a large business. He was found to have acquired vast sums by fabricating leases of property, and borrowing money on their security. The case was not unlike that of Morton at Philadelphia, being only carried out on a wider scale. Dimsdale could not have carried on his villainies without agents to assist him. His principal confederate was a person named Moore. The frauds were not quite uniform in plan. Sometimes Dimsdale made purchases of certain building sites, which were conveyed to himself, or to persons he named. With a base of operations, leases were executed, and mortgages effected, varying in amount from four hundred to twenty-eight thousand pounds.

On one occasion, Dimsdale represented to another solicitor that he had a client who wished to borrow a large sum of money on mortgage of some property, naming the place in the neighbourhood. The client being of a cautious turn, proposed to ascertain the value of the premises for himself. He went off to see with his own eyes what was the appearance of the property named. To his surprise, he found there was no such road, and no such villas as had been designated. The whole thing was as purely visionary

as if it had been situated in the moon. Making this discovery, the speculation was respectfully declined. Likely enough, some one else took the manufactured titles on trust, lent the money, and lost it.

Tricks of this and a similar nature at length came to an end. An intending lender accidentally discovered that the lease on which he was asked to part with his money was already mortgaged to another person. This led to a general exposure. Dimsdale and his confederates were charged with an accumulation of frauds at the police courts. The guilt was undeniable. By his forgeries and worthless deeds of mortgage he had realised the aggregate sum of at least three hundred thousand pounds; we say at least, for a number of persons who had advanced money on false securities were not willing to come forward and confess that they as solicitors or their clients had been deceived. At the Central Criminal Court, Dimsdale was sentenced to penal servitude for life; Moore, to seven years' penal servitude; and two others, each to an imprisonment for twelve months, with hard labour.

Another case of the same kind occurred shortly afterwards. It was that of Edward Downs, an accountant, who was charged with forging certain leases, purporting to be granted by the British Land Company (Limited); with fraudulently uttering the same, and thereby obtaining the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. His method of procedure was simple. Having obtained valid leases, which he paid for, from the Land Company, he used them as originals from which to copy any number of forged leases; and upon these forged and valueless deeds he obtained, as we are told, no less a sum than forty thousand pounds. Mr Downs admitted the frauds. The case was duly reported in the London newspapers. No one can say that there are not hundreds of such frauds which never come to the light, and that large sums are lost by lending money on what are nothing better than bundles of waste paper dignified with the name of title-deeds.

A somewhat droll case gained a degree of publicity. A solicitor in Manchester, the last surviving member of a firm of the highest character, represented to some solicitors in London that a client of his, a clergyman, desired to borrow a large sum of money on mortgage. The London solicitors on behalf of a client undertook to make the loan. The title was investigated; all was correct; and a meeting arranged for the title-deeds to be handed over, and the money paid. The solicitor for the borrower presented himself with the mortgage signed; but the solicitor for the lender said he should like to have seen the deed executed by the mortgager. 'There would be no difficulty about that,' said the other; 'my client fortunately happens to be in London; and if we adjourn the meeting for a couple of hours, I will bring him here.' This was agreed to, and at the appointed time he returned with a person representing a clergyman. All was satisfactory; the signature acknowledged, and the money paid. The whole affair proved to be a fraud. The owner of the property had never sought to borrow money on it, and the person representing him was never discovered. He must have been some creature of the solicitor, who for some share in the plunder had personated the client.

The solicitor for the alleged clergyman died—supposed to have committed suicide—before the fraud was discovered; and this was by no means a solitary instance of his dishonesty. He had fallen from a position of respectability into such courses through betting on horse-races. The lender's money was irretrievably lost.

After a variety of disclosures such as we have noticed, there was quite a hurricane of public feeling on the subject. People were alarmed about the validity of their leases and the mortgages on which they had lent money. Suggestions were made through the newspapers that titles and claims affecting property should be registered in public records, open to investigation on payment of a small fee; by which means fraudulent transactions would be impossible. These suggestions met with violent opposition. Various solicitors asserted that under special acts of parliament processes of registration had been set on foot, and proved less or more a failure, for besides being cumbrous and expensive, they were untrustworthy; that in many instances forged deeds were entered in the registers, and forged extracts of searches were produced—all tending to loss and confusion. In short, that a Register 'opens the door to the very frauds it is designed to prevent.'

The objections to the registry of titles were not a little disheartening. They clearly demonstrated two things. First, that solicitors preferred to continue the present haphazard system of dealing with purchases and mortgages, as being in their opinion the best, safest, and most convenient, notwithstanding occasional frauds of the Dimsdale type. Second, that there prevailed a general and very extraordinary degree of ignorance of those forms of registration in Scotland, which after an experience of three hundred years, are found in all respects satisfactory. One is inclined to ask, how can it be that in the northern section, of Great Britain everything should go well with processes of registration, and where frauds of any kind in connection with land-titles are wholly unknown, while in the southern section of the country under the same crown and constitution, everything should have a tendency to go wrong? That might be called a philosophic question, involving not only legal but social and ethnographic details. If the English, with the assistance of profound lawyers, such as Lords Westbury and Cairns, are incapable of devising a simple and trustworthy system of registration of land-rights, would it be reckoned undignified and improper to take a lesson from their next-door neighbour? The Scotch are willing to give every requisite information on this seemingly intricate subject, which is not intricate at all, but plain and above-board, as any one may learn by a visit to the General Register House, Edinburgh. Surely, before rushing with letters to the London newspapers, denouncing every existing or possible scheme of registration, it would be better for metropolitan solicitors to take a short trip by rail, and discover that a whole people have had for centuries a method of registration, so simple, so complete, so cheap, and so effective, that they regard it as one of their most precious institutions. Why be troubled about new and untried plans of registration, when here is one ready at hand which has been long tested by experience as being an

approach to perfection? Perhaps there is more than ignorance in declining to benefit by the example offered. The introduction into England of the Scotch plan of registering claims on heritable property, no matter how excellent it is, would probably be too great an encroachment on prejudices and traditional usages; and for the advantage of fresh Dimsdales, matters, we suppose, must remain as they are.

It has long been the custom among Life Insurance Companies to lend sums of money on the collateral security of policies of insurance. A person having insured his life, say for five hundred pounds, under the obligation of paying a certain premium annually as long as he lives, has an opportunity of borrowing from the company one or two hundred pounds on depositing his policy of insurance as collateral security, and giving suitable guarantees for payment of the principal and yearly interest. It is not a style of borrowing which we would recommend; for the annual premium and the interest press with a severity not easily to be borne. There is, however, no dishonesty in the practice; and as in the case of pledging goods in pawn, it may be fairly resorted to when serious difficulties have to be overcome. The possibility of imitating for bad purposes this ordinary method of lending money has not failed to excite men disposed to go into the business of wholesale plundering. All they had to do was to get up a sham loan-office, in correspondence with a sham system of life insurance, and so play the game off upon the dupes who haplessly fell into their snares. The thing was done; and as it may be done again, we repeat the sad tale as a general warning.

Some years ago, several adepts at swindling, Wood, Northcote, Thompson, William Shaw, and two or three others, entered into a confederacy by means of sham offices and advertising to defraud the unwary. They offered to lend money on seemingly easy terms. The preliminary condition imposed on the borrower was that he should insure his life in the office of the 'Albion Assurance Company.' The insurance being made, and the first year's premium paid, the dupe was informed that it would be inconvenient to make the loan; whereupon the premium was lost, being so much plunder to be divided by the directors of the pretended assurance company. Great numbers fell into the trap. It appears that the Albion insured lives to the extent of two million pounds; and that Wood, the prime confederate, had for his own share of premiums upwards of ten thousand pounds. The fraud went merrily on, until a dupe, the Rev. Mr Jex-Blake, had the vigour of character to make the system of fraud public. He brought an action against the Albion Company, on the ground that the office was in collusion with the pretended lenders. A thorough inquiry at the instance of the Treasury was the result. The trial that ensued at the Central Criminal Court will be in general remembrance. It came out in evidence that the prime movers in the swindle had different aliases. Wood, for example, had passed himself off as three fictitious personages, Gard, Rogers, and Williams. The jury had no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoners. Wood, Northcote, and Thompson were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude; and William Shaw to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. To

Slinker, an inferior agent, was assigned nine months' imprisonment. Thus, in June of the present year, this gigantic system of plundering was blown up; but it is very doubtful if the commotion that was caused will have any lasting salutary effect, so many are the weak dupes liable to be imposed on.

The moral that might be drawn from the foregoing and similar cases of fraud on a great scale, would be nothing new. It is signified in the term fast-living. Just as idly disposed persons, like Claud Duval, 'took the road' in order to pick up a few guineas to be spent in revelries at the 'Dog and Duck,' with the prospect of Tyburn in the distance, so do men of good standing and education nowadays, for the base sake of living a life of luxury and extravagance for a few years, plunge into courses of dishonest adventure, and run the risk of ignominiously figuring as convicts in penal servitude; that is to say, for a temporary and paltry indulgence, and the vanity of appearing affluent, they are willing to part with the enviable privilege of freedom, and to subject themselves to the most degrading species of slavery. What a taste! The fanatical notion of gaining esteem by high-living and monstrous extravagance is at the root of nearly all the great frauds that have latterly been the torment of society. The chosen doom of Bunyan's 'Muck Raker' was not half so pitiable or contemptible as that of the Dimsdales and other magnificent depredators who betake themselves to PLUNDERING À LA MODE.

W. C.

THE HAMILTONS.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BADES IN THE WOOD.

MRS MURPHY'S cottage, to which Jack and Phyllis had walked one Sunday afternoon, was nearly three miles from Hamilton Farm, and stood by itself at the top of a gentle slope leading down to the water. From the door of the cottage to the water's edge, a path was worn by the constant tread of feet, and just at the end of this path a few rough posts were driven into the water, to one of which an old boat was carelessly attached by a rope. One morning towards the end of January, the smoke which curled up from the solitary chimney of the hut told that Mrs Murphy was early astir. The children, including the twins, who thrived finely, were all out of bed and in various stages of undress, their little bare feet pattering over the mud floor. The husband, Daniel, was eating his breakfast leisurely, preparatory to setting out for his day's work. Mrs Murphy herself, in rather a negligée costume, was frying chops and transferring them smoking hot to her husband's plate.

From this scene of family life came forth the two little boys Patsy and Jan, who had made friends with Jack as he lay under the great gum-tree. Patsy was nearly seven years old, and Jan a little over six. Those two were great allies, coming so near one another in age; they had never been an hour separate from one another; all their joys and sorrows were one; and they seemed, as their mother sometimes said, to have but one heart between them. Jan, though the younger of the two, had the bolder spirit; he it

was who, when anything specially daring was to be done, usually took the lead; but if he was apt to be the ringleader in mischief, he never shirked coming to the front when punishment was in question. He was also more imaginative than Patsy, who was of a practical though inquiring turn of mind. Neither had ever seen a church or a theatre or a railway train, or any other such product of modern civilisation. Born on the island, they had never left it except to cross occasionally to the mainland with their father in his old boat. And now the active young limbs began to long for motion, and the eyes and minds for change of scene. In quest of some excitement that might break the monotony of their ordinary lives, the two wandered down to the shore of the lake, where they began hunting for the pretty glossy brown spiral shells which are found there. In the course of an hour or two, when they had collected quite a large number, it occurred to Jan that it would be nice to go and sit in the boat and arrange their treasures upon the seats. This served them for occupation for some time, till a new and grand idea began to dawn upon Jan's mind. Supposing that they could loosen the boat, and that he and Pat could work the oar as they had seen their father do, would it not be possible to get across to the other side of the ferry? And then—oh, what fields of delight and pastures new awaited happy boys there! Only a narrow strip of water separated them from the mainland; but on the other side of it, to them lay fairyland, all beautiful and shaming, because unknown. Patsy, who had been contentedly arranging his shells in rows and circles and triangles, looked up and saw his brother's brown eyes fixed wide and dreamy on the mainland. He knew from experience that some great exploit was growing into shape in Jan's brain, so after waiting patiently for a little while, he asked wistfully: 'What is it then, Jan?'

Jan's eyes turned slowly on his brother's face, and he drew a long breath. 'Well then, Patsy, I was just thinking, don't you think me an' you could paddle the boat same as father does?'

Pat looked rather awe-struck. 'Indeed then, I think we could. But what then, Jan?'

'Well then, I was just thinking, couldn't we get to the other side that way?'

Patsy meditated. They had never been told not to go, for the simple reason that no one had ever thought of two such small boys dreaming of such a thing; but he had a shrewd suspicion that the proposed expedition was unlawful, and it had therefore a wild and dangerous fascination about it. Besides, the other side looked so much prettier than this; it always does, to older people than Patsy and Jan. There were she-oaks there, and waving bushes to be seen in the distance, which were so enticingly green. There was wonderland over yonder.

While he was considering, Jan had crept to the end of the boat and untied the rope. Already they felt a faint rocking motion beneath them, which was too delicious to be resisted. Without another word Patsy helped to ship the oars, so heavy for their little hands, and they began to work them as they had seen their father do. They were sturdy little fellows, whose muscles were well developed by plenty of fresh air and

exercise, and what they lacked in skill was made up for by perseverance. The process of rowing the unwieldy craft was a trying one to hands so young and inexperienced; the progress though decided was slow. The boat rocked deliciously; they heard the musical swish of the reeds as the boat rubbed its way through; the great flocks of water-birds rose frightened as they approached. How delightful it all was, how mysterious and adventurous! Their little hearts beat fast as they saw the shore of the island recede and the other side slowly approach.

They had reached it now. There were the posts to which their father was accustomed to tie his boat, and with infinite care and pains they succeeded in bringing the boat close to them. The rest was easy; there were only a few casts of the rope to be made and a rough knot to be tied, and then the two adventurers leaped ashore. Did some of the enchantment vanish, I wonder, as their feet touched the land which had looked so beautiful in the distance, but which now seemed, after all, to be wonderfully like the familiar shore of their own island? With us older people, the glamour that distance lends to things and places is apt to disappear when we are close to them; but childhood has a glorious faculty of drawing a veil of enchantment over the commonest things. To children, the earth seems emerald and the sky sapphire; there is a golden light over all, that only melts gradually into 'common day' as childhood wanes and manhood draws near. And so I daresay that to those two little boys the mainland, which they now visited alone for the first time, and which in reality had nothing very picturesque about it, seemed a strange and beautiful place. There was the glorious sense of freedom too, and just a suspicion of the consciousness of wrong-doing to give zest to the whole. For the first hour or two after landing they were supremely happy; they wandered about the braes which sloped down to the water's edge, and found a new pleasure in looking across at their home and contemplating it from an unaccustomed point of view. At last this amusement began to pall upon them; and Jan, still the leading spirit, fixed his eyes wistfully on the line of low bushes in the distance, which shewed brilliantly green in contrast with the grass, yellow and burnt up from the summer heat. The bright green line looked very inviting to their eyes, accustomed to the dead olive green of tea-tree and she-oak. How were they to know that the fatal scrub lay there, where many a life had been hopelessly lost?

'Let's go on a bit, Patsy,' said Jan. 'I'm wanting to see them green bushes over there.' So hand in hand the two little fellows set out at a steady pace.

The distance to the 'green bushes' was greater than they had imagined; the sun was hot overhead, for by this time noon was approaching, and when they reached them, they were glad to seek the friendly shelter. The scrub in that neighbourhood averaged about eight feet high, that is to say, it was high enough to prevent an ordinary man from seeing over it; and at the same time there was no tree strong enough to support his weight, so as to allow him to ascertain his probable distance from clear land. This very want of height, combined with its great extent and its density, was what formed the

exceeding danger of the scrub. It was a great sea of verdure without a track or a landmark, in which men were lost as surely as a ship is lost in the middle of the wide ocean without compass or rudder.

To Patsy and Jan, the tops of the bushes seemed very high above their heads, though the stems at the roots were no thicker than their wrists, and would have failed to sustain even the slight weight of a boy at any distance from the ground. Resting for awhile just at the edge of this trackless waste of verdure, the irresistible inclination to penetrate farther into this wonderful place came upon them, and they rose and wandered slowly on, following what seemed to them to be a track, but which was in reality only one of the numberless blind-paths which wound in and out, crossing one another, doubling on themselves and leading to nothing. On and on they wandered, fearless and happy as yet, pausing often to examine some curious bird or plant or leaf. Novelty lent a charm to the whole. It was past noon before Patsy began to remember that dinner-time must be drawing near, that their mother must be looking for them, and that besides he was hungry.

'We had better go back now, Jan,' he said. And they turned round and began to retrace their steps.

They imagined, poor little fellows, that the apparent path by which they had come was a straight one, and that they had nothing to do but to turn right round and go back to the edge of the scrub just where they had entered it; instead of which they had taken a dozen tortuous windings, and numberless paths which seemed just as good as this, and which intersected it again and again.

Wandering on for what seemed to them a very long time, Patsy at last said timidly: 'Jan, do you think we're going right? Don't you think we should be getting near where the trees stop?'

'Oh, we're just there,' answered Jan in an off-hand manner. 'We *must* be right, you know, 'cause we came straight, an' we're goin' back straight.'

On again in silence for a good while, till Patsy spoke again: 'Jan, this is not the right way. The bushes aren't the same. There was one with a withered stick I saw comin' along, an' we haven't passed it now, 'cause I've been watchin'. And it's much longer besides.'

Jan stopped and looked round him with a puzzled air. 'I don't know how it is, Patsy. We seemed to come all right.'

Ah! poor little boy! Many an older head than his has been wildered by that fatal uniformity, that endless wilderness of green, those seeming tracks, which only lead deeper and deeper into the heart of the deadly scrub.

They sat down for a little under a tree to rest. They were both tired and hungry, and also, though neither would confess it to the other, a little frightened. The loneliness and silence of the place were so intense; no wind to rustle the tops of the bushes; a fierce sun blazing overhead, its rays piercing through the leafy roof above them. They did not rest long; Patsy had begun to think of his mother, and how she would wonder where they had gone to when they did not make

their appearance at dinner; so presently they rose and walked on again.

The long hot hours of the afternoon passed slowly away, and still the two little wayfarers wandered along those interminable paths. Often on coming to what seemed a new track, they turned into it, for they had become hopelessly bewildered now, and they often unconsciously doubled back upon their own steps, thus increasing the distance that their weary little feet had to travel. They scarcely spoke to one another, for they were faint with heat, and their lips were dry and parched; only each held the other's hand tightly, as if seeking comfort and companionship from one another in the midst of that vast and oppressive solitude. At last the sun went down, a grayness fell over all the wood, and they could see the stars peeping down on them between the branches.

'We must lie down here, Jan,' said Patsy, who now had taken his place as the elder, and protector of his brother, while Jan's adventurous spirit was sobered by fear and fatigue. 'We can't get home to-night anyway.'

For the first time, Jan burst into tears. 'O mammy, mammy!' the poor little fellow sobbed out.

Patsy put his arm round his brother's neck as they lay stretched out on the hard ground, and sobbed in company. 'Let's say the prayer Miss Phyllis taught us,' he whispered; and the two childish voices softly repeated 'Our Father.' Then creeping close together, they fell asleep.

Meanwhile Mrs Murphy, whose hands were as a rule fuller of work than they could hold, went through her daily tasks in the little cabin on the island. Patsy and Jan were in the habit of spending their days out of doors, and she was glad enough to get the two sturdy urchins out of her way, so that it was nothing new to her when the forenoon passed without them. They usually came in, like the chickens, to be fed, and then were off again out into the open air. She had dressed the younger children and cleaned her cabin, and washed some clothes and hung them out to dry, and had prepared the potatoes and meat for the mid-day meal. Then was it that for the first time she missed the two boys. As yet however, she felt no uneasiness; they had most likely wandered away over the slope at the back of the house, and had forgotten the time, of which the sun and their appetites usually reminded them. She fed the other children, and put back the truants' portion into the oven, to be kept hot for them. Daniel had taken his dinner with him to his work, and would not be home till evening.

As the afternoon wore away, and the boys did not appear, she paused in her household work sometimes to wonder what had become of them, and once or twice she stepped outside the door and took a long look round, hoping to see the little figures coming trotting down the grassy slopes. Towards the water, she never thought of looking; it never once occurred to her that two such children could have taken the boat and actually left the island. 'Can they have got to their father?' she thought. And gradually as the hours went on, she convinced herself that they had; and that when Dan came home from his work the two tiresome truants would appear with him. She was standing at the door, watching as

the time came near for her husband's return, one of the twin babies in her arms, while the other lay in its cradle within. The other two children, a boy and girl, crawled about the floor, pulling at her gown. There was father at last—a solitary figure coming over the brow of the slope, his axe and pick over his shoulder, his outline standing out dark and clear against the red evening sky. The mother watched for the two little figures which she hoped to see coming over the hill after him; and for the first time her heart gave a throb of fear when she saw they were not there.

'Where's the children, Dan?' she called out as soon as he was within hearing.

'Is it the boys?' he answered. 'I left them here in the mornin'; they haven't been near me all day.'

'They haven't been here all day,' said the woman, trembling, though she tried to hide it from her husband. 'I thought maybe they had found you, father. They haven't been home for bite or sup since their breakfast.'

The father put down his tools and was turning away from the door; but his wife laid her hand on his arm: 'Come in and get your supper first, Dan,' she said. 'Sure the boys are safe enough on the island; and some of the neighbours is sure to know. Maybe they're gone to Judy Maloney's for a drink o' milk; she's willing to give it them always.'

Dan followed her into the house, for he was tired with the long hot day's work, and needed his supper; but the wholesome meal, the tea, the scones of the wife's baking, and the nicely browned chops, lacked their usual zest in the absence of the two bright faces of his boys. Presently he rose up to go. 'I'll just step over the hill to Judy's,' he said. 'Very likely they're there.'

In an hour the husband came back, still alone, and looking pale and scared. 'The boys are not there,' he said. 'None of the neighbours have seen them about.'

The two stood for a minute in silence, looking into one another's eyes, full of vague terror. 'Don't fret, Molly,' said the man at last. 'They can't get into much harm on the island. If it had been the mainland now'—He stopped, struck with a sudden fear, and turning away, he sped quickly down the path towards the water, where his boat had been moored. Almost directly he was back again, with a scared look. 'Molly,' he said in a low voice, 'the boat's gone! They must have taken it; there was nobody else. God help us!' groaned the poor father, staggering to a chair, and covering his face with his hands, while the mother crouched on the floor, too heart-stricken even to weep.

In a minute or two the man seemed to have gathered his faculties together again, for he rose, and his voice was tolerably calm. 'I'm going to Hamilton,' he said, 'to get a boat. They'll help us to search, and so will the other neighbours. Cheer up, Moll; we'll find the boys.'

'O Dan! the scrub!' she moaned.

He shuddered; it was the horrible dread which he had not dared to put into words. Without answering he started off along the now dark track, leaving the poor mother alone with her sleeping children. His first object was to rouse the few neighbours who lived on the island. There was

Judy Maloney's husband, and some other men, nearly all in the employment of Mr Hamilton, and living in tiny houses scattered up and down the slopes; these good folks were eagerly pressed into the service.

The little party at Hamilton had finished tea, and were sitting out on the veranda in the lovely starlit evening, when Dan came panting up after his two miles' run. Bessie had been singing softly to little Bertie, who was nestled close to her on her couch, and half-asleep was gazing up at the twinkling stars. Robert was in his lounging-chair, smoking; and Jack and Phyllis sat near one another, the girl's eyes looking large and deep in the dim light, the young man talking earnestly to her, and listening eagerly for her low-voiced replies, or sweet rippling laughter. All this peaceful scene was changed in a moment when Dan came up to them. 'Can I speak with you a minute, sir?' whispered he to the master.

The colloquy was a brief one, and time was precious. A word or two from Robert sufficed to explain matters to his brother. 'We must get all the horses about the place together at once,' said he, 'and cross with them on the big punt.—How many of you are there, men?' he called out to a little knot who had gathered just beyond the corner of the house.

'We're all here sir,' was the answer.

'That's right!' said the master cheerily. 'Help to get the horses crossed as quickly as you can.—And keep up your spirits, Murphy. We'll find the lads; never fear.'

Then returning to Bessie and Phyllis, who were listening eagerly, he signified his intention of crossing to the mainland with the searching-party. 'The two little fellows have strayed away,' he said, bending over his wife. 'We shall find them not far off, I daresay.'

'O Robert! the poor mother!' cried Bessie, clasping Bertie close to her breast.

Phyllis said never a word; but with characteristic vigour set to work pouring cold tea into canisters, and putting up rations for the men to carry with them; for instinct told her that they might be more than one day absent from home.

In a marvellously short time the horses were gathered in from paddock and hill, and were led down to the jetty, and got on board the punt, which had to be ferried over more than once before the whole party were landed. Phyllis had finished her work, and now stood leaning against a post of the veranda, watching the retreating boat. She sighed heavily when at last they all reached the other side and the lights disappeared in different directions, some going along the road towards Winewa; some turning the other way, and keeping low down by the waterside, to the spot where the boys must have landed. It was the old story; the men went out to face the work, the women stayed at home and waited and prayed!

Jack never as long as he lived forgot the days that followed; although on looking back upon them, they wore to him more the semblance of a dream than a reality. Robert would not allow his brother to separate from him, so these two rode together through the scrub, a part of which Robert, being a thorough bushman, had undertaken to search. Jack over and over again declared

that it was utterly impossible for children to have wandered so far as they rode; but his brother knew better to what marvellous distances children's feet will carry them when they find themselves lost. Besides, he told Jack, though they had now ridden for a long time, the distance they had actually travelled was not more than a few miles; for they had been riding round in an ever narrowing circle, hoping by this means to strike the track of the two little wanderers.

Many hours had now passed in fruitless search, and the sun had risen on another day, when just at the edge of a clearing, they came upon a solitary hut, at the door of which a woman stood, with little children holding her gown and a baby in her arms. They drew bridle and told her their errand.

'And are they both sons of one mother? God help her then!' exclaimed the woman as she clasped her own children the closer. Acting the part of the good Samaritan, she brought out tea to fill the canteens which they had emptied, and gave them bread and meat to help them on their journey.

It was drawing towards the afternoon of the second day of search, and Jack saw that Robert's face was becoming very grave and sad. For some hours they had scarcely spoken to one another, but each was aware that the other had lost hope. They knew that the boys had not been found by any other members of the searching-party; for the signal agreed upon, the firing of a certain number of pistol-shots in quick succession, had been eagerly watched for; but no such sound had broken the oppressive silence of the scrub. To Jack, this silence and loneliness had become horribly burdensome. 'I think,' he said to his brother, 'that if I were here alone for a week I should go mad.'

'You would not be the first who has done so,' answered Robert sadly.

At length Jack felt his brother's hand laid suddenly upon his arm. Robert was peering among the low bushes to his left; and Jack following his glance, saw something under a sheltering branch. Another glance served to shew that the objects of their search were found. There the little fellows lay, clasped in one another's arms; just as they had lain many a night in their cot at home, while their mother had bent over them—that mother who was never again to hear their merry voices. Death had come upon them in that last embrace.

Tenderly untwining their arms, Robert took one little body on his horse, and his brother took the other, and so they made their sorrowful journey homewards.

It was just as Robert had said; they were far nearer the edge of the scrub than Jack had supposed possible after so many hours' riding; and when they reached the lake, they found their fellow-searchers waiting for them, having been gathered there by the reports of Robert's revolver.

Of the grief of the bereaved father and of the still wilder grief of the mother, I cannot speak; over such depths of human anguish it is best to draw a veil. They buried the little boys under the great gum-tree they had loved so dearly, where Jack had first seen them, and where he had told them the Story that perhaps they remembered in the midst of that wild solitude where

they lay down to die. And now, by the waters of the lake, by which they had played out their short happy lives, with the reeds murmuring softly, and the leaves of the old gum-tree rustling overhead, the two boys sleep 'till the Resurrection morn.'

TAPESTRIED HANGINGS.

THE recent establishment in this country of works for the production of tapestry is an event worthy of more than passing interest. This attempt to revive an industry which has long been dead, is but another result of that hankering after the fashions and decorations of bygone days which is such a well-marked feature of the present age. The Great Exhibition of 1851 found us behind other nations in our perception of much that is elegant and refined in taste. But since then a great change has been wrought. We have found out that there is some pleasure in having beautiful things about us—that a jug and ewer may just as well be shapely as the reverse—that even our furniture can be made with a regard to form as well as comfort. In a word, we have discovered that there is a harmony of things appreciable by the eye—which is governed by natural laws in the same manner as that harmony of sounds which is so agreeable to our ears.

There is a vague charm about the word 'tapestry' which carries us back to the homes of our forefathers, before lath and plaster were invented, and bare walls had to be hung with drapery. Let us imagine a visitor to one of these old houses lodged for the night in a tapestried chamber. He may or may not be naturally of a nervous temperament; but at anyrate he feels rather lonely as he lies in the middle of a gigantic four-poster. The dying-out pine-logs cast big shadows across the tapestry—shadows which move with every fitful flicker of the expiring embers—and which seem to make the woven figures change their postures and the expression of their features. The wind moans through the badly fitting casement, and the branches of a neglected tree scratch against the panes. The visitor dozes in his bed with half-formed impressions upon his mind, and perhaps the heaviness of an undigested supper upon his chest. Suddenly one of the fire-logs topples over with some noise; the restless sleeper wakes with a start, and a ghost-story is the inevitable result.

But stories of this kind are connected with mansions of but a few centuries back. They are legends of yesterday compared with the remote time at which tapestry first came to be used in this country. We must go back to the period when men looked to the monastery as the only source of instruction; when the good old monks stitched away at such hangings wherewith to adorn their shrines; and later on, when they had taught the art to others, until the custom had extended to the decoration of private dwellings. Our oldest documents are full of allusions to such hangings; but the word 'tapestry' seems to have often been applied indiscriminately to all kinds of stuff used for such a purpose. Even the famous piece of work known as the Bayeux Tapestry is misnamed, for it really partakes of the character of embroidery.

Tapestry in fact holds a place of its own

among textile fabrics. It differs from embroidery, and it differs from weaving. In the latter we have two sets of threads crossing each other at right angles, the one being called the warp, and the other the weft. The warp is divided into two layers, so that the shuttle and reel containing the material which is ultimately to form the weft, can be passed between them. A treadle causes these two layers of the warp to change position after every passage of the shuttle, so that the thread which it leaves in its trail is interlaced with the warp; and in this way the fabric is gradually formed upon the loom. In machine-loom the shuttle is jerked backwards and forwards at great speed; but in hand-loom, which more concern us just now, the work is somewhat tedious. Now, in tapestry-weaving, the warp remains as we have described it; but the weft, instead of going from end to end of the loom at every journey, is put in in short lengths of such different colours as are required to form the design. In short, each thread of the weft is put in where wanted, and extends no farther. In the course of half an hour the *tapisier* may have occasion to use several dozen different tints, each being wound upon its own little bobbin and kept ready to his hand. He rapidly passes these bobbins between the strings which form the warp, and from the pieces of wool thus threaded between them, the weft is gradually constructed piecemeal as the design is worked out. In embroidery, on the other hand, both warp and weft are already present in the material (such as canvas) which forms the tissue of the work, the needle forming upon it the design required.

The custom of decorating walls with hangings is of very remote origin. In the Proverbs we have a reference to 'painted tapestry brought from Egypt'; and other writers of eastern countries furnish evidence that its use was known from very early times. Starting from the East, the manufacture was gradually adopted by European nations; and it grew in such estimation as to be tenderly cherished as a fine art rather than a mere industry. The Greeks no doubt brought their refined taste to bear upon it, and thus heightened its popularity. But the manufacture reached its zenith in the fifteenth century in Flanders, and more especially at Arras, which place has given its name to all kinds of tapestry, whether manufactured there or not. The town of Arras was taken by Louis XI. in 1477; and the centre of the tapestry manufacture seems from that time to have shifted to Brussels. At the latter city the famous Raphael Cartoons were worked by order of Pope Leo X., for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. And the fact of an artist of such fame as Raphael and many others of eminence having been employed to furnish designs for the work, is a proof of the high estimation in which it was held. (Raphael's original cartoons were, by the advice of Rubens, purchased for this country by Charles I. They are now in the South Kensington Museum, London, to which place they were removed some years ago from Hampton Court Palace.)

The French have always been admirers of tapestry, if we may judge by the fact of numerous manufactories being established in their country at different times. As early as the year 1025, such a factory existed at Poitiers, and many other French towns soon after followed suit. The work

was also taken up in the numerous conventual establishments dotted about the country; a circumstance which accounts for the constant introduction of religious subjects, such as martyrdom of saints and the like. In more recent times the celebrated Gobelins manufactory was established, and has made itself famous all over the civilised world for the richness and beauty of its productions.

The most important factory hitherto established in England appears to be that founded at Mortlake in 1619, under the patronage of James I. Charles I. also seems to have interested himself in it. It was here that he caused the Raphael Cartoons to be reproduced; and this product of the Mortlake looms is now in Paris. Other specimens of the work are still extant in various parts of this country. The civil war caused the establishment to break up, to be however reopened in the reign of Charles II. But the death of its promoter, Francis Crane, speedily led to the final abandonment of the scheme, and the works have never since been re-established. Works were also established at Fulham and in Soho. At the latter place were worked the hangings which adorned some of the rooms of the late Northumberland House, Charing Cross. The last of the English tapestry works was at Exeter, where workmen from the Gobelins manufactory were employed. Nearly a century has elapsed since these works were closed. The revival of the art after so many years' rest is an experiment full of interest.

The Royal Tapestry Works are situated about two miles from Windsor Castle, in that part of the borough called 'Old Windsor.' They are at present located in a building which is obviously intended for a private dwelling-house, but which answers well for the temporary home of English tapestry. We say 'temporary,' for the question of a more permanent building is, we learn, only a matter of time. These works are started under the most favourable auspices. Not only have they been endowed with a crown grant of some fourteen acres of land, but they have for a President and Vice-presidents, Prince Leopold, the Princess Christian, and the Princess Louise. The committee include several names of noblemen, many of whom are renowned for their collections of art treasures. We may therefore feel some assurance that the list of patrons is something beyond a mere string of names on paper, to give the scheme a fictitious value, and that it really represents those who will take a personal interest in the venture and who will endeavour to make it a success.

At the time of our visit, a few months since, seven looms were in operation. The workmen employed have been carefully selected for their skill from factories at Paris and Oudenarde. It is very interesting to watch their busy fingers as they weave in the various coloured wools to match the design, which is placed just below the strings which form the warp. The manager of the works informed us that proficiency cannot be gained under at least eight years' diligent attention—a fact which can be well understood when we mention that about ten thousand differently tinted wools are in use. The work produced is, in the opinion of competent judges, equal if not superior to anything ever obtained from a loom. Visitors to the Paris Exposition can see in the Prince of

Wales's Pavilion the first produce of the Windsor Tapestry Works in the shape of an excellent portrait of the Queen, and a series of hangings illustrating the most important scenes in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*. The looms when we last saw them, were in full work upon some beautiful designs executed by Mr E. M. Ward, R.A., to decorate the house of Mr Christopher Sykes.

In this refined age, when every one who can afford it is anxious to enrich his walls with beautiful pictures, there are doubtless many others who will avail themselves of the work produced at the Windsor looms. On the other hand, the price of a piece of tapestry is necessarily equal to or in excess of that commonly given for an oil-picture by one of our leading artists, and many would prefer to see their money's worth in that shape. It is therefore questionable whether the comparatively limited demand for tapestry will enable the establishment to become permanent. Its promoters have made a bold experiment, and we wish them the success which they most undoubtedly deserve.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

WHEN Dickens set the reading world laughing over the vagaries of the rival editors of *Estateswill*, he rendered good service to the press, by awaking it to a sense of the folly and unprofitableness of mutual recrimination. It is true that there are still newspaper writers

Skilled by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,

who live by inventing libellous stories and disseminating tittle-tattle about their betters; but such writers usually leave the gentlemen of the press unmolested, wisely preferring to pander to the tastes or supposed tastes of their readers, by bespattering public characters—calculating too surely upon escaping their deserts by some poor apology, should they be called to account.

Newspapers of the *Estateswill* type still flourish in America, where no *esprit de corps* restrains the gentlemen of the press from indulging their propensity for unpleasant personalities at the expense of their fellows. It is so much easier to be-fool and be-rogue a writer than to reply to his arguments. Neither reason, wit, nor humour is required to call an opponent a journeyman grammar-smasher; to say of him that 'his nasty little soul is not large enough to fill the socket of a mosquito's eye;' or describe him as 'a beery tatterdemalion,' 'a grit factotum,' and epithets of a similar nature. Charging a rival writer with drunkenness is a favourite method of abuse. Commenting upon an article in the *Virginia Enterprise*, the *Nevada Tribune* speaks of it as having 'been written, no doubt, under the influence of a sort of regret for a misspent life. It is on temperance. Our virtuous and abstemious friend goes on in true teetotal style, and really writes a most excellent temperance sermon. We feel happy to know that our esteemed friend of the *Enterprise* has seen the error of his half-century life, and has determined to keep others from falling.'

Practised as they are at this sort of thing, the journalists of the States might take a hint from their Canadian neighbours. When a politician

named Glass was rather roughly handled by Mr Abram of the *Montreal Gazette*, a gentleman noted for his love of conviviality, the *Montreal Transcript* expressed its sentiments in the couplet:

Strange, such a thing should come to pass,
That Abram should dislike a glass!

But Jack was as good as his master; next morning's *Gazette* replied:

The reason that it comes to pass
Is that it is an empty Glass!

Not that American journalists are unequal to insulting by implication; few understand the art better. A Californian editor invested in a mule, and the fact was chronicled under the heading, 'Remarkable instance of self-possession.' Said one Milwaukee editor of another: 'He is one of the few journalists who can put anything in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything;' and when a Western editor wrote, 'We cannot tell a lie; it was cold yesterday;' his rival quoted the remark with the addition, 'The latter statement is incontrovertible; but the former?'

Said an Idaho journal: 'The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the *Portland Herald* and cover ourselves with the *Portland Bulletin*—there is a great coolness between them.' This kind of coolness often brings about an amusing interchange of incivilities. A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a 'leader,' denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and its author as devoid of truth and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot; and the disgusted victim of the 'sell,' appealing to his readers, asked: 'Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mould public opinion?' Another worthy, of whom an enemy affirmed that he had just made the strange discovery that he could wag his left ear, did not condescend to impeach the truth of the statement, but made matters even, by declaring the man who gave it currency had both his aural appendages under such control as to be able to fan himself with them in hot weather.

An American newspaper writer is only too pleased to catch a brother tripping. When one journal talked in its leading article of 'battered thunder,' a contemporary politely desired to know if that had any affinity to 'greased lightning;' forcing the explanation that by a typographical error 'muttered thunder' was the article intended.

When a Western editor wrote, 'We are living at this moment under a despotism,' his opponent kindly explained: 'Our contemporary means to say he has lately got married.' When a Southern paper asked 'What is editorial courtesy?' a Northern journal replied: 'Why, it is when a Southern editor is caught stealing chickens at midnight; and his brother editors kindly allude to the matter as a strange freak of somnambulism.' A newspaper writer asserts that his ancestors had been in the habit of living a hundred years; to which another responds: 'That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment.' The proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on 'a new head'

for it. 'Don't do it,' advised a rival sheet; 'better keep the money, and buy a new head for the editor,' that gentleman being evidently, in its opinion, 'a young man of frugal mental capacity,' as an Oregon journalist delicately termed another.

So long as newspaper writers practise only on their own kind, they merely run the risk of being paid back in their own coin; but when, as is the wont of American journalists, they throw mud at outsiders, retaliation is likely to take a very different shape. Taking pattern from an English actress, a Mrs Thompson, offended by some remarks made by the *Denver News* anent her appearance at a ball, went to the office of that journal and admonished her critic with a cowhide. Then, accompanied by her friends, the angry dame proceeded to the office of the *Denver Tribune*, to insure that journal reporting the affair correctly. The sudden appearance, however, of a large excited female in the doorway with a cowhide in her hand, was too much for the weak nerves of the *Tribune* folk. The following effect was produced, as reported afterwards by one of the fair lady's assistants. 'Ward jumped behind his table and fortified himself with Webster's Unabridged; while Dawson turned off the gas and disappeared under a pile of exchanges, after the manner in which a prairie-dog drops into his hole. This sudden action of the editors, who were hurriedly thinking over their own sins of commission, so bewildered the lady with the cowhide, that by the time she found voice to tell them to come out and speak to her, Mr Beckwith, the proprietor, appeared in the rear and inquired: "Madam, which one of the boys do you want to whip?" She explained that her visit was not a belligerent one. Then Dawson appeared, note-book in hand, pretending he had been looking for it under the table. Ward jumped from his perch, explaining that he had got up there to straighten the books; upon which Dawson observed that he didn't see why he needed to knock over the inkstand to make things snug; and Ward retorted he never before saw anybody turn off the gas to hunt for a note-book. After telling her story, the lady remarked, as she took her leave, that there were several other fellows in town she intended to serve in the same way; and now all the boys who have been a little too handy with their tongues are ordering jackets of sheepskin tanned with the wool on.'

No sheepskin jacket would have sufficed Mr Gumbs in his need. This gentleman—so the story goes—sought to enliven the good people of Cambria County, Pennsylvania, through the medium of a lively, spicy, vigorous, fearless and entertaining paper called the *Cambria Milky Way*. He succeeded in making things lively, very lively—for himself. In his first number he called the editor of an older journal names which we cannot repeat. He stigmatised the mayor as a corrupt magistrate, whose torments from mental remorse were only surpassed by the physical agony he endured as the consequence of his depraved debauchery. He mildly alluded to the postmaster as an official Dick Turpin, whose peculations could only be compared to the terrific robberies committed in times past by those Spanish buccaneers whom he so closely resembled in general character; and finished off by delicately

announcing that a well-known young lady, in rejecting a certain young man, had done the wisest thing possible under the peculiar circumstances of the case. In the next issue of the *Milky Way* its patrons were informed that the editor had found it impossible to go out to collect news items, because the mayor, the editor of the *Cambria Mercury*, the postmaster, Alexander Jones, and a number of other individuals, were sitting on the kerbstone, and roosting around on the back-fence with shot-guns and other murderous weapons, and looking as if they were in earnest! That same night Mr Gumbs slipped down a water-spout and departed for Kansas—more fortunate than his brother out in the Far West, whose organ in announcing its own demise, said: 'Our editor has lately disappeared. According to the latest information, he was last seen under a tree, slightly raised above certain persons who were pulling at a rope'—a way of stating Lynch-law that could hurt nobody's feelings, while as a friendly tribute to the departed it was almost as touching as the *Foxtown Fusilier's*—'We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary Mr Snaggs, the editor of the *Foxtown Flash*. He has now gone to another and a better world. Persons who have taken the *Flash* will find the *Fusilier* a good paper.'

TEACHING.

WITHIN our recollection, teaching was taken up as a trade by great numbers who were physically incapable of successfully pursuing any ordinary profession. When a boy had a short leg and a long one, or had a hand imperfect in the number of fingers, or laboured under any other infirmity, he was made a schoolmaster. The idea of qualifying him to teach was not thought of, as if the art of instructing came by nature. Sometimes the teachers were men who had broken down in trying to succeed in what Americans call 'the pulpit line.' Treated socially with indifference, and badly paid, teachers in these times took out their revenge in cuffing and flogging pupils unmercifully. A small fault, a slight defect in memory, incurred the risk of a blow on the head with a ruler, which made the victim yell with pain, and raised a lump on his skull the size of a pigeon's egg. In short, as lately as seventy years ago, teachers were for the most part tyrants, with an inordinate love of domineering; very many of them were drunkards; several of them we remember as buffoons. As for the youths who unhappily came under the clutches of these wretches, they had no rights. They were in 'the iron grip of oppression,' and their sense of justice was outraged. Some suffered and sulked, some put on an air of defiance. 'You may beat me as much as you like, but I have made up my mind to learn nothing.' Such we remember was the open declaration of a lad who had experienced a course of brutal misusage. Strange to say, nobody, not even parents, pitied the boys who were so maltreated. The wonder is how anything was learned in such untoward circumstances. The explanation is, that only the very clever boys got on well at school. The education of the others was little better than a farce. Any learning they

had was picked up by chance afterwards. The jocularities of Fielding and Smollett regarding teachers in the eighteenth century are not the least overdrawn.

Only in recent times, when people have begun to see the importance of education as a social and political agent, has it been understood that teaching is a delicate art which needs to be studied like other useful or fine arts, and that it requires much cultivation. Coarse tyrant, 'cankert' cripples, drunkards, and buffoons will no longer be accepted as schoolmasters. Men who profess to teach must be up to their work. On all hands it is recognised that to educate or bring out a child's faculties to their highest development is a task only to be accomplished by the possessors of very fine and rare moral qualities. No amount of mere information will supply a want of firmness, justice, patience, sympathy, and liveliness of manner on the part of a teacher. As for the first of these qualities, it is a *sine quâ non*. If a child do not feel that he can trust his teacher—if he do not know that the teacher has no humours and moods, that his rewards and punishments will follow good and bad conduct with no less regularity than the action of a law of nature, the teacher need not hope to have influence. He may be learned and kind; but for one in the position of a teacher to be weak is to be utterly powerless. Such a one will appear to school-boys 'splendid fun'—a sort of personified joke; but they will at the same time consider him despicable, and beneath their respect or regard. Aiming at popularity, he will miss his mark, and discover that weak-mindedness has been interpreted by his pupils as fear of themselves. Connected with strength of will or arising out of it, there is a sort of magic thing which we can better feel than describe called personal influence. This is an uncommon quality; but it is perhaps impossible to succeed as a teacher without it. Many people are unaware how strongly developed in even very young children is a sense of justice. But that this is the case, every observant teacher soon discovers. The moment a master is known to favour the idle clever boy who does him credit and saves him trouble, that moment his influence for good is gone. 'He's unfair.' This sentence, when it is pronounced by the entire class, ought to be dreaded by every teacher, for it is nothing less than an 'Ichabod' written over his good name that must for ever shut out all possibility of usefulness.

In driving four-in-hand, much skill is needed to get all the horses to do their best. A good driver knows the pulling-power of each member of his team; and while he looks sharply after lazy strength, he makes every allowance for natural weakness doing all it can. And should a teacher of children do less than this? Every honest schoolmaster will encourage plodding boys, however dull. Feeling that he is being paid for making the most of dullards quite as much as of those whose ability puts them in greater sympathy with himself, and who might 'bring grist to his mill' by becoming 'show-boys,' he will do his duty by the dullards, and endeavour to make bricks even without straw. And here a word might be spoken to parents. 'Do not be so mistaken,' we would say, 'about the abilities of your children as to think that a school where attention is given only to

clever boys will do for them. Search rather for one from which the master sends out dull boys who nevertheless pass their examinations, instead of spending all his time in polishing diamonds to blaze in an advertisement. A mere plodding boy was above all others encouraged by Dr Arnold. On one occasion, he had got out of patience, and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said: 'Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can.' Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said: 'I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten. If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.' In speaking of a pupil of this character, he once said: 'I would stand to that man *hat in hand*.' It is a mischievous and cruel mistake to rank mere cleverness above devotion to duty, either in boy or in man; and for this reason every trainer of youth ought to estimate qualities in the order so often insisted upon by Arnold—first, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability.

Genius has been defined as 'long patience.' But this definition would suit equally well good teaching. Patience, as well as imagination, is required by teachers to note the difficulties of pupils from their point of view. John Wesley once heard his father say to his mother: 'Why do you tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times?' and she replied: 'Simply because if I had told the blockhead only nineteen times, I should have lost all my trouble.' This was spoken in the very spirit of good teaching. But it is not enough to repeat explanations in the same words. A child may see a thing in one light and not in another; and here there is room for great ingenuity in discovering more and more intelligible statements—in ringing the changes of explanation. The teacher might well take hints from the showman, for with children seeing is believing. Lessons should as much as possible be thrown into concrete forms, the abstract being to children what the North Pole has been hitherto to Englishmen. For this reason, the black-board or pictures should be in constant use, and nearly everything, beginning with the multiplication table, should be taught by object lessons. In teaching the simplest words, the child learns sooner and retains better in his mind, those that are illustrated with pictures. Thus he sees in his Primer the figure of a cat, and beneath the figure the letters *c a t*; and associates at once the word with the animal. The old system of rote-teaching and teaching by abstract rules in which to repeat words correctly, was everything; to understand their meaning, nothing. This system sacrifices the spirit of knowledge to the letter, for in proportion as there is too much attention paid to mere words or signs, there must be inattention to the things signified. The method now adopted by all trained teachers is to get particulars learned first, and then the generalisation illustrated as much as possible by appeals to nature.

It need hardly be pointed out how much genuine sympathy a teacher must have with

childhood to understand it. Some teachers seem incapable of thinking back on their own early youth, and give their pupils the impression that they have always been grown up. Feeling in this way not understood, or misunderstood, a child has not courage to state his difficulties. He who is not a student of human nature must fail as a teacher. One of the rules laid down for the guidance of chaplains to military prisons should be equally obeyed in reference to children: 'He shall endeavour by all means in his power, and particularly by encouraging their confidence, to obtain an intimate knowledge of the character and disposition of all prisoners.' The early Jesuits, who were masters of education, were accustomed to keep secret registers of their observations on their pupils; and generations afterwards, when these records were examined, it is said the happy presence of their remarks was strikingly proved by the subsequent success of many who had attained fame.

In the case of the teacher, where liveliness is so all-important, a lifeless manner will fail to be successful in putting information into children. Let the teacher who is always complaining of the inattention of his pupils sometimes ask himself: 'Have I given them anything to attend to?' The teacher must not be a lifeless note of interrogation. Rather he should be the match that fires the train of his pupils' thoughts. His questions will be suggestive, asked not to confound but to encourage. 'Rugby scholars,' says Dean Stanley, 'will at once recall those little traits, which however minute in themselves, will to them suggest a lively image of Dr Arnold's whole manner. They will remember the glance with which he looked round in the few moments of silence before the lesson began, and which seemed to speak his sense of his own position and of theirs also; the attitude in which he stood turning over the pages of a lexicon, with his eye fixed upon the boy who was pausing to give an answer; the well-known changes of his voice and manner, so faithfully representing the feeling within. They will recollect the pleased look and cheerful "Thank you," which followed upon a successful answer or translation; the fall of his countenance with its deepening severity, the stern elevation of the eyebrows, the sudden "Sit down," which followed upon the reverse; the courtesy and almost deference to the boys, as to his equals in society, so long as there was nothing to disturb the friendliness of their relation; the startling earnestness with which he would check in a moment the slightest approach to levity or impertinence; the confidence with which he addressed them in his half-yearly exhortations.'

The teacher should know when his assistance is required, and when not being required it should not be given. As much as possible should be done by children themselves, and as little as possible for them. A good teacher does not think out the lesson for his pupils. Rather he becomes the cause of thinking in them, knowing as he does that 'Easy come, easy go' is a saying quite as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. Of course this implies that the teacher should continue himself to learn, else his mind would become lifeless and incapable of kindling thought in others. An able teacher is never satisfied with the knowledge he may possess at any time during his career of teaching, but keeps himself in constant

training by fresh draughts hastily snatched during recreation hours.

It is very important that children should be made to respect themselves and their abilities by respect being shewn to them. The secret of Arnold's success was that he appealed and trusted to the common-sense and justice of his boys. 'Lying, for example, to the masters he made a great moral offence; placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely—in the upper part of the school, when persisted in, with expulsion. Even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion on the part of the youth was immediately checked: 'If you say so, that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word;' and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that 'it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one.'

But granted that a teacher has the information and moral qualities necessary, must he not serve an apprenticeship to the art of teaching—must he not be taught to teach? In Germany this has long ago been considered almost a truism. Here it is a valuable discovery, of which we may say 'Better late than never.' We have at last found out that putting up 'Collegiate Institute,' 'Seminary for Young Ladies,' 'Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen,' on huge brass plates; furnishing a large house; or even the assumption of degrees imported from foreign universities—that these things do not of themselves qualify people for that most responsible task of moulding the next generation. More than this, we are now aware, as has been said, that the mere possession of knowledge does not necessarily enable one to teach. Having knowledge and imparting knowledge are by no means synonymous. There is a knack of teaching, partly natural and partly acquired, that distinguishes the well-trained professional teacher from the amateur or the perfunctory pedagogue. In a letter of inquiry for a master, Dr Arnold thus writes: 'What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common-sense and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the school; but yet on second thoughts, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms, and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work, to high scholarship, for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other.' 'Interest in his work.' Alas! that is precisely what many a poor teacher has not; and we can point to no other remedy than that of properly paying the teacher for his work, which as yet is far from being the case.

Unless some means be taken to guarantee that middle-class school-teachers can teach, the children of middle and higher class people must literally perish for lack of knowledge. In these days of competition they will inevitably be eaten up by the fat kine of the working-classes that are being so well fed in the Board School pastures. Professor Huxley's ideal is that 'the foot of the educational ladder should rest in the gutter, and

its top reach the university.' But how is this to be realised, if the sons of the middle-class look up to unlearned 'Doctors' and are not fed, or even to learned ones who have never received any special training for their high calling? If medical men who practise without due qualification are punished, ought there not to be some natural selection on the part of government of the fittest for teaching the middle-class, and some penalty for those who undertake a work for which they are unqualified?

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

THE lectures which have recently been delivered on 'living burials' in a continental city, by a physician of some eminence, go to prove that such things happen in countries where rapid interment succeeds death, much more frequently than the generality of English people would deem possible.

We who hold our dead so sacred, and who err if anything on the side of keeping them too long unburied, must naturally feel a kind of horror creep over us when, from circumstances, we are brought to witness with what haste and want of reverence the last sad ceremonies are gone through in some countries where climate renders speedy interment after decease, an absolute necessity. I propose to relate three marvellous escapes from living burial, which happened to different members of the same family at different periods. The scene was in Italy; the facts were related to me by the daughter of two of the parties concerned; and I shall tell the tale as nearly as possible as she told it to me.

'You will scarcely wonder,' she said, 'at my horror of being buried alive, when I tell you that a peculiar fate seems to pursue our family, or at least did pursue it in the last generation. My father was an only son, and from having been born several years after his parents' marriage, was an object of especial devotion. His mother was unable to nurse him herself, and a country woman was procured from a village at some distance from the château where his parents resided, who was not only well calculated to replace the mother as a nurse, but was of so affectionate a disposition that she seemed to throw her whole soul into her care for the well-being of the child, and lavished as much affection on him as did the real mother. When the age came for weaning him, it was found impossible to accomplish it whilst the nurse remained with him; and so after many terrible scenes, and the most heart-breaking sorrow on her part, she had to go. The boy thrived very well until he was about three years old, when he was attacked by some childish malady, and to all appearance died.'

'It is unnecessary to dwell on the distracted grief of the parents. The mother could scarcely be induced to leave the body, and even though all life was extinct, grudged every moment as it flew towards the time when even what was left of her darling would have to be removed for ever. (The time that was allowed by the government for bodies to remain unburied was three days.) The father had given strict orders that the child's nurse should not be informed of the death of her foster-son until after the funeral, as he felt convinced she would at once come to see him, and he dreaded the effect the sight of her grief might have on his already broken-hearted wife. However,

the order was ill kept, and on the morning of the funeral, after all the guests had arrived, and were grouped round the coffin taking their last farewell of the lovely boy, in rushed the nurse, her hair down, her dress all torn and travel-stained, her boots nearly worn off her feet. On hearing the news, she had started off without waiting for extra clothing, without word or look to any one, and had run the whole night, in order to be in time to see her boy. As she entered the room she pushed past servants and guests, and on reaching the coffin seized the child, and before any one was aware of her intention or had presence of mind to prevent her, she had vanished with him in her arms. It was found she had carried him off to the *grenier* or garret, and had locked and barricaded the door. She paid no attention to threats or entreaties, and all attempts at forcing the door were equally fruitless. The guests waited patiently, hoping that she would before long return to her senses, and bring back the child's body for burial.

'At the end of an hour or more they heard the heavy furniture rolled away and the door opened. The nurse appeared, but with no dead child in her arms—the little thing's arms were clasped lovingly round her neck as she pressed him to her bosom. The mournful assemblage was turned into one of joyful congratulation. The woman would never speak of the means she used to restore the boy to life; indeed, although she became from that hour a resident in the family and a trusted and valued friend, she steadily forbore ever referring to the incident in which she played so important a part. She lived to see the rescued child married and with a family of his own around him.

'The heroine of the second anecdote was a first-cousin to the above 'rescued child'—a young lady of thirteen or fourteen years old. After a somewhat protracted illness she, to all appearance, died. The mother literally refused to believe it, although the doctors and the other inmates of the house saw no reason to doubt the fact. The funeral was arranged, the grave made, and the specified three days had come to an end. The mother had never left her daughter's body; she had tried every available means to restore her, but to no avail. As the hour approached for the ceremony to take place, she became more and more distracted, and more desperate in her efforts to convince herself that life still lingered. As a last resource, she went for some strong elixir, and taking out of her pocket a fruit-knife with two blades—one blade of gold the other of silver—proceeded by continual working to force the gold blade between the teeth; when inserted, she poured a drop of the elixir on the blade, then another and another, and tried to make it enter the mouth; but it seemed only to trickle back again and down the chin. Still she persevered, becoming more desperate as the moments flew on to the hour, now so near, when her child was to be taken from her. At the very last, when she was beginning to dread the very worst, she thought she detected a slight spasm in the throat; and on closer examination she became aware that the liquid was no longer returning, as it did at first. She continued the application, every moment feeling more excited and more joyfully hopeful. Presently the action of swallowing became more decided; she

felt a feeble flutter at the heart, and before long the eyes gradually opened, and closed again; but the breathing became quietly regular, and the mother was satisfied that now no one would dispute the fact; so she called her household round her, and proved to them the joyful fact that her child was restored to her, and that no funeral procession would leave the house that day. Before long the child fully recovered. The fruit-knife with its two blades is to this day the most precious heirloom in the family possessions.

'The recovered one lived to form a deep attachment to her cousin (the rescued boy of the first story), possibly from the fact of the strange similarity in their early history; but his affections were already engaged by the young lady whose story we are now going to relate, the facts of which resemble somewhat those already told. This young person was no longer a child when death seemed to claim her, but had reached the age of eighteen or nineteen. She had been suffering from an infectious and dangerous fever, and when the crisis arrived, instead of rallying, she, to all appearance, died. It was the custom of the district in which she lived to dress marriageable girls as brides after death, and to bury them in their bridal costume. The young lady in question was therefore laid out as a bride, in a white dress, orange-flower wreath, and veil. The day before the funeral, the most intimate friend of the deceased, who had been on a visit at a distance, came home, and insisted with floods of tears that she should be allowed to see her. The mother most decidedly refused, explaining that her daughter had been the victim of an infectious fever, and that she could not allow the daughter of a friend to run the risk of catching it. The young lady persisted, and would not leave the house; but the mother, much as it pained her, was firm in her refusal. However, in the evening the young friend being on the watch, saw the paid watcher leave the room to go down to her supper, leaving the door unlocked. She immediately entered, and having reverently kissed her friend's pale face, knelt down by the side of the bed to pray. There were candles at each side of the bed at its head, and two placed on a table at its foot.

'The poor girl was deep in her prayers, when suddenly, without any movement or warning, the dead girl sat up, and said in a sharp tone of voice: "*Que faistu là?*" (What are you doing there?) Startled and horrified to the last degree, her friend sprang from her knees, and in trying to rush out of the room, upset the table on which the candles were placed, and became wedged between it and the bed, her head downmost! Inextricably entangled, she shrieked loudly for help. The supposed dead girl had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and being weakened from illness, she went off into a hysterical fit of laughter; and the more her poor friend kicked and screamed, the more she kept up the duet by peals of laughter. The mother and household hearing the noise, rushed up as quickly as possible. The mother was the first to enter the room, and being a quick-witted woman, at once comprehended the situation; she flew to her daughter, and angrily ordering her to be quiet and not laugh at her friend's misfortune, she pressed her to her bosom, and hastily tearing off wreath and veil, dropped them on the floor and

kicked them under the bed; then calling assistance, she carried the girl into another room and put her to bed. The doctor, who had been at once sent for, ordered her to be taken from home without delay, and they started as soon as was possible. She perfectly recovered; but strangely enough, could never call to mind the startling events of her return to life. *She afterwards married the gentleman who was the hero of the first story.* Her poor friend, when extricated from her unpleasant position, was quite delirious; she had a nervous fever, of which she nearly died, and she never entirely recovered from the shock her friend's sudden return to life had given her.'

On writing to the lady who related these anecdotes for permission to publish, she says: 'You are at liberty to make what use you like of our family story, on condition you do not mention names of family or places; but you may add, that all three who were so nearly buried alive, lived to be very old—my father to eighty-four, my mother and aunt to seventy-six, retaining their health, rare intelligence, and to a wonderful extent, their personal beauty, to the last.'

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

THE condition of the enlisted recruit has been very much improved since the Crimean War, both morally and physically. Step by step, first in one direction, then in another, the terms of his contract with his country have all been modified to his advantage. During Lord Cardwell's administration, he personally spared no pains to attract to the army a superior stamp of men. He certainly succeeded. At the present moment, for example, there is hardly a single cavalry regiment in which one commission (and in some regiments more than one commission) is not held by a man who has risen from the ranks. 'The ranker' is no longer looked down upon by his brother-officers; snobbism of this sort is stamped out; and the respect due to the individual character of a man is increased rather than otherwise if he happens to have risen by sheer merit. The staff-officers of the army are very dependent upon their non-commissioned officers, and respect them very much; and—as every one knows—the non-commissioned officer is simply the apt recruit promoted as soon as he has shewn of what stuff he is made. The writer knows certain men who exercise a directing influence over important principles of army organisation—exercising it too in consultation with the highest in the land—who only a few years ago were simply non-commissioned officers.

Now the pecuniary position of a soldier depends, as in other professions, upon his qualifications. Hodge enlists from the plough's tail, can neither read nor write, and is a densely stupid fellow. He, however, at once finds himself thus situated: his pay is eighteen pounds five shillings a year; his provisions, his lodgings, firing and light, furniture, clothing and medical attendance, are all found for him; and his only necessary out-goings for laundress, grocery and beer, additions to the regulated ration, monthly hair-cutting, &c. are six pounds a year; recouped, however, by pay for good conduct to the extent of thirty shillings a

year. Hodge's cost to the country for the items mentioned is forty pounds a year. But when it is stated that his daily three-quarters of a pound of boneless first-class meat and two pounds of bread is of the estimated value of sixpence only, or nine pounds two shillings and sixpence a year; when his clothing is estimated at only three pounds a year, and his housing and firing, &c. at only six pounds a year—it is obvious that Hodge could not maintain himself in the self-same necessities of life for so small a sum as forty pounds a year. In other words, his position is worth much more to him than it actually costs the country. He falls sick, and has the best advice, the best nursing, the most suitable medicines irrespective of cost, and is treated in a hospital built with the latest sanitary improvements. For the capital spent upon these hospitals and barracks, not a penny is included in our estimate of forty pounds as the soldier's cost.

Nor does Hodge serve on for life, or even for twenty-one years, as his forefathers in the army did, and then retire upon a trifling pension. The Short Enlistment Act, passed by Lord Cardwell in 1870, has blotted out the possible advantage of pension, but it has substituted a positive equivalent. Our erstwhile clod-hopper is only with his regiment for six years. Having enjoyed the advantages to be derived from daily associations with his colleagues; having profited at the hands of the regimental schoolmasters and the gymnasium instructors; having enjoyed in the regimental library and recreation rooms (fitted with billiard-tables, stocked with chess-men, dominoes, &c.) all the advantages of a plain club-house, with which a good savings-bank is connected, he is discharged. With what? With one pound and his travelling expenses to his village home; a second pound for the two good-conduct stripes he may (and should) have earned; with some trade at his fingers' ends, taught him in the army workshops; and master of upwards of fifty pounds which, if he has been a provident fellow, he will have saved. And furthermore with sixpence a day besides for another six years, during which he may, in the event of national emergency, be called back to his old position. It is true that all this supposes Hodge to be a prudent man; and if he is only prudent and nothing more, he can't fail to land himself thus; whilst if his intelligence is improving, he will probably reap the greater advantages of promotion to the non-commissioned ranks.

Take the case, however, of a smarter man who enlists. Instead of choosing an infantry regiment, say he goes into the transport department, now called the Army Service Corps; there he will get quite thirteen pounds a year more in pay. Or suppose he should prefer being in the rear of an army in action, and has a turn for nursing the sick and wounded; he is about ten pounds a year better off than the infantry soldier, and is especially well fed; besides, he may be apt at learning to compound prescriptions, and thus earn another eighteen to twenty-seven pounds a year. If a man handy at anything at all like a trade, or with any clerical ability, goes into the Engineers, he is certain of making sixteen pounds a year more than his colleague in the Infantry.

The foregoing facts and figures represent only the minimum value of the position of a soldier of good character. Beyond these, an intelligent well-conducted young man may confidently hope to

secure extra pay of nine to eighteen pounds a year for extra duty. He may equally rely upon some promotion increasing his income; many of the sergeants fill appointments for which, in addition to the pay of their rank, they draw twenty to fifty pounds a year.

Fuller details are given in three parliamentary papers issued on the motion of Mr Pell; Nos. 182, 183, and 190, Session 1878. Twopence will purchase the three.

HOT SPRINGS IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the last annual Report of the Colonial Museum, Wellington, New Zealand, analyses are given of the water of fifteen hot springs in the Rotorua district, accompanied by descriptions which in some instances are very remarkable. For example, Tapui Te Koutu, a pool eighty feet deep, with a temperature of 90 to 100 degrees, with westerly or southerly winds; but if a change to north or east takes place, the water rises four feet, and the temperature to 180 degrees. Turi-Kore is a water-fall with a temperature of 96 to 120 degrees, in great repute among the Maoris for the cure of all cutaneous diseases. Kuirau, 136 to 156 degrees, is so soft that clothes can be washed in it without the use of soap. Korototeo, a boiling spring, 214 degrees, is known as the 'Oil-Bath.' Kauwhanga, a powerful sulphur-bath, bears the name of 'Pain-Killer.' Ti Kute, the Great Spring, three-quarters of an acre in extent, boiling furiously, and always throwing off great clouds of steam, is 'reported to be wonderfully efficacious in cases of rheumatism and cutaneous diseases.' With such an abundance of medicinal waters, New Zealand will some day attract patients from afar, and rival our Bath, Buxton, and Harrogate.

A U T U M N.

On! not upon thy fading fields and fells
In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,
My home! but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
His footsteps fall, slowly and solemnly.
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint-breathing rose, that round the year
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.

O'er yellow stubble lands, in mantle brown,
He wanders through the wan October light,
Still as he goeth slowly stripping down
The garlands green that were the Spring's delight.
At morn and eve, thin silver vapours rise
Around his path; but sometimes at mid-day
He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,
That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.

Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath;
A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red;
And the cold, sobbing wind bestrewn his path
With withered leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;
And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet, solemn sounds of death and of decay,
In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

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BOY-SMOKERS.

A LEARNED Professor of Medicine in one of our universities some time ago made the remark to us that those students who passed through his hands rarely succeeded in distinguishing themselves if they were habitual smokers of tobacco. The smoking of cigars or pipes seemed to dull their faculties, and to have the effect of preventing them from sedulously gathering facts sufficient to excel at examinations for degrees. We repeat the remark as we heard it, and submit it for consideration. Perhaps other professors equally candid and observant might have a similar tale to tell.

As is pretty generally known, the smoking of tobacco has a certain intoxicating effect. It soothes the nervous system, and in cases of poor living it lulls the craving of a hungry stomach without in any degree feeding the animal system. Men who happen to be inclosed in a coal-mine, and are perishing for lack of food, are stated to have protracted life by a few consoling whiffs of tobacco. In cases of this nature, smoking may be allowable as a positive necessity; but we cannot perceive the slightest reason for this indulgence in ordinary circumstances. As usually observed, smoking is a vice, like dram-drinking. It is taken up in a spirit of idleness, without a vestige of excuse. We need say little of its wastefulness of means, though that must be very considerable. The government duties alone exigible on the tobacco used in the United Kingdom amount to about nine millions annually; and if we add the cost of the article, the yearly tobacco bill to smokers probably reaches the sum-total of twenty millions. We have heard of instances of youths in fashionable life who yearly smoke fifty pounds' worth of cigars, and doubtless there are many whose outlay must be far greater. Among the less affluent classes, the habitual expenditure on tobacco cannot but encroach on available means of living, and often when the outlay can be ill spared. Viewed as a narcotic, tobacco may be presumed to be of some value medically, though we have never heard what are its actual merits

in the pharmacopœia. What we specially draw attention to are its mischievous effects on the youths growing into manhood. It tends to a weakening of the intellectual system, which to all who have to make their way in the world ought to be exposed to no such blighting influence.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the fact that tobacco-smoking pollutes the breath, damages the teeth, and weakens the digestive organs. In not a single feature, as a common indulgence, is it commendable, but very much the reverse. It disposes to inactivity and carelessness. Few habitual smokers attain to eminence in business. Farmers given to smoking are usually the latest in getting in their crops. As publicly exhibited, the practice is odious. Smoking in the streets has become a downright nuisance, for passengers are compelled to inhale the fumes, whether of cigars or pipes, disgorged by smokers. In steam-vessels the nuisance has risen to something absolutely intolerable. We believe it is often the cause of destructive fires in dwelling; warehouses, farm-yards, and ships. In our voyage to America in a steam-vessel some years since, we were not a little surprised and horrified to observe the reckless indifference with which certain passengers threw down the still-burning ends of cigars and matches on the deck—a practice which strangely enough did not seem to incur the reprobation of the officers on duty.

Within our recollection, few but those of middle or old age smoked. The practice has now been imitated by the young. Boys of ten years old are seen with pipes in their mouths, and lads at the different colleges think it manly to have smoking-parties. It appears to us that writers on matters of public health have been singularly remiss in not denouncing the mischievous effects of smoking on youth. We hear plentifully of the ruinous effects of liquid intoxicants, but little of the injury committed on the youthful body or mind by drugging with tobacco. The German authorities, as we learn by a correspondence in *The Times*, have at length become alive to the pestilent evil. They would probably not have troubled themselves on

the subject, but for a political reason. In Germany, all males from their birth are enrolled to be soldiers, and the discovery is made that the youths who are about to take their turn in the ranks have been weakened by smoking. 'The State,' as is observed, 'must have a nation of soldiers. Smoking is believed to be ruinous to the constitution of the young. It weakens the powers of the stomach at that important crisis of our development when the largest quantities of food have to be assimilated to build up the growing frame. It lowers the vitality of the body, and affects the action of the heart. Muscle, energy, endurance, indeed all that makes the man and the soldier, are thus at stake. The youthful nature is more susceptible of such injurious influences, and the young may be said to make or unmake themselves by their own habits. The German physicians appear to have arrived at the conclusion, no doubt on the proof of facts, that a young tobacco-smoker unmakes and in a manner destroys himself, and incapacitates himself for the defence of his country.' As a result, the police in certain towns have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offence by fine or imprisonment. As the Germans might be called a nation of smokers, with a correspondent amount of dreaminess in their constitution, we await with some interest to hear the outcome of this new and judicious course of policy.

In reference to the foregoing observations on the discouragement of tobacco-smoking in Germany, a correspondent gives his own experience. 'I may mention,' he says, 'that while travelling last month on a Danish steamer, I had much conversation on various subjects with a Belgian medical man, who informed me that he was then engaged, at the request of the Belgian government, on a journey of observation and inquiry as to the causes of colour-blindness, an ocular affection which, he said, is occasioning increasing anxiety, not merely in his own country, but especially in Germany, from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also, to some extent, upon military inefficiency. I asked the question—"What, so far as your investigations have proceeded, appears to be the main cause of this colour-blindness?" He replied: "The too general and excessive use of tobacco."'

We have only touched on this important subject. The odious practice of tobacco-smoking by the young concerns the national welfare, and is worthy of very general consideration. Every one in his sphere is called on as a matter of moral obligation to do what lies in his power to discountenance and abate a practice so needless and reprehensible.

W. C.

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER VIII.—WILD-DUCK ISLAND.

BERTIE's little sister was born in March; and although Mrs Maloney had taken up her abode at Hamilton for some weeks, for nearly a fortnight Jack saw very little of Phyllis, whose time was fully occupied in nursing her sister and attending to the wants of the whole household. It was therefore with feelings of unmingled satisfaction that he found her, one April afternoon, sitting quietly in the veranda in Robert's easy-chair, her

hands folded in her lap, her eyes gazing dreamily at the water, and a look of leisure about her that was unusual.

'I am so glad to see you unoccupied, Phyllis,' he said as he came up to her. 'It seems such a long time since we had a quiet chat.'

'Well, for the next hour I have really nothing to do,' she replied, smiling. 'Bessie is on the parlour sofa; and she sent me out here with strict injunctions to rest.'

'Could you rest as well in the boat, if I were to row?' asked Jack.

'Quite as well; better, I think. Where are you going?'

'Oh, I just thought of cruising about for a little,' he answered, 'and shooting some birds for Bessie. She likes wild-duck; does she not?'

'If you will shoot a few, I will answer for her liking them,' returned Phyllis, who tripped away for her bonnet; while Jack went into the parlour to welcome Bessie back to it, and to have a peep at the little unconscious atom of humanity nestling in her breast.

'And to think that this will be a woman some day,' he said laughingly; 'with all a woman's capacity for good or evil, with power to make the happiness or misery of some man's life!'

'The happiness, I hope,' said Bessie, looking up with a soft mist of gladness in her blue eyes.

'I am sure of that if she takes after her mother—and aunt. I am going to take Phyllis out on the lake for an hour; can you spare her?'

'I shall be very glad, Jack. She wants a rest; for the last few weeks she has worked really too hard. Do you know I have nearly persuaded Judy Maloney to shut up her own house and come to live here altogether?'

'A very good idea.'

'Yes. Phyllis would have more time then to devote to reading and boating and riding and all the things she likes. Though she is so ungrudging in her devotion to me, I know she misses all that.'

'She has the most charmingly unselfish temper I ever met with in my life,' exclaimed Jack, with such earnestness that the colour mounted to his brow.

'I am glad he has found that out,' mused Bessie, as she looked out at the window and saw the two tall handsome figures wend slowly down towards the water together. 'Sometimes I fancy that he does not thoroughly appreciate Phyllis. She is such a curious mixture—now of sweetness, now of determination. But oh!' she wound up with a feminine instinct, 'I wish she wouldn't wear those horrid sun-bonnets!'

It was an exquisite day, one of those days of early autumn when our Australian climate is absolutely perfect. The first showers of rain had fallen a day or two before, and the islands were clothed with a flush of emerald green. Overhead was a blue sky, in which white fleecy clouds sailed slowly; a soft delicious breeze was wafted from the south, and the air seemed full of wild sweet odours. Jack had laid his gun in the bottom of the boat, and had taken the oars, while Phyllis presided at the rudder. The plash of the oars and the musical rustle of the reeds had for her an undefined, exquisite charm.

'How delightful to be out again,' she said, drawing a long breath. 'Everything looks so green and fresh now.'

'I should like to be allowed to judge better of your gladness,' remarked Jack with great gravity.

'How? In what way?' she asked, perplexed.

'Well, I *suppose* you are glad; but as you persist in wearing bonnets that completely hide your face, I can only judge your sentiments by your voice.'

Phyllis laughed a low satisfied laugh. She was not in the least sorry that the rosy flush which suffused her fair face was hidden from those bright black eyes of her companion.

'Where are we going?' she asked.

'What do you call that low purple island lying out there?' returned Jack.

'Oh, we call that Wild-duck Island; there are always so many birds there.'

'Well, that will suit nicely,' he said, turning the boat in that direction. 'We want birds; and I have been haunted for some time by a desire to visit that island.'

'Do you think we shall be back in time for tea?' asked Phyllis. 'It is a good way off.'

'I daresay we shall be pardoned if we are not,' he answered gaily. 'It isn't often you and I set off on an expedition together, Phyllis.'

Chattering and laughing like two children out for a holiday, Jack's strong arms made the boat cut rapidly through the water. The drops that fell from his ears flashed like diamonds in the sunlight; far away the hills stood out softly blue against the sky. Everything seemed fresh and young and beautiful, like themselves. It was one of those rare and precious hours when young souls forget everything for a time except their own happiness. For though those two had as yet never breathed a word of love, they were beginning to be shyly conscious that they were more to one another than naught in the world besides.

Gradually the island, which had looked purple in the distance, began to assume a green flush of colour as they drew near it. It was a long low island, rising slightly in the centre, and sloping on all sides gently towards the water. Here and there along the edges grew the dark sharp-leaved tea-tree, and everywhere tall reeds bent and rustled in the shallower water. Its sole inhabitants were a few sheep, belonging to Robert, which led a free and happy existence on their small lonely home. One of them had two snow-white lambs by her side, and the pretty creatures, tame from their very isolation, stood quite still, staring in surprise at the intruders on their domain. Phyllis thought they would allow her to stroke them; but when she was almost within reach, they sprang off to a little distance and stood staring once more. Jack remarked that the island certainly deserved its name, for hundreds of wild-ducks rose from the rushes on every side only to settle down again on the water.

Seated on a grassy knoll that overlooked the lake and commanded a prospect of their own island, the two adventurers became wrapped in the beauty of the scene.

'This is quite the prettiest view of Hamilton I have yet seen, Phyll. I should like to have this scene photographed, to send home to some of my old friends.'

'I wish I could sketch,' interposed Phyllis regretfully. 'The sight of those lovely tints and lines always awakens in me a strong desire to be able to reproduce them. But I have never had a chance of learning.'

'I think I know enough of the rudiments of drawing to be able to teach you,' returned her companion, smiling. 'I have no gift in that way; but perhaps you may have the genius that I lack, and be able to put my theories into practice.'

'O how delightful that would be!' exclaimed Phyllis with sparkling eyes. 'But tell me, would it not be giving you a great deal of trouble?'

'I think not,' said Jack. 'You will not be a stupid pupil, I know. It will be a pleasant employment for those winter evenings that are coming on. I believe I have a colour-box and pencils somewhere amongst my belongings.'

He could hardly have proposed anything more charming to Phyllis. The girl had a positive thirst for knowledge of all sorts, which owing to circumstances, the loneliness of her home, and its distance from any town where she could procure masters, she found it difficult to satisfy.

She was meditating on the charming suggestion, when Jack, who had strolled to a little distance, came back to her, holding in his hand a curious round black ball. 'I have found a curiosity,' he said, holding it out for her to look at. 'The skull of something. What is it?'

'Oh, don't you know? Why, that is a black-fellow's skull. There are numbers of them on this island. We think the place must have been used as a burying-ground by the natives at one time; but it must have been long ago.'

'How very strange!' said Jack, turning over the curious relic of mortality he held in his hands and examining it attentively. 'How small it is, and how curiously shaped—almost like the skull of a baboon.'

'It is very much weather-worn,' said Phyllis.

'I suppose they have quite given up using this place now?' he asked.

'Yes; quite. In fact no natives have been seen in this neighbourhood for a long time. I am glad of it, for I confess to a shinking from them which I cannot conquer, though I feel it to be wrong. After all, they are human creatures—like ourselves.'

'Doubtful!' mused Jack, smiling, as he mentally contrasted the glorious creature beside him, with her fair skin and deep-blue eyes, and golden-brown hair, with the few wretched blacks he had seen on the outskirts of some of the townships during his journey from the coast. 'No,' he went on aloud, at the conclusion of his meditations; 'I very much doubt if they can be called human creatures—like ourselves. But as that is a question it would take us some hours to discuss, and as the sun is just about to set, we shall postpone it in the meantime. Will you stay here for a little, while I go and have a shot at the ducks?' Smiling a glad assent, her companion rose from the grass, where he had thrown himself nearly at her feet. 'Take care of my black-fellow's skull!' said he.

'Why, what use is the ugly thing?' she asked, laughing.

'I am going to take it home and stick it up in my room, that I may look at it occasionally and meditate on the shortness of life. Meanwhile'

you may amuse yourself by hunting for a couple of nice cross-bones to stick under it, if you like.'

Phyllis watched him march slowly down to the water's edge and step into the boat, which he had moored to a convenient tree-stump, and then she saw him pull out among the reeds, where he waited quietly for a shot. Half laughing to herself at his whimsical request, she rose and strolled away up to the highest point of the island, searching from side to side as she went for suitable materials of which to form the 'cross-bones' he had spoken of. It was rather a curious occupation for that bright young girl on that lovely evening, with the golden waters quivering all about her, the green grass under her feet, a young crescent moon shewing faintly in the sky overhead; but the contrast hardly struck her at the time. They were so old, those relics of humanity, it was almost like searching for the fossil remains of an extinct race. Had they indeed been *men*, whose bones lay here? Had those small curiously shaped skulls contained brains of the same quality as those which could grasp the wonders of science, plan cathedrals and bridges, and conquer Nature by utilising her mightiest forces? Or had they been but a half-developed race of beings, half human, half animal, who had man's instinct to hunt and fish, and the wilder animals' instinct to roam homeless over the vast and desolate territories of the land, then undiscovered by any civilised nation?

Thus musing, the girl had ascended to the very crown of the island, and was descending the slope on the opposite side to which Jack and she had been sitting, when all at once she caught sight of something which banished everything from her mind for the time, except a sudden feeling of surprise mingled with something like fear. Just at the foot of the slope where she was standing, and almost concealed by a dark thick clump of tea-trees, was a square space bare of grass, surrounded by a rude fence of cut boughs. She knew at once what it was, for though she had never seen anything like it before, she had heard Robert describe a similar inclosure. It was a black-fellow's grave. Not of the same date by any means as those old-world remains about which Jack and she had been speculating: this inclosure, though rude, was evidently but a few months old; and when, after a long pause, she persuaded herself to go closer to it, she saw traces which led her to believe that it might be more recent still; for inside the rough fence there were stains, which Phyllis knew, as she glanced at them with a strange sickening feeling, could have only one origin. What the peculiar ceremonies of the blacks were, she did not know; but she had heard dark hints from Judy Maloney and some of the other women on the island, which spoke horrors.

When had this lonely grave been made? she asked herself, as she gazed at it, her face a good deal paler than it had been a little while ago. What whim or observance had led them to bring their dead here to this old burying-ground, which had seemingly been unused for centuries? Was this the grave of some dead chief among them, and had they brought him here in obedience to some of the weird traditions of their race? However it was, they had come quietly, for no canoes had been observed in that part of the lake,

and no blacks had been seen in the neighbourhood for a long time. Once, when the place was first colonised, a wild tribe had haunted their old hunting-grounds for a time; but they had long since gone far into the interior; or perhaps some of them had strayed into the neighbourhood of the towns and become demoralised, as the blacks so quickly do. At anyrate, they were gone as a people, and the white man cultivated the ground once held by the aborigines.

Welcome now was Jack's loud clear 'cooie' which hailed from the other side of the island. The loneliness and silence of the place were becoming oppressive to the girl, and yet it exercised a weird sort of fascination which had made her linger.

Her answering 'cooie' came faintly to his ear as he sat in the boat waiting for her, and presently he saw her appear over the crown of the hill and hasten down the slope towards him. The evening air had brought the colour back to her cheeks before she reached the boat; but for some time after she was seated, and they were rowing homewards, Jack noticed that his fair companion was unusually silent, as if preoccupied with some absorbing thought.

'The skull!' she exclaimed suddenly; 'I have forgotten it.'

'Never mind, Phyll. We can go back for it some day,' he answered. But I do not think they ever did.

CHAPTER IX.—THE DEADLY TOY.

I do not know why it was that Phyllis did not tell what she had seen, either to Jack or Robert, till long afterwards, when it was too late to be of use. Perhaps it was that she convinced herself that as the blacks had come and gone so silently, without shewing themselves to any of the white people near, they could mean no mischief, and therefore another visit was not to be apprehended. But the more likely explanation of her silence is, that the sight of the lonely grave, the perfect silence and solitude of the place, had touched her nerves painfully, and that she shrank from speaking of it to any one. At anyrate, she never did speak till long afterwards.

But a few days after their visit to Wild-duck Island, something happened which troubled and perplexed James Hamilton in an uncomfortable manner. He had gone out with Robert immediately after breakfast, and remembering during the forenoon that he had left something which he required in his own room, he went back to the house to get it. He had always known that Phyllis attended to the keeping of his room in order; but not generally being at home at the time when she did so, he had never found her there until to-day, when entering suddenly, he saw her standing by his toilet-table, holding something in her hand which she was regarding attentively. It was a little revolver, not more than six inches long, but so beautifully made, that though capable of accounting for six men's lives, it was light enough to be used by a woman or even a child. The deadly toy had lain half-forgotten at the bottom of Jack's portmanteau till the evening before, when, while looking for the colour-box he had spoken of to Phyllis, he had taken it out and cleaned it.

'Phyllis! what are you doing with that?' he said rather sharply, for he disliked seeing such a thing in her hands.

'I was thinking,' she replied, slowly, and looking up at him without a shade of embarrassment on her face, 'how easily I could fire this.'

'What an idea!' he said smiling, as he gently took the weapon from the girl's hand. 'Women have no business with such things. It was careless of me to leave it lying there, though.'

'I wish you would shew me how it works,' she said without noticing either his smile or the half-petulance which accompanied it.

'Why, what would be the use of your knowing that?'

'I should like to know. Do shew me,' she urged.

And with a sort of impatience, he explained to her how the revolving principle acted. 'Will that do now, Miss Curiosity?' he asked. 'Or is there anything else you would like?'

'Yes; I should like you to give me this.'

'What an odd taste you have, Phyllis! Do you mean that you want the pistol for your own, to keep?'

'Yes; I want the pistol for my own, to keep,' she answered unblushingly.

'There are other things I would rather give you for my first present,' he said, looking at her attentively. 'For instance, the colour-box I shewed you last night.'

'I didn't mean to ask for a present. And I suppose this is worth a good deal of money. But if you will lend it to me that will do quite as well.'

'Phyllis!' he exclaimed, flushing with vexation, 'you use your powers of persuasion mercilessly, for you know I cannot refuse you this or anything else I have? There; take it; but I would rather give you anything else.'

'And I would rather have this,' she persisted, smiling, and accepting it from his hand.

He went to his portmanteau and drew out a mahogany case. 'You will find everything belonging to it there,' he said, 'but I entreat you to be cautious how you play with the deadly toy;' and without another word he left the room.

Phyllis stood looking after him in silence for more than a minute, and there was a suspicion of moisture in her dark-blue eyes, and of a quiver in the lines of her beautiful lips. Then she went quietly to her own room and put her new acquisition out of sight, but not till she had examined it thoroughly once more, and satisfied herself that she understood its way of working.

CHAPTER X.—THE BLACKS.

The month of May came in with such heavy rains that Jack began to understand how it was that a country could be fertile and yet rainless for more than half the year. 'At home in Scotland,' he said, accosting his brother, 'the rain keeps coming down in a fashion all the year through. Here we have it all at once; that is the difference. I think I almost prefer this way, though it is very unpatriotic to say so.'

'Not at all,' Robert answered. 'Keep your patriotism for your new country, and think that everything Australian is best!'

There was comparatively little farm-work to be done at this season, though it seemed quite enough

to keep every one busy. And Robert took it into his head that a new jetty was required at a certain spot at the other end of the island, and that after the first heavy rains were past and a few days of bright weather had set in, was a capital time to build it. For a day or two Jack and he were busily employed in trimming posts and planks into shape; then one morning the materials were all hoisted into a great dray which Robert drove, while Jack rode beside the team on his own gray horse. It was very early in the morning, scarcely daylight, when they set out; their dinner was packed up and stowed away in the dray, for they did not intend to be home till late in the evening.

Phyllis the ever useful, stood at the door to speed their departure; and as they waved their temporary adieus, she could not but own to just a soupçon of loneliness as she turned into the house again. Judy Maloney had left the farm for her own cottage only two days before. She was to return and to stay permanently as a household help, in the course of a week or two; but prior to doing so, it was necessary that she should arrange the affairs of her own small domicile, and make ready all her belongings for transfer to the comfortable rooms which Mr Hamilton had prepared for her and her husband just behind his own house. So, as things happened, Phyllis was quite alone in the house with Bessie and the two children. The morning passed quickly; Bessie was dressed, and Phyllis helped to dress the two little ones, and then went to prepare breakfast for them. Then there were all the innumerable things to be done necessary for the comfort of a household; bread to bake, meat to prepare for cooking, sweeping and dusting, and cleaning of dishes; and by the time those things were all accomplished the sun was high in the heavens, and it was almost time to think about dinner.

Phyllis went into the parlour to see how Bessie and the children were getting on, and to rest for a few minutes. All three looked very happy and comfortable; the little lady was sound asleep in her pretty bassinet; and Bertie was absorbed in a box of bricks, which his father had brought him after his last visit to the new store at Glen Assynt, and which had been a constant source of delight to the little boy ever since. 'Bessie was quietly sewing, preparing some of the warm garments necessary for her household during the coming winter. Her clever fingers made nearly everything that was worn at Hamilton Farm, though she was not strong enough to overtake much of the housework.'

'Are you tired, dear?' asked Phyllis, coming to her sister's side and stooping down to kiss her. There was something in the girl's love for her delicate and gentle sister that was perhaps more like the love of a strong and gentle man for a woman, than the love of one woman for another. She always thought of Bessie as of one who was to be guarded from fatigue or danger of any kind, who was to be kept from anxiety if possible, and shielded from harm. Indeed had Bessie not been what she was—the most loving and unselfish of women—Robert and Phyllis might have spoilt her just a little between them. But as it was, her every thought and wish was for the happiness of those who loved her, and whom she loved so

heartily in return; and her beautiful and gentle nature bloomed like a rare and exquisite flower in the atmosphere of tenderness by which she was surrounded.

'Have the children been good?' Phyllis asked, as she touched Bessie's soft hair caressingly. 'I meant to have come in earlier, and to have helped you with them, but I found so much to do in the kitchen.'

'They have been as good as gold,' answered Bessie brightly. 'Bertie grows quite a companion with his little talk.'

'Bless him! He is auntie's own boy!' said Phyllis, taking the little fellow from his play, and tossing him up and down in her strong arms, making him laugh and shout with delight. Still holding the child in her arms, she opened the front-door and went out into the veranda. The air felt sweet after the rain, with that newly washed freshness which is so delicious. The islands lay like great emeralds in the water, so covered were they by their new mantle of living green; the sun shone brightly down on the lake, and everywhere there seemed a flutter and movement, as if old Earth felt the sap stirring in her veins, and kept whispering to herself: 'Spring is coming! I know it! I feel it!'

But Phyllis had not stood in the veranda for five minutes, before, in the middle of all this beauty and freshness, she descried a dark object, which made her heart seem to stand still for a minute. From behind a promontory on the opposite side of the water, to the right of the spot where she stood, and not more than a quarter of a mile off, she saw a boat suddenly shoot out, and her quick eyes discerned in an instant that its shape was not in the least like that of any boat belonging to Robert or to any one else in the neighbourhood. It was much longer and narrower; and was filled with at least a dozen human beings, whose bodies looked dark against the sunlit water. Phyllis watched them for a minute or two in perfect silence; it seemed as if she scarcely breathed, so still was she; then she carried Bertie into the parlour again, and set him down beside his bricks, and stepping out into the veranda once more, she closed the door behind her. Going quietly past the parlour window, she hummed a little air softly, so that Bessie might think all was well.

'And probably nothing will come of it,' she said to herself. 'I daresay I am silly to be so frightened. Only I wish they had not come to-day, just when we happen to be alone here. And it is such a long time since any have been seen about here.'

Even while admitting to herself that she was afraid, she walked on bravely towards the spot where, from the direction the canoe was taking, she saw the blacks intended to land. She felt relieved that they were evidently not coming to the jetty just in front of the house, but to a spot nearly a hundred yards off. If she could only keep them out of Bessie's sight and hearing, she thought, till Robert and Jack came back at night, all would be well. Or perhaps some of the men might come up to the farm during the day. She looked in all directions to see if any one was in sight; but no human beings were visible except the dark freight coming so swiftly towards the shore. Even Sam the farm-lad had disappeared,

and Phyllis thought with a pang that he had probably stolen off to join his master. Else how quickly would she have sent him off, running at the top of his speed, to fetch that master home!

By the time she reached the bank which overlooked the spot for which the boat had been making, the boat had reached the shore, and the blacks were landing, about a dozen of them, men and women. There they were, most of them, as the weather was not hot, wrapped in opossum skins or blankets; by which last, Phyllis surmised that they had visited some township, and thought with a sickening feeling of dread that they were probably none the better for that. Standing on the top of the bank, she quietly watched their proceedings with as much calmness as she could command. In return they stared at her, the one white girl confronting them all, and then conferred with each other for several minutes. Then a tall fellow with a bearded face, and eyes that rolled fiercely under their bushy eyebrows, approached as spokesman. And this was his speech, short but pointed: 'You white missy! Give sheep! Give rum!'

In a moment Phyllis's plan of action was formed. She spoke slowly and distinctly, holding her head very high and pointing imperiously with her hand. 'You are to stay here, all of you. If you come nearer the house, the master will be angry. One man and one woman'—she held up her fingers to illustrate—'may come with me, and I will give them sheep for all, and plenty plenty rum.'

The black-fellow grinned, shewing his great white fangs; he evidently understood perfectly what she meant, for he nodded good-humouredly enough; whereupon Phyllis turned and walked towards the house, but took care to make a detour which would take her and her unwelcome companions in by the back-way. Then followed her, after a moment's hesitation, a man and a woman, as she had directed. In one of the outhouses there hung the side of a sheep which had been killed the previous day, and to this she led them. Their faces beamed when they saw the plentiful supply; and when she indicated by gestures that they might have it, the man took it down, and coolly laid the heavy burden on the shoulders of the woman, who trudged slowly off with it to join her companions, who had squatted down in a circle on a flat green spot near the water's edge. The man remained with Phyllis, who, still carefully keeping out of sight of the house-windows, led him across the court to the locked storehouse, where such things as tea, sugar, brandy, &c. were kept. With an imperious gesture she desired the man to remain outside, and went in alone to the well-filled store-room. Her all-absorbing thought, as she looked at the shelves where the brandy and rum stood, was, 'How much will it take to stupefy them until Robert and Jack come home?'

She determined to err on the safe side, and lifted out of an opened case half-a-dozen bottles, incased in their straw envelopes. The black-fellow grinned again as she loaded him with the welcome burden, and gave utterance to some guttural and totally unintelligible words, which however seemed to be expressive of satisfaction. As she glanced momentarily into this man's face, Phyllis was

conscious of a more intense loathing than she had known herself to be capable of feeling for anything in human shape.

THE NATIONAL GAME-BAG.

GAME of every description, both furred and feathered, particularly partridges, grouse, and hares, contributes largely nowadays to the national commissariat. Two-thirds of the total grouse-supply of the kingdom—which has been estimated at seven hundred and fifty thousand birds—are derived from Scottish moors; partridges and pheasants are chiefly obtained from the farms and home-preserves of England; whilst ground-game is contributed to the national bag by both countries according to their acreage. The greater portion of the game obtained in the United Kingdom is sent to London, whence it is distributed to all parts of the country; some—grouse in particular—being sent to France and Germany, while not a little finds its way to meat-preserving factories to be ‘potted’ for our exiled countrymen in India and Australia, who have not the privilege of being able to enjoy a grouse in any other shape.

Besides being forwarded to London, supplies of most kinds of game, particularly grouse, are sent from the moors direct to dealers in provincial towns; but as a rule, the supply centres in the great metropolis; and it frequently occurs that hampers of birds, more especially of grouse and black-cock, consigned to dealers in large provincial towns, are at once re-addressed and forwarded to London, with the certainty that in Leadenhall or Newgate markets the best prices will be obtained. The wholesale dealers there are numerous and wonderfully smart in the conduct of their business, doing their best to secure good profits out of a material which is notoriously perishable. In this they are now largely aided by the use of the telegraph, by means of which they can at once feel the pulse of distant customers, or become apprised of the extent of whatever consignments may be on the road.

The magnitude and value of the national bag of game can of course only be approximately estimated, but reliable figures exist from which a tolerably correct return can be made up. It has been ascertained, for instance, by persons in the trade that more than three hundred thousand grouse are annually consumed in London. In the other large cities and towns of England, an equal number are disposed of; while throughout Scotland and in various of the smaller towns and villages, it is certain that one hundred thousand of these birds annually find their way into the hands of the cook. This seems a vast number; but as the sporting rental of Scotland is assessed at something like a quarter of a million sterling, and as large supplies of grouse are likewise obtained from the extensive moors of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cumberland, the number is doubtless pretty correct; although it varies considerably as the season is a good or a bad one. Thus, from the absence of rain and the healthy appearance of the young birds, it was predicted some months ago that sport of all kinds would this year (1878) be abundant; and it was thought that grouse in particular would be more plentiful

than usual; a prediction which has been borne out by the sport experienced on the moors.

The wholesale value of the grouse which are annually contributed to the national game-bag has been calculated on an average at the rate of one shilling and tenpence per bird, free of all expenses of carriage and commission to wholesale dealers. At that rate Scotland's two-thirds represent a money value of forty-eight thousand eight hundred pounds. To persons who are sometimes charged half a guinea for a brace of grouse, one shilling and tenpence for each bird may seem a small average; but it is nevertheless correct, as sometimes during the course of a season, when the wholesale markets become glutted, good birds can be had as cheap as sixpence each, while at other times they command seven shillings per brace. The amount named will not go far to pay a sporting rental of a quarter of a million sterling; but a large portion of that sum, it must be kept in mind, is derived from the lessees of deer-forests and fishings. Some of the Scottish deer-forests are of considerable magnitude, extending over twenty miles in length, and ranging in breadth from nine to thirteen miles. The rents paid for individual tracts of ground are in some instances very high—as high as seven thousand pounds per annum in one instance; of four thousand pounds in another instance; whilst there are at least twenty shootings let at sums ranging from one to three thousand pounds. It will convey some idea of the magnitude of the ground taken up by the moors and forests of Scotland, when it is explained that the average sum which is derived from them in the form of rental amounts to but one shilling and twopence per acre. The number of times that one shilling and twopence can be calculated in a quarter of a million of pounds sterling therefore gives the acreage of Scotland devoted to sport; and if we calculate the total value of the game of all kinds, and the fish in the shape of salmon and trout caught by the rod, at not more than eighty thousand pounds per annum, it will be seen that sportsmen pay pretty dearly for their amusement.

It has been calculated that every stag which is brought down costs the tenant of the deer-forest fifty pounds, and that every brace of grouse which is shot costs the sportsman a sovereign!

Before taking leave of the grouse-moors, we may be perhaps allowed to observe that an opinion has been gaining ground of late years that the birds are deteriorating; which is in part the cause of the disease that every few years becomes epidemic on the moors. An ingenious proposition has more than once been ventilated for improving the breed of grouse by an infusion of new blood. This plan of improvement was tried a few years ago under the auspices of a Scottish nobleman, who having moors in two different parts of the country, was able to cross the grouse on one of his moors with birds from another shooting, with perfect success. The grouse is a peculiar bird, and will only breed and thrive upon the kind of ground which has become its home. Several attempts have been made to transplant it, but none of them has proved successful. If as many as five hundred thousand birds are annually shot upon the Scottish moors, it will naturally be supposed that a large supply of parent grouse is necessary to keep up the breeding-stock. As a matter of fact,

grouse generally lay from seven to twelve eggs, and the average number of birds in a covey may be set down at nine; but successful hatching is dependent on several circumstances. In some seasons the eggs in the nests are destroyed by a more than usual rainfall; whilst in other years the tender birds are killed by the severe frosts which in the north of Scotland are incidental to the breeding-season. Some economists maintain that a breeding-stock must be left on a moor equal to twenty-five per cent. of the number killed; others hold that at least forty birds must be left for every hundred taken away.

The grouse, like other wild animals, recede before the civilising efforts of man; and they are likely, as the reclamation of waste lands goes on, to become less plentiful. It is thought that within the next ten years a very large surface of ground now devoted to deer and grouse may be brought into cultivation, and be ultimately sown with corn or other crops; so that instead of being worth only fourteenpence per acre, it will some day become thirty-fold more valuable. The way in which shooting-ground has risen in value during the last quarter of a century is remarkable. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, shootings were not the source of revenue they have since become. Men who possess a stretch of heather, upon which their father fed a scanty stock of sheep, now find themselves drawing from it a handsome income of from six to twelve hundred pounds a year, arising from the fact of its being populated with a few thousand birds which it has become the fashion of the age for certain men to pay large sums of money for the privilege of shooting. To rent a far-away stretch of heather on a Highland hillside requires a much larger expenditure than is generally supposed—an expenditure which we know too is very readily incurred, even by men who have earned a reputation for great shrewdness, and who in any other matter would frown ready disapprobation if asked to sell for about twentypence an article which had cost them half as many shillings.

In addition to grouse, the game-bird *par excellence*, we have the black-cock and the gray hen, the capercaillie, the ptarmigan, and the partridge, likewise the pheasant, all of which contribute largely to the national commissariat. There is no separate computation of rental for the grounds on which our partridges and pheasants are bred; but these birds in their season are wonderfully abundant. There are perhaps five times as many partridges in England as there are grouse in Scotland; and pheasants are being bred in greater numbers every year. The national game-bag is supplied with its partridges chiefly from English counties, of which Norfolk, Lincoln, and Suffolk contribute a large percentage; whilst considerable supplies come also from France and Belgium. It may be accepted as a fact not lightly stated, that quite a million of partridges are annually sold in London, and as many more in the country, including the larger provincial towns.

As has been stated, there is no separate rental for game-ground in England, nor in Scotland either for such game as partridges and pheasants; but if the wholesale price of partridges be set down at the round average of one shilling each bird, a tolerable idea of the value of that contribution to our game commissariat will be obtained. Partridge-shooting, if not so picturesque as grouse-

shooting, is undoubtedly both pleasant and profitable, and stubbles being more accessible than heather, a larger number of persons are enabled to enjoy the sport. Pheasant-shooting again, is still tamer work, as the pheasant, beautiful though it be, is little removed from being what we may call a barn-door fowl. It is bred in enormous quantities, common hens being frequently employed for the purpose of hatching the eggs; and the bird being comparatively tame, is easily killed. During what may be called the battue-season, in December and January, pheasants, partridges, and hares reach London daily from all quarters in tens of thousands. About Christmas, notwithstanding the enormous demand, a glut of these commodities is sometimes experienced, upon which occasions birds are sold for 'just what they will bring,' a partridge for sixpence, a pheasant for a shilling! All classes for a day or two may at such times enjoy game. The capercaillie is again to be found in the pine-woods of the north of Scotland in considerable numbers, and an occasional bird finds its way to market, but the 'Cock of the woods' has not at present any commercial value. Some other birds, as black-cock, ptarmigan, and snipe, aid in some degree the national commissariat; but in grouse, partridges, and pheasants we find the birds that bulk largest in the national game-bag, and which are of most consequence to those who breed and feed them.

A considerable weight of venison is every year brought to market; but the deer is more an animal of sport than of economic importance. There is one gentleman entered on the sporting rent-roll of Scotland as tenant of a deer-forest the rental of which is seven thousand pounds per annum, and the thorough enjoyment of which will cost, at least for the three months during which it is occupied, an additional sum of say fifteen hundred pounds; while all that the gentleman can have in return, is the privilege of shooting some hundred and forty stags and a few hundred brace of grouse.

Whilst the deer need not be calculated upon as being of any great account in the national commissariat, that well-known contributor to the soup-pot, the hare, fills up all the odd corners of the British game-bag. There are few persons who are aware of the excellent food-value of this animal or of the fact that more than a million hares pass through Leadenhall and Newgate markets during the season in which they can be legally captured; and as the wholesale value of each animal may be calculated at about two-shillings, the amount of money derived from these ground-game, which are on sale in every large and small town in the empire, must be very considerable.

In considering the economic value of game, it may be safely affirmed that a brace of partridges, which can often enough be purchased for half-a-crown, will yield, as the cook would say, as much 'outcome' as a fowl; and a partridge is highly susceptible of the arts of the cook. The average weight of a pheasant prepared for the spit is about two pounds and a quarter. A hare bought from a retail poulterer at three-and-sixpence is, if economically cooked, relatively cheaper than a fowl purchased at the same money, seeing that it carries upon its bones a greater weight of meat than a capon of the same price. A well-fed hare

of average size will weigh when prepared for cooking, about four and a half pounds. As man cannot live on beef alone, nor even on mutton, the various kinds of winged and furred animals known as game bring to his table a welcome variety, whilst to invalids that kind of meat is invaluable.

In estimating the value of the national game-bag, there is something droll in connection with the price at which it is filled. It has been already noted that the cost of every brace of grouse to the sportsman who kills them is reputed to be about a pound; and yet even in the earlier days of the season, about the 20th of August, the public may purchase grouse from the poulterers at from four shillings to half-a-guinea a brace. How curious it would sound if we were told that the table-spoons which we use cost ten shillings each to manufacture, but that a number of eccentric manufacturers were determined that the public should obtain them at half-a-crown each! The cases are sufficiently upon a level to be worth noting. 'Why a man should become lessee of a vast moor, and work like a slave at grouse-shooting for the good of the game-dealer, is one of those things which are too mysterious for solution,' said the late Lord Palmerston; and there are many who are equally puzzled with the problem. The solution however, is easy, and lies in the fact that no genuine sportsman takes a shooting with a view to making a profit or even squaring the expense. As a set-off against the outlay involved, he has health-giving exhilarating excitement in the shape of *sport*. He has the anticipation, the realisation, and the retrospect of glorious tramps through the heather or across the stubble.

There is no doubt that the national game-bag is a splendid contributor to the national commissariat, and that those who rent the wide wastes of heather which are found in Scotland and elsewhere are public benefactors, inasmuch as they are the means of conferring benefits on a number of people who would not otherwise obtain them. The gold of the Sassenach is a welcome sight in the highlands of Scotland, both to the owner of the moors and to those who watch them; whilst the sale of all kinds of game has given rise to an industry which annually sends large sums of money into a hundred useful channels.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S STORY.

'WELL, my dears, if I must tell you a story, I will tell you what once happened when I was returning from India, now many years ago. With the earlier events of the story I was personally connected, and the rest was afterwards told me by one of the chief actors in it.' So spake our dear old Uncle Benjamin, when on a visit to us last Christmas; and we his nephews and nieces, who had been teasing him to tell us some of his adventures, delightedly composed ourselves to listen.

'I might,' he continued, 'call it a "tale of circumstantial evidence;" but for reasons which you will no doubt afterwards perceive, I prefer to style it "Cast Down, but not Destroyed."

'The homeward-bound troop-ship *Stirling Castle*, Captain Bowlby, was becalmed in the tropics. For three days there had hardly been a breath of wind, and the sea lay around her smooth as glass. But although all was so calm and peaceful outside, yet on board the ship a painful and intense excitement prevailed. General Page, one of the chief-cabin passengers, had been robbed and nearly killed the night before; and the person accused of the crime was Walter Stevenson, a young lieutenant, and a general favourite of all on board. But to explain, I must go back a little. The *Stirling Castle* belonged to the old East India Company, and General Page having retired from the service, was returning to Old England. He was accompanied by his daughter Rose, a young lady about twenty-two years of age, who without being exactly beautiful, possessed a vivacity and charm of manner which captivated all who approached her.

'There were several other officers on board; but only two enter into the story; the first being Colonel Morton, a very old friend of the General's; and the other, the Lieutenant Stevenson above mentioned. Colonel Morton and the General had known each other in youth, their respective families owning neighbouring estates; they had gone out to India together, and now were returning home in company. And still another tie bound the two old friends together. Colonel Morton had a son, and they had agreed that this son should marry the General's daughter, partly because of their long-standing friendship, and partly because the two estates united would make a very fine property. Nay, the General even went so far as to make his will, leaving all his property to Rose it is true, but appointing Colonel Morton sole trustee, and authorising him to use the influence the position gave him to bring about a match between the young people.

'Now, although all this was known to Rose, yet it affected her very little; she was a true woman, and would only follow the dictates of her own heart; and who shall govern the caprices of the god of love? Soon after leaving Calcutta, it was noticed that Lieutenant Stevenson was often seen in her company. Whether it was his handsome person, his bold frank bearing, or his general intelligence and affability that first attracted her, I know not, but certain it is their friendship quickly ripened into mutual love. Ere the Cape was reached they had confessed to each other, and the father was made acquainted with their feelings and wishes. But alas! did the course of true love ever run smooth? As before mentioned, the General had his own idea with regard to Rose, and so he sternly refused his sanction to her engagement with Stevenson.

'I now come to the dreadful circumstances mentioned in the opening of my story. There had been a good deal of merriment in the large saloon the night before; but because of his anomalous position with regard to Rose, Stevenson took very little part in it, and retired early. The General too,

not feeling very well, had passed into his cabin somewhat before his usual time; and soon after eleven o'clock entire silence reigned throughout the whole of the after-cabins. So things remained until about five o'clock in the morning, when all were aroused by loud cries for help, proceeding from the General's room. Hurriedly throwing on a few clothes, several of the passengers hastened to the cabin indicated; and what a sight met their horrified eyes! Supported in the arms of Lieutenant Stevenson, lay the General, his head bathed in blood. His closed eyes and pallid lips seemed to betoken death, except that his laboured breathing and deep groans shewed that he still lived. In another part of the cabin lay the body of the General's servant, and examination shewed that he was quite dead. Being very old, he had been unable to withstand the heavy blow dealt him. The ship's doctor, Captain Bowlby, Colonel Morton, and many others were now collected in the cabin; and after the doctor had taken the wounded man in hand, the question was anxiously asked: How did it occur? As Stevenson was the one who had given the alarm, all looked to him for an explanation; but what he had to tell was summed up in a very few words. He said he had been restless all the night, and had got up early, to see the beauties of a tropical sunrise; that passing the General's door, he heard groans; that he had knocked, to see if he could be of any service; but receiving no reply, he had entered, and found things in the state they saw them.

'There were many who shook their heads at this tale, as it was well known the General had not an enemy in the ship, unless it might be the lieutenant himself; and most knew that the two were not on very good terms. Some one suggested suicide; but the doctor shewed that the wound on the head had been caused by a blunt instrument, and was in such a position that it could not have been self-inflicted. And now suspicion grew stronger that Stevenson knew more than he had told. Men asked themselves: "Who would be the gainer by the old man's death?" Stevenson of course; as the only obstacle to his marriage with Rose would then be removed, especially as diligent search failed to discover the box asserted by Colonel Morton to contain the will. So things remained for several days.

'Stevenson could not but notice the half-averted glances of his fellow-passengers, yet he treated the idea of being really suspected as preposterous. Rose was for the most part closely engaged at the bedside of her father, who still hovered between life and death. He was for a great portion of the time quite unconscious; still there were intervals when he seemed to be aware of all that was passing. This being the case, it was arranged that he should be asked, in the presence of the principal passengers, to name his assailant. At the time appointed by the doctor as being a likely one to find the General fit to receive them, the cabin was filled by Captain Bowlby, Colonel Morton, and many others, among them being Lieutenant Stevenson. It was a scene, solemn as striking, in that dimly lighted cabin. The patient with his bandaged head, and his face scarcely less pale than the sheet on which he lay; the by-standers, with anxiety and curiosity strangely mingled in their faces, made up a picture not easily forgotten. The time seemed propitious, as the General recognised

Rose and several others around him; but now a difficulty occurred: the wound in the throat was in such a state that the doctor would not allow him to speak. It was therefore arranged that paper and pen should be given him, and while one held him up, he should be simply asked to write the name of his assailant. "And we must be quick, gentlemen," added the doctor, "or the excitement of the scene may overcome him before you obtain what you want." Thus urged, and all being ready, Captain Bowlby solemnly asked the patient if he understood what was required of him. A momentary brightening of the eye was answer sufficient, and none doubted but that the author of the crime would soon be exposed. But alas! the will was stronger than the power; for when the General had painfully traced a few letters, the pen fell from his hand, his eyelids closed, and he passed into a state of complete unconsciousness.

'And what were the letters written? The culprit's fate hangs upon them. Here they are, S T E. What a pity there are only three; and yet—when the Captain read out in a firm clear voice S T E, all eyes involuntarily turned on Stevenson, as though there could be no doubt that he was the man, and that these three letters were as good as a whole name. And so it proved; for on reference to the ship's books and passenger list, no other name was found (either Christian or surname) beginning with Ste. Nor was this all; for just at this moment a man entered the cabin bringing the missing box, which he stated had been found hidden behind Stevenson's bed. Examination shewed that the lock was broken and the will missing. So convinced was Captain Bowlby by this evidence, that he exclaimed in stern tones: "Lieutenant Stevenson, retire to your cabin, and consider yourself under arrest for the remainder of the voyage." It was done, and the once gay and still noble-looking Walter Stevenson was led away a suspected thief and murderer.

'But did every one believe him guilty? Not so. Need I say that the exception was the one whose opinion he prized more than all the rest—namely his beloved Rose. Assured of her belief in his innocence, and strong in his own consciousness, it mattered little to him what others thought; and so, when he passed from the cabin, his eye quailed not, nor did his tall form lose one inch of its height.

'I must now in very few words pass over more than a month. The good ship had steadily pursued her way, and was rapidly approaching the end of the voyage. No event of importance had occurred since the scene depicted above. The old General, contrary to all expectation, gradually became stronger; but alas! as his bodily health improved so did it become the more manifest that his mind was gone. The blow on the head had been too much for him; and though his life was spared, and his strength, comparatively speaking, restored, yet it was only to be an imbecile; simple and harmless it is true, but none the less an imbecile. Stevenson, confined to his cabin, had—as much as prudence and her duties to her father allowed—been cheered by visits from the noble girl. These visits were necessarily few and short, but still they were sufficient to assure him of her undying love and confidence. She could not but confess that appearances were very much against him, and that a dark cloud overshadowed him;

yet she could not for a moment believe that he, whom she thought the very embodiment of all that was good, could be guilty of so foul a crime. What tongue can tell the pleasure these sweet assurances gave to Stevenson! Supported by them and his own inner consciousness, he could defy the rest. The evidences against him might be clear, and his chances of refuting them apparently very small, yet his trust in God was never shaken; he knew there must be another explanation of the evidence, and he believed in due time the explanation would appear.

'Such was the position of affairs when the *Stirling Castle* arrived in the Thames. Stevenson was taken before the magistrates; and upon the evidence already narrated, was formally committed for trial, some of the principal passengers being bound over to appear when called upon. I will not attempt to describe the parting between the lovers; it was hard to bear; hard for Rose, although she was going to a comfortable home, surrounded by friends; but how doubly hard for Stevenson, who was not only parted from his heart's idol, but was going to a felon's cell with a stigma on his name. What wonder that he was overcome, that his courage failed him, that he fairly broke down. But over this I draw a veil; manhood's tears are terrible to see, and can only flow from a heart's agony.

'Rose too was fearfully prostrated and almost heart-broken; but like a brave little woman as she was, she collected herself, and knowing her lover's safety depended on her exertions, she set herself firmly about the task. Now it happened that Rose had a god-father, with whom she had been a great favourite before she went to India. This was Dr Bailey, a man of considerable repute in his profession. As a girl, Rose had always been accustomed to take her little joys and griefs to him, sure of a welcome. No wonder then that in this the sorest strait of her life, she should fly to her most valued friend. She did so; and there sitting at his feet, as in old and happy times, she told him all—told of Stevenson's nobleness and worth, of his love for her, and—blushing the while—of her love for him. Then she spoke of the murder of the old servant, and her voice trembled as she told of the horror of that night; then she passed on to speak of the suspicions against Stevenson; not one fact did she conceal; but her voice was no longer low and trembling, but firm and indignant that any should so judge him. But how quailed her heart when she looked up and saw the grave and doubtful expression on the good doctor's face; and when he repeated her words and reminded her of the will, of Stevenson's presence in the cabin, of the empty box found in his room, and above all, of the writing by the General, all pointing so conclusively to Stevenson, she saw at once that he also believed her lover guilty. For a moment her own heart and her faith almost failed her, and she too felt inclined to yield to the weight of evidence. But shaking off the feeling with a shudder, as though some noxious reptile had touched her, she poured out such a passionate flood of eloquence in defence of her lover, that the doctor, catching her enthusiasm, was compelled to yield to her powerful conviction. Seeing this, Rose fell on his breast, and in a passionate burst of tears, kissed him, and called him her good kind friend.

'When they were a little calmer the doctor said: "Although we may believe him innocent, yet our belief will not save him unless we can bring forth proof. I will come round and see my old friend the General."

"Alas!" said Rose, "that would be useless. He remembers nothing, and even if he did, his evidence is strong against Stevenson. But come by all means."

"I will. In the dim light of the cabin he may have been mistaken in his man."

'Rose shook her head, and yet even this tiny ray of hope sent a thrill through her heart. "My father may have been mistaken," she whispered to herself; but again her spirits sunk when she remembered his condition.

'The next morning Dr Bailey, true to his word, called upon Rose, and brought with him a Dr Smyth, a man who had made all the phases of insanity his special study. After a time they were shewn into the General's room, and found him sitting up, cheerfully playing with a skein of silk. A very few minutes served to convince them that he was quite an imbecile, and had no rational idea of what was passing around him. But when Dr Smyth was told that this resulted from a blow on the head, he evinced more interest in the matter, and asked to be allowed to examine the scar. This he did, and the examination was long and careful. At length, calling Dr Bailey to one side, a whispered conversation took place between them.

'All this time Rose was very nervous and anxious for the result. At last her god-father, turning to her, said: "My good friend here thinks it just possible that your father's reason may be restored. The fact is the blow on the head has broken the skull, and owing to not very skilful treatment when the wound was healing, a small piece of bone is left pressing on the brain. If this were removed, it is probable reason would be restored. Of course," he continued, "your father will have to undergo an operation; but this is not necessarily dangerous. I will send you some medicine, and you must nurse him very carefully for the next few days; and then, if we think him strong enough, it shall be done."

'Rose heard all this, but it can scarcely be said that she understood it, so far beyond her fondest hopes did it all appear; so in a sort of half-dreamy manner she bade them "Good-morning." When, however, she got to her own room, and thought it over, and its full meaning dawned upon her, she fell on her knees and poured out her heart to God in thankfulness for such a possibility. Her dear father to be restored to her! What a joyous thought; and moreover there lurked behind it another thought, if possible still more joyous, that her father might be able to say something to save that other dear one languishing in a felon's cell. For the time she was happy; how happy only those can tell who have been suddenly raised from the depths of despair to the heights of hope.

'For the next few days she redoubled her attentions to her father, and surely no invalid was half so well cared for as he, for did not her whole future happiness depend on his restoration? Under such kind care and good Dr Bailey's attention, he rapidly gained strength; but the days flew all too quickly, and it now wanted only a little more than a week to the trial. This was fixed for a Monday; and on the Monday previous

the doctors thought the attempt might be made. It was done; and the patient bore it much better than was expected; but the result could not be known all at once, as he was of course greatly prostrated. During the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday he was in a very critical state; but on Thursday the danger was considered past, and on that evening, as Rose was sitting at his bedside, she heard his voice calling feebly: "Rose, Rose!" The tone was so natural, that she was at once convinced that he knew her. Repressing with great effort the violent desire she felt to throw her arms round his neck, she answered: "Here I am, papa."

"How quiet the ship is!" he murmured. "I cannot feel her roll at all. I wish the breeze would come, so that we might get home."

Rose hardly knew what to make of this or what to answer; at first she thought his mind was still affected, but the clear intelligent look of his eye convinced her that he was sane. As gently as possible she soothed him, and he soon fell off to sleep again. When Dr Bailey, coming in soon after, was told of the success of the operation, he was much pleased; but he enjoined the greatest quietude, especially that all topics should be avoided likely to excite the patient's mind.

From this time the General improved very rapidly, so much so as to be able to take a little walk in the garden on Sunday. Following the instructions of the doctor, Rose conversed only of commonplace and present matters, although of course to some extent the past must have been alluded to, in explanation of her father's change of position, that is from shipboard to London. At the same time she was burning to question him as to what he remembered of that terrible night.

On Monday morning when she went into his bedroom, he said: "My dear child, you look very ill and careworn;" and then receiving no answer, he continued: "I have been thinking about that Lieutenant Stevenson; what has become of him?" This was more than Rose could bear, so falling on her knees at his bedside, she—with many a sob and tear—told him all.

As the results of this conversation will appear further on, I will not detain you with it now, only to say that it sent Rose to her room in an ecstasy of joy, causing her to throw herself on her knees, and in the fullness of her heart, thank God for all his mercies.

"I pass on now to the trial of the prisoner. It happened that this was the first case on the list, so it was still early when the trial commenced. I should like to describe to you the scene in court, did time permit, but I must ask you to imagine it. Captain Bowlby proved the finding of Stevenson in the General's cabin, and described the state in which it appeared. Colonel Morton proved the fact of the will having been made and deposited in the box, and told how it was against Stevenson's interests, which fact was known to Rose, and therefore presumably to Stevenson also. Others proved the finding of the box, hidden away behind the prisoner's bed; and last of all the paper written by the General was brought forward, containing the first three letters of Stevenson's name. The counsel for the defence did all that could be done, but was quite unable to dispute the facts or break down the evidence. Then came the judge's summing up. He pointed

out that although the evidence was clear, yet it was in a measure what is termed circumstantial; on the other hand, it must necessarily be so, as many murders were committed with no actual eye-witness. Much more he said fairly and pointedly, and then the jury retired. You might have heard a pin drop when they returned, and although the foreman pronounced the word "Guilty" in a low tone, it seemed to sound and re-echo through the whole court.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge in a solemn voice, "a jury of your fellow-countrymen have found you guilty of a dreadful crime, and I am bound to say that I agree with the verdict. I am quite willing to believe that you did it under a sudden impulse, hardly knowing what you did; nay, I may believe that in the first instance your only object was to get possession of the will; but finding yourself discovered either by the servant or the General, you committed the greater crime to conceal the less. It therefore only remains to me," he continued, assuming the black cap, while a visible shudder trembled through the room, "to pass sentence upon you, which is"—

"But just at that moment there was a disturbance near the door, and a female voice was heard imploring: "For mercy's sake, let us pass. It is General Page. The prisoner is innocent!" All eyes turned to the spot; and Rose, in a state of great excitement, was seen leading her father forward.

"The counsel for the defence immediately obtained permission to place the General in the witness-box, where, on account of his great feebleness, he was accommodated with a chair. After the usual preliminaries, the question was asked: "Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes; it is Lieutenant Stevenson."

"Did he enter your cabin the night your servant was murdered?"

"No; not that I am aware of."

"But you wrote a portion of his name on a piece of paper. See; here it is."

"Yes; but it appears I did not finish it. Give it me, and I will do so now." Handing back the paper, he continued: "There; that is the man who attacked me."

"The mystery was all explained now; the completed word was—STEWART; and all this misery had been caused by the want of the four little letters—ward. The steward then was actually the man. No one had thought of him, and yet what more easy! He was always in and out of the cabins, and would be sure to notice the box; and evidently thinking it contained valuables, had stolen it. Having done so; and finding suspicion already fallen upon Stevenson, nothing was more easy than to hide the empty box where it was found. All this was ascertained to be substantially correct; for the man was arrested, and soon after confessed his dreadful crimes.

"I have nothing more to add, except that Stevenson was discharged without a stain on his name, and that the old General, yielding to the solicitations of his daughter, and convinced of Stevenson's worth, consented to their engagement. In due time they were married, and as the story-books say, "were happy ever after." And both will ever remember with thankful hearts how, although "cast down, they were not destroyed."

'Thanks, dear uncle! Good-night;' and kissing him, we retired to dream over the troubles of Rose and Stevenson, and also to rejoice that after all they were happy at last.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN TEA DISTRICT.

THE last few years have seen a wide extension of tea-planting in India. In Assam, Cachar, and Sylhet thousands of acres of jungle-land have been gradually brought under cultivation. The same has been done near Darjiling—where the 'Terai,' or belt of forest beneath the lower slopes of the Himalaya, is well suited for the growth of tea—in the Kangra Valley, and in parts of Chota-Nagpore. In spite of the present depression in the tea-trade, gardens are still being opened; every year new land is cleared and planted; while there seems to be no falling off in the number of men who turn their faces eastward, and seek their fortunes in tea in these days of overcrowded professions at home.

A planter's life is often too brightly painted. Visions of boundless liberty and abundant sport, or dreams of an easy road to wealth and comfort, attract men of different characters and habits to the tea-gardens, generally to find their cherished hopes doomed to disappointment. The life is really a hard one, what is life to the plant being too frequently death to the grower. As a damp hot climate suits the tea-plant best, all the districts are more or less unhealthy; and the mortality among Europeans in tea-growing provinces compares unfavourably with that in other parts of India. Houses too are often of the *kutchi* description—mere erections of mats and bamboos tied together with rattans, and affording poor protection against damp. In outlying gardens at a distance from any station or large bazaar, good food is procured with difficulty. Muddy fish, and poverty-stricken fowls and ducks and eggs can indeed be obtained; but are very different from the British article. So obvious is this to Anglo-Indians, that they seldom or never call these delicacies by their English title. It is *murgli* for instance, and not 'fowl,' to the initiated. There is an anecdote of a newly arrived planter who had not yet entered into this distinction of meats. He was a Scotchman of the working-class, and was at breakfast with his employer. Beef and *murgli* were on the table, and on the stranger being asked if he would take some of the latter, he declined to do so, for the odd reason that he 'wasna used to high livin'.

The pay of a young assistant on a tea-garden is at first about a hundred rúpees (ten pounds) a month with a free unfurnished house, pony allowance, and one or two inferior servants. In two or three years, if he is steady and fortunate, he may become manager of a garden, with a salary of two hundred or two hundred and fifty rúpees a month. After longer experience and success in raising tea, his pay may advance to four hundred rúpees or more; but part of this

will depend on the out-put of tea from the garden, and on the prices realised at sales, on which managers are allowed commission. Meanwhile, his expenses are considerable. Few men can keep their health in the tropics without certain luxuries and comforts unnecessary in England; and these in a tea district are sold at exorbitant prices. One or more ponies and their attendants have to be kept besides those allowed by the garden; upper house-servants receive high wages for India; and to swell his expenses, the planter has to take his part in the hospitalities and amusements of the district.

The day's work beginning at sunrise, coolies are mustered and sent in gangs to their tasks; some to pluck the leaf or weed and prune the bushes; others to roll and dry the leaf in manufacturing houses; or to sort and pack the prepared tea. Gangs will be busy elsewhere on the roads or drains in various parts of the estate, and their work must be superintended at intervals on horseback. A planter is in the saddle from sunrise till ten or eleven o'clock A.M., returns from outdoor work to look in at the tea-houses, has his breakfast, spends an hour or two afterwards in the stifling atmosphere of the drying-sheds, and then goes out again over the garden till the coolies are turned in at five; when a formidable array of reports, disputes to settle, records of the day's work to make up, and arrangements for to-morrow, await him. At seven or eight o'clock he will dine, and the mosquitoes or sand-flies will soon drive him into his curtains afterwards.

Society is, as may be supposed, of a mixed character. In most districts there is a government station, with two or three resident civilians, perhaps a native regiment with half-a-dozen English officers, a doctor, and possibly a clergyman, some of whom may have their wives with them. A lady may now and then be met with on the gardens also. Distances are so great and roads so bad, that men seldom meet in any numbers or see much of any but their nearest neighbours, unless there is an annual gathering for pony-racing and athletic sports in the cool season. Once or twice a week a few planters come together to play polo, natives joining in the game. A dinner-party often finishes the evening's amusement, or a moonlight ride home to quarters.

Sportsmen are usually disappointed in tea districts. Planters have neither time nor means at hand to follow large game in the heavy jungles, and wild animals are being driven farther and farther into the forests every year, as new gardens are opened out. A stray tiger sometimes affords a little excitement. After a few cows have been carried off or a belated coolie killed, things are thought serious enough to warrant the formation of a hunting-party. The carcass of the last deceased cow is discovered in the jungle, and the sportsmen establish themselves at night on a *machan* or platform in the nearest trees to wait for the tiger to come and be shot, which he generally declines to

do. Poison is more effective in getting rid of troublesome animals; but there is a slight risk of some low-caste coolies, who will eat anything, making a forbidden feast off the poisoned carcass. Last year, a planter in Cachar was badly mauled by a tiger. It was an old and decrepit female, which had killed two or three natives on the garden, and paid nightly visits to the neighbourhood of the lines and bungalow. Three planters sat up for her in the verandah at night, and as one of them was dozing in his chair, the tigress sprang in upon him, seizing the arm he instinctively raised to protect his face, and tearing open his cheek with her claws. When the first surprise was over, one of his companions shot the animal in the verandah, while she was still upon his friend, and finished her off with the bayonet.

In the earlier days of tea-planting, frontier districts were liable to incursions of the Hill tribes. The Lushais were the chief offenders, and they visited the gardens more than once. Besides love of plunder, one of their national customs led to these expeditions. On the death of a chief, they think it essential to his happiness in the other world that a number of newly-obtained human heads should grace his obsequies, and peaceful coolies on tea-gardens often seemed the most convenient neighbours to supply them. A war-party would then come down from the hills and fall on the lines before daybreak, murdering every man woman and child they met. The bungalow was usually assaulted also, with the same result, if the inmates were taken by surprise or had no adequate means of resistance. There is a tablet in the Cachar church to the memory of a planter named Winchester, who was cut to pieces in one of these raids, and his daughter carried off; to be rescued by a British force afterwards sent against the tribe. A detachment of Lushais which attacked a bungalow about the same time was driven off with loss by two planters and the wife of one of them. The lady loaded the rifles throughout the skirmish, and was as cool and determined as any of the party.

What are the prospects of young men who come out to tea? It is to be feared they are often represented in too attractive colours. A few have certainly in the course of time gained a competence, or have become well off by lucky speculation. But these have been for the most part men who owned private capital, or who, after long experience and success in tea-making, have gained the confidence of firms or agents, so as to be able to borrow large sums for opening new gardens in which they have obtained shares. Instances are few and far between of men growing rich with only their pay to depend upon, and these are fewer now than they used to be. No one should come out to tea-planting without the promise of employment from proprietors or agents at home or in India, and even then he should not expect to become wealthy unless he has money of his own to invest, or more than the usual luck of men abroad. Recommendations or introductions to Calcutta firms, on the strength of which so many leave home, are often of small value, from the number of applicants for employment already on their books. At best, a man has to face the certainty of a hard life, much drudgery in a trying climate, and many anxieties and changes of fortune; while he can

only hope to become master of sufficient wealth to enable him some day to return home in average comfort, after many years of exile and unsettled life.

STRANGE ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

WHY married folk, so ill-mated as to agree only to differ, should be said to lead a cat-and-dog-life, is not very clear, since those household pets, being intelligent, affectionate, cheerful, and sociable creatures, very frequently contrive to live harmoniously enough together. The Aston Hall cat that ate, associated, and slept with a huge blood-hound, only did what innumerable cats have done. Such companionships are too common to be reckoned among strange animal friendships, such as that most singular instance of attachment between two animals of opposite natures and habits, related to Mr Jesse by a person on whose veracity he could depend. The narrator boasted the proprietorship of an alligator which had become so tame that it would follow him up and down stairs; while it was so fond of his cat's society, that when she lay down before the fire the alligator followed suit, made a pillow of puss, and went off to sleep; and when awake the reptile was only happy so long as puss was somewhere near, turning morose and ill-tempered whenever she left it to its own devices.

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their notable ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship existed for years, a friendship that came to a touching end; for when that famous steed died, his old companion would not leave the body, and when it had seen it put underground, crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and refusing to be comforted, pined away and died.

One of Miss Braddon's heroines says: 'It is so nice to see a favourite horse looking over the door of his loose-box, with a big tabby cat sitting on the window-ledge beside him.' The big tabby would probably prefer being on horseback, for puss takes very kindly to the stable, and the horse takes as kindly to puss. A cat belonging to the royal stables at Windsor made herself so agreeable to one of the horses there, that rather than put her to any inconvenience, he would take his night's rest standing. This was held detrimental to his health; and the stable authorities, unable to hit upon any other plan, banished poor pussy to a distant part of the country.

Mr Huntington, of East Bloomfield, America, owns a thoroughbred horse named Narragansett and a white cat. The latter was wont to pay a daily visit to Narragansett's stall to hunt up the mice and then enjoy a quiet nap. Mr Huntington removed to Rochester with his family, leaving the cat behind; but she complained so loudly and so unceasingly that she was sent on to the new abode. Her first object was now to get somebody to interpret her desires. At last her master divined

them, and started off with her to the barn. As soon as they were inside, the cat went to the horse's stall, made herself a bed near his head, and curled herself up contentedly. When Mr Huntington visited the pair next morning, there was puss close to Narragansett's feet, with a family of five beside her. The horse evidently knew all about it, and that it behoved him to take heed how he moved his feet. Puss afterwards would go out, leaving her little ones to the care of her friend, who would, every now and then, look to see how they were getting on. When these inspections took place in the mother's presence, she was not at all uneasy, although she shewed the greatest fear and anxiety if any children or strangers intruded upon her privacy.

A gentleman in Sussex had a cat which shewed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, which was given to her by a stable-boy for food a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could shew a greater fondness for her offspring than she did for the bird.

Lemmery shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome, she would gently box their ears.—A German magazine tells of a M. Hecart who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild-cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrow's subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with great tenderness.—The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a hare, and some sparrows blackbirds and partridges.

A pair of carriage horses taken to water at a stone trough, then standing at one end of the Manchester Exchange, were followed by a dog who was in the habit of lying in the stall of one of them. As he gambolled on in front the creature was suddenly attacked by a mastiff far too strong for his power of resistance, and it would have gone hard with him, but for the unlooked-for intervention of his stable companion, which, breaking loose from the man who was leading it, made for the battling dogs, and with one well-delivered kick sent the mastiff into a cooper's cellar, and then quietly returned to the trough and finished his drink. In very sensible fashion too, did Mrs Bland's half-Danish dog Traveller shew his affection for his mistress's pet pony. The latter had been badly hurt, and when well enough to be turned into a field, was visited there by its fair owner and regaled with carrots and other delicacies; Traveller, for his part, never failing to fetch one or two windfall apples from the garden, laying them on the grass before the pony, and hailing its enjoyment of them with the liveliest demonstrations of delight.

That such relations should exist between the horse and the dog seems natural enough. But that a horse should be hail-fellow with a hen appears

too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a great friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed against his legs and clucked a greeting, whilst he moved about with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his 'little, little friend.'

Colonel Montagu tells of a pointer which after being well beaten for killing a Chinese goose, was further punished by having the murdered bird tied to his neck; a penance that entailed his being constantly attended by the defunct's relict. Whether he satisfied her that he repented the cruel deed, is more than we know; but after a little while the pointer and the goose were on the best of terms, living under the same roof, feeding out of one trough, occupying the same straw bed; and when the dog went on duty in the field, the goose filled the air with her lamentations for his absence.

A New Zealand paper says: 'There is a dog at Taupo and also a young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the *bona fides* of each other. These two animals live at the native pah on the opposite side of Tapuaeharuru, and the dog discovered some happy hunting-grounds on the other side, and informed the pig. The pig being only two months old, informed the dog that he could not swim across the river, which at that spot debouches from the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in water, and crouched down; the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with his forelegs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning the two would in this way go across and forage around Tapuaeharuru, returning to the pah at night; and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait till his friend came down to be ferried over. The truth of this story is vouched for by several who have watched the movements of the pair for some weeks past.'

When Cowper cautiously introduced Puss—a hare that had never seen a spaniel—to Marquis, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, he discovered no token of fear in the one, no sign of hostility in the other, and the new acquaintances were soon in all respects sociable and friendly; a proof, the poet thought, that there was no natural antipathy between dog and hare. Upon just as good grounds the same might be inferred regarding dog and fox. We have read of a tame fox hunting with a pack of harriers; and Mr Moffat, of Bearsley, Northumberland, owned one that was excessively fond of canine society. In consequence of detection following a raid on the poultry-yard, Master Reynard was chained up in a grass area. Whenever he caught sight of a dog coming his way, he began fanning his tail, and laying back his ears, would strain desperately at the full length of his tether, that he might smell at the mouth of the dog, and use all his arts to induce him to have a romp, even though he had never set eyes on that especial dog before.

In 1822 some white rats were trapped in Colonel Berkeley's stables. Mr Samuel Moss of Cheltenham took a fancy to a youngster, and determined to make a pet of him. He was soon tamed, and

christened Scugg. Then he was formally introduced to a rat-killing terrier, a ceremony so well understood by Flora that she not only refrained from assaulting the new-comer, but actually constituted herself his protectress, mounting guard over Scugg whenever a stranger came into the room, growling, snarling, and shewing her teeth until convinced he had no evil intentions towards her protégé. These two strangely assorted friends lapped from the same saucer, played together in the garden, and when Flora indulged in a snooze on the rug, Scugg ensconced himself snugly between her legs. He would mount the dinner-table and carry off sugar, pastry, or cheese, while Flora waited below to share in the plunder. One day a man brought Mr Moss another white rat while the terrier and Scugg were racing about the room. The stranger was shaken out of the trap, and presently two white rats were scampering across the floor pursued by Flora; the chase did not last long, one of them quickly falling a victim to the terrier's teeth, much to the experimentalist's alarm, as his eyes could not distinguish one rat from the other. Looking around, however, his mind was relieved, for there in his corner was Scugg with Flora standing sentry before him; a position she held until the man and the dead rat were out of the room. When his master took a wife to himself, a new home was found for Scugg; but the poor fellow died within a month of his removal, and it is not improbable that the separation from his canine friend was the primary cause of the rat's untimely decease.

St Pierre pronounced the mutual attachment displayed between a lion at Versailles and a dog to be one of the most touching exhibitions Nature could offer to the speculations of the philosopher. Such exhibitions are by no means rare. Captive lords of the forest and jungle have often admitted dogs to their society and lived on affectionate terms with them. Not long ago, an ailing lioness in the Dublin Zoological Gardens was so tormented by the rats nibbling her toes, that a little terrier was introduced into the cage. His entrance elicited a sulky growl from the invalid; but seeing the visitor toss a rat in the air and catch it with a killing snap as it came down, she at once came to the sensible conclusion that the dog's acquaintance was worth cultivating. Coaxing the terrier to her side, she folded her paw round him and took him to her breast; and there he rested every night afterwards, ready to pounce upon any rat daring to disturb the slumbers of the lioness.

The last time we visited the lion-house of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, we watched with no little amusement the antics of a dog, who was evidently quite at home in a cage occupied by a tiger and tigress. The noble pair of beasts were reclining side by side, the tiger's tail hanging over the side of their couch. The dog, unable to resist the temptation, laid hold of it with his teeth and pulled with a will; and spite of sundry gentle remonstrances on the part of the owner of the tail, persisted until he elicited a very deep growl of disapproval. Then he let go, sprang upon the tiger's back, curled himself up and went off to sleep. Such friendships are, it must be owned, liable to come to a tragic ending, like that recorded by an ancient writer, who tells how a lion, a dog, and a bear lived together for a long time on the most affectionate terms, until the dog accidentally

putting the bear out of temper, had the life put out of his body; whereupon Leo, enraged at losing his favourite, set upon Bruin and made an end of him too.

YE YEARS!

*'Tis but the ghost of a feeling,
'Tis but the ghost of a smile;
Gone is the true light revealing,
This but a shadow the while.*

Thus shall each rose-tinted vision
Fade as the leaves in the Fall,
Leaving it may be derision
Casting a gleam o'er the pall.

Years glide along without number
(Swift as a wind-driven wave),
Hiding away in its slumber
Much we would struggle to save.

Taking the bloom from the roses,
Taking the down from the peach;
Leaving the thorn from the posies,
Leaving the ashes of each.

Bringing the end of our dreaming,
Rounding the sphere of our life;
Tinting with shades of new meaning,
Harshness of pain or of strife.

Waking our souls from delusion,
Chasing the shadows that throng;
Piercing the veil of illusion,
Righting full many a wrong.

Scattering the false that would cluster
Only when fortune is fair;
Shrining with ever more lustre
Love that all danger would dare.

Testing the true from the faithless,
Tearing the mask from deceit;
Leaving but few that are scathless,
Few—but how precious sweet!

Thanks then, each year that unveileth
Tenderness, courage, and truth;
And for the rest—what availeth?
Take them, ye years, with our youth!

H. K. W.

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1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full *Christian* name, surname, and address, legibly written.

4th. MS. should be written on one side of the leaf only.

5th. Poetical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

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A GRUMBLE FROM PATERFAMILIAS.

I AM Paterfamilias, aged fifty, hard-working, with not a large income; and though usually a modest and retiring individual, I desire on this occasion to place myself and a few simple household hardships before an attentive (and perhaps) sympathising public. I live with my wife and family north of the Border, in a county-town whose name I shall for several reasons suppress; my means, as I stated before, are not ample; but with as kind a partner and as fine children as ever fell to the lot of man, I am still rendered unhappy, ay miserable, by a series of domestic nuisances, which take away the enjoyment I should certainly experience in these aforesaid treasures.

My household consists of my wife and five children, whose ages range from sixteen to eight. We live in a roomy house, with a pleasant garden at the back of it, and some pretty flower-beds in front. We have two domestics—cook, who is elderly, rheumatic, and sour (though faithful); and a young housemaid, who is being trained, and who is pleasant of face and (considering the life cook must lead her) very good-natured. My wife is comely, very much younger than myself, and is moreover devoted to me. I will go even further than this, and say that I am equally devoted to her! Our children are all that fond parents could wish them to be; and to the casual beholder no possible element of discomfort seems to lurk in our quiet home. Yet strange! from my poor wife's very devotion to me and to her children, emanates that fatal skeleton in the cupboard, 'worm i' the bud,' and crumpled rose-leaf, which is I feel fast undermining my domestic comfort.

The case is briefly this. Exactly four months ago a person came to our town and gave cooking lessons. My poor wife, anxious to make our very moderate income go (as she said) twice as far by commissariat-economy and good management, attended these cooking lessons, and ever since has presented me with messes positively too awful for description. The first few days of all sorts

of curious dishes, passed by quietly enough; I made no remark, ate what I could of them, and without fuss or observation (as I thought) rejected the rest. But when my wife, excellent creature, put down or caused to be set before me on a certain day a certain white soup whose ingredients she proudly assured me were clarified dripping, milk, potatoes, and sago, things reached a climax.

Of course it was peculiar, as might have been expected. But being of a hopeful turn, I looked forward with calm anticipation to the next course; for having a hearty appetite born of hard work and long hours, I fondly dreamed that what was positively nasty might be reserved at least for another day, and that I was about to get something eatable now. To my utter amazement, there succeeded to the soup (so called) a small covered dish of—I could not tell what sort of things. At first sight they looked like gigantic ill-shaped curl-papers, such as used to adorn the heads of our maiden aunts some forty years ago. On closer inspection, I found that they were mutton-chops rolled in batter and fried—forming, after being so manipulated, a dish at once highly indigestible and, to my plain taste, excessively revolting. I expostulated gently with my well-meaning but mistaken wife, shewed her the folly of attempting to make soup without stock, and mildly insinuated that the plain juicy chop of our first married years was a luxury compared to this hideously disguised meat. My wife, at all times grieved to offend me, promised never again to serve up such objectionable food, and the repast concluded with a small plate of cheese fritters, which were so tough that I rose next morning quite unfit for my breakfast. Next day at dinner I was rejoiced by the sight of some plain brown soup made after my own directions, and followed by a neat little roast of beef, which in its turn was superseded by a custard-pudding.

My unfortunate stomach having now by dint of plain dishes recovered its tone, my wife confined her experiments for a while to the production of extraordinary viands for the young folks'

one o'clock dinner; in consequence of which experiments my youngest boy Johnny fell seriously ill, and had to receive several visits from the family doctor, thus increasing the family expense. Esculapius declared that the boy had succumbed to a certain awful pudding, the component parts of which were grated lemon-rind, suet, currants, and raisins. Of this the unsuspecting youth ate largely, to the subversion of his inward man and the consequent disturbance of the household. In the midst of Johnny's illness cook gave up her place, very naturally observing that as she could no longer cook to please her mistress, and that lady came down to the kitchen to do *her* work and make compounds of her own, she thought she would look for another situation. Of course cook said all this in her native Doric, and with many contemptuous remarks about 'slaisterin' dishes that were na fit for the pigs!' But delicacy and consideration for the reader's feelings forbid me to speak broadly of the way in which that sagacious woman expressed her outraged feelings. Of course I sided with cook, though I did not say so; and when she left, I added the *douceur* of a pound to her wages, earnestly hoping that she would find a home where old-fashioned cooking was patronised and 'none o' these kickshaws' encouraged.

After this, no cook could be found, and there ensued a miserable period of dinners which scarcely deserved the name. Sometimes my wife cooked, sometimes the housemaid tried what she could do; but their efforts, either joint or otherwise, were not crowned with success. My dinner-hour, once a pleasure, was now looked forward to with serious apprehension; my home felicity was becoming thoroughly undermined; and when a friend invited me to dine at his house, I did not decline on the plea that my wife expected me to dinner at five, but took him at his word.

One evening on my arrival at home I found the household in a state of consternation (I had been dining out that day, and returned about eight o'clock). My wife was ill, the doctor was up-stairs, the children looked scared and white, and the household aspect of cheerfulness which generally greeted my arrival was changed into a sort of terrified gloom. Instinct prompted me to inquire hurriedly what they had had for dinner, when my eldest daughter informed me that they had dined on onion-soup with force-meat balls, carrot pie, potato fritters, 'and a new sort of jam-roll which mamma learned to make last winter.' This was enough. I rushed wildly up-stairs, and in broken sentences asked the kindly doctor what he thought of my wife's illness. He is a man of few words, so he said briefly: 'Your wife is the victim of an experiment; she has a very bad fit of indigestion.'

I was not at all surprised at this; and resolved that during the next two or three days our food should be of the most simple description; which resolution I was the better able to carry out, seeing that my wife was ordered by the doctor to remain in bed and support nature on weak beef-tea and arrow-root. Jane the housemaid I found was really a tractable creature; and having spoken to her seriously on the advantages to be derived from well-boiled potatoes, tender beef-steaks, and well-trusted joints, she managed to turn out some very respectable dinners. All this time no cook was to

be found who would come to us in our extreme need. One and all refused, because they had heard that the 'mistress was never out of the kitchen,' 'that she stood over the cooks when they were dishing the dinner;' and so forth. As for myself and children, we felt quite well and happy. Of course we regretted the absence of 'the mistress;' but no doubt the rest from 'experiments' would benefit the good lady; though a panic seized me lest she should be concocting some fearful mess in her own mind, to be hereafter dispensed to her too confiding circle, when she should once more come down-stairs.

She did come down. And from that time I do think the well-meaning (though still mistaken) little woman has tried about every dish under the sun. She thinks she is improving; and I am once more the victim of potato fritters, Brazilian stews, heavy pastry rolled round innocent beef or mutton, and all kinds of abominations. For the fine well-boiled and menly potatoes of my youth I cry in vain; for the juicy beef-steak, tender, and swimming in its own rich natural gravy, I sigh uselessly; those days are past; and except at the house of an old-fashioned friend, the plain wholesome dishes of 'auld langsyne' delight me no more. What my wife may end in being or doing I am afraid to think; she has just told me with a jubilant air that she has engaged a cook at twenty pounds a year, who says she can do everything needed by a family of moderate requirements 'without being superintended!' Certainly her wage is not—in our humble sphere—moderate, but fills me with horror; however, *nous verrons*, as the French say. Let me hope that she is a 'plain cook,' as I do not desire any other sort.

What a very extraordinary thing it is that so few cooks can boil a potato, an egg, or green vegetables properly. Why is it that in the houses of the poor you find the best-boiled potatoes? In the mansions of the great they are usually hard as cannon-balls, and but too frequently cold before coming to the table. I remember as a child going often to visit an old woman who was very badly off. Some benevolent lady or gentleman had sent her a present of potatoes. She had a little three-legged pot with a funny lid, and out of it came the most delicious potatoes I ever tasted. Positively they might have graced the table of an Irish king. I can remember their flavour yet; with nothing but salt, an emperor might have dined on them. Large, mealy, and boiled all through, and 'in their jackets,' it was one of the greatest treats of my boyhood to receive one piping hot into my open and unhesitating palm. Where will you find such now? except still at the firesides of the poor.

The teaching of new-fangled cookery is all very well in its way, but I should like to see the well-bred neat little woman who conducts her experiments before a tolerable audience, teach in the first place the making of simple, wholesome dishes; and above all, shew ignorant people how to boil a potato, make good broth, soup, and porridge; also instruct them to roast meat without scorching it, and fry fish well and appetisingly. Then she could go on, to experimental dishes, and now and then a household might go in for 'kickshaws,' by way of a foil to enhance the value of the old-fashioned dishes.

In France, where economy rules and the most is made of everything, the most exquisite little titbits are produced at very little cost, and cooked at the expenditure of a handful of charcoal. But here, joints of meat are too often burned to a cinder and stews ruined because cooks *will* use double the quantity of fuel that is necessary. Here, *Materfamilias* if she attempts anything light or dainty, generally fails; in France, every woman however poor is a cook by nature, and gives a grace to the humblest dish, simply because she is tasteful and intelligent. The French nation expends in the two items of food and fuel about half as much as the English and Americans, and with better results. If there was a training-school for women-servants before they go into service, and if each was compelled by Act of Parliament to go through a regular course of instruction, then I and many other afflicted husbands and fathers could look forward confidently to dinner-time as to an oasis in the desert of daily life. I would suggest also that in this case cooks would be worth the wage they demand, and *Materfamilias* need not in that case spoil her fair complexion or pretty hands in the kitchen. Of course a mistress should be able to tell an ignorant servant *how* to cook, if she comes and asks advice; but a well-trained cook will not require this, and though I do not admire fine ladies who are above working, yet a mistress need not be 'always in the kitchen.'

I shall conclude this with an anecdote of long ago. A bachelor and spinster gave a large ceremonious dinner-party. They were hospitable and kindly folk, and the lady in particular was most anxious that all things should be 'done to a turn.' Just five minutes before dinner was served, the hostess looked at her watch, and rising quickly, slipped out of the room down to the culinary regions. Remaining there till she had tasted and superintended the dishing of sundry good things, she hurriedly left the kitchen, and telling the servant to announce dinner, she gracefully apologised, on entering the drawing-room, for her absence. As she did so, she became aware, poor lady, that she had forgotten to remove a large and rather dirty servant's apron with which she had invested herself, and with an exclamation of 'O mercy, I've forgotten to take off Jean's 'brat!' she retired hastily, covered with confusion. ('Brat' is broad Scotch for a servant's apron.)

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER XI.—ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

THE wild Australian black is perhaps the lowest known type of humanity. His skull shews a low development of intellect, his body a low development of physique. His mode of living is wretched in the extreme, for he lacks the capability of building a sufficient shelter either from the scorching sun of summer or from the keen winds and heavy rains of winter. And yet it is possible to find even a lower grade of being than the Australian black in his native ignorance and filth, namely the same black after he has visited some of the colonial cities. When he has associated with the offscourings of one of the large towns, when he has added to the brutality of the savage the lowest

vices of civilisation, then indeed he becomes a hopelessly degraded creature, a thing for angels to weep over and for mankind to mourn.

You will not wonder then, that when Phyllis encountered the look of this man, and took in at one glance the expression of his fierce eyes and repulsive mouth, even her brave spirit quailed, and the blood seemed to ebb from her cheeks and throb to her heart with a wild terrible pang of fear. It so happened that only a few weeks before, the colonial papers had rung with the accounts of a murder which had been committed at a lonely shepherd's hut on the hills. The shepherd was out at his work, far beyond earshot of his dwelling, and his wife had been left alone in her solitary dwelling with her infant child. A party of wandering blacks came to the hut; and when the unhappy man returned in the evening, he found his hut a scene of desolation, and his dear ones brutally murdered. The whole colony was moved to horror at the dastardly deed—a deed which was only partly expiated by the execution of the ringleaders. Phyllis had read this story in the papers; and during the few seconds in which she stood confronting the black, it flashed upon her in all its terrible details. She thought of her delicate sister, of the infant, of little Bertie, and she was conscious that their lives as well as her own hung upon her tact and courage. But though those thoughts were written on the brave pale face, the girl never lost for an instant her haughty bearing, or quailed before the insolent stare of the black. With an imperious gesture, she pointed to the spot by the water where the others were already preparing to light a fire and were hacking the sheep to pieces; and the man turned sullenly away.

When she saw that he had rejoined his companions, she went into her own room, and gave way for a little to a violent emotion which shook her from head to foot. She felt giddy and sick, and for a few minutes was in that painful state when consciousness is only retained by a strenuous effort of the will. It must have been during those few moments of weakness that the girl's heart cried aloud and found utterance at her lips. 'Jack, Jack, Jack!' she murmured, and then covered her face with her hands and was silent.

It was only for a little while, however, that the weakness triumphed. Going forward to the looking-glass, she smoothed her hair, and tried to bring back a little colour into her white cheeks. While lingering for a few moments on the threshold of the sitting-room, Bessie was struck on looking up from her work by the curious set paleness of her sister's face.

'Phyllis darling,' she said, 'do you know you are looking very ill? You must have over-tired yourself this morning. Come here and sit beside me, pet, for a little, and rest your head on my pillow.'

'Yes, presently,' answered Phyllis, as she moved

restlessly about the room for a few minutes, under pretence of tidying away Bertie's toys. And then she did what Bessie had never seen her strong sister do before; she went to the cupboard, poured out a glass of wine, and drank it.

'You are ill, Phyllis,' said Bessie, raising herself from the sofa in alarm.

'No; indeed I am not,' answered Phyllis, coming to her sister's side, and resting her head on the sofa-cushion. 'Don't be anxious about me, Bessie. I am only a little tired; and when Judy Maloney comes back, I mean to live the idlest and most luxurious life possible.'

'I wish she were here now.'

'So do I!' ejaculated Phyllis, with what seemed to her sister unusual energy.

Bessie began talking of some little household reforms that were to be effected when Judy came back. The beds and windows were to have fresh curtains; and Robert had promised a new carpet for the sitting-room. 'And a piano, Phyllis! Robert has positively said that a piano is to come up in the next dray from Adelaide! If I have not forgotten all the little music I ever knew, I shall give you some lessons.'

Much as this might otherwise have interested Phyllis, the kindly words were lost upon the girl as she listened with strained attention for any sound from outside which might betray the presence of the blacks to her sister. 'Shall we ever need those things?' she was thinking. 'Will our lives go on just the same after this? Or when James and Robert come back to-night, will they find us?'—Would Robert go mad, she wondered, if he came back and found his darling, his idolised wife, as that shepherd's wife had been found? And Jack? Would he remember only what was best in her, and forgive and forget all that had jarred on him?

'But it shall never be!' she said to herself desperately. 'I have strength and courage; and God helps those who fight for the innocent.' She rose from her low seat presently, and declaring she was quite rested, announced her intention of preparing dinner for the little household.

'Don't trouble to cook anything,' called Bessie after her. 'Anything cold will do for us to-day, and you do look so tired.'

Glancing for a moment at the calm domestic scene—the delicate pretty young mother, the infant's cradle, the strong healthy boy dragging his toy-horse about the room—Phyllis again repaired to her chamber, where she offered up an agonised prayer to the Father of all mercy. When she rose, she looked and felt perfectly calm. She opened the drawer in which she had put away Jack's little pistol, took it out and examined it, to make sure that she remembered all that he had told her about its method of working. It was, as I have said, a revolver of the smallest size, and of the most beautiful workmanship. As she looked at its glittering barrel and costly mountings, she reflected with a curious sort of satisfaction that in this exquisite toy, which she could easily hide in one of her strong hands, death might be dealt to six human beings. 'Four of them,' she thought, while the lines about her mouth deepened and her eyes glittered. 'One for Bessie, and myself last. As for the children'—

Loading the pistol carefully, she slipped it into the side-pocket of her dress; and then, before

going to the kitchen, she went to reconnoitre the unwelcome guests. She walked along the bank for a little way, and stood looking down at the blacks, herself unseen. They had eaten as much half-raw mutton as it was possible for even them to consume, and their capacities in that direction are simply enormous; and now they were drinking the brandy, some out of tin pannikins, which they had doubtless procured at the last town they had visited; and others in a still more primitive fashion, from the bottles. Some of the men seemed to be already satiated, and were lying flat on their backs, with closed eyes and faces upturned to the sky. Two or three others, among whom was the tall black who had followed Phyllis to the house, and for whom she had conceived a special aversion, were still sitting up, and carrying on the debauch, as if determined to get as much enjoyment as possible out of the unwonted abundance. As for the women, they had withdrawn to some distance, and were squatted on the ground, their knees drawn up to their chins, and blankets or opossum skins thrown over their shoulders. Probably they had already received the small share of brandy which was all their lords could see fit to spare them. Altogether the aspect of affairs looked tolerably promising, thought Phyllis. If only those two or three inveterate toppers would give in and go to sleep, or if only Sam would take it into his head to return to the homestead. Never had she longed for the sight of a human being as she now longed for a glimpse of that awkward youth. She turned to scan the brow of the hill behind the house, hoping and praying to catch a flutter of his old jacket or a peep of the top of his brimless hat; but nothing living broke the green outline of the slope. Nothing remained but to watch and wait till the western sky should begin to redden and she might listen for the roll of the bullock-drays in the distance, and for the well-known tread of Jack's gray horse.

Calling fortitude to her aid, the brave girl went about her household work, preparing nourishing soup for Bessie's dinner, feeding Bertie, setting the kitchen in order, and baking scones for the men, who would return hungry and tired in the evening. The hands of the Dutch clock in the kitchen seemed to stand still, and two or three times she went up to it, to listen if its slow heavy pulse were still beating on. Every now and then she stole out to where she could see the blacks, and as the afternoon wore on she noted with thankfulness that they had at length succumbed to the potent liquor, and were lying quiet and apparently asleep.

The kitchen clock tolled the hour of four, and Phyllis thought, 'In two hours more Robert and Jack may be here.' She was dwelling on this idea with a feeling of relief, when going to the outside corner of the kitchen to glance towards lake and hill, as she had done so many times already that day, she saw something which made her brave heart stand still for a moment. The tall black had risen from his recumbent position and was now stealing slowly towards the house with a stealthy step and sidelong glances, which told of sinister meaning. Either he had drunk less than his fellows, or else, as he was evidently the strongest of the party, his potations had taken less effect upon him. At anyrate, on he came;

and the pale girl realised with an intense vividness of conviction that the hour of her deadliest peril was come. It was only for an instant that she quailed; the next she had stepped forward to meet him, determined at any cost to prevent his nearer approach to the house. Stepping forward to within about six paces of him, she stopped, and demanded to know his errand, drawing herself up to her full height. 'How dare you come near the house?' she exclaimed. 'Go back to the others at once!'

The black-fellow grinned, but stopped his cat-like advance. Phyllis saw that he carried his club in his right hand, which he held partially concealed behind him; and she knew that if he came near enough, a blow might place her at his mercy. For more than a minute they stood confronting one another. Phyllis's hand was in the pocket of her dress, holding what she had hidden there, and her eyes held the burning orbs of the savage, as the hunter holds the eyes of a wild animal about to attack him. It was of all which she held dear that the girl was thinking as she stood there during those few terrible moments—of life and honour; of her delicate sister and the new-born babe; of merry little Bertie, the pride and pet of the house. She knew from the expression of the black's face that he meant mischief, and drawing the revolver from her pocket, she took deliberate aim.

'If you come a step nearer, I will fire!' she exclaimed.

Perhaps the native had never before seen so small a weapon, and did not believe it to be deadly; or perhaps he had never seen a woman use a weapon of any kind; for he only grinned again and advanced a step or two. There was a flash, a report; and Phyllis saw through the smoke her enemy lying before her, wounded and bleeding. A mist swam before her eyes; she felt a deadly sickness stealing over her; and through all the giddiness and strange noises which rang in her ears, she was conscious of the galloping of a horse urged to its utmost speed, coming ever nearer and nearer. In another minute Jack's arms were round her, and she was looking into his face with a long gasping sigh.

'Speak to me, Phyllis! What is wrong?'

'The blacks,' she answered; 'they have been here all day. But it is all right, now you have come,' with a shuddering look towards the wounded man. 'Have I killed him?'

'Killed him? No! You have winged him though, very neatly. The scoundrel!' and Jack's dark eyes scintillated with anger. 'He deserves more than that. Come inside, my brave child; you are as pale as a ghost.'

Phyllis was trembling like a leaf now; but she managed to smile into his face. 'Never mind me. See, there is Bessie looking from the door; go and take her back to her sofa.'

Jack went to the back-door of the parlour, which Bessie had managed to reach, and from which she was gazing with a very scared face. He lifted her in his arms and carried her back to her sofa, soothing her with assurances that all danger was over, that Robert and the men would be home directly, and that there was really no harm done. Bessie strove hard to suppress the hysterical sobbing natural to her weak state. 'Send Phyllis to me,' she begged. 'Oh, how brave she has been all day! I know now why she looked so pale and

strange in the forenoon! And she bore all the anxiety without saying a word to me.'

Phyllis came into the room, and kneeling down beside her sister, laid her face against her shoulder. 'It is over now,' whispered Phyllis. 'Don't be frightened, darling.'

They listened with strained ears till they heard the rattle of the drays and the voices of the men outside. Then Phyllis slipped away to her own room, where she lay down, and fell into a state that was partly unconsciousness partly sleep. From this she was roused by the settler's well-known voice; and opening her eyes, she saw Robert bending over her, and loading her with all manner of tender names.

CHAPTER XII.—'I OFTEN WONDER THAT YOU DON'T ADMIRE PHYLLIS!'

I will let James Hamilton tell his own story, as he told it that evening after the blacks had gone, all except the wounded man, for whom a pallet had been made up in one of the outhouses. Tea was over, and the members of the reunited household were gathered in the parlour, regarding one another with thankfulness for perils past. Bessie reclined on the sofa, with Robert close beside her. Bertie had gone to bed, and the infant was asleep in the cradle. Phyllis sat near the table in an easy-chair which Jack had drawn forward for her; and as the lamplight fell on her face, it revealed a look of rest that comes with relief from a long strain of feeling. At her side Jack stationed himself, her willing slave.

'We had been busy all the morning—Robert and the two men and I—driving in the wooden piles for our jetty and removing some stones out of the way. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I felt tired; for the work was harder than any I had ever done before, and we were all hungry. We got out the basket with our dinner in it, and spread the things on a green knoll about two dozen yards from the place where we had been working. Robert and I were very merry over our dinner; and afterwards, while the men were having theirs, we strolled off to a grassy bank near, and lay down to enjoy our pipes. As I have said, I was tired, and lying quietly there, I fell into a sort of doze. I don't suppose I had slept many minutes, when I was wakened up suddenly by Phyllis's voice calling me. I heard her distinctly, as surely as I ever heard anything, call my name three times. "Jack, Jack, Jack!" she said; and she did not speak very loud either, but in a sort of intense whisper. The idea conveyed to me was that she was in great distress and trouble, and that she wanted help sorely. In a moment I was broad awake, and I suppose I looked rather scared; for Robert shook me by the shoulder and said: "Hollo, old man, have you had a bad dream?"'

"It wasn't a dream," I said. "I heard Phyllis call me."

'Bob shouted with laughter, and began teasing me about hearing a lady's voice six miles off; but I could not shake off the strange uncomfortable feeling that the dream, if it was a dream, had left on my mind. I would have started off home then, only I thought Robert would banter me so. But all the afternoon the feeling that there was some danger hanging over you and Bessie and the

children was so vividly before me, that about three o'clock I went to Robert and said: "Bob, I must go home. There is something wrong there."

"He didn't laugh then; but told me that if that conviction was so strongly present with me, we had better yield to it, and that we would all go at once. I galloped on first, and he promised to follow with the men as quickly as he could make the dray-horses go. The dray being empty of the wood-piles, it would go pretty fast. You know, Phyllis, just how I found you. And I think that if ever a vivid impression such as I have told you of comes to me again, I will not try to fight against it, but obey the impulse at once. It is one of those mysteries which we cannot possibly explain, a sort of mesmeric influence which comes now and again to us mortals."

"There is one thing I should like to know," said Robert—"did Phyllis really call Jack at the time he heard her voice?"

The colour rose in Phyllis's pale face like a flood, and her sweet eyes drooped to hide the dew that stood in them.

"Did you, Phyllis?" asked Jack eagerly, bending nearer to her.

"Indeed, I did," she answered truthfully. "I remember quite well when I did so. It was in my own room, soon after the blacks had come. I believe I felt frightened for a little and lonely, with you all away."

"Frightened and lonely!" exclaimed Robert enthusiastically. "I should think you did! There isn't one woman in a thousand who would have kept her courage as firm and her brain as clear as you did, Phyllis. But it shall never happen again, my brave girl. I will never leave my house again with only women and children in it, and no man within call."

They sat there talking till a later hour than usual; and even when the time came for saying good-night, they lingered still, loath to part from each other even for a little while. Robert carried Bessie to her room, and came back to hold Phyllis in his arms once more, to kiss and bless her, to call her the brave defender of his home, his courageous clever sister. Jack stood by smiling; and when his turn came to say good-night, he would fain have touched one of those white cheeks with his lips; but the girl drew shyly away from him and retired for the night.

Remaining with Bessie till she slept, Robert sauntered out, feeling as if he could breathe more freely in the open air. He found Jack pacing up and down by the moonlit lake, not even smoking; a sure sign of great perturbation. Robert joined him in his walk, and the brothers paced backwards and forwards for a time without speaking. At last Jack said in a low voice: "I don't know how *you* feel, Bob, but the thought of all that has happened to-day nearly drives me mad." The idea of those two girls here alone exposed to the savagery of those wretches, is perfectly horrible."

Robert drew a deep breath, and his face looked pale in the moonlight. "It is too horrible to think of. But it shall never happen again, Jack. I cannot think now how I came to be so careless. I suppose years of security have made me feel over-safe. If it had not been for Phyllis—Jack, hasn't that girl behaved splendidly?"

"Yes, she certainly has," answered Jack dryly.

Robert was silent for a little, glancing curiously at his brother. "I often wonder," at last he said, hesitatingly, "that you don't admire Phyllis more. To me she is the most perfect woman I have ever known."

"Yet, though you admire Phyllis, you love Bessie best?"

"O yes; of course," he said, smiling. "You know that Bessie is my idol. But that does not keep me from feeling that Phyllis is a splendid woman. Not one girl in a thousand would have had the courage and presence of mind to act as she did to-day."

Jack turned away his head and gazed far across the lake in silence. When he spoke, his voice was low and unsteady. "Bob," he said, "I don't know if you will understand what I am going to say. I have been on the point very often within the last few months not only of admiring Phyllis but of loving her passionately. I know that in my heart I do love her, better than I shall ever love any other woman. She is beautiful and good and generous. It is impossible to conceive a nobler character than hers. But the very things that you praise in her are what make me afraid. Marriage is such a desperately serious affair; it means the happiness or misery of two lives. And I cannot help asking myself, are courage and presence of mind just the qualities which I desire most in a wife? In fact, am I capable of being to this brave grand creature the king and lord that a man ought to be to his wife?"

"Upon my word, Jack," said Robert passionately, "I fail to understand you!"

"Now I will tell you the difference between your Bessie, and Phyllis—between your position and what mine would be," continued Jack. "Bessie is the weaker of the two. You feel that you are everything to her; that she leans upon you for strength and support, that she trusts to you for guidance. I on the other hand could be nothing to Phyllis. Her head is as clear as mine, her heart as proud, her courage as high. We might be friends, as *men* are friends; we might be good comrades, walking side by side through life, with never a word of difference; but the gentle clinging truthfulness that a man longs for from a woman could never be mine. She needs nothing; she is self-reliant; in herself, sufficient to herself."

"Why did she call you to-day, I wonder?"

"That, I cannot tell. I wish I *could* tell. If she were not so cold to me always, I would ask her. If I saw one touch of womanly weakness about her, I believe I should love her passionately."

"I think she has a touch," said Robert; "only she has the instinct of all brave natures to hide the weakness. At anyrate," he added somewhat dryly, for he felt annoyed, "I do not think she has the weakness to give her heart where it would not be appreciated."

"That is rather cruel, Bob," returned Jack in a low tone. "You know—at least—well no, I suppose you don't. If I thought for an instant that she cared about me—things would be very different. But I truly believe that she cares just as much about me as she does about poor Sam."

"Hm!" said Robert, smiling, as he turned towards the house. "I'm not sure that her indifference goes quite so far as that. At anyrate you are humble enough about it. Good-night, old fellow."

But Jack continued his restless walk by the lake for many an hour afterwards. The moon had set, and the chill that comes before dawn, had begun ere he turned in.

INDIAN NAMES OF AMERICAN STATES.

It must be owned that such well-known titles as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, Two Bears, Little Wound, Blue Nose, Little Big Man, One Horn, Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, do not suggest any very dignified or awe-inspiring associations, although the 'braves' of the prairie would doubtless find equal food for mockery in Smithville, Jonesborough, Indianapolis, and other astounding appellations which stud the transatlantic map from east to west. It is nevertheless interesting to note how many of the most famous names in America are of Indian origin. The long supremacy of the Dutch and French in the eastern and northern districts, and that of the Spaniards in the west and south, have indeed left indelible traces; but a large number of the yet older names used by the aboriginal possessors of the soil are still familiar as household words, though all memory of those who gave them has long since lapsed into tradition.

Commencing with New York itself, we find the island on which it stands still retaining its ancient name of 'Manhattan,' given by the Manhato Indians who formerly held it—though Washington Irving, in that wonderful burlesque which has immortalised the name of 'Knickerbocker,' derives the title, with an infinitely ludicrous affectation of learned research, from 'the wearing of men's hats by the squaws of the surrounding tribes, whence "Man-hat-on." Of the thirty-eight states composing the American Union, nineteen are still known by the quaint fanciful appellations bestowed upon them by their ancient inhabitants. Connecticut, slightly altered from its original form of 'Quon-eh-ta-kut,' is a Mohican word signifying 'long river.' Massachusetts implies 'the land around the great hills.' Michigan is the Indian name for a fish-trap, suggested by the peculiar form of the great lake which has given its title to the surrounding country. Illinois was formed from the Indian word 'Illini' (men) by the addition of the French termination 'ois.' The stormy region of Minnesota merits its name of 'cloudy water,' as does Wisconsin, with its many rapid streams, that of 'rushing channel.' The appellation of Iowa, signifying 'the drowsy ones,' however appropriate to its original owners, is amply contradicted by the energy of the sturdy farmers who are fast peopling its endless plains. The name of Missouri (muddy) has seldom been more justly applied than to the famous tributary of the Mississippi, which latter was styled with equal truth, by the once powerful 'Natchez,' whose name still survives in that of a local town, 'The Father of Waters.'

Those who have travelled through Ohio can judge for themselves with what justice its Shawnee possessors called its noble river 'the beautiful stream.' Indeed, the rivers of the various states have very frequently stood sponsors to the states themselves. Tennessee implies 'the river with a big bend;' Kentucky—'Kain-tuk-ee'—'at the head of the river;' Kansas, 'smoky water,' which, with the French prefix 'arc' (bow), gives a name like-

wise to the adjacent state of Arkansas. Alabama, in the tongue of the Creek Indians, signifies 'the land of rest.' The name of Wyoming, or 'great plains,' originally given by the Delaware Indians to the beautiful Pennsylvanian valley traversed by the northern branch of the Susquehanna, has been transferred to one of the most noted states of the Far West. Dakota ('allied') was so called from the great confederacy of the north-western tribes, better known by their generic name of Sioux. The Utahs or Utes gave their name to a western state which has since become famous as the adopted home of the Mormons. The name of Texas, hitherto supposed to be of Spanish origin, proves to be the generic title of the various tribes inhabiting it, like that of Sioux or Iroquois. Indiana implies simply 'the Indian country.'

The titles of the other states tell their own story, the western names being for the most part Spanish in their origin, the eastern either English or French. The state of New York was named after the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) when taken from the Dutch by England in 1664. Sir George Carter, one of the original proprietors of New Jersey, marked his affection for the beautiful island of which he had been governor, by giving its name to his western possessions. Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, one of the earlier governors of Virginia, stood sponsor to the state of Delaware. Virginia itself was named after Shakespeare's 'fair virgin' throned by the West, Queen Elizabeth. Another English queen, Henrietta, the wife of Charles I., gave titles to two states—Maine from her native French province, and Maryland from her second name of Maria. Her royal husband was god-father to the Carolinas, as was George II. to Georgia, and Louis XIV. to Louisiana. New Hampshire was christened after the English county of that name; and Rhode Island from its supposed resemblance to the famous island of the Levant, although some authorities derive it from a corruption of 'rood' (cross). William Penn gave his name to Pennsylvania as its founder; and the French complimented the beautiful hills of Vermont with the title of 'Verts Monts' (green mountains), whence the Vermonters are still familiarly known as 'Green-Mountain Boys.'

The traces of Spanish conquest are still visible in the titles of Florida (flowery), Nevada (snowy), Colorado (red), Montana (hilly). California is a much disputed title, its first appearance being in the Spanish romance of *Esplandián*, where it figures as 'an unknown region of vast extent, inhabited by female warriors, black and terrible to look on.' The recently incorporated Territory of Nebraska takes its name from the Nebraska or Platte River, which traverses it from north-west to south-east. The derivations of Arizona, Idaho, and Oregon are uncertain.

Of the other Indian appellations still in familiar use, only a few can be given within the limits of the present paper. Niagara, now a household word in every part of the earth, is slightly corrupted from Oni-aw-ga-rah, 'the thunder of waters.' The grandest of the western valleys retains its native name of 'Yosemité' (Grizzly Bear), while its most picturesque cascade is still called 'Pohono' (the Wind Spirit). The beautiful lake which is the admiration of every traveller, has preserved its Indian title of Tahoe; while the Potomac, Susquehanna, Wabash, Missouri, Mississippi, Kena-

wha, Ouachita, Penobscot, Suwanee, Cheyenne, Kennebec, Rappahannock, Saskatchewan, and a multitude of other rivers, continue to retain their beautiful appellations and to defy all the efforts of modern Vandalism.

A RIVER-DREAM.

MILE-END was a small country town; but such a town! The houses were packed and pressed and crowded together, making them look as though they would suffocate for want of air. Then they were so dilapidated and faded and tumble-down, it seemed a wonder they kept up at all. To look at them at a distance you would think, from the queer way the roofs all slanted and leaned towards each other, and a trick some of the houses had of poking up inquisitive-looking dormer gables and windows in quite unexpected places, that they had some important secret that they were whispering about and hobnobbing over. And then the narrow crooked streets, with their seas of mud, and filthy gutters, and débris-littered side-walks, the very stones of which had a dissipated rakish air, as if instead of lying quietly in their places and doing their duty, they could do nothing better with their time than go knocking about in a disreputable fashion, to trip up unwary passengers. And then the odours! Surely Cologne itself never boasted a larger and more extensive collection; at least, for the sake of its luckless inhabitants, let us hope so.

A more unhealthy, undersized, dirty, gossiping, miserable, worthless set of human beings surely never existed anywhere. The men were mostly out of work and drunk, the women lean and ragged and unwomanly, and the children little and weird and wolf-eyed. Many was the drunken brawl and scene of brutal violence that awoke the midnight echoes of the streets, and Fever and Malaria unmolested, stalked abroad. Within, the houses were as uninviting as without—with a separate family on every floor, sometimes within every room. What wonder that the health and the morals of the place should be at a terribly low ebb!

And what seemed to make it all more painful and pitiful, was the loveliness of the valley in whose lap lay this pestilent little town. The green flower-garnished meadows were so fresh and fair—the air was so fragrant and balmy—the birds sang so sweetly—the little flowers were so brilliantly hued and so daintily formed—the river and its many shady back-waters and tributary streamlets were so fresh and bright and sparkling, and the murmuring music that they made blended in such sweet harmony with the tinkling of the sheep-bells, the lowing of the cattle, and the clear ringing note of the skylark, whose bit of a body seemed a mere speck far away against the blue. It lay, this lovely valley, like a glorious picture, nobly framed by purple shadow-swept hills, and overarched by heaven's cloud-flecked blue.

But though rich in beauty and healthful with heaven's breezes, it yet clasped a canker-spot of corruption to its breast; like a beautiful woman whose soul is worthless and diseased. Very few of the miserable inhabitants of Mile-end, not even the children, ever found their way out of the noisome atmosphere of the streets into the purity and

beauty of the woods and fields beyond. Like the grub that tastes of the nut it feeds and batters on, the dirt and squalor and poverty of the place seemed to grow into the hearts and minds and natures of its people, and to rub out all capacity for enjoying what was better and purer than themselves.

And yet even here, brutal and degraded as were the many, in the few, terribly small as that minority was, might be found high and noble instincts, that pushed themselves up through the poisonous soil, and groped painfully upwards and onwards to the light. Even here, as everywhere, might be found instances (rare perhaps, but still there) of brave patience, endurance, and heroism under great stress of suffering and misery and wrong. Then too, although in most of those poor semi-savage breasts, vice and sin had nearly elbowed out any virtue that nature might have originally planted, it must not be overlooked that great as the sin was, as great was the suffering; and who shall say, if these poor souls had been born into the clover of this life, as regarded their physical and moral surroundings, what fair and delicate and beautiful blossoms might not have expanded and bloomed in their natures!

Mile-end was a very old as well as a very dirty place, and one particular house in its principal street stood forward into the road several feet beyond its neighbours; its upper story quite overhanging the basement. This house was so old that it almost tottered when the wind blew—as it often did at Mile-end—even in spite of the wooden props, themselves rotten now, with which it had been buttressed up. But in spite, or perhaps because of its age and discomfort and general dilapidation, it was beautifully mellowed and harmonious in the tone of its colouring. Tufts of vivid green moss, and yellow and gray lichen, at intervals carpeted and softened the red tiles; and hardy clumps of orange wall-flowers filled up the gaps left by departed bricks and mortar; thus throwing over the actual decay and rottenness a glamorous veil of picturesque beauty. Within, this house was cruelly old and cold and comfortless; the beauty of decay was all outside, and only its stern reality existed within the frail and draughty walls. There were ten rooms in this house, which gave shelter to seven families. The noise and brawling were incessant, never seeming to stop night or day, for when at last the sickly children were asleep, the night was made hideous with the drunken blasphemies and low quarrels of the degraded men and women; and the reeking air was thick and heavy with gin and tobacco and disease.

In one of these rooms—it was in the projecting upper story, which through an unusually wide window commanded a view all up and down the street—lay on a straw pallet on the floor, barely covered with an old patchwork quilt, a boy of about fourteen, who, judging from his constant cough, laboured breathing, and emaciated limbs, was in the last stages of consumption. Beside him on the narrow bed lay a girl a few years older than her brother, fast asleep. She was pale and thin and dirty; but there was a rare beauty in the firm soft curves of the mouth and chin, and in the low broad brow, up from which was swept a thick tangled mass of curly brown hair. Tears glistened on the long brown lashes, and the eye-

brows were knit together in painful frown, which suddenly relaxed as the sick boy watched her with tired sunken eyes, and a sudden glowing smile lighted up her face.

'She can allus dream, and escape to the beautiful world she tells me about,' he muttered with a wistful impatient sigh; 'and I can never even sleep.'

Yes, she was dreaming, but not so deeply but that the movement and sigh of her brother woke her. 'Whaten's the trouble, Harry dear? Be yo worse to-night?'

'O no,' he said, and sighed again. 'I was just a-wonderin' where yo was, yo smiled so; and I longed to be there too.'

'O Harry, I was 'way off, out o' sight o' houses an' streets an' such-like, all alone in the valley; an' all the trees an' the flowers an' the river 'spak to me, to give me comfort.'

'Ah! the valley,' said the sick boy; 'that's where I wants to go, as I used to, 'fore I was took bad. If I could sleep, p'raps I could go too.' Here he was interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing, which only left him strength to gasp feebly for 'water.'

A cracked cup without a handle stood on the window-sill, and in it was a little water. The girl rose to get it; but as she was handing it to her brother the door opened, and their father staggered in. For an instant he looked at his children, and in a drunken fit of senseless passion, struck the girl a savage buffet which made her reel, and shattered the cup into fragments in her hand.

The girl's brow flushed crimson with anger and pain, and her brown eyes flashed fire. 'Yo miserable drunken brute!' she said.

'None o' yer sarce, gal, or I'll kill yer!' and he glared at her dangerously, with arm uplifted to strike.

'Faither, faither!' commanded rather than implored the sick boy, sitting up with an effort, and holding out a thin pale hand between them, while a hectic red blazed in his cheeks and vivid light shone in his sunken blue eyes. 'Don't yer strike her—don't yer strike her, or God will strike yo!' There was a strange almost unearthly look in the boy's spiritualised suffering face that awed the man into temporary soberness.

As he paused with arm uplifted, looking at his son, an expression of shame and uncertainty crossed his features; he hung his head, avoided the boy's intense eyes, and his arm slowly dropped by his side.

'Faither,' said the boy in a gentler tone, 'yo've hurt her—yo have, and she's so good to yo.'

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and looked up at his daughter, who was standing defiant and angry, with a dull red mark on her cheek and neck. When her brother spoke, her face softened and her lips quivered; she knelt suddenly by the bed and put her arms round him, saying in a piteous voice as the big tears fell on his yellow hair: 'It's no for me I mind! It's for yo. Whaten will yo do the night through withouten water? There's no a drop more i' the house nor the street.'

The boy said nothing as he stroked his sister's brown head, but the wistful longing look in his eyes, and the half-sigh he could not repress, shewed how much he needed the water. The man

looked at them for a minute, and then the fumes of the gin he had taken overpowered him again as he reeled to the opposite corner of the room, where he fell on to an old mattress, and in a moment was fast in a deep drunken sleep. The boy closed his eyes wearily and turned his face to the wall. The girl kissed him and settled him as comfortably as she could, then rose from her knees and went to the window, which she partly opened. The moon was high and full, and the street without looked as bright as day. A sudden idea seemed to strike her, for she smiled brightly as she went softly to the bed and stood gazing at the brother she loved so well, and knew she should be able to keep so short a time.

'My boy!' she said, with an intensity of pitiful love in her face, and stretching her clasped hands out over him as though she would keep him with her in spite of everything. 'My boy! he is all I have,' she murmured. 'Dear God, take care of him till I come back;' and with the love still in her face she softly left the room.

She went out into the brilliant summer night, and walked swiftly down the street towards the lovely valley beyond, looking up at the quiet stars as she went, something of whose peace and rest seemed to be reflected into the depths of her usually troubled eyes. After a while she left the town behind her and walked rapidly through the fields and lanes and woods till she came to the river's brink. How lovely it looked! The trees and flowers and grasses seemed outlined in purest palest silver—a very fairy network! and the quietly flowing river sparkled and shone with the glorious radiance of the moon and the stars. The girl sat down on a stone that projected into the river, and filled a jug she had brought, with the cold sparkling water which she had come to fetch for her brother. She seemed spell-bound with the beauty of it all, and sat there quite a long time looking down at the reflections deep in the water, and now up to the sky far above her head. 'If only my boy could be here,' she thought, 'how happy, he wud be! Maybe he wud get well if he comed here—he loves the dumb nateral things so.' Her tears fell into the clear rippling water. A little breeze sprang up, and tiny wavelets, silver bright, lapped up and up over the stone to her feet. 'O river, dear river!' she said, leaning towards it, 'last night in my dreams yo 'spak to me, pit'ed me, and was sorry for my boy. Can't yo 'spak ag'n now?'

The wavelets rose higher, and murmured and whispered in the wind; and as she listened, the silvery inarticulate sounds resolved themselves into words.

'Child,' the river said softly, 'the sweet spirits that live beneath my waves and in the woods and trees there, brought you to me in your sleep, and we tried to comfort you.'

'Why did yo not bring my brother too and comfort him?' the girl said. 'He's sore in need.'

'He would not sleep,' the river said. 'But take him some of my water to drink, and he will sleep, and you will both come to me in your dreams, and I will cure him and make him well.'

'Ah! you wull?' cried the girl—a beautiful light and brilliant smile waking her face into a wonderful beauty. 'I wull go to him at once! Where be the spirits who talked so kind to me last night?'

'Oh,' said the river—and it seemed to smile and ripple all over in the moonlight—'you will see them again when you come with your brother in your dream.'

The girl refilled her jug, nodded brightly to the river, and hastened home with feet winged with hope and love. She found her brother awake and gasping for breath. 'Harry, Harry!' she said, tenderly leaning over him, and raising him on her arms. 'See! I've brought yo some water, all fresh and pure out of 's river.'

His faded eyes brightened, and he eagerly drank it, and then with a smile lay back on her breast. 'That's fine an' nice,' he said. 'How dids' go so far? Thou's a good lass, to go for me.'

'Yo didna miss me whiles I were gone; did yo, Harry?'

The boy looked up at her with a loving smile and tear-filled eyes: 'I allus miss yo, little sister, when yo's not wi' me.' She bent over him and passionately kissed his pale lips.

'An' now,' she said, 'yo mun go to sleep; an' I'll go too; an' yo'll wake up right an' fine an' well to-morrer, an' yo'll never be sick no more.'

'Wull I no?' said the boy, smiling up at her eager face. 'Yo looks lovely to-night—like an angel,' he said; and added after a minute, still smiling: 'I can sleep now. Yo mun lie down by me—so, and put your arms roun' me—so; an' now kiss me, little sister!'

The moon streamed in on them as they lay, clasped in one another's arms, fast asleep, their lips almost touching, and the brown and gold of their hair shining in the light.

Harry woke first in dreamland, to find himself sitting on the bank of the river in the moonlight, waiting for his sister; and as he waited, all nature seemed to wake just to welcome him. The trees that waved their stately arms and silvered foliage above him, whispered: 'Welcome! welcome!' The little pollard-willows down by the water all nodded and spoke to him some cheery word; the sleepy flowers who sat swaying and nodding on their stalks, opened their brilliant eyes to smile at him; and even the long graceful grasses and rushes rustled and bent and bowed towards him, and did all they could to express their good-will. The very frogs stopped croaking to look kindly at the sick boy, with their bright eyes; and the crickets ceased rubbing their legs for a minute. 'Oh, how good it do feel to be here!' he sighed, and fairly laughed for joy; and all nature seemed to take up the echo and laugh too for company; and the frogs and the crickets croaked and chirruped louder than ever; and the bats took up the falsetto parts in the chorus; and the nightingale sang a solo that thrilled him with its beauty.

His sister came then, wandering along by the river, bright and happy, and sat down by him. 'Harry,' she said, kissing his thin cheek, 'yo wull get all well agin now; wull net yo?'

And the river answered, tossing a tiny wreath of shining spray on to her lap: 'Yes, yes; he will, he will!'

'Harry,' said the girl, clasping her hands together, and looking up at the blue dome overhead, where the stars were shining and twinkling—'I feel so happy now, that it seems somehow I c'ud die just for nothin' but joy. Be yo not happy too?' and she laid her soft cheek against her brother's.

'It be all just so sweet an' glorious, sister, that I cannot find the words to put it into—I can on'y feel it here;' and he clasped his hands to his heart.

'Get up, get up,' sang the river, 'and come with me.'

So they got up and followed the twistings and bendings of the stream hand-in-hand. The girl noticed that at every step his walk became lighter and more buoyant; a warmer tinge flushed into his pallid cheeks; and his eyes seemed to have caught the radiance of the stars. As for her, she went bounding and dancing along by his side, a very impersonation of youth and health and happiness. In their joyous progress they were never left alone. From behind every tree they passed, and from the tender heart of every flower, and up from the silver water, beamed the cheery faces of dryad and hamadryad, elf and water-nymph, and every face had a blessing in it. As for the river itself, it chattered and prattled and laughed all the way. There never was such a talkative river. Its spirits were so high that every time the wind murmured and rustled a kindly wish through the trees, it curved and coquetted and dashed up arrowy silver-pointed darts of water all round and about the boy and girl.

At last, after wandering for a long happy while beneath the stars, they came to a lovely moss-and-flower carpeted dell in the wood, overarched by branching trees, whose foliage made a wonderful lacey pattern against the gold-spangled blue above, and in whose lap the river lay, a clear deep emerald pool, on whose translucent surface bloomed numberless water-lilies, open to-night against their custom, to do them honour, and whose pure white blossoms, with their snowy moon-brightened petals and golden eyes, rose immaculately perfect from the noisome impurities beneath, and sat queen-like among a tangled network of long pink stalks and shining green plate-like leaves. The brother and sister stood still by the water's brink, feeling hushed and awed by the great calm beauty of the place. As they stood there silent, the boy so thin and fragile and spiritually fair with the new radiant light as of another world shining in his blue eyes, and the girl in her sweet strong beauty reminding one of the water-lilies at her feet, in that they were both so fair and had equally sprung from muddy impurity and filth—they seemed emblems of spiritual and material life. The river scarcely murmured now, but just whispered as the trees waved gently in the breeze: 'Children, I have brought you home to the spirits who love you. Good-night, good-night.' Then the children saw that they were not alone, but that two figures clothed in long flowing draperies sat beneath the drooping trees. They were both beautiful exceedingly; but the face of one was as the face of an angel, glorious with an infinite peace and joy; while the face of the other, though beautiful, was sad and drawn and tear-stained, as though with passionate suffering and pain.

'Children,' said she with the sad solemn face, as they stood before them silent and awed, 'we have been waiting for you to-night—my sister and I;' and she smiled. The girl looked at them, and instinctively shrunk away from the beautiful sad being who had spoken, and went close up to the other, whose eyes were fixed beaming and smiling on her brother.

'Yo are so beautiful,' she said, 'an' look so bright and happy. Wull yo make my boy well, so he can enjoy hisself to the fields and woods?'

Then the spirit with the radiant eyes rose and beckoned to the boy. 'I have come to take your brother home,' she said, 'where he will be well and joyful always.'

'An' may I no come too?' the girl asked, putting her arm round her brother's neck, as if to keep him with her. 'I cannot live withouten him!' Her mouth quivered, and the tears welled up big and bright into her eyes.

'My child,' the spirit answered softly, 'you cannot come with your brother now—the time is not yet. Some day I will come for you, and he will come with me to welcome you. But now, my sister wants you still, and has work for you to do.'

The girl turned and looked timidly up at the sad-eyed spirit, who said: 'Yes, my child, you belong to me; my sister has called your brother from me. In that, he is happier than you. But I will love you too. You need not fear me, if you will only trust me and be brave. Will you come?' She held out her arms to her; and the girl, touched and attracted by the sad face, went towards her, and said, still holding her brother's hand tightly clasped in her own: 'I am not afeared o' yo, an' I wull trust yo; but I cannot give up my boy!'

'But you must!' the sister-spirit answered.

In spite of her glowing beauty, the children both felt that her will was inexorable.

'Sister,' said the boy, 'yo mun let me go; I feel her drawing me, an' I cannot stay. I wull be so happy. An' yo wull come to me. Kiss me, an' let me go!'

She turned and clasped him passionately in her arms. 'I wull let yo go,' she sobbed; 'but it be so hard, so hard! We was so happy together.'

'I be so tired!' he murmured as he leaned supported in her arms, with his head against her breast, and his lips close to hers.

The radiant-eyed spirit approached them and took the boy by the hand. 'Come!' she said gently. 'I will take you home.'

'My boy! my boy!' cried the girl piteously; and for a moment, as she held him fast in her strong young arms, it seemed as though her love were deep enough to keep him in spite of the spirit's call.

'Sister, let me go. I wull come again to yo, an' fetch yo.'

Then with a moan, she loosed her arms and kissed him and let him go. Then the spirit wrapped the boy in her garments, and kissed him solemnly on brow, and eyes, and mouth; and behold! beneath the power of that embrace, his face brightened into health and life and beauty; and the immortal radiance that breathed from the spirit's form fell upon him and glorified him. And as his sister gazed wonderingly at him, the spirit took him by the hand, and they disappeared from her sight. Then she with the saddened eyes came to the girl and bent over her as she wept, and whispered, laying her hand on her brow: 'Be brave, and fear not!' and then she too vanished.

It was morning, and the sun was peering curiously in at the window of the queer tumble-down house in Mile-end. And this was the sight it

saw. The father was still breathing heavily on the floor; and on the bed, the brother and sister still lay close clasped in each other's arms. Her breathing was soft and regular, and her cheeks were wet with tears. On his face shone a radiant smile, for his was the sleep of death!

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A SHOWMAN.

SECOND SERIES.

IN No. 685 of this *Journal* we published some reminiscences in the life of a showman, supplied to us by the showman himself. The following are what may be termed a continuation of the series. Our friend writes as follows:

Before relating a few more of my adventures, I think an explanation of some of my principal fire-tricks may perhaps be interesting. During my engagement with Spicer, I was, as I have already stated, announced as 'Victor Delareux the Fire-king;' and though it was presumed that I was a proficient in the languages of the continent, I of course knew not a word of English; consequently Spicer performed the part of talking exhibitor somewhat in this strain: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce Monsieur Delareux in his unequalled feat of swallowing boiling oil. There is no deception. This is an ordinary saucepan, without any preparation. The oil is as hot as it can be made. I pour the contents of the pan into this goblet.' (The goblet was an old laboratory mortar of gun-metal, which drew away much of the heat from the oil.) 'He will now take a stick of lead and stir the oil until it melts away.' (The metal was not lead, but a compound in which bismuth predominated, and which may be procured in the form of teaspoons at any of the principal dealers' in magical toys. These spoons will dissolve in a cup of tea or coffee.) 'The lead is melted; he will now drink the oil.' At this point I took a spoon, in shape like a punch ladle, but with a much longer handle. Having filled this, I took two turns down the front of the stage, to let the audience have a near view. I then took a wine-glass, apparently of the ordinary size, but only holding the contents of a thimble, filled it from the ladle, and drank it off with much show of suffering through the intense heat; but heat there was really none. By this time the oil in the mortar was comparatively cool, and I indulged in a few glasses more of the nauseous stuff.

Another performance was supping a bowlful of burning brandy. The bowl, which was of the commonest stoneware—the management could not afford anything superior—I placed on the table before the audience; the brandy, being first tested or rather tasted by one or two of the 'front seats,' I poured into the bowl, and set fire to it. When the flames flashed high, I dipped a dinner-spoon into the brandy, and seemed to fill it; when I took it out of the brandy, I inverted the bowl of the spoon, and held it blazing before my open mouth; as I was closing my lips upon it, a gentle breath blew out the flame, and nothing entered my mouth but the slightly heated spoon. This fire-supping required to be done speedily, to prevent the spoon becoming overheated. Unknown to the audience, I used another spoon for my next sup, to give the first spoon time for cooling; and

I continued supping until the flames died out; finishing the feat by drinking off the small quantity of harmless liquid that was left.

In these above performances no preparation of the mouth was required; but in those I am about to describe, I rendered my mouth and skin much less sensitive, even to great heat, by a continual application of liquid borax to the first, and by anointing the second with a preparation of distilled water, sulphuric acid, and onion-juice. Having thus made myself as it were fireproof, I was prepared to eat any quantity of tow, and afterwards blow volumes of smoke out of my mouth, the inside of which was lighted up with a glowing red-heat. This I obtained by slipping a piece of red-hot charcoal powdered with sulphur between my teeth, having previously inhaled a long breath, and then breathing smartly, and thus shewing a small mass of blue-and-red fire. Some may think that the sulphur rendered the trick more difficult and dangerous; but its action was quite the contrary. In swallowing molten lead, which was not lead, but the compound already mentioned, I poured the metal out of the crucible into the palm of my hand; allowed it to rest there for a second or two, by which time it hardened into a lump; and then I shewed it on my tongue, and appeared to swallow it. Under the pretence of wiping my lips, I easily removed it unseen. I need not repeat what I mentioned in a former article about dancing on a red-hot bar or passing it over my limbs. When the booth was well filled, I sometimes wound up my entertainment with dropping melted sealing-wax on my tongue, making an impression on it with a seal, and giving the impressions away to the élite of our patrons.

In my early showman days the only medium of advertising was the bellman of the town or village, who was paid for his services by a free admission for himself and family on the first morning or evening of the performances. We often also had recourse to an indirect method of advertising our show. When not engaged at the booth, our usual resort was the largest and most popular tap-room of the neighbourhood. Many a time have I astonished, and sometimes terrified the natives by taking with my bare fingers a red-hot coal from the fire and lighting my pipe with it; and then carrying it round to the gaping countrymen, offering a light to each.

Of course I was always in a condition of professional preparation during my reign as a Fire-king. One evening, after a successful performance at Uxbridge, I entered a tap-room in the little town. I had hardly sat down before I was requested, as being nearest the fire, to give it a stir up. A glance round convinced me that I was going to be made the victim of a plot. I seized the large ball which formed the handle of the poker, and which I saw at a glance had been previously heated to redness for the benefit of the first unsuspecting comer. The trick was at that time much in vogue, and never failed to elicit shouts of derisive laughter at the expense of the victim. The poker was cooling down from red-hot. I stirred the fire leisurely. 'Don't you find it rather hot?' remarked the lumpy host, winking to his neighbours. 'Not at all,' I replied; 'not warmer than I could have expected it near such a jolly fire. Feel it yourself.' I placed the ball in his hand. He uttered some strong language,

and danced round the apartment, slapping his singed hand on his thigh, much to the delight of the assembled yokels.

It was at this same town, if I recollect aright, that I performed a 'wonderful swallowing feat.' It was a trick, and the only trick I ever resorted to in the way of actual swallowing. There were many in the town who would not believe in the genuineness of my sword-swallowing feat; so I announced that I would swallow three iron rods of nine inches each in length, and not only swallow but digest them. I employed a confectioner of the town, who was a little bit of a showman in his way, to make me three rods of jujube mixture, and coat them slightly with tinfoil. At the appointed time, before a large and excited audience, I produced the sham rods, and knocking them together, made them ring in such a manner that their metal could not be disputed. The ringing was done by a brother-actor, who stood at the side-wings and rattled three genuine iron rods together. Bit by bit I swallowed the sweet stuff, thus keeping my promise and silencing the unbelievers.

On one occasion I entered a country tap-room and put down a small paper parcel on the table. Looking at the fire, I remarked to the potman that I did not think it capable of cooking a steak. He agreed with me. Then I said if he would bring me a red-hot poker from the kitchen, I could manage for myself. The poker was brought; I licked the end of it once or twice, and then, in a disappointed manner, said that it was not nearly hot enough. He offered to heat it again. 'No,' I said; 'you haven't a fire in the village that can heat it up to please me. Take it away, or I'll eat it up before your eyes.' On the following morning I entered the same public-house and called for a glass of ale. 'I cannot serve you,' said the landlady sternly; 'I am not licensed to sell drink to the Evil One!'

I may in conclusion introduce a little feat which was no trick, and which I occasionally performed. I acquired the taste and the power through practice while at Tobago. I could swallow a spoonful of Cayenne pepper as easily as if it were sugar. At a tavern parlour in Hitchin I was talking of my fondness for taking capsicums or Cayenne pepper to any amount. Unfortunately, I could not prove my words, as neither of them could be procured. Before the company parted for the night the butler of a gentleman in the neighbourhood invited me to give a performance on the following evening in the servants' hall. I did so. A banquet worthy of a Lord Mayor followed. I was made the lion of the party. Neither capon nor turkey was good enough to set before me. The cook had exerted all her powers in concocting a dish expressly for me. The dainty morsel, for it was little more, both looked and smelt temptingly. I wished to share it with the others; but that was not to be permitted. I was hungry, as showmen always are, and nothing loath to set to. The first mouthful informed my palate that the chief ingredients of the dish were Cayenne and hotter spices, if hotter there be. I ate with an appetite: no expected tears came into my eyes; I made no demand for a glass of water or beer. I left not an atom of the cook's achievement, and laid down my knife and fork satisfied with myself, and at the same time complimented the cook on her skill. A hearty laugh rung all round;

and she explained that the dish was a suggestion of the butler.

These are a few random memories. Perhaps at some future leisure hour I may recall others.

USES OF ELECTRICITY.

THE ordinary telegraph being liable to be affected by thunder-storms, Professor Loomis of Washington proposes an aerial telegraph, by which signals may be transmitted through a system of suspended kites; on the theory that currents of electricity, generally in the same plane, exist continually in the air at certain distances from the earth. These currents could, he thinks, be made to take the place of the usual suspended wires. He is said to have reduced this idea to practice, and to have communicated with an assistant at a distance of twelve miles; his only apparatus being two kites held by fine copper wires, in lieu of the usual string. Each kite was flown to a certain altitude; and when a message was transmitted by means of an ordinary instrument by the Professor, it was carried upwards through the copper wire to his kite, was thence conveyed by the natural current of electricity to the other kite twelve miles off, and thence by the wire of the latter to the operator at the other end. Should practical results on a large scale follow late experiments with kites telephones and phonographs, the present system of conveying telegraphic messages will probably be quite revolutionised. Besides transmitting the various ingenious commercial, political, and social codes of secret language, plans and topographical sketches have been sent by telegraph without necessitating a special drawing for the purpose, by means of an invention first exhibited at the French Academy of Sciences.

The value of field-telegraphs in a campaign has repeatedly been demonstrated. One of these, called a *Telelog*, has recently been devised by a Baden artillery lieutenant, M. Ackermann, which has the following general arrangement. The receiver is a simple electro-magnetic bell with single strokes, which is kept in a circuit with constant current. It is held in a box attached by a hook to the breast; and when the man carrying it wishes to signal, he presses a knob, interrupting a spring contact. The cable contains two insulated copper wires and a hemp cord to give the necessary resistance. The whole, wound with linen band and tarred, is coiled in lengths of two hundred metres on a drum of sheet-metal. The battery consists of twenty elements in a case with a like number of compartments; the zinc cylinders are screwed fast to the wooden cover, while a copper dish, filled with blue vitriol, lies at the bottom of each compartment. A twenty-five per cent. solution of Epsom salts is used as filling material. The battery will act at three thousand metres' distance; and the signals appealing to the ear, the eyes of the operator are left free for other purposes.

Passing over these remarkable instruments the telephone, phonograph, and microphone, all of which have already been noted in these columns, we go on to speak of a few of the other adaptations of this remarkable power. The uses of electricity are well exemplified in the general adoption of lightning-conductors and electric bells, and in

the beneficial effects of electricity sometimes on health and life. Among useful applications of electricity may be mentioned the electric indicator, an excellent protection against fire and thieves. It consists of two small mahogany boxes, one containing the battery and the other the bell and alarm. Three wires only are required, which may be attached by a particular arrangement to doors windows or drawers; the opening of which causes electricity to be established, and is instantly followed by an alarm. For the detection and prevention of fire, two wires in connection with a thermometer are used, one of which terminates in the mercury bulb, and the other in the tube at any given point of temperature; when the mercury reaches this point, metallic connection is completed, and any rise of temperature beyond that point is indicated by the ringing of the fire-alarm. Attention has been given to the synchronising of clocks by electricity, which transmitted from some standard clock, is so applied to the wheel-work and hands of others as to cause them to shew uniformity of time with the governing clock. As applied to music, a whole orchestra of instruments can be made to discourse sweet sounds, like the telephonic harp, through the influence of the same potent agent. But perhaps the most curious use to which the electric battery could well be applied would be the carrying out of the suggestion that electricity should be made to supersede the hangman's noose, by communicating a death-shock to the condemned criminal.

The influence of electricity on evaporation has lately been studied by M. Mascart. He placed a number of basins of water under conductors connected with a Holtz machine, driven by a water-engine, and inclosed in a glass case, in which the air was kept dry by vessels containing sulphuric acid. The evaporation was always increased under this action whether the electricity was positive or negative, and in some cases it was even doubled. While on this part of our subject it may be mentioned that the electrical properties of water vary rapidly according to its degree of purity, so that a current of electricity applied to that fluid ascertains at once the greater or less degree of resistance, and consequently of purity or impurity of the water tested. A new method of engraving on glass was not long since described by M. Planté at a meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. The surface of a plate of glass having been covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, and a horizontal platinum wire connected with one of the poles of an electric battery being placed in the liquid along the edges of the glass, any design may be easily drawn on the glass by touching it with the point at the other end of the platinum wire. The wire forming the 'pencil' is insulated, the tip alone remaining uncovered; and by simply using the wire as an ordinary pencil and tracing imaginary lines on the surface of the glass, the design is permanently reproduced and distinctly engraven thereon. Flat surfaces may be easily treated in this manner; but the difficulty of keeping convex surfaces covered with the nitrate of potash is likely to prove an obstacle to the general adoption of the system. This difficulty may however, it is thought, be overcome by means of a specially constructed bath.

More generally useful than the wire-pencil referred to for operating on glass, is likely to prove the electric pen, which not unlike an ordinary pencil-case in appearance, is connected by a wire to an electric battery. It passes over the paper, leaving no visible effect to an inexperienced eye; but a nearer examination shews that the course of the pen has marked itself by piercing an innumerable quantity of small holes in the paper. This result has been produced by the action of a small needle, which supplies the place usually filled by the lead, and which is thrust out of the end of the instrument by electric agency no less than one hundred and eighty times in every second. The practical uses of the electric pen are as yet slight; but future development of the principle may confidently be expected. Its greatest use at present is as a means of copying documents. The paper with its pricked writing is laid on another sheet, and an ink-roller passed over it, and the ink passing through the interstices leaves a copy on the paper below. Some half-a-dozen copies are said to be thus obtained in a minute, and as many as a thousand before the original is worn out; though whether the copies are all quite legible is not stated.

Equal advances have been made regarding the more general adoption of the electric light, which is now used alike for the peaceful pursuits of commerce and the deadly purposes of war. The substitution to a certain extent of the electric light for the dim candles and feeble oil-lamps formerly in all lighthouses, is a vast improvement too obvious to dwell upon. Many will think the same regarding this powerful light as a new ally of the photographer, since, through its means, portraits have been taken in London independent of time and season.

The brilliancy of the electric light makes an attractive illumination on festive occasions; and judging by recent experiments, its rays may shortly be expected to grow very familiar to us in many public buildings. In this respect France sets a good example; and as the economy, safety, and convenience of the electric light have been demonstrated in certain establishments in Great Britain, we shall probably not be behindhand in its general, if not universal, application. Its adoption for library illumination, and notably that of the British Museum, has been suggested, and would without doubt be hailed as a universal boon.

It is assumed that gas cannot be manufactured below an average price of two shillings per thousand cubic feet, and that a gas-burner to give the light of twenty candles must consume six cubic feet per hour. On this data, the cost of eight thousand candles' light for fifteen hundred hours, allowing twenty-four pounds for interest on the outlay for plant, would be a few shillings over three hundred and eighty pounds; but the same amount of light can be obtained from electricity at a cost of one hundred and eighty pounds. This calculation was drawn up with reference to places where gas is manufactured for many consumers; but if manufactured solely for the light required by the comparison, the cost would rise to ten or twelve times that of the electric lighting. At the same time it may be noted that the two agencies are not in actual competition, inasmuch as the electric light is chiefly valuable for purposes which gas fulfils only imper-

fectly, as for lighting up large spaces and for use in time of war.

It is admitted that there is still much to be done ere the electric light can be employed with comfort in illuminating halls and rooms of ordinary dimensions; but it can now economically be used both with regard to its intensity and colour-effect where other modes of lighting are valueless. In dye-works, for instance, the improved electric light must be invaluable; and the successful results attending its introduction into an establishment of that nature in Salford, will probably lead to its employment in similar works. A Gramme machine was, we hear, employed for the generation of the electric current; and this, driven by a two-horse power steam-engine, gave a light calculated to be about equal to six hundred sperm candles, at a total cost of fourpence an hour. Not every dye-work would need such an extensive illumination, or could afford to run the engine required. Still hundreds of establishments in London in which the impossibility of matching colours under the yellow glare of gas-light has formed a serious obstacle to business, might greatly increase the available work-hours by adopting this new means of illumination. The electric light being a perfectly colourless white, would be well adapted for illumination of picture-galleries, which are seen to anything but advantage in gas-light.

The lighting of gas-lamps by electricity has, we believe, been proved a practical success, and this method, it is probable, will ere long be adopted in large towns. In London a trial was made a short time ago of a street-lamp for electric lighting, devised by Mr Bore. The lamp is in rear a semi-hexagonal reflector, and the front is covered by a flattened convex opal glass, so that the intensely brilliant point of light emanating from the carbon-points which act as 'burners,' is not visible; but instead, a glowing white diffused light is very effectively radiated in all directions, giving a soft and very pleasant illumination of all objects in the roadway. In the electric light itself, nothing new was attempted, the old Bunsen battery being the source, and the Duboscq apparatus the manipulator of the points; it was the lamp not the light that was the subject of trial. Two of these lamps were kept in action for some hours, one at the Mansion House, the other at the Royal Exchange. With five such lamps placed in opposite directions, so as to obliterate the intensely dark shadows which the powerful rays of the electric light always produce when thrown on one side of the place to be lit up, the whole of the space between the Bank, the Exchange, and the Mansion House could be perfectly illuminated; and if the Siemens magneto-electric machines were employed, the cost would be, it is thought, considerably less than that of the comparatively feeble gas-lights which paled their ineffectual fires before those of their electric rivals.

An excellent example of the effect produced by opal glass is nightly witnessed in various parts of Paris, where the very agreeable diffusion of light is so pure in quality that colours of all shades can be nicely distinguished, while at the same time it does not subject drivers of vehicles to the inconveniences which they suffer from the glare of the electric lights hitherto presented to the public.

One immense advantage that the electric light possesses over ordinary lights such as gas or candles, is that it is independent of oxygen as a sustaining power. It burns as brightly and as long in a vacuum as in the open air. This has been taken advantage of in illuminating the depths of the sea. Electric lamps have been devised that burn steadily under water, and it is one of these improved lamps, regulating itself according to the strength of the current employed, that was used by divers in examining the sunken hull of the ill-fated *Eurydice*. When the current is too powerful, the carbon-points recede; and when weak, they approach each other, thereby keeping up a light of equal intensity; and the lamp will burn in any position. It is inclosed in a strong case, with a lens opposite the carbon-points, and a smaller one of colour to examine the light before sending under water. This casing, called the lantern, is perfectly watertight when closed, and is connected to the battery by means of a double cable of two insulated wires, the cable being made of india-rubber, and the two united by a tape covering. Fifty Bunsen elements placed in boxes of tin compose the battery, which is handier for moving about. The electric lamp, we are told, will burn for an hour in the open air; but in the lantern it will burn for twice that period, as the combustion of the carbon-points is not so rapid as in the open air.

But if electricity lends its aid in the raising of ships, it also contributes to their destruction through the ignition of torpedoes by electric wires. It is at once the bane and antidote, so to speak, in this species of warfare, since our ironclads are now fitted with electric lights and reflecting apparatus, likely to be of good service in protecting them from night-attacks by torpedo-boats. The electric lights provided on Admiral Hornby's ships are described as appearing as bright as a star of the first magnitude at a distance of thirty miles on a clear night. In this powerful light the smoke of a steam-launch betrays itself at a distance of more than two thousand yards, so that its value as a preservative of our costly war-vessels from destruction can scarcely be overrated.

Electricity however, can equally be adapted for purposes of attack as for defence, for it seems that on board ship the electric fuse is superseding the old lanyard in the firing of heavy cannon. It is, as we have on former occasions shewn, specially convenient for turret-guns, as it is not only possible to take better aim by this use of electricity, but the effect of the shots is more terrible, through the concentrated fire of a simultaneous discharge of several projectiles, which will penetrate heavy armour when single shots are comparatively harmless. As, owing to the smallness of port-holes and the nearness of guns to the water, the sighting is better performed by an officer stationed above them, he can by electric wires discharge the guns simultaneously at the moment he thinks most fit, while being likely to act with all the more coolness and judgment from being out of the way of the smoke and bustle below. As an illuminator for military purposes, the electric light will probably ere long prove equally useful. The Russian government has been experimenting recently at St Petersburg with the special object of increasing the distance to which the light produced by electricity may be thrown. The power of the light was found to be greatly augmented by covering the carbon burner

with a thin sheet of copper. By this means the Alteneck lamp was made to increase the power of its light from ten thousand two hundred and ten to sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five candles; and even this increased power was again raised to that represented by the light of twenty thousand two hundred and seventy-five candles, by a slight alteration in the position of the carbon and its covering. By this light, objects are clearly visible at night at a distance of three thousand yards. From such experiments it seems that the improvements in the system of electric lighting are likely to produce important effects on the arts of war and peace. Such are a few of the uses to which this strange power has already been applied; and yet electricity, like steam, may still be considered in its infancy. In a future article we shall have the pleasure of laying before our readers some further notes on this interesting subject, including what has been done and what is likely to be done in the way of illuminating large cities such as London, by electricity.

PENGUIN NOTES.

IF the reader will carry his eye along the fortieth parallel of south latitude at about the point where it is met by the eightieth meridian of east longitude—or about half-way between the African and Australian coasts—he will find the two islands named St Paul and Amsterdam with their outlying rocks. These islands and rocks, on which it is difficult to land, are of volcanic origin, being in fact peaks or ridges pushed above the surface as outlets for the earth's internal heat; and round about them the dredge brings up pieces of lava and ashes and other evidences of their past history, while at no great distance the sea is two thousand fathoms deep. The continual battering of the waves has greatly altered the form of St Paul within the memory of man. In 1696 the crater was intact; but the sea now flows into it where its wall has been broken down, and a boat can row into the once fiery gulf of the volcano. Even as late as 1793 some places were too hot to stand upon; but anything like eruptive action has ceased. The seas swarm with the lower forms of marine life, crustacea, mollusca, echini, &c.; and a dead cuttle-fish was washed ashore whose longest arms measured twenty feet—as terrible a monster as the *pieuvre* so graphically described in Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*, and set down as the creation of an exuberant imagination, even by well-informed naturalists, at the time when that thrilling romance appeared. Victor Hugo's story has however been justified by the subsequent discovery of many of these gigantic octopods, doubtless capable of drowning the strongest man, and by some well-authenticated cases in which this catastrophe has actually happened.

Nature ever seeks to cover the waste places of the earth with vegetation. A chance cocoa-nut may be stranded on an old coral reef, and in a few years it is clothed with a fringe of these stately palms. No sooner had the volcanic fires ceased in St Paul's and Amsterdam, than a few water-borne seeds germinated; and in 1874 the botanists who were attached to the Transit of Venus expedi-

tion found more than fifty species of plants, excluding those of the lowest order, flourishing here. These plants will prepare the soil for more noble occupants; and as the shores become sloped by the unceasing action of the sea, favourable opportunities will occur for the lodgment of still higher forms of vegetable life. Recent experiments so clearly prove the vitality of various kinds of seeds after long immersion in salt water, that we are disposed to attribute the origin of vegetation on islands situated as these are, mainly to the agency of the sea in transporting to them the germs of plants which are to clothe their volcanic nakedness.

About the month of September, the beginning of the summer in these latitudes, albatrosses, 'Cape pigeons,' &c. resort to these solitary islands for the purpose of nesting; but the innumerable penguins which, from their incapacity for flight, are the permanent residents, are among the most interesting, because they form a commonwealth, and exhibit considerable dependence upon one another in the rearing of their young. The business begins with the laying of one or two eggs, never more, of a dirty white streaked with brown, in a hollow on the bare ground or on a little grass. The task of incubation is shared by both parents; the one 'off duty' going to the sea to feed itself, and when the young are hatched, returning in due time with a supply for the family. Where tens of thousands of nests are collected together so closely that the visitor cannot walk without demolishing new-born nestlings or eggs at almost every step, it is difficult to understand how each bird knows its own nest, eggs, or nestling, as appears to be the case until the young are able to walk about for themselves. Then the latter form into 'infant schools,' presided over by several matrons, and ask and receive food from any charitable passer-by, and the social system, so far as it goes, has attained its highest point. There is no longer any recognition of *meum* and *tuum*, but a determination on the part of each adult to do the best for the rising generation, without regard to the petty rights of property so stoutly maintained and hotly contested in the egg stage. Woe betide the incautious or over-confident experimenter who shall remove one of these fierce motherly things from her nest with his hands; the penalty will be a succession of stabs, which produce notoriously painful wounds. But the occupant of the nearest nest will always receive and tuck under her, together with her own brood, the young of a dispossessed neighbour. All through the nursery are well-beaten paths along which the birds hop in single file with most grotesque action to and from the sea; and from the nests on either side come sharp stabs at the legs of the intruder, a deafening roar accompanying his progress the while, and an odour assailing his nose which only those who have sailed in a guano-ship can realise.

The time has now arrived when the young must be taught their first swimming-lessons, and the rudiments of that aquatic life to which their special structure confines them. From the rookery to the sea they advance, hopping with both legs together, and jump feet foremost bolt upright from a ledge into the water. Then, and only then, are they thoroughly at home, and making use of nothing but the powerful scaly flippers, dart

about with the rapidity of a fish. Frequently the old bird will rise to the surface with a young one balanced on each flipper, maintained in its precarious position by the grasp of its own tiny paddles, and no doubt vastly enjoying this introduction to life and the novel experiences to be met with under water.

Watching this busy scene from a boat, we are suddenly reminded that penguins do not find life one long holiday; for at no great distance from the sporting multitude we can see ever and anon rising above the surface the unmistakable triangular back-fin of a shark, stealthily approaching the revellers. They have observed the enemy as soon as we, and in a moment not a bird is to be seen. They have dived with one impulse to the bottom, where the tyrant cannot easily seize them, and are hurrying for their lives to the shore. The effect of the simultaneous re-appearance of thousands of the ungainly creatures scuffling up the beach with a deafening clamour is most singular; and we peer down into the water for signs of the tragedy, if any has been enacted; but the shark is nowhere to be seen, and confidence being re-established, the birds are soon at their gambols again.

A gentleman who passed some days sketching in the Falkland Islands had many opportunities of observing the penguin population; and he declared them to be the most intelligent, impudent, and inquisitive of the feathered tribe. He planted his camp-stool in the densest part of their 'rookery,' where they crowded about him, picked the buttons off and frayed the tails of his coat, walked about his drawing materials, and altogether behaved themselves as if he had been sent for their special entertainment. Fear there was none, or rather it was all on the side of the man; for nothing but an occasional vigorous use of a walking-stick enabled him to maintain his ground, and finish the beautiful series of water-colour drawings which we had the pleasure afterwards of examining.

The structure of these birds should not be passed by without a word of comment, so admirably adapted is it to their mode of life. The fore limbs—which in most other birds are wings—are flattened out into a pair of broad swimming-paddles covered with scales, enabling the bird to follow its prey beneath the water with a swiftness, grace, and ease contrasting remarkably with its awkward movements on land. The feet are broad and partially webbed, and the leg is modified in order to give stability to the body. Provision is made for long-continued diving by enlargement of the veins, which thus retain and act as reservoirs, for the vitiated blood until it can be renovated by breathing. The bones are filled with oily marrow, and the feathers are exceedingly compact and well adapted to resist water. When moulting, the penguin avoids water, and the feathers come away in patches instead of singly; the whole process resembling more nearly the shedding of a snake's skin than the moulting of a bird. Fashion has not spared the penguin! At one time its skin was in great request for ladies' muffs, and is still, we believe, extensively used for many purposes of ornamentation.

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COMPLIMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

WHEN Dr Parr, charmed by Erskine's tongue, declared he intended to write his epitaph, the great lawyer paid the vain scholar in his own coin by pronouncing the promise a temptation to commit suicide. Nothing came of this odd expression of mutual admiration, as happened in the case of a similar interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West the painter. Just before the famous Admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him at a dinner in his honour. Conversing with Sir William Hamilton, who sat on his other side, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, never passing a print-shop where the Death of Wolfe was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand, he asked why he had painted no more pictures like it. 'Because, my lord,' replied the artist, 'there are no more subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it.' 'Will you, Mr West?' cried Nelson. 'Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!' Trafalgar realised the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting the Death of Nelson.

It is something to succeed in impressing the unimpressible, but there is more satisfaction in extorting praise from competitors in the same field. A diplomatist could not desire more conclusive testimony to his ability than that won by Mirabeau's 'audacieux et rusé' minister, the first Earl of Malmesbury, of whom Talleyrand said if you only allowed him to have the last word he was always in the right. Father Onorato must have been exceedingly vain or exceedingly indifferent if he did not inwardly exult at hearing that Bourdaloue, upon being asked what he thought of the Father's preaching, replied: 'He tickles the ears indeed, but he pricks the heart; people return at his sermons the purses they have stolen at mine.' And Sir Walter Scott was no

doubt delighted when Manzoni acknowledged his congratulations with: 'My book is yours, for I owe it to the deep study I made of your works;' but he gave the Italian a Roland for his Oliver by replying: 'Then *Il Promessi Sposi* is my best novel.' Scott however, was not a whit more sincere than the gallant country mayor who, handing a handsome matron down to dinner, was rather taken aback by her observing: 'I don't know, Mr Mayor, whether you are afraid of the measles, but my little ones have them, and I myself have had a slight attack.' But, equal to the occasion, he replied: 'Madam, I should be only too delighted to take anything from so charming a source.'

'Everything belongs either to the king of France or to Madame Champmesle,' wrote La Fontaine to that queen of the French stage; but flattered as she may have felt at receiving such a tribute to her charms, we may be sure the actress thought much more of the involuntary eulogy wrung from Mademoiselle d'Élilets, who as the curtain fell on the new Hermione, exclaimed: 'There's an end of D'Élilets!' Nor could Talma but be satisfied he was right in attiring Proculus in a genuine toga, as the first step towards reforming stage costume, when Conlet, aghast at the innovation, cried out: 'Look at Talma! Was anything so ridiculous ever seen? He looks like an ancient statue!'

Talking over Garrick's retirement with Mrs Montague, Dr Beattie told her he was so excited the first time he witnessed that actor's performance of Macbeth, that he nearly fell over into the pit from the front of the two-shilling gallery, and wished he could have another opportunity of risking his neck and nerves in the same cause, since to fall by the hands of Shakespeare and Garrick would ennoble his memory to all generations; supplementing this compliment to his dramatic idols with expressing his belief that if all actors resembled Garrick, it would be impossible for a person of any sensibility to outlive the representation of Hamlet, King Lear, or Macbeth. But all compliments paid to players pale before

Ben Jonson's eulogistic lines upon Salathiel Pary, the boy-actor :

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel ;
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel ;
And did act—what now we mourn—
Old men so duly ;
As sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.

The Ettrick Shepherd took a neat way of telling a lady she was no ordinary specimen of the sex. 'Ye're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale,' said he. 'Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine ; but ye're not of the bundle.'

Not contented with giving verbal demonstration of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be 'so lovely,' slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying : 'Not so lovely as what we have here!' The Shah however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of loadstone which drew the nails out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to Her Majesty. Or he might learn something from that Siamese ambassador who wrote : 'One cannot fail to be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant.'

At his first meeting with Mrs Somerville, La Place told her the world held only three women who understood him—namely Caroline Herschel, herself, and a Mrs Greig, of whom he had never been able to learn anything. 'I was Mrs Greig,' was the quiet response. 'So then there are only two of you !' exclaimed the philosopher. It was a naïve compliment ; but not one to stir the recipient's pulses ; for after all, the most pronounced blue-stocking would probably prefer exciting male admiration by physical rather than mental charms. Does not Mrs Thrale say emphatically : 'That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known, and none of us will contradict the assertion.' Had Lalande known as much, he would not, on finding himself placed between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, discharged the double-barrelled compliment : 'How happy am I to be thus placed between Beauty and Wit ;' drawing upon himself De Staël's retort : 'Yes, and without possessing either !'

Fishers for compliments are apt to make strange catches. A curate complaining to Dr South that he had only been paid five pounds for preaching at Oxford, the Doctor rubbed the sore by declaring he would not have preached such a sermon for fifty pounds. Julius Beer playing to Rossini a funeral-march he had composed in honour of his uncle Meyerbeer, was delighted by the *maestro* listening attentively and applauding when the performance came to the end ; but his delight was somewhat damped at hearing his judge's 'Very good, very good indeed !' supplemented with :

'But it would have been better if it had been you who were dead, and the funeral-march had been your uncle's.'

'Will you please to insert this obituary notice ?' wrote a country editor's correspondent. 'I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death.' Just as innocently did the negro propose 'De Gubernator ob our State ! He come in wid much opposition ; he go out wid none at all ;' and the king of Portugal greet Landseer with : 'Ah, Sir Edwin, I'm glad you have come ; I am so fond of beasts !' There was more mischief in the *double-entendre* of the French dame who, upon a newly married friend exhibiting a monkey her husband had bought for her, exclaimed : 'Dear little man, it's so like him !' And there was no misunderstanding Macready's reply to the actor's 'I had the honour of playing Iago to your Othello at Bath twelve months ago ; don't you remember me, sir ?' 'Remember you, sir ? I shall never forget you !'

Lord Palmerston once wrote to a friend : 'Our new little gardener who has now been with us a year and a half, is a clever intelligent fellow ; and when we have taught him the management of fruits and flowers and how to plant trees, he will, I doubt not, prove an excellent gardener.' A comical encomium truly ; and as much to the purpose as the Scotch drover's patronising recognition of a certain clergyman : 'Ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. I'm whiles in your parish. There's no a better liked man anywhere ; yer own folk jist adore ye. *Who cares aboot preachin' ?*'

Scottish ministers seem to be much favoured in this way. A clergyman visiting a sick man, as he was leaving asked the invalid's wife if she went to any church, and was told that she and her husband went to the Barony Kirk. 'Why didn't you send for your own minister, Dr Macleod then ?' was his natural query. 'Na, na, sir, deed no,' came the answer ; 'we wadna risk him ; this is a dangerous case o' typhus.' Dr Thomson taking for his text, 'Look not upon wine when it is red in the cup,' enlarged upon the evil effects of drinking, upon the head, heart, and purse. As the congregation departed, two old cronies, given to taking more than a wee drap, talked over the sermon. 'Did you hear yon, Johnie ?' quoth one. 'Did I hear't ? Wha didna hear't ? I ne'er winked an e'e.' 'A weel, an' what thought ye o't ?' 'Adeed Davie, I think he has been a *lad* in his day, or he couldna ha ken'd so weel about it ; he's been a sly hand the minister !'—a reply somewhat akin to that given by the Scotch gardener, as recently related in these pages. Not but what English churchmen hear odd things sometimes. Riding out near Leeds, the Archbishop of York came upon an urchin busily engaged collecting road-dirt. Pulling up, he said : 'Boy, I know your face. You were at the Leeds Ragged School, and obtained a prize for drawing ?' 'Y'a, mon, I were,' replied the boy. 'I hope you keep up your studies in that art !' said the Archbishop. 'Y'a, mon, I do. Look you yeere ; that's a model of a church ; them's the pews, and there's the vestry, and that's the poolpit.' 'Very clever indeed,' said the Archbishop. 'But where's the parson ?' 'O ay, mon, but it takes a deal of muck to make a pa'sen,' said the unsophisticated youth. His Grace rode on.

An American editor travelling by steamer repaired to the ship's barber for a clean shave. Upon offering the darkey payment, the dime was rejected with: 'We nebber charge editors nuffin.' The astonished man remonstrated, arguing that there were a good many editors travelling just then, and such liberality would prove ruinous to the razor-wielder. 'Oh, nebber mind dat,' said the barber. 'We make it up off the gentlemen.' When a lady giving evidence in a Kansas court refused to answer a question on the plea it was not fit to tell decent people, her questioner blandly said: 'Well then, step up and whisper it to the judge.' Lastly, a published report of an Irish benevolent society had a paragraph running thus: 'Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year.'

THE HAMILTONS.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE RESULT OF THE MESMERIC INFLUENCE.

AFTER the blacks' visit Bessie was ill for some days with a low nervous attack, which made every one very anxious both about her and the baby, who suffered with its mother. They were all so occupied in watching and tending her, that no one noticed that Phyllis's cheeks grew paler and her step more languid every day. She lost her old untired energy and her sweet bright looks; her eyes were dim and heavy, and she often stole away to her own room, where she would lie on her bed for an hour or two in a sort of stupor, that had none of the refreshing virtues of sleep. It was Bessie who, when she became once more convalescent, noticed the change in her sister. She watched her for a day or two without speaking on the subject; but at last she called the girl to her, and questioned her seriously as to the state of her health. To all her inquiries as to what was wrong, Phyllis at first answered 'Nothing;' but at last she confessed to restless nights, to sleep disturbed by frightful dreams, to a feeling of constant tiredness during the day; but 'Still you know I'm not ill, Bessie. There really is nothing the matter with me.'

'My dear,' said Bessie gravely, 'you may struggle against weakness as you will, but you are decidedly out of health. You are just one of those people who go on trying to conquer illness, and suffering in silence, till at last they are obliged to yield, and confess that they are only mortal after all.'

'I am not suffering,' said Phyllis languidly. 'At least I am only tired. Bessie, will you think me very weak and fanciful if I tell you what I think would make me quite strong again?'

'You are the last person I should think of accusing of indulging weak fancies,' answered Bessie, smiling.

Phyllis roused herself and spoke almost eagerly. 'I should like, if you can spare me, to go away for a little while—quite away from here. You can do without me, now that Judy Maloney has come. I know you will miss me, dear Bess, but you have Robert, and I am very little good to any one as I am just now. I believe that if I could go away for two or three months, I would come back quite well again.'

Bessie was silent for a little, turning over this proposition in her mind. She knew that she would miss her sister exceedingly, but at the same time she knew that what she said was wise and true. She believed that, for more than one reason, absence from Hamilton Farm and a thorough change of scene were the best things for Phyllis at this time. Perhaps she understood the workings of the girl's mind and heart better than any one else, better even than the girl herself did. She had noticed the gentle coldness with which Jack had been treated ever since the evening when they had all sat together in the parlour and talked of their escape. And she had noticed also the proud pained look on Jack's face when, on his coming in from his work, Phyllis would take the opportunity of quietly retiring from the room. He would stand and look after her for a minute with an expression half puzzled and wholly hurt, and then turn away impatiently to take up a book or newspaper, which Bessie felt sure he did not read. Altogether she thought that a temporary separation would do neither of those young persons any harm. They might probably come to a clearer understanding of themselves and one another, apart than together.

'You are quite right,' she said, after thinking all this. 'The fact is, Phyllis, that loath as you are to confess it, you are only a woman after all, and have got nerves just like the rest of us. You were thoroughly unstrung on that dreadful day, and you need a change to put you right again. I will write to my old friends the Randolphs this evening, and ask them to take you in. I know they will be charmed to have you.'

If during this period disturbing influences were at work with Phyllis, it is but fair to state that they were even more keenly felt by James Hamilton. Robert used to wake up in the night sometimes, and looking out of his bedroom window, would see his brother pacing the margin of the lake like a restless spirit, and would smile to himself with the calm experience derived from four years of matrimony. When he told Jack of Phyllis's projected departure, he noted the red flush that rose to the young man's face and his subsequent paleness and dejected looks. 'I am very glad she is going,' Robert remarked calmly. 'Of course we shall miss her; but it is hardly fair to keep a girl like that shut up in this quiet place, without a chance of seeing a little of city life. She was almost a child when Bessie and I married, and can hardly remember clearly any life but this.'

Jack glanced at his brother; but he was perfectly grave and earnest, and not the shadow of a smile lurked in the depths of his large soft eyes. He looked away again quickly, smothering a sigh. 'It is quite right,' he said. 'As for me—I have been a fool, and lost my chance.'

'I think you have,' replied Robert quietly.

Some nights after this Jack was sitting reading in his own room. The rest of the household had been asleep for a couple of hours or more, and a profound silence rested over everything. It was a lovely night, moonless, but with the soft light of the stars reflected in the lake. Not a breath of wind stirred the branches of the gum-trees; it seemed as if scarcely a blade of grass moved. Jack sat with his door ajar, for he liked the cool night-

air and the smell of the mignonette which was blossoming in Phyllis's garden. Suddenly, as he read, it seemed to him that he heard a slight sound. He laid down his book and looked fixedly at the door. Beginning to think that he had been mistaken, he heard it again; scarcely a noise, but a sort of ghostly rustling, and then—he was sure of it—a long deep-drawn sigh. He rose and walked quickly to the door; and looking out, to his intense surprise and alarm, he saw Phyllis standing in the veranda in her night-dress and with the tresses of her unbound hair falling round her. He approached her softly, and spoke gently. 'Are you ill?' he said.

There was no answer; the white figure did not even turn its head, and a chill fear crept over him, such as a man might feel in the presence of a disembodied spirit. He advanced nearer, till he almost touched her; but yet she neither moved nor looked at him. And then, seeing her face more clearly in the starlight, he noted that her eyes were wide open and fixed on the lake. Some disturbing dream had caused her to rise and walk in her sleep. For an instant Jack thought of calling up his brother; yet a strange reluctance that any one except himself should know of this midnight wandering came over him; and besides, he did not like to leave the somnambulist even for an instant.

Another long heavy sigh escaped from the breast of the sleeping girl, and then some words came from her lips which made the watcher start and thrill all over with mingled delight and sorrow and pity. 'Jack, Jack, Jack!' she uttered in an intense beseeching whisper.

He could scarcely refrain from answering her, the words 'I am here, my darling,' were so near his lips; but he did not pronounce them. In another moment she leaned back against the veranda, as if exhausted, and drew her hand wearily across her brow. Fearing she was going to fall, Jack gently carried the unconscious girl through the open door of her own room. There he laid her on the little white bed, and kneeling, gazed with reverent anxiety at the pale face.

'What she must have suffered silently,' he thought, 'before it could come to this! My poor darling! And I, who thought her so strong!'

Then another thought came to him as he knelt. He had mistaken her so utterly in one respect, was it not possible that he might have mistaken her also in another? Was it not possible that this curiously self-contained girl might be capable of loving with all the tenderness and perhaps more than the strength of other and weaker women? And was it not also likely that the proud courage which made her strive to hide her shaken nerves and physical illness, might also make her conceal all sign of a love which she was not sure was returned? He was pondering those things, when the girl, who had lain quite still for some minutes, moved uneasily, and gave a low shuddering moan. 'Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?' she murmured in a pitiful way. The next instant she was sitting up wide awake, with a flush on her cheek, and a protest on her lips as she beheld the kneeling figure at her bedside.

'It is only I,' he hastened to say. 'You seemed ill, and I could not help coming to see what was the matter. You were dreaming; were you not?'

he went on, trying to give her time to recover herself.

Phyllis tried hard to gather together her scattered faculties. 'Yes,' she said slowly, and pressing her hand over her eyes. 'I have such horrible dreams now! Did I call out very loud?'

'O no,' answered Jack. 'Only I happened to hear you. Now I am going to bring you a light and something to calm your agitation.' And without listening to her faint protest, he went to the parlour cupboard, and poured out a glass of wine. When he went back to her room with his candle and the wine, the girl had risen and was seated in her dressing-gown. She drank the wine without speaking; but as she gave him back the glass she said, flushing: 'Thank you very much for being so kind. And please—don't say anything to Bessie.'

'I will not say anything till you give me leave,' he answered, smiling. 'Now you must do what I tell you. Go back to bed, and leave your light burning and the door ajar. I am going to sit in my room with the door unlatched, so you will have the feeling that some one is near you.'

She looked at him gratefully, and gave him her hand. 'You are very kind,' she said; 'I will do what you wish.'

When they met at breakfast next morning, Phyllis was paler than usual, and there was a strained, anxious expression in her eyes, which did not escape Jack's notice. She spoke very little during breakfast, but when it was over she came up to him with a flush tinging her white cheeks.

'I want so much to speak to you,' she said. 'Can you spare me a few minutes?'

'All day, if you like, Phyll,' returned the youth with a smile.

They left the house together, and walked down towards the lake. Phyllis turned along by the water's edge, and led the way to a place where she often sat. It was a hollow in a grassy bank, where there was shelter from every wind, and where the soft grass made a natural couch. A large tea-tree which grew on the top of the bank spread out its olive-green branches overhead for roof, and in front was a beautiful view of the lake, with its clusters of tall reeds swaying gently backwards and forwards; of the low green shore opposite; and of the blue range of hills in the distance.

Phyllis seated herself on the grassy couch, and Jack sat down beside her, half dreading the questions which he knew were coming.

'Tell me,' she said, looking at him with her clear large eyes, 'where you found me last night?' Jack hesitated for a moment; and she went on still more earnestly: 'Do tell me the truth. It will not hurt me. I was out of my room; was I not?'

'Well—yes,' he answered. 'You were standing in the veranda. There is nothing to be frightened about, you know. Your nerves were overstrained that day when you were so brave, Phyll, and they are taking their revenge on you now. Probably it will not happen again.'

'This is the second time,' she murmured in a low voice. 'The other night I awoke and found myself standing out there. I was so frightened!' Then she put her hands up to her face, unable to control the trembling which shook her. 'O Jack!' she exclaimed, 'don't despise me for being so weak.'

Jack rose from his seat beside her and knelt on the grass at her feet. 'Phyllis,' he said, 'I reverence and admire and love you more than any other being in the world. O my darling!' he went on passionately, 'I thought till last night that you were too brave and strong and grand to need my love. But when I carried you in my arms and felt you so weak and helpless, I cannot tell you what a great hope and joy took possession of me. Darling—let me watch over you all my life; no one else could do it so well!'

Her beautiful proud head was bowed now with all its wealth of rich hair, on Jack's shoulder. 'Are you sure this is love?' she whispered. 'Is it not merely pity?'

Jack laughed in the gladness of his heart. 'Pity!' exclaimed he; 'ah! if you but knew how wretched I have been, the pity should have been for me!'

'I thought—you did not care; that is'—

'I have loved you, Phyll, long and devotedly,' he answered. 'Indeed, I loved you from the first.'

Where now had all the coldness and estrangement of the last weeks fled to? How was it that those two, who had been so silent and reserved towards one another, now found so much to say? And was this gentle and timid girl the heroine who had appeared so strong and self-reliant?

'Phyllis,' said Jack, after an hour of murmured love, with intervals of silence that were still more happy, 'are you really so much braver than other women, or are you only more generous?'

'I don't think I am really brave,' she answered, smiling; 'but I could die for any one I love. Do you remember,' she went on, looking shyly into his face with her lovely eyes, 'the old ballad about Helen of Kirkecounel? They shot at her lover, and she received the arrow in her own breast. Well, I have often thought that that would be the very happiest kind of death to die—for those we love, Jack!'

'I understand,' he whispered, much moved. 'I shall take good care in future that the arrows meant for other people do not hit you, my darling!'

The girl smiled dreamily, and was silent. I think that her instinct told her that a nature like hers, prone to self-sacrifice, would probably find ample opportunities for it in the life before her. The faithful breasts that offer themselves to catch the arrows of life, in order to shield others from pain, are usually taken as shields by the weaker or more selfish. I do not know that Jack, though he had many good points about him, was by any means an ideal hero, or that he would always refuse to be saved from trouble or inconvenience, even at the cost of the same to a more generous nature. But in the first glamour of their love-dream it was scarcely to be supposed that either of the lovers should think ever so dimly of this.

The dinner-bell rang from the veranda, and Jack rose to his feet.

'What will Robert say to you?' said Phyllis, with well-feigned gravity. 'You have not done one bit of work to-day, you naughty man!'

'He will say,' answered Jack, as he drew her hand through his arm, with the proud sense of possession, 'that I have done the best morning's work I ever did in my life.'

Probably Robert had guessed something of

Jack's doings. At anyrate he was sure of it when, standing at the window waiting for his dinner, he saw a tall and handsome couple walking slowly up together from the loch-side towards the house.

'Look here, Bessie!' he exclaimed.

Bessie looked out at the window, and her soft eyes filled with tears. 'O Bob!' she said tremulously, 'do you think they have made it all right?'

'I am sure they have, little woman,' he answered, smiling. 'Have they not made each other miserable for quite long enough?'

Phyllis wanted to make her escape to her room, under pretext of smoothing her ruffled hair; but Jack kept firm hold of her hand, and drew her into the parlour, and up to where Robert and Bessie were standing by the window.

'She has promised to be my wife,' he said, still holding her hand. And Bessie threw herself into her sister's arms in a shower of April tears.

'What am I to say to the Randolphs?' asked Bessie at dinner. 'I had a letter this morning, saying they would be charmed to have Phyllis.'

'Say,' said Jack, looking fondly at the down-cast blushing face beside him, 'that I hope to escort her into town in about a fortnight, and that she is going for the purpose of buying her wedding trousseau.'

The simple events which I have chronicled happened nearly twenty years ago. When I visited the island in 1875, the aspect of Hamilton Farm had somewhat changed. The little bush-house of which I have written, had been added to on every side, till the original building had been quite lost sight of, and it had become a noble mansion. Round it on all sides sloped lovely gardens and orchards, all ablaze with scarlet geraniums, roses, and lilies, and where peaches, grapes, and nectarines were ripening in the warm sun. From the windows you could see the chimneys and gables of another picturesque house, embowered in fine trees and shrubbery, and with its lawns, gardens, and conservatories all bathed in the golden sunshine. The property of the Hamilton Brothers had extended far beyond the bounds of the island; miles of country on the mainland belonged to them, and thousands of sheep, and herds of cattle were theirs. They spend half the year in Adelaide now, with an occasional trip to Europe, where their sons were sent for their education. But they were all at Hamilton when I visited them, a charming little colony, with both houses full to overflowing with guests, who enjoyed their graceful hospitality.

Robert Hamilton was the handsomest old man I ever saw, tall and straight, and with hair and beard of flowing silver. Bessie was a little fairy godmother of a woman, so slight and small, with the gentlest voice and sweetest smile imaginable. Jack came in after dinner, a fine-looking man still, with hair scarcely touched by time, and plenty of youthful fire remaining in his dark eyes. We all strolled over to the other house, which was spoken of as the Grange, and there we found a gracious and queenly lady sitting on a garden chair on the lawn under a fine acacia tree. Her beautiful hair was golden still, and the little lace cap she wore scarcely hid its beauty. Her figure had developed into the perfection of

matronhood ; and her husband now loved to see her clothed in silk or velvet. Probably he had had enough of cotton gowns and sun-bonnets in the early days of their acquaintance. Bessie and Robert had many sons and daughters. Phyllis and Jack had four sons, two of whom were, with their cousins, being educated in Europe. I think Phyllis would have liked a girl, for she had appropriated a little fair-haired blue-eyed fairy of Bessie's, whom she kept with her always, and refused to give up.

I spent a delightful time at Hamilton. We drove and boated and went wild-fowl shooting through the bright cool days ; and in the evenings there were the most charming little family gatherings. I made true friends there, and left them with regret.

THE END.

A VISIT TO THE MINERAL CAVES OF HUALLANCA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the political difficulties with which, like all South American countries, it is from time to time distracted, the Republic of Peru appears to be advancing in commercial prosperity, a result which is in no small degree due to the energy and enterprise of foreigners. Mr Henry Meiggs, the well-known American contractor and capitalist, has completed a line of railway which is a wonderful piece of engineering, and has placed the summits of the Andes in direct communication with the sea. One of the most fertile portions of the globe, and a marvellously rich silver-mining district, tapped by a great tunnel—another of Mr Meiggs' undertakings—are now within hail, so to speak, of the commercial markets of Europe. It is intended that the line of railway just mentioned should be continued to the eastern side of the Andes, where the finest coffee, cocoa, rice, and sugar-cane are grown ; and when this work is completed, it is believed that 'we shall have a great European emigration, and we shall find it practically demonstrated that Peru contains more gold in its eastern rivers than California, Australia, and New Zealand.'

So says Mr Sewell, a mining engineer of large experience who some time ago visited these regions, and whose journeyings to the mineral caves of Huallanca we propose briefly to follow. Several expeditions, it may be remarked in passing, have recently been made to these rivers by Americans and others, all of whom have returned with gold, speaking highly of the great riches existing there, the only bars to the development of which have hitherto been the want of roads and the difficulties of transport.

In order to reach the province of Huaras and the caves just mentioned, Mr Sewell went from Lima up the coast to Casma. Here he made his preparations, and procured mules and the necessary equipment for crossing the first or coast range as it is called, of the Andes. No very great difficulties were experienced in the ascent, except from the first encounter with rarefied air ; and on reaching the summit of the Sierra Negra, fourteen thousand feet above the sea, one of the greatest sights the mind can picture to itself was unveiled

to the eye of the traveller. Below, at a distance of about five thousand feet, the beautiful and cultivated valley of Huaras was seen, with its picturesque city of some twelve thousand inhabitants. Above it a vast ocean of snow in the distance, rising to an altitude of eighteen thousand feet—a truly imposing spectacle. North and south, as far as the eye can reach, is nothing but snow ; and to the imaginative mind the snow-clad peaks appear like so many ladders leading up to heaven.

With the view of getting accustomed to the rarefied air, Mr Sewell and his party remained for some days at the pleasant city of Huaras (which stands at a height of ten thousand four hundred feet above the sea), thus preparing themselves for the more arduous journey across the true Andes range, which they knew would take them up to an elevation of seventeen thousand two hundred feet before they reached the town, river, and silver-producing district of Huallanca. Coming at length to the foot of the snowy Andes, they were caught in a snow-storm, and were inclined to delay their journey ; but their guide and muleteer would not hear of it, not wishing to be thought faint-hearted. They commenced climbing with great difficulty, the mules slipping and snorting with fear, as they could not find a safe footing, from the narrow track being covered with snow. The party lost their road several times ; but after four hours' riding the snow-storm ceased. Then, however, they had a new foe to face in the fearful glare of the sun on the snow ; and the unfortunate muleteer became blind, and had to be left behind for the time.

On that trying day three parallel ranges were crossed, one having an elevation of sixteen thousand eight hundred feet, and the others of about seventeen thousand two hundred feet. Here another danger met them in the shape of wild-bulls, which often attack men and beasts and hurl them over precipices. Two of these had to be killed, as they were met on a narrow pathway not two feet wide, and nothing would induce them to get out of the way. The descent of the eastern slope of the Andes was most dangerous, as the road was slippery with snow and mud, and in some parts the mules were literally obliged to slide down.

After several times fording a river, which was much swollen by the melting of the snow, the party at length reached the mineral caves of Huallanca, which are situated at an elevation of fourteen thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The inspection of these caves is described as a very trying affair, as the rarefaction of the air caused so great an increase in the pulsation of the heart that it was dangerous to move about except with great care. These silver mines exhibit a very extraordinary geological formation, being found in the heart of a coal-formation which has been upheaved by the outburst of porphyry. Some of the argentiferous copper ores contain about eight hundred ounces of silver to the ton, and others as little as one hundred and one hundred and fifty ounces. The latter have hitherto been thrown aside, as in their case the cost of carriage to the coast was too great. Mr Sewell recommended the owners to collect these poorer ores and smelt them in a reverberatory furnace into 'regulus ;' by which means the

proportion of silver would be raised to some six hundred ounces to the ton. The operation is of course rendered the more easy as coal is to be had within a few yards. The ore is found in the shaly portion of the formation as well as in the sandstone; in the latter it is found in a most singular condition—in huge *oughs* or caves, many of which are as much as twenty-five or thirty feet in length and depth. These caves are coated with from two to three inches of argentiferous ores, and millions of crystals of tetrahedrite are destroyed by the picks of the miners in breaking down the ore; some of the caves have yielded as much as thirty thousand pounds' worth of silver in a single day. The way in which they are discovered by the native miners is also singular. They follow for months in the rock, by blasting, a thin little cleavage of about an eighth of an inch; this contains chalcedony, and they drive horizontally and at an incline of forty-five degrees, in order not to miss their object. These mineral caves of Hualanca vary in size from a few feet to that mentioned above.

In conclusion, we may perhaps be permitted to call attention to a remark of Mr Sewell's respecting the enormous increase in the cultivation of the sugar-cane in Peru, a fact which we believe is by no means generally known in this country. The value of the machinery for the manufacture of sugar introduced within the last ten years is estimated at about three million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the outlay on the preparation of land for the sugar-cane at six million two hundred and fifty thousand. Those who are best acquainted with such-like matters express the opinion that at no distant period no country will be able to compete with Peru in this industry, the climate offering no difficulties or risks to the crops. From want of rain on the coast, the sugar-cane is cultivated by means of artificial irrigation.

A NEW SPECIES OF LITERARY FORGERY.

IN the annals of English literature there are several outstanding instances of fraudulent authorship familiar to most reading people. The sad story of Chatterton, the 'Ireland forgeries' of Shakspeare, and the deception practised by Mr Surtees on Sir Walter Scott, might be mentioned as examples, and some might be inclined to lengthen the list by the addition of the Ossianic poems. In all these, the distinguishing feature is an imitation of the style and tone of authors of a by-gone age, and the presentation of this counterfeit as a genuine production. The particular kind of knavery which forms the subject of this little notice is somewhat different from these, and is of a simpler description. Probably, too, it is less common. The element of authorship or literary peculiarities does not enter into it, for it is a question not of forging names or styles, but dates. The story is as follows.

Some months ago a gentleman purchased from the catalogue of a most respectable bookselling firm in London an old Bible (Geneva translation), with the year 1569 appended, and bearing to be printed by the Deputies of Christopher Barker. The book was in excellent condition; but the date on the title-page of the Old Testament seemed slightly imperfect, a small slip of paper having

been pasted below to strengthen the part affected. Nothing, however, was thought of this, as the New Testament, both on the title-page and again at the end, was plainly dated 1569, and the volume—Old and New Testaments combined—was unquestionably one publication. No suspicion existed for many months regarding the book, and its pedigree of more than three hundred years was held in due respect and veneration. It had, moreover, the reputation of being the oldest known copy of the Scriptures in the district.

This irreproachable character came suddenly to an end in a very accidental way. The owner happened to be looking over the late Dr Eadie's publication, *The English Bible*, and by chance noticed that while the first edition printed in Geneva was published in 1560, the earliest edition of the Geneva Bible printed in England was in 1575—that is six years later than the year of publication of the volume in question. Further, it appeared that the license or patent to the Deputies of Christopher Barker, by whom the book was printed, was only granted in 1589, twenty years after the date of the Bible. Here was a serious discrepancy, the solution of which disclosed a perverted ingenuity worthy of a better cause. A closer examination revealed that the dates in all the three places had been altered by some former proprietor of the book in the following manner. The original date is not as it looked, 1569, but 1599; and by a process of erasure the downward stroke of the first 9 had been obliterated, and added with a pen to the top; thus converting, in a very obvious way, 1599 into 1569. The alteration is marvellously well done. The six in each case is necessarily a little higher than the other figures, but not suspiciously so; and a very minute inspection also shews the slightest possible difference in the shade of the ink of the added part. Otherwise the page looks perfectly right; and it had successfully deceived the booksellers already referred to. On holding up the leaf, however, to a strong light, the weak point, or in this case we might say the thin point, is at once discovered. In each leaf, exactly below the 'manufactured' six, a faint thinness in the paper is perceptible, caused by the process of removing the tail of the nine, thus making assurance of the forgery not only doubly but trebly sure. Of course it need scarcely be said that the only supposable object of this villainy was to render the book more valuable by adding thirty years to its age. Perhaps in the circumstances it may not suffer in this respect from the impudent lie written on its forehead, for it may now have an adventitious value, as a curious and uncommon instance of literary fraud!

This special kind of falsification might be described as unique, but for one other notable instance of a similar nature two centuries ago—that of Captain Thornton and the 'Lauderdale Bible.' About the period in question, an idea—partly originated by Fuller—was current that in some rare editions the apostle Paul designated himself 'Paul, a knave of Jesus Christ.' No such Bible really existed; and the Duke of Lauderdale, the well-known Scotch viceroy of Charles II., having in vain endeavoured to procure one, it occurred to Thornton, a worthless fellow by all accounts, that he could by a little ingenuity gratify His Grace and serve himself at the same time. He got a Matthews Bible dated M.D.XXXVII, and by careful

manipulation he erased the xvii., thus leaving the date 1520 instead of 1537—fifteen years earlier than the oldest English Bible extant, that of Coverdale. Not content with this daring imposition, he in a similar manner rubbed out the word 'servaunte' in Romans i. 1, and substituted 'kneawe,' made up of letters cut from other parts of the volume, so that the verse read 'Paul, a kneawe of Jesus Christ,' instead of 'Paul, a servaunte of Jesus Christ.' The book thus mutilated was taken to the Duke, who gave him seventeen guineas for it. (Lewis's *History of Translations*, p. 47.) Although 'the mark of the rasure was very visible,' Lauderdale was apparently pleased with his unique bibliographical treasure, and had his arms and coronet stamped on both sides. How the forgery was discovered is not mentioned; but Dr Eadie remarks that a volume said to be the identical copy was sold at a book-sale in London in 1865. Hence its being sometimes called the 'Knave Bible,' which designation in more senses than one it certainly deserved.

It would be interesting to ascertain if any other examples of this species of literary forgery are known to bibliographers. Lewis, in the work already quoted, seems to think 'there was more than one copy which had been thus played the knave with;' but after some little research, we have not been able to discover another instance of the kind.

FRESH-WATER FISH.

FOR many years past there have been various measures enacted for the protection of the salmon, which has been justly regarded as the king of our edible fishes. Recent inquiries made by the Royal Commissioners have also, we believe, shewn the importance of protecting trout during a certain season of the year. But up to the most recent date no one had apparently taken steps for the protection of our other fresh-water fishes such as pike, roach, perch, tench, barbel, &c. These, which still go by the somewhat ignominious title of 'coarse fish,' have been suffered to be captured at will and during any season of the year, regardless of the fact that at certain seasons they are unfit for food. Now, however, that the English legislature has thought it within its province to recognise the importance of protecting the scaly denizens of our fresh waters, it is to be hoped that these will receive the care and the recognition their excellence deserves. The object of the legislature is, by the suppression of netting and angling during certain months of the year, to give fish such as pike, perch, roach, barbel, &c. an opportunity for their increase in quiet, and thus insure extended sport more particularly to the hard-toiling men who delight in the amusement of the angle. Norfolk and Suffolk having an exceptionally vast acreage of water, such interference with the rod has not been considered necessary, as in those counties the anglers are few and fish many. In the midland counties, however, anglers are legion, in Sheffield there being no fewer than eight thousand, many of whom sally out upon every available opportunity and line the banks of the canals to the extinction of almost the smallest fish. This fact the midland men themselves have been the first to recognise, and the present movement for fence months and the entire suppression of netting with small mesh,

originated in that quarter; deteriorating causes for which they virtually pray the government to protect the waters against their own excessive attachment to the sport, and the consequent destruction and waste by all alike of undersized, immature, and unseasonable fish.

But this is not the only purpose which actuates the more philanthropic, for whatever may be the contemptuous opinion held in regard to 'coarse fish,' there exists a large section of the community who do not share in the prejudice, and to whom a fillet of pike, a broil of perch, or a fry of gudgeon, are as acceptable as many an expensive dish to their more favoured fellows.

Next in importance to the possession of the fish is the mode of cooking; and we purpose here to lay a few hints before our readers, aiming as much at simplicity as is possible. If fried, which offers many recommendations, the first consideration is the cleaning of the fish. With trout, roach, dace, perch, &c. wipe the fish well with a soft dry linen cloth; then wrapping a little of the cloth round a finger, clean out the throat and gills in the best way it can be managed, without scaling, gutting, or even using any water about the fish. Lay them on a nicely cleaned gridiron over a clear fire, flour them, and turn them very frequently. When they are done enough, take off their heads, to which the entrails will be found adhering, put a good piece of butter suited to the size of each fish, and seasoned with salt, into the inside, and serve them up with their own gravy. Some, in broiling roach, dace, &c., as soon as the fish begins to grow brown, make a slit only skin deep in the back from head to tail, and again lay them on the gridiron. When the fish are enough done the skin readily peels off with the scales on, leaving the flesh, which will have become very firm and perfectly clean. They then open the fish, take out the inside, and use anchovy, or butter and mustard for sauce. This method prevails in Yorkshire as well as on the Thames by the fishermen's wives, who are great adepts in the art of entertaining their customers with a dish of dace or gudgeon.

To fry fish, the fact should be ever kept in mind that frying is baking or roasting in boiling oil. It is not the bottom of the pan that browns the fish, for to that, if it touched, it would stick, and losing its skin, become an unsightly greasy mass; but it is the exceeding high temperature which oil, butter, or lard attains when at boiling point, that gives that semi-transparent brown appearance to fried fish, so acceptable to peer and peasant alike. But how are we to know when the oil boils and therefore to lay the fish in its oleaginous bath? This is easy; by trying it with a piece of white paper, a finger of bread, or a silver spoon; if the bread is browned, or the paper or spoon comes out dry, the fat boils.

Perhaps the barbel is the most despised of our fresh-water fish, but with the French, who are no mean authorities upon the virtues of fish, barbel are thought highly of. Badham assures 'all who may be incredulous, that barbel simply boiled in salt and water, and eaten cold with a sprinkle of lemon-juice, will be found by no means despicable fare, and we particularly recommend to their notice the head and its appurtenances.' Bloch advises us to boil them with a bit of bacon to heighten the flavour. One precaution,

however, should be taken before cooking: the roe should be entirely removed, as a very small fragment will produce with some much the same effect as that caused by shell-fish. We believe the secret of rendering every portion of the barbel wholesome is by boiling it in three parts of water and one part of vinegar, just scalding it for about two minutes; afterwards, if not intended for immediate eating, hang it up in a cool place, and it will dress quite as well after a day or two as if fresh caught.

Whatever doubt there may be respecting the gastronomic claims of the barbel, none can assuredly exist in regard to its little cousin the gudgeon, which for ages has held its own as a most wholesome fish. Time was when trips were made up the Thames, alone to enjoy this dish; as the more aristocratic go down the river to indulge in white-bait. But from whatever cause it may have arisen, the once famous Thames gudgeon have greatly deteriorated in size and number, and to secure sufficient for a dish the punt wells of the fishermen for a mile or more would have to be carefully searched. These dainty fish cannot be cooked too plainly, a little fried parsley served with them being all the embellishment they require.

The bleak, Walton's fresh-water sprat, makes a palatable dish fried in butter or egg and bread crumbs. Even smaller fish than the bleak possess no contemptible flavour. A fry of minnows surpasses, in the estimation of some gourmets, even white-bait; and the loach, as Izaak truly says, 'is a dainty dish at table,' the best being 'he that feedeth and is bred in little and clear swift brooks or rills, over gravel, and in the sharpest streams;' the one characterised 'by a forked prickle in front of the eyes' should be avoided as inferior, as should the common pond loach, strongly impregnated with the smell and taste of tank. The miller's thumb is another neglected but especial delicacy. 'The flesh of this species,' says Badham, 'becomes salmon-coloured by boiling, and is held in high repute.' Again, the pope or ruff, a fish generally thrown aside by the angler, combines the united edible excellences of the perch and gudgeon.

An excellent and inexpensive soup is readily made from eels. To every pound of eels—the smallest grigs are as good as larger ones—put a quart of water, with a little whole pepper, salt, parsley, and mint. Let it stew very slowly, till reduced to half the quantity, pour it out and force the meat through a colander with the back of a spoon. After it has stood all night, take off the fat. When heating the soup, thicken it with butter rolled in flour. This is an admirably nourishing soup, and when served with sippets of toast, agrees with the most delicate stomach; the rich and objectionable fat having been removed when cold, while as there is nothing 'snake-like' presentable to the eye, the prejudices of many persons against the eel when cooked in the ordinary way, are thus removed.

Carp, after being kept a few days alive in water free from the vegetable substances upon which they feed, become a luscious and nutritious dish even cooked *au naturel*; but with sorrel sauce or a squeeze of lemon, are converted into a *recherché entrée*. The false tongue of the carp has a European reputation as a delicacy. There are

special recipes for dressing carp, which from their expensive character are not appropriate here. With the economical Germans however, they are peculiar favourites, and from them we have the following method of making three excellent dishes—a soup, a stew, and a fry, with a single carp of about three or four pounds weight, of each of which we can speak highly from personal experience. They take a live carp either hard or soft roed, and killing it by a blow on the head, bleed it in a stew-pan, then scale it well, taking out and carefully preserving the entrails without breaking the gall, which with the parts adjoining, must be immediately separated from the rest, and thrown aside, as its slightest contact with the rest of the dish would injuriously flavour the whole. Every other part of the carp is convertible into excellent food. Having opened the maw, and thoroughly cleaned it, the roe is cut into pieces, and put in with all the rest of the entrails for the soup of the first dish. This soup is either made with the addition of gravy or strong meat broth accompanied by herbs and spices, well seasoned, and thickened with flour; or, when intended as a meagre dish, with that of a strong broth of any other kind passed through the sieve, a bundle of sweet herbs, and a seasoning of fine spices, salt, &c.

For the second dish or stew, having slit up the carp on one side of the backbone, through the head, and quite down to the tail, cut off the head with a good shoulder to it; take the largest half of the body, containing the backbone, and divide it into three pieces; which, with its portion of the head, are to be put with the blood in the stew-pan, where they are dressed in any of the numerous ways of stewing fish, by putting in three or four glasses of ale in lieu of wine, and a little grated gingerbread, and sometimes only a small quantity of vinegar, adding sweet herbs, spices, and seasoning to palate. When serving up this dish, it is not unusual to add a little lemon or lime juice.

For the fry or third dish, the remaining portion of the fish, divided as for a stew, is well dredged with flour, and fried brown and crisp in oil, or clarified butter. Thus, particularly if a few savoury force-meat balls, composed in the usual manner with the fish which makes the broth or gravy, be boiled in the soup, there is a dish not far removed from the richest turtle soup; a second dish in the stew may easily be made equally aspiring, on a small scale; and lastly, a most delicate third dish, in the fine fry, which completes this curious division and subdivision of a single carp. It may be well to note that carp should never be boiled.

The tench, although ever associated with the carp, differs widely in its habits, as while the one is most capricious in its feeding, the other is to be taken without any great amount of skill by the rod full nine months in the year; and generally through mild winters when the carp is proof against every temptation, and is said only to bite while the broad-bean is in blossom. The flesh of the tench is very firm and admirably adapted for stewing, its skin being pronounced by epicures to possess a savour comparable in its excellence to nothing else. The simple secret of how to prevent the breaking of the tender skin of the tench is known to very few cooks. It is, however, merely by placing the fish in boiling

fat and just turning it in the pan; and if for boiling, then taking it out, laying it in a cloth in boiling water until it is done sufficiently. Served with a sauce made of the young leaves of the field sorrel, it is a most appetising dish.

The worst way of cooking a pike is by the ordinary mode of baking it, which renders it, even with expensive stuffing and close attention, both dry and somewhat insipid. The fish should be separated into cutlets and fried. If boiled and served with horse-radish sauce, it becomes an excellent and satisfying meal. When fish are boiled, the liquor should never be wasted, as, if not too long kept, it makes excellent stock for many kinds of soup.

Since writing the above, an Act of Parliament has received the Queen's assent which restricts the uses of the net and rod entirely in public waters for the taking of fresh-water fish (excepting for scientific purposes) throughout England and Wales from 15th March to 15th June inclusive; and the uses of nets below a certain size of mesh, during the rest of the year. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, from reasons we have already given, are not embraced in this Act; thus in the rivers and 'broads' of East Anglia no restriction is placed upon angling, it being considered that 'fair fishing' by rod and line could never have any appreciably injurious effect upon their immense acreage of waters. It is but just to the anglers of Sheffield to give them the credit for this beneficial enactment.

THE HIGHLAND BOTHY.

A JACOBITE REMINISCENCE.

THE following record, throwing another ray of light upon a time of stirring interest, was found among the papers of a Scottish gentleman of the last century. He seems to have had a loose, not to say eccentric habit of spelling and diction, which we have taken the liberty to modernise. The story is as follows.

In the days of which I write, porridge and milk for breakfast, brose for dinner, and porridge again in the evening, with occasional mutton on Sabbath, served to put pith in our sinews and marrow in our bones. There were no coaches on out-of-the-way northern roads in those days, and any man not content to stay at home moved abroad at his own peril on the back of his own horse or, more often still, afoot.

Craig-end, my worthy father's farm, was in Southern Ross-shire, in the valley of Strath Conan, a few miles south-west from Loch Luichart. When I as a lad had finally decided to become a doctor—Donald, my elder brother, naturally taking to the farm when the growing years began to tell on my father—I had to walk, or otherwise as I best could find my way to Edinburgh in the autumn, and return to Craig-end again in the spring, on foot; mayhap esteeming myself lucky getting 'a lift' for a mile or two here and there on a cart going my way, if I happened to fall in with a good-natured driver.

It is needless to say that Edinburgh was in an unsettled state during the autumn of '45 and the spring of '46, immediately before and after poor Prince Charlie's unfortunate attempt to regain the crown of his ancestors; and little, as you may

imagine, was done by students or professors at the college during that session. Early in the winter the women's heads had been turned by the gay doings at Holyrood; and what between the women's wheedlings and the fascination of the Young Chevalier himself, half the bailies and more than half of the population were Jacobite not merely in their hearts but openly. The Perthshire lads, the Ross and Inverness shire men in their ragged tartan and bare brown legs, carried all before them; and in every street and 'close' in Edinburgh the tartan and the Gaelic were triumphant. There was hardly a pair of trousers to be seen in the quadrangle of the university; the kilt became the fashion, and every stripling bitten by the prevailing enthusiasm had his claymore or his dirk at the service of the young 'king.' Many a student pitched his books to the wind that year, and threw in his lot with Prince Charlie's bare-legged lads at Holyrood.

I too, had I not been a canny lad, brought up a sound Presbyterian, after the faith of Calvin and Knox, ran a certain risk of having my head turned, although I was never at any time carried away by the stream of popular excitement. Once indeed I had my head nigh broken by a red-headed Highlander, for daring in a tavern in Gilray Wynd, off the Cowgate, to speak respectfully of a certain pamphlet I had laid hands on, entitled 'A Defence of the People of England,' by one John Milton, some plain truths from which I had unwarily quoted approvingly. Yet, though my opinion of the Stuarts was never high, and their Popish tendencies were hateful to my Presbyterian mind, I will admit that I, being somewhat skilled in music, loved the Jacobite ditties that then were in the mouth of every pretty lass; and on one occasion was constrained by the infection of enthusiasm to raise my cap and cheer with the best of them as the handsome and king-like young Prince rode, bowing left and right, along the Canongate, with the Cross of St Andrew on his breast, and above it a white rose; while fair smiling ladies, decked in ribbons of the loyal colour, waved handkerchiefs at every window and whispered blessings from every door-step along the street.

But as you know, the winter had scarcely passed before a different tale was told. The tartan disappeared; no more Gaelic was heard in the taverns: the English red-coats heard no cheers as they went along the streets; but saw only scowling Scotch faces gazing out upon them from the windows, and heard many a malediction, scarcely suppressed, as they entered the taverns for refreshment.

Early in April '47, when the college session broke up unsatisfactorily—Prince Charlie by that time playing the fool in France while his Scotch friends wept and bled and died—I started on my long homeward walk to Craig-end, feeling that my time during the two previous winters had been sadly wasted in Edinburgh; and that I might have worked to almost as much purpose among my father's cattle, or with my books by the kitchen fire during the long winter nights. There was no little danger in thus travelling alone; but I was young and fearless and eager for my mother's fire-side. I did at first twenty miles or more a day, increasing the distances, as my legs got thoroughly into walking trim, to twenty-five and even thirty

miles between sunrise and sunset. The winter had been very open, with now and again heavy rains. It was a great delight to me when I got fairly among the hills to see the young lambs, to hear the plover's cry on the moor, and once again to strain my eye after the lark soaring, singing away into the 'lift' so high.

I had stopped for several evenings on the road at the houses of farmers known to my father, and at wayside village taverns, where at first I was looked at suspiciously; but ultimately was generally made welcome to supper and a bed for my recent tidings of the march of events in Edinburgh. The weather had been fine, albeit showers and mists among the hills, until I reached Loch Lochy, where I had the luck to be ferried across gratis with a boat-load of sheep. Then the wind, which had been westerly, suddenly veered round to the north, and a keen hard frost set in; cold enough, as the old couplet has it, 'to freeze the wee birds' nebs to stane.' I started on my walk across the mountain track from Glen Cluny with misgivings in the morning, and did not need the warning more than one shepherd gave me as I passed him leading his ewes and lambs to shelter, that before nightfall, indeed before I should see the back of Dundregan, we should have snow. I was only two days' march or so from home, and was naturally eager if possible to reach Craig-end on Saturday evening. But the north wind bit my face almost into blisters as I crossed the moor, and retarded my progress seriously. In the afternoon I had the misfortune to miss my way, having mistaken an over-swollen tributary of the Coyletie for the river itself. I was tired and hungry, and very solitary, feeling uneasy too because of the uncertainty of my whereabouts, as the light began to fade, and large flakes of snow fell around me and battered against my face. I knew I was several miles from Knockfinn, and was accordingly eagerly on the watch for any human habitation where shelter could possibly be had for the night.

Not a farm, or even a cottage or hovel, was to be seen through the thickly falling snow, as I gazed from the top of a hill. Not a drop of comfort could I squeeze from my empty flask, not a crumb would my pockets yield. In despair I sat down behind a rock that jutted from the hill, making a temporary protection from the storm, and wondered whether I could safely spend the night there. But the increasing darkness and the whirling snow and bitter cold wind soon drove me on to the trackless waste once again. Wrapping my plaid about me tightly, I moved on in no happy mood, recalling the cases I had heard of travellers who had perished in the snow on such a night as this.

I had walked thus with clenched teeth about a couple of miles knee-deep in wet heather, and picking my way as best I could, when I thought I perceived in the darkness a slight depression in the level of the snow, which indicated a footpath. I followed it, filled with hope, to a burn-side, and thence down a slope to a level place in the shelter of the hill. Yes, there was a cottage; not much more than a hovel; but from the hole in the thatch there issued peat-smoke; and high up in the wall, in the aperture that served for window, I could see a flickering light as of fire on the hearth. My heart sprang out towards it joyfully. I believe I shouted in my mirth.

I knocked loudly at the door, feeling sure that on such a night as this no apology was needed for a summary demand for admission. There was no reply. I knocked again more urgently than before, bringing my heavy oak stick to play on the panel. Still no answer. Could they have gone to bed so early? Then I remembered that shepherds and others who rise with the dawn retire at sunset; so my staff once again woke the echoes.

A low growl rose from the interior, and then I heard a stern querulous voice say: 'Whisht, Jock, ye deil, whisht!'

I waited with what patience I could muster, but still no one came to the door. Then I tried the latch; but the door was fastened from the inside. I shouted; but the wind seemed to carry my voice round the corner of the house and away idly down the glen; the only answer was another half-suppressed growl from the seam under the door at my feet. Rendered savage as well as desperate, I stooped to the seam and cried: 'Won't you let me in? I'm perishing from cold. For mercy's sake, open the door!'

Then the querulous voice of an old man replied in a snarl that had not much more softness in it than the sound of the dog evidently by his side: 'No; I'll no open the toor; the house iss my own mirofer, an' ye'll no come in. So make off wi' ye.'

'But I *must* get in. I'm starving—I'm'—

My teeth chattered so that I could hardly speak farther.

'Ye "must" get in!' whined the same voice. 'It wass a braw joke too whatefer that he "must" get in! No; ye'll no get in one inch farther. We like to know oor company here before we let any man in. Go on to Knockfinn. If you're an honest man, they'll maype take ye in there.'

'Open the door, whoever you are,' I cried, losing patience in my misery, and stamping my feet outside. 'I tell you I *must* get in.'

'Stand there one minute longer an' I'll pit the togue on ye.'

What did I care for his dog? I griped my stick tightly, and thundering against the door, in desperation shouted: 'I *shall* get in! Open your door, or I shall break it open!'

Then in the dimness above me, at the window in the wall I saw the head of an old man, whose glaring eyes deep under heavy eyebrows, and mouth firm-set shewed that I might expect little hospitality at his hands. In his hand he held a gun, the barrel pointing towards me.

'For the love of mercy, don't fire on me!' I cried, seeing from his expression that he was in terrible earnest.

'I *will* fire,' he said in the same savage tone; 'I *will* fire if ye are there after I count ten.'

And the wretch began slowly to count to the figure he had mentioned. Seeing that it was hopeless to expect anything at the hands of this misanthrope, I stepped back reluctantly, and faced the snow and the wind on the moor, which had now risen to a terrific storm, hiding alike star and cloud, and leaving the earth one vast expanse of dreary black and white. I had now not the faintest idea of my way, and looked about to see, as I turned the gable of the bothy, whether there was any outhouse, or even pig-sty or peat-stack, where I might have shelter. But all about the house was bare and inhospitable; so I, having

nothing better before me, faced the hill and began to trudge upward as best I could.

I had walked a few hundred yards, when a sudden idea occurred to me. I turned back to the bothy where I had received such a rebuff, and quietly seating myself under the window, pulled my flute, the companion of many a journey, from my pocket. Having pieced it together, and rubbed and breathed upon my benumbed fingers to promote circulation, I began to play in my very best manner the stirring melody, at that time in the mouth of every loyal Highlander, *Wha'll be King but Charlie?* and waited tremulously for the effect. I had played through the first verse, and was beginning to think as I began the second that the notes were being carried away on the wind, when I heard the querulous and detested voice of the old man say from the inside: 'Eh, far does that come frae?'

Then another voice—a man's—replied: 'Eh, it iss rale ponny! It iss the king's own tune mirofer—a rale loyal tune if it wass only on the pipes.'

Then the door slowly opened, and the old man spoke, apparently addressing his dog: 'Pack, Jock, ye deil, pack!'

'An' who may ye be?' he asked, shewing his head and a row of yellow broken teeth, at the door.

'I'm a stranger lost on the moor, and sadly in want of shelter,' I said in my most persuasive tones.

'Wass ye the lad that made yon fine music?'

I held up my flute.

'Wass ye the lad that wass at the door just noo?'

I had to admit the fact, and half ashamed, expected to see the door slam in my face.

'What for then did ye mak' sic a noise if ye cam' wi' an honest purpose? *Are ye true?* Ye'll no pe in the English service—one o' General Blakeney's crew—when ye can pe playing loyal tunes on your pipe like that?'

I assured him I was not in King George's service, and that my flute had many loyal Jacobite tunes in it that would gladden his old heart, if he would only let me creep near his fire.

Very reluctantly and suspiciously he allowed me to pass him, holding the nape of his collic's neck tightly as I passed. The brute's temper seemed of the same metal as his master's.

The kitchen was very dark. There was only one chair, an old-fashioned high-backed arm-chair, in which the old man sat when he had closed and barred the door carefully. On the opposite side of the hearth-stone—on which several peats smouldered, throwing out a comfortable heat and dim light among the room's shadows—was a round flat boulder, towards which he beckoned me. I was glad to seat myself upon it and absorb some of the warmth after my cold wearisome journey. Steam rose from me in clouds as the heat penetrated my clothes. I was conscious that my host was eyeing me suspiciously as well as silently.

'Can I have anything to eat?' I at length ventured to ask as I felt my blood beginning to circulate freely once more.

'I canna tell that ye can,' he said abruptly.

'What may be in that pot?' I asked, nodding towards a black pot that hung from a chain over the peats.

'Het water,' he replied impassively. Then we were silent again.

He watched me swing off my wallet and place it against the wall; but did not seem ready with any suggestion.

'Hot water?' I said, taking up his answer after a pause. 'The very thing wanted. I shall make some porridge. Can you give me a little oatmeal?'

'If ye'll gif me anither tune—a loyal one mirofer, an' no too loud—ye'll maybe get a pickle oatmeal.'

So I pieced my flute together and played to the old savage a satirical song on Johnie Cope's disastrous march, at that time still popular in Edinburgh. His face was radiant as I played, and I noticed as the music affected him that he had only three teeth left in his upper jaw.

'Noo, ye can make your porridge,' he said, rising when I had finished to give me meal from the chest.

'I hef other matters to think o,' he said with a sigh as he rose and went 'ben,' leaving me alone to cook my supper.

I cooked, ate, and enjoyed my porridge with a heartiness best known to a starving man, conscious that outside the wind was howling a hurricane, and that my host's collic was watching my movements with no friendly eye from under his master's chair. Once when I made to occupy the arm-chair, as the most comfortable quarter of the room, he flew at me, but only snarled and shewed his teeth; yet with sufficient emphasis to warn me that there was a well-defined limit to the liberties I might take. The growl brought my host's head to the door of the den, and he too, I imagined, looked black at me. But with a large steaming basin on my knee and a horn-spoon I had found in a drawer, I nevertheless enjoyed my supper. My host came once or twice into the kitchen and moved to and fro uneasily, and when I attempted to talk to him, snarled at me in a way that shewed he would much have preferred being without my company. I became uneasy under his gaze. As I sat silent in the dark hovel, listening to the wind outside, and watched my host pacing to and fro, or saw him throw himself uneasily in the arm-chair and bury his face in his hand, occasionally glaring out at me, I began to discuss with myself whether it was wise to remain in such a madman's company for the night. Then my imaginings shaped themselves into the fancy that he was gazing not only fiercely at me, but longingly at my wallet, in which I well knew there was little enough to tempt any man. When again he left me, I thought, as I had fluted to please him, I would flute to please myself for a while, and so proceeded to play:

Oh, Alastir Macalastir, your chanter sets us a' asteen.

Gao to your pipes, an' blaw wi' birr;

We'll dance the Highland fling—

when his door burst open, and he ejaculated: '*Stop that noise there,*' in a tone that set me trembling for what consequences might follow.

Obedying the peremptory summons to silence, I gradually dozed off into an uncomfortable sleep. Once or twice I woke to find the old man in his chair looking, I imagined, haggard and distressed, gazing intently at me through the

darkness. My dread of him became fainter as the night advanced and my eyes grew more heavy. Yet I wondered why he did not go to bed instead of moving aimlessly to and fro. Then I fell fast asleep.

It must have been about daybreak that I was suddenly awakened by an exclamation issuing from the next room. I started to my feet, hardly remembering where I was, and imagining that I must have dreamt. Then the door of the room opened suddenly, and the old man tottered rather than walked into the kitchen. He sat down in his chair, evidently unconscious of my presence, put his face in his hands, and burst into a flood of tears, moaning to himself: 'Oh! She iss dead—she iss dead!'

'Who is dead?' I asked, touching his arm.

'Poor Maggie—ah! poor poor Maggie. And Tonal—what will poor Tonal do now?' 'Is there any one in the house besides you and me? Tell me. I may be able to help you. Who is ill? Who is dead?'

He was very haggard, very absent-minded and helpless. Then he roused himself. 'If ye could go for a doctor now, if ye could only go for a doctor! But that iss ten miles in the snow over the moor an' the hill.'

'I am a doctor,' I said, anticipating my honours in the hope of being of use to him.

'Then in there—in—go in!' he cried, rising hurriedly. 'Why did ye not say so pefore?' Then suddenly stopping in front of me he said, glaring in my eyes: 'But swear, are ye true? Swear ye'll pe true. I think ye're true. But if not—well,' he drew an ugly-looking dirk from a drawer; 'if ye're a traitor against my son, ye'll rue the night ye darkened a Mackintosh's threshold.'

I pushed past him into the inner room, where I found a woman lying in bed, pale as death, but conscious, and evidently about to become a mother. A powerful young fellow, an enlarged copy of the old man I had left in the kitchen, was sitting by her bedside holding her hand. Tears were raining down his cheeks as he sat. He half rose, scowling as I entered; but the cloud passed from his face as I said: 'Don't rise; I am a doctor come to help you.'

And help them I *did*. For in an hour's time, amidst storm of wind and snow, as the gray dawn began to peep in at the window I carried in a blanket to the old man, seated by the kitchen fire, a new-born Highlander, his grandson, and brought him the news also that all was going well with Maggie. Never shall I forget the grip the old man gave my hand! And his son 'Tonal' too came into the kitchen relieved.

'To think,' said the old man, who looked on me as if I had plucked his child from the grave—'To think, Tonal, I was going to shoot the shentleman cass he wanted to come in an' help us last night whatefer! But I thocht he wass one o' these blackguard English gentry—maype one o' Blakeney's men, like came here a week ago to hunt, ye, Tonal, my ponny lad, wha headed the charge mirofer—an' prood am I to pe his father for that same deed of the Mackintoshes at Culloden. Ay, to think the doctor wass in the hoos, an' Tonal's wife at teath's toor. Ye know noo sir, why I wass so unpolite to ye when ye

knock't at the door an' I wouldna let ye in; an' ye'll no doot excuse it sir.'

'Unpolite' I thought—was a mild word for the old gentleman's reception of me in the earlier part of the evening. But a flagon of claret, and oat-cakes and butter were now on the table, and the baby in his father's arms.

'I'm going to do ye great honour—the most I can do to mortal man,' said the old man, addressing me, as he slowly and carefully unrolled from white cloth a horn cup, and gravely filled it with claret. 'That iss the cup the young king—God pless him an' his royal father mirofer!—drank out of when he honoured me in this humble cottage by condescending to enter it; an' ye are the first to drink out of the cup since it touched his Highness's lips. Here iss a toast mirofer to the absent an' beloved Prince Charlie an' his royal father, an' may they in God's goot time soon hef their own again!'

Father and son drank the toast on bended knees with the solemnity and ardour of prayer.

'I too have a toast to propose,' I said, a happy thought striking me; 'but we must drink it with Mrs Mackintosh.' We adjourned to the inner room. 'I drink,' said I, placing my hand on the baby's head, 'to the health and future prosperity of Charles Stuart Mackintosh, and may there be many of them!' The toast was rapturously received and applauded.

I had to remain some days in the Highland bothy until the snow melted from the moor; and a more hearty time I never enjoyed, after fairly succeeding in unlocking the gateway of my surly old host's heart. 'Tonal' shewed me where the Prince had only a few months before hidden in the glen—a hiding-place which the old father had been offered and refused the reward of forty thousand pounds to reveal—a spot to which 'Tonal' too had to retire when any suspicious-looking stranger appeared; the stalwart Highlander being a marked man for the part he had taken in the cause of the Young Chevalier.

When at last, in the beginning of the following week, I bound my wallet on my shoulder and moved homeward towards Craig-end, it was with Highland blessings from faithful and steadfast hearts showered plentifully on my head.

INGENUITY REWARDED.

ONE likes to hear of instances of ingenuity in which by a simple contrivance great loss of property is averted. We have lately heard of two such instances, so amusing in their way as to be worth mentioning to our readers. The first refers to a device for checking the destructive ravages of locusts. The island of Cyprus, lately acquired by the British government, appears to suffer greatly from these animals, which, after hovering like clouds in the air, settle down with destructive energy, and the finest crops are speedily laid waste. In a work lately issued descriptive of Cyprus, occurs the following account of the manner in which M. Mattei, a landed proprietor residing at Larnaca, contrived to effectually baffle the hosts of locusts.

'He observed that locusts are not able to creep up a smooth surface, nor to keep themselves suspended in the air for any considerable distance, and upon these two facts he based his plan for

exterminating them. He excavated ditches at right angles to the direction of their flight, behind which he placed low screens of oil-cloth, linen, or wood. The locusts, unable to creep up these screens, fell back into the ditch, where they were immediately collected in sacks or baskets, to be buried or covered over with earth. Those amongst them who managed to fly over the first screen were intercepted by a second or a third. These screens, having proved a perfect success at Larnaca, were subsequently introduced into other parts of the island, and an end was then put to the fearful ravages of these animals. The simplicity of this device will perhaps be appreciated in those western states of America which occasionally suffer from the plague of locusts.

The other instance of ingenuity consists in a plan for saving vine-plants from the ravages of the phylloxera, an insect whose visitations are the terror of vine-growers in the south of France. The proprietor of a vineyard at Ivigany in the department of the Rhone bethought himself of introducing strawberry plants between the rows of vines. The strawberry plants selected were of a kind which produce large berries, because these berries either engender or attract an insect that takes a pleasure in seeking out, pursuing, and devouring the phylloxera. It was like setting one pest to destroy another. The plan was amazingly successful. The strawberry insect sought out and killed the vine insect on so sweeping a scale that very soon not a phylloxera was left, and the vines were left in peace to grow their grapes in perfection. This ingenious device has been followed by other vine-growers with equal success, and we are told that their vines have been perfectly healthy since the strawberry plants have been introduced in their midst.—A vine-grower in Madeira has announced that he averts any damage from the phylloxera by the simple means of cleaning the roots of the vines as far as it is safe to uncover them, and then applying a mixture of Canada balsam and turpentine.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE annual Reports of the Registrar-general require so much time for working out the totals and systematic arrangement of the large mass of information therein contained, that they are usually not published until two years after date. Hence it is that the Report for 1876 (the 39th of the series) has but recently appeared. In addition to the indispensable particulars of births, deaths, and marriages, this volume discusses two important questions: one is that of over-population, which is at times obtruded on public attention in a disagreeable way; and it is satisfactory to learn from the learned and able chief of the General Register Office, that over-population is not to be dreaded in a country so perseveringly industrious as England. Looked at from the national point of view, it is safe to say—the more people the better; at the same time it is admitted that individual families may find it hard to live; nevertheless, as all things have their value, the several members of the population must be included. According to the Report, the mean net value of each person,

estimated from the standard of the agricultural labourer, is one hundred and fifty pounds. Consequently, in the thirty-nine years that the office has existed twelve hundred millions sterling have been added to the wealth of the nation by mere increase of population.

The other question referred to above is, the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks. That drunkenness prevails to a large extent, cannot be denied; but if the whole population are classed as drunkards and not drunkards, the preponderance in favour of sobriety is found to be enormous. And the Registrar, reversing the commonly received opinion, states that a tendency towards crime or towards insanity is the cause of drunkenness. But it must not be supposed that the Registrar excuses drinking: he is an earnest advocate of temperance, and skews by his statistical tables that the death-rate among licensed victuallers is much greater than among clergymen, and that the 'mortality among grocers, as compared with that of other classes, has undergone a decided increase since the sale of wines and spirits has become a recognised portion of their formerly salubrious trade.' Social science will perhaps take cognisance of these facts.

The Registrar-general for Ireland in his Report for the quarter ending June last tells us that the birth-rate for the quarter was 27·4 in every thousand of the estimated population, and the mortality 20·1 per thousand. In England, the birth-rate for the same period was 36·9, and the mortality 20·8 per thousand. Owing to unfavourable weather, the quarter was unhealthy in Ireland: the rainfall was nearly twelve inches; being seven inches in excess of the corresponding quarter in the five previous years. The estimated population of Ireland at the end of June was five million three hundred and fifty-one thousand and sixty.

The Iron and Steel Institute, as if bent on a holiday, crossed the Channel and held their annual meeting in Paris. Steel appears to have been the principal topic of discussion, for there were many improvements in the manufacturing processes to describe, and many statements to be made on the operations in which it may be advantageously substituted for iron. The improvements hitherto made have tended to lessen the price of steel, and if these go on, steel will be used instead of iron for ship-building; and ships will then be stronger and lighter than at present. Sir Joseph Whitworth's process for compressing fluid steel enables manufacturers to produce the highest degree of strength and the utmost possible lightness. Then, as if to console the manufacturers of iron, mention was made of Professor Barff's method (already described in these columns) of protecting iron by a coating of magnetic oxide, so that it shall never rust. To have iron and steel that will never decay, will open a new era for machinery and manufactures and for applied science.

Dr Paquelin, a Frenchman who some time ago invented a cauterising iron for use in surgery, which could be maintained at any required temperature, has now produced a soldering iron of similar character. Taking advantage of the property possessed by platinum when at a red-heat of condensing gases, and thereby maintaining in a state of incandescence a metallic mass suitably arranged, he introduces a mixture of petroleum vapour and air into the interior of the instrument, concentrates the mixture upon a small thimble

of platinum, which communicates its heat to the surrounding iron, and maintains it at any required temperature so long as the current of air, produced by mechanical means, is continued. The advantage of a cauterising iron that does not require removal from the wound to be reheated is obvious; and a soldering iron of uniform temperature would be appreciated by artificers everywhere.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences, Berlin, Mr W. Siemens, after discussing various improvements of the telephone, remarks that in a short time 'telephones will assuredly be constructed which will convey both speech and musical tones beyond comparison more loudly, more distinctly, and with greater purity to moderate distances than has been possible hitherto by the Bell telephone. The instrument will then render service to intercourse in cities and between neighbouring towns which will far surpass what the telegraph can perform for short distances. The telephone is an electrical speaking-tube which, just like an ordinary speaking-tube, can be managed by every one, and can be a perfect substitute for personal conversation; but as at very short distances it will never supplant the speaking-tube, just as little will it be able to take the place of the telegraph for greater distances.' Nevertheless we may believe that it will rank among the important elements of modern civilisation.

Mr Millar of the Institute of Engineers and Ship-builders in Scotland, has ascertained that sounds such as speaking, singing, whistling can be transmitted through fifty yards of ordinary copper-wire and distinctly heard. The wire may be stretched from one end of a house to the other and pass under doors on the way without weakening the sound. A disk of parchment, metal or wood surrounded by a rim is attached to each end, to serve as mouth and ear piece, and no other preparation is necessary; and it has been proved that two copper-wires are attached one hundred and fifty yards apart to a telegraph wire, the words spoken at one end will still be heard at the other. Simple as these appliances are, they may perhaps be turned to account in studying the phenomena of acoustics.

Astronomers in the United States have already published Reports on the eclipse of July last, with the general conclusions derived from their observations, first among which, on the nature of the corona is, that it shines by light reflected from the sun by a cloud of meteors surrounding the sun, and that on former occasions it has been infiltrated with materials thrown up from the chromosphere. And further, a decided sympathy and connection between the condition of the sun's visible surface, as indicated by the number and character of the sun-spots, and the constitution of the corona has been demonstrated. 'At the present time,' remarks Professor Young, 'the sun-spots are at their minimum; whole months have passed without the appearance of a single one. The chromosphere or coloured envelope which immediately surrounds the sun, has also been correspondently quiescent, and the so-called prominences have been few and small. It certainly looks probable,' he continues, 'that while the gaseous elements of the corona are strictly solar, the non-gaseous matter—the coronal dust or haze—is of extraneous and very likely meteoric origin.'

An impression prevails among some of the observers that there has been a gradual diminution in the brightness of the corona as observed in eclipses since 1869; but there is a general agreement that 'the unknown cause, whatever it may be, which produces the periodical sun-spots at intervals of about eleven years, also affects the coronal atmosphere of the sun. And this, of course, adds a certain measure of probability to the idea that these solar periods may produce some effect upon the earth, such as may be felt in our meteorological conditions.'

Another impression is that during the obscurity produced by the eclipse, the long-sought-for planet Vulcan was discovered between Mercury and the Sun. Should this be verified when the results of all the observations come to be discussed, it will be a fact of the highest importance in physical astronomy, and will confirm the views of the distinguished astronomer Le Verrier.

An account of experiments communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, contains particulars interesting to students of the physiology of plants, and to agriculturists. Mr Grandeaun desiring to ascertain whether atmospheric electricity had any influence on the growth and nutrition of plants, instituted a series of experiments on plants of the same kind under different circumstances. One set (tobacco, maize, and wheat) he placed in a case open to the air; the other set exposed to air, light, and moisture, but shut off from the electricity of the atmosphere. The result was unequivocal and noteworthy, being from fifty to sixty per cent. in favour of the plants left free to the air. It may therefore be taken as settled that the electricity of the atmosphere plays a very important part in the assimilation and nutrition of plants. Mr Grandeaun's conclusions are accepted by the eminent chemist Berthelot, who, at a subsequent meeting, pointed out to the Academy the significance of the fact that the free plants contained a double quantity of azotised matter.

As connected with this subject we mention a lecture 'On the Chemical Aspect of Vegetable Physiology,' delivered to the Chemical Society by Mr S. H. Vines, in which after stating that organic chemistry owes its existence to the numerous investigations of plants made by chemists, the author describes the function of the chlorophyll, and the modifications which this substance undergoes during growth of the plant, and under the influence of heat and light. It promotes assimilation; and one of the products of assimilation is a carbohydrate: 'the raw material of the plant,' as Mr Vines calls it; and he tells us that 'one portion becomes converted into cellulose to form the walls of the cells in growing organs, and this cellulose becomes subsequently converted into lignin or cork, or gum or mucilage. A second portion is devoted to the nutrition of the existing protoplasm, and to a formation of new proteid material by the combination of carbohydrates with derivatives of the nitrogenous compounds (ammonia and nitrates) absorbed by the roots.'

As supplementary to the paragraph in last *Month* on a printing-machine for the use of the blind, we mention that preliminaries have been made for the holding of a 'Blind Congress' next year in Berlin. The object is to form a plan by which blind persons of different countries may understand one another in their ordinary com-

munications. This can be done only by a uniform system of teaching, and then, after practice, it is thought that blind Englishmen will be able to understand blind Germans or Frenchmen, and *vice versa*, and thus widen their knowledge and their sympathies.

The Congress of Orientalists, the ablest scholars in their several branches from all parts of the world, have met at Florence, and done much towards widening our knowledge of the languages and literature of the East.

A Report 'On the Languages of the Indo-Chinese Peninsula and the Indian Archipelago,' published by the Philological Society, presents a large collection of interesting facts, skilfully grouped, and concludes with a suggestive paragraph. 'The range of the Himalayas,' says Mr Cust, the author, 'is a great linguistic water-shed of a most unique and interesting kind. A profound study of the non-Aryan languages of India, the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and the Indian Archipelago, may some day furnish materials for a wider induction of grammatical principles than was possible to the limited knowledge available to Bopp, Humboldt, and Max Müller. We seem to catch the first effects of the human race *in situ*, not in a state of hopeless savagery, as in Australia and America, but in a graduated scale of improved and improving languages. In the rear of the Himalaya is the great monosyllabic Chinese; the flank is turned by every possible combination of the agglutinative method; in their front is the great inflecting word-system of the elder family of the Aryans, destined in the vernacular to incorporate Semitic vocables. Thus, from these languages, may possibly, at some future period, be gathered the connecting links between the great orders of human speech.'

Another expedition for the exploration of Africa has been organised by the Royal Geographical Society. The party, under the command of Mr Keith Johnston, will commence operations on the coast opposite Zanzibar with geological, botanical, and other scientific observations, and afterwards make their way to the region of the great lakes in the interior. German and French explorers, some from the north, others from the west, are also engaged in the adventurous work of making Africa known to the rest of the world. Meanwhile Captain Burton has published his book, and readers desirous of knowing what is the present condition of the ancient land of Midian, will find ample satisfaction in his interesting narrative. America too, is not neglected, for the project of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama continually attracts surveying parties; vessels from the United States are exploring the great river Amazons and its affluents, and steamers are to be started on Lake Titicaca. In Australia an attempt is making to turn to profit the vast grasslands in the north bordering on the Gulf of Carpentaria, and enterprising colonists are leading large flocks of sheep across the intervening desert, in the hope that enough will survive to give success to the experiment.

Last year the desert of Atacama was explored by a scientific Commission appointed by the government of Chile, and discovery was made in that wild and barren region of large deposits of nitrate of soda, of borate of soda, of guano, and of silver and copper. The approach to the desert

from the coast, owing to the exceedingly steep and mountainous conformation of the country, is difficult and toilsome; but two ports, Taltal and Blanco Encalada, have been established, and are to be connected by roads with the interior. At these ports the valuable minerals will be shipped. The supply appears to be enormous, for in one section of the desert, about one thousand five hundred acres, there are six million cubic metres of nitrate; and, including other tracts, it is estimated that more than a century will be required to work out all the deposits. A printed Report recently published in London may be consulted for further particulars.

With regard to the Electric light, we hear that Mr Edison of phonograph celebrity, has devised a contrivance for subdividing it indefinitely and thus supplying it to gas-fixtures. This, if carried out, will revolutionise gas-illumination. The apparatus hitherto in use by electricians can only produce a few lights, and has been considered a triumph of inventive skill; Edison guarantees that by his new process the number of lights that can be produced is endless. The lower part of New York is to be lighted as a preliminary experiment, and the cost we are told will be a mere fraction of that of gas. On this all-important subject we may have something further to say by-and-by.

THE BROKEN TOY.

HE led us to a summer-house,
In which we often played,
And on the floor in shining heaps
Were toys and posies laid.

Said he: 'My children, choose of these
The thing which you like best.'
No need to tell how willingly
We followed his behest.

I seized a large and gilded toy
Whose splendour caught my eye.
She took a wreath of roses,
And raised it with a sigh.

I tossed my plaything in the air,
And broke it in its fall.
She smoothed her petals tenderly,
And kissed them one and all.

In childish petulance, I threw
The broken toy away.
Her flowers she tended carefully,
And watered day by day.

'Twas ever so. I sought the glare
And noisy din of life.
She studied Nature patiently,
And rested from the strife.

And in the end there fell to us
No usual lot of joy;
She won the garland of renown;
And I, Life's broken toy.

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CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE Peerage is one of the oldest institutions in Great Britain. It is identified with the history of the Monarchy, and, for that matter, as far as one can foresee, Monarchy is primarily dependent upon it. In France there was a Peerage of great antiquity, but it was shattered by the Revolutionary convulsion of 1789, and the efforts made to revive it have been far from successful. Much could be advanced against the existence of a hereditary privileged class in the community, but after all that can be said, we just come to this: There it is, an institution venerable from its extraordinary antiquity—one which does not sensibly infringe on general liberty, and which not only imparts a dignity but an element of solidity and strength to the whole structure of society. If more need be said, it will be that the English people, who are guided more by sentiment, usage, and tradition, than by abstract principle, hold the Peerage in honour, and unless on very exceptional occasions, look up to it with respect. Knowing that such is their position, the members of the Peerage usually endeavour to act up to what is expected of them in the way of example. They are, so to speak, on their good behaviour, as if to make good the old French saying, *Noblesse oblige*.

However ancient in its origin, the institution has only been maintained from time to time by fresh creations by favour of the sovereign. Brilliant military and naval feats redounding to the national glory have added largely to the Peerage. Among this class we may indicate Robert Clive, who, for his gallant achievements in India, more particularly for his great victory at the battle of Plassey, which may be said to have given India to the English, was created Baron Clive in 1762. On his premature death, his son, in acknowledgment of his father's important services to the crown, was advanced to be Earl of Powis, which dignity is now in the family.

The more recent peerage creations of this kind have been the well-known instances of Nelson, Earl Nelson; Duncan, Earl of Camperdown; Wellesley, Duke of Wellington; and Napier, Lord Napier of Magdala. To go a little further back, we have John Churchill, who ultimately became Duke of Marlborough.

Comparatively few persons have been raised to the Peerage by means of successful commerce or finance. Recent instances occur in the two Barings, Lords Ashburton and Northbrook. Several families owe their elevation to the Peerage to the special affection or favour of the sovereign; but such cases are now not so common as formerly. The more conspicuous instances of the kind are Fitz-Roy, Duke of Grafton; Beaclerk, Duke of St Albans; and Lennox, Duke of Richmond; all which were peerage creations of Charles II. In this category might be classed the families of Dutch extraction ennobled as followers of William III., among whom were Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, and Bentinck, Duke of Portland.

Diplomacy, politics, and law have considerably added to the Peerage. As in every reign, and even more frequently, according to changes in the administration, notable lawyers are promoted to be Lord Chancellors, and invested with a title of nobility inherited by descendants or by relations, the Peerage is constantly recruited from this cause; and so is it by the ennobling of retired Speakers of the House of Commons. An early instance of a lawyer founding a family of peers was that of Sir William Cecil, who rose to eminence in the reign of Henry VIII., and from whom have sprung the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Exeter. The Earls of Stair originated in the same way from Sir John Dalrymple, a Scottish lawyer and politician in the reign of William III.

There are more instances of this kind worth noticing. The Earls Cowper are the descendants of Sir William Cowper, a landed proprietor in Hertfordshire, who, being bred a lawyer, rendered public service in promoting the Revolution of 1688. An unfortunate incident very nearly marred

his prospects. He had a younger brother, Spencer, a barrister, against whom, in 1699, was brought a charge of murder, of which he was wholly guiltless. It was a curious case, famous in criminal trials. We shall give only the leading facts. There lived in Hertford, in good circumstances, the widow of Mr Stout, a Quaker, with her only daughter, Sarah. The Cowpers, from their connection with Hertford, were acquainted with the Stouts, and occasionally visited them. Spencer Cowper, from a friendly spirit, was serviceable in managing some pecuniary affairs for Sarah, which she recognised by the too tender sentiment of falling in love with him to an uncontrollable degree, although she knew he was a married man, and had never given any encouragement for her extraordinary notions. The impression conveyed to our mind is that the young woman was to a certain extent mentally deranged, and scarcely accountable for her actions. One evening, after Spencer with three of his acquaintances had visited the house of Mrs Stout, and quietly departed, Sarah, as it would appear, in a sudden paroxysm of disappointment in not having her affection requited, left her home unnoticed, and drowned herself in a river which flows through the town of Hertford. Next morning, her body was found; and forthwith was raised the senseless rumour, fomented for political purposes, that Spencer Cowper and his three friends were guilty of strangling the young and pretty Quakeress, and of throwing her body into the water to conceal their crime. One cannot but feel shocked with the rashness of such unworthy imputations. A trial of the four accused persons took place at the assizes. It was shewn for the defence that the body of Sarah Stout bore no marks of violence, and that the accused had no interest in destroying her. At that time, counsel were not allowed to plead on behalf of prisoners, and Spencer Cowper, in a manly way, pleaded his own cause. He produced a letter to himself from Sarah Stout, which afforded convincing proof of her irregularity of mind. The jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. There was thus an end of the affair; but it gave much concern to the Cowper family. Fortunately, it did not perceptibly retard the professional advancement of the two brothers, William and Spencer Cowper. Both pushed on their way. Spencer rose to be a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. At his decease, he left two sons. One of these was Dr John Cowper, Rector of Berkhamstead, whose eldest son was the illustrious poet, Cowper.

As for Sir William Cowper, he was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal by Queen Anne, in 1705, and two years later he became Lord Chancellor. His services to the Crown were continued on the accession of George I., and he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Fordwich and Earl Cowper. His lordship died in 1723. From him in regular succession the Earldom has been continued till the present time; the family by intermarriages and otherwise ever growing in territorial distinction. The fifth Earl Cowper married a daughter of Viscount Melbourne, who was the mother of the sixth Earl. After the death of her husband, this lady, the Dowager-Countess Cowper, as it will

be remembered, married Henry Temple, Viscount Palmerston, the eminent statesman and Prime-minister. In course of time, the Earls Cowper have acquired extensive possessions in Hertfordshire, in which county their principal residence, Panshanger, with its precious collection of pictures, is one of the glories of England.

Among more recent instances of great lawyers rising to the Peerage may be mentioned Erskine Lord Erskine, Scott Earl of Eldon, and Wedderburn, created Lord Loughborough, and afterwards advanced to be Earl of Rosslyn, with remainder to his nephew, Sir James St Clair-Erskine, Bart., whose descendant is now Earl of Rosslyn. Perhaps, a more interesting case is that of Edward Thurlow, son of a clergyman, the Rector of Ashfield in Suffolk. Thurlow came into notice from his successful pleading in the famous appeal case of Lady Jane Douglas, 1769; after which he rose by successive steps to be Lord Chancellor in 1778, when he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Thurlow of Ashfield.

Of strong will, a good classical scholar, a profound lawyer, and with courage amounting to audacity, Thurlow was one of the most remarkable men of the age. With his robust figure, strongly marked features, keen piercing eyes, and his bushy eyebrows, he was something too terrific to encounter in any legal or other argument. When he had taken his seat on the Woolsack, an opportunity soon occurred for shewing his mettle. In the course of a memorable debate in the House of Lords concerning an inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital, the Duke of Grafton indiscreetly and with bad taste reproached Thurlow with his mean birth. This splendid opportunity of becoming superlatively great, and in fact of cowing the House, was greedily seized hold of by Thurlow; for Grafton was descended from Henry Fitz-Roy, an illegitimate son of Charles II. by Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and he had therefore exposed himself to a frightful castigation. Mr Butler, an eye-witness, describes the extraordinary scene:

"Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, "I am amazed," he said in a loud tone of voice, "at the attack the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at His Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all those noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable as to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited me, not I the Peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered—a MAN—I am at this moment as

respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon.” The effect of this speech, adds Mr Butler, ‘both within and without the walls of parliament was prodigious.’ It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor ever possessed: it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people.’

Thurlow finally quitted office in 1792. Latterly, he gave much offence by his overbearing manner, and his differences with Mr Pitt rendered his dismissal inevitable. He had no heirs to whom his title could descend, and the only boon granted to him was that the remainder of his Peerage was awarded to the sons of his brother. His last years were spent in retirement at Brighton, where from his conversational powers and the causticity of his remarks, he was an acceptable guest of George, Prince of Wales. Thurlow died in 1806.

In old Scottish history several now distinguished families come well to the front. There is something interesting to be said of the Dukes of Roxburghe, as representatives of the Kers of Cessford, a family which, like that of the Scotts of Buccleuch, were concerned in maintaining peace on the Scottish border. Sir Robert Ker of Cessford was, in 1600, elevated to the peerage of Scotland as Lord Roxburghe, and a few years later advanced to the dignity of Earl of Roxburghe. The fifth Earl, in 1707, was made Marquis of Bowmont and Duke of Roxburghe. Public interest is chiefly directed to John, the third Duke, born in 1740, and who, on succeeding his father, rose high in the estimation of George III.

His Grace appears to have spent most of his time in London and in foreign travel. With a handsome figure, and varied mental accomplishments, he was a general favourite among persons of refined tastes. A bent was given to his pursuits, as the result of an attachment that had been formed between him, when on his travels, and Christiana-Sophia-Albertina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. There were no solid objections to the match; and the nuptials would have taken place, but for the circumstance that Charlotte, a younger sister of Christiana, had just at that time been espoused to George III. Etiquette then interfered, it being deemed not proper that the elder sister, as Duchess of Roxburghe, should be inferior in station to her younger sister, as Queen Charlotte. It was an absurd objection. In the present day, no such punctilio would have been suffered to interfere with the intended marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe with his bride-elect. At that time, etiquette was inexorable. The Duke and Christiana yielded to their unhappy fate. But both evinced the strength of their attachment by devoting their after-lives to celibacy.

With feelings driven in upon himself, John, third Duke of Roxburghe, became a great collector of curious old books, noted for their extreme scarcity. The pursuit became a kind of mania. No cost, however enormous, prevented him from purchasing works that struck his fancy, and which rival book-hunters desired to possess. His house was in St James's Square, London, and here he collected his numerous literary treasures. Some

amusing anecdotes of his bibliomania are given in the works of Dr T. F. Dibdin. The Duke died in 1804. Shortly afterwards, his valuable library, rich in old romances of chivalry and early English poetry, was disposed of by auction; the sale producing an extraordinary commotion among noblemen and gentlemen with antiquarian tastes. As a specimen of the prices that were run up by competition, it may be stated that a copy of the first work printed by Caxton, in 1471, sold for L.1050, 10s. The largest sum, however (and perhaps the greatest ever paid for a single printed volume up till that time), was given by the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, for the first edition of Boccaccio's ‘Decameron,’ which fetched L.2260. In commemoration of the interest which the sale of this collection occasioned among literary antiquaries, the Roxburghe Club was instituted, for the purpose of printing a limited number of copies from scarce manuscripts found in public and private libraries.

That fatal celibacy of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, by leaving him without issue, had a serious dislocating effect on the lineage and dignities of the family. The Duke's British honours expired, and his Scottish honours devolved on a distant relation, at whose decease there was a protracted legal contest concerning the heritage. It was at length settled in favour of Sir James Innes Northcliffe, Bart. The recent Dukes of Roxburghe can only in a remote degree claim affinity with the heroic old Kers of Cessford.

Occasionally a degree of romance crops out in the history of noble families. A case of this kind occurs in the history of the Godolphin Osbornes, Dukes of Leeds. The founder of the family was Edward Osborne, apprentice to William Hewit, a clothier who resided with his wife and daughter, Anne, in a house on London Bridge. One day, Anne, in leaning over the window, fell into the Thames, and was rescued from drowning by young Osborne, who, plunging in after her, brought her ashore. We might call this adventure a swim for a wife. It was the foundation of Osborne's fortune. He was married to Anne Hewit, he succeeded to the wealth of his father-in-law, he was knighted, and rose to be Lord Mayor of London. At his decease in 1591, Sir Edward Osborne left a son and two daughters. His great-grandson, Sir Thomas Osborne, became Lord High Treasurer of England, and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Osborne of Kiveton, and Viscount Latimer of Danby, in 1673. Next year he was advanced to the dignity of an Earldom, as Earl of Danby, under which title he is often referred to in history. There were more honours awaiting him. In 1689, he was created Marquis of Carmarthen, and in 1694, Duke of Leeds. Thomas, the fourth Duke, was married to a daughter and eventually heir of Francis, Earl of Godolphin. It is unnecessary to pursue the account of the family.

In the pedigree of the Marquis of Lansdowne there occurs an incident as curious and interesting as that just referred to. The Lansdowne family, who rank among the most esteemed in the peerage, trace their origin in the lineal branch to the Fitzmaurices, Lords of Kerry. Thomas, the twenty-first Lord Kerry, married, in 1692, Anne, only daughter of Sir William Petty; whence the name Petty became blended with the surname of

the family, while at the same time, by the union, their possessions were very materially increased.

William Petty, whose fortune enriched the Lansdownes, was the elder son of a clothier at Romsey, a small town on the south coast of England. He was born in 1623. As a boy at school he was noted for his extraordinary mechanical genius, and his assiduous pursuit of knowledge. His father gave him a good education to enable him to enter the medical profession, in which he became a successful practitioner. When entering on his profession as a surgeon-physician at Oxford, a circumstance occurred which greatly affected his future career. In 1650, a woman named Anne Green was tried and condemned to death for child-murder. Her fate roused considerable compassion, for there was a general belief that she had been unfairly dealt with. Be that as it may, the law was suffered to take its course, and the unfortunate woman was hanged. After being suspended half an hour, and when it was thought that life was extinct, she was cut down, and carried away to be dissected by the doctors, for the benefit of anatomical science. Dr Petty, the young and ingenious physician, imagined, on looking at the body, that it shewed symptoms of a possible resuscitation, were the proper means employed. It quite suited his eager spirit of enterprise to make the attempt. Assisted by other doctors, he set to work, and at length, by dint of skill and perseverance, actually succeeded in bringing the poor woman to life. Anne was, of course, astonished to find that she was still in the land of the living, and gladly she went home unmolested to her friends. It is recorded that she lived for a number of years afterwards, and had several children.

Anything seemingly marvellous in the way of cure, exalts the reputation of a surgeon. Accordingly, the bringing of an apparently dead woman to life, immensely raised the fame of Dr Petty. He was talked of far and wide. The foundation of his fortune was laid. Proceeding by invitation to Ireland, he became physician to three successive Lords-lieutenant, was knighted, and appointed to be Physician-General to the Army. With his versatility of talent, he undertook the survey of Ireland at the rate of a penny an acre, by which fortunate adventure he realised great wealth. As Sir William Petty he returned to England, and wrote a number of scientific treatises. This remarkable genius died in his house in Piccadilly, in 1687.

The accession of property by intermarriage with Sir William's daughter and heiress, enabled Lord Kerry to sustain higher honours with becoming distinction. He was promoted to be Earl of Kerry. His second son, John, was created Earl of Shelburne in 1753. William, second Earl of Shelburne, was advanced to be Marquis of Lansdowne in 1784. The second Marquis died without issue in 1809, when his honours devolved on his relative, Lord Henry Petty. Many are still alive (the writer of this for one) who had the pleasure of knowing personally and appreciating the great talents of Henry, third Marquis of Lansdowne. As from default of direct heirs, he inherited the honours of the Earls of Kerry, in him were happily united the two branches of the Fitzmaurice-Pettys. A popular writer, in speaking of the Lansdowne family, remarks with more truth than elegance: 'The

brains of a clothier's son brought them their great wealth.' We would more graciously, for the special benefit of the young and aspiring, conclude with the old familiar apothegm, that
SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.
W. C.

THE SECRET DRAWER.

A STORY OF KENT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WITH wallet suspended from my shoulder, with a map for reference, and an umbrella in hand, have I often enjoyed a ramble of many days' duration through Kent, the fair Garden of England; and where can you find more charming landscapes than those portrayed, as you wander through its green lanes or flower-decked woods; where look upon more homelike scenery than that presented by its villages nestling in quiet vales, surrounded perchance by hop-gardens or cherry and apple orchards, as far as the eye can range? One such picture is recalled to my memory as a prelude to the occurrence of the little story which follows.

My ramblings had taken me to within a mile of the red-tiled village of Gondhurst, whose church pre-eminent rears its gray tower, looking towards the west. It is perched on the summit of a hill, whose slopes are clad with the bright verdure of the meadows and the cultivated fields, and environed by woods of the gloomy fir, whose dull foliage is relieved by leaves of the spreading chestnut and the noble elm, amid whose shade the houses at this distance seem to nestle. Downs are to the right, a wide stretch of country of hill and dale, of forest and glen. At the base of the hill babbles a brook, whose waters are employed in turning the wheel of a flour-mill. My gaze next rests on a grassy mead to the left, studded with summer flowers, and upon which are grazing sheep and cattle. The ear catches the sound of the distant sheep-bell or the lowing of kine; the eye watches the shadows of the clouds chasing one another over the sun-lit meadow, and flitting away in the distance; the nostril inhales the fragrance of many flowers, the sweet incense of nature! My heart under these external influences seems to beat with pleased awe at the silent homage of Nature to its Maker.

I had lingered so long in looking upon this charming picture, that I began to fear it would be dark before I gained my headquarters for the night, the village of Bradingdean, which I judged to be about four miles distant. Consulting my map to make sure of the way, I turned rapidly to the right down a green-canopied lane, where the silence was broken only by my footfall, accompanied by the thud of the umbrella as it came to the ground. After walking along for half a mile or so, I was disappointed upon not finding the expected road I had seen marked on the map. Another half-mile increased my disappointment to annoyance at what I now knew must be a mistake; and stopping to ascertain the hour by my watch, I heard the sound of wheels advancing towards me. The evening was growing dark, so my annoyance vanished at what I deemed would prove the coming of a friend in need to direct the way. I began to whistle an air to announce my presence. A dog-cart with one occupant came in sight, and

as it drew nearer I hailed: 'Can you tell me how far I am from the road leading to Bradingdean?'

'This road leads to Crawley, from whence I should think Bradingdean is three miles; or altogether you would have to walk six or seven miles. You should have taken a turning more to the right than this, from the last cross-roads after leaving Gondhurst.'

Here was a treat on a dark evening! No bed ordered at Bradingdean, and six or seven miles to walk before I could reach the place, when probably the inn would be closed!

I rapidly told the traveller that I was on a pedestrian trip and had evidently mistaken the way, and I then asked his advice as to what I had better do—make for Crawley, or turn round and retrace my steps to get at my arranged destination for the night. While I was talking, the occupant of the dog-cart had descended and had lighted a lamp, which he now raised so as to throw its rays upon my face.

'Humph!' he grunted in a tone of apparent satisfaction.

'How taciturn the man is,' I thought. 'I wish he would answer my question.' I was about to break the pause by bidding 'good-night,' when he said in a gruff though not unfriendly voice: 'I am going to Crawley, and then on to Bradingdean; if you like, you are welcome to a seat.'

I gladly availed myself of this offer, and considered that I was well out of my difficulty. My new companion remained silent for a long time, but just as we were entering Crawley, said: 'Have you ordered your bed at Bradingdean?—No! Well, I am afraid you will have to rough it to-night, as the place will be filled with persons who have been attending the annual dinner of the Agricultural Association, after their ploughing-match.'

'That is unfortunate,' I responded. '*The Rose and Crown* is the only decent house in the village; is it not?'

'Yes. And as it possesses only three or four bedrooms, they are, I believe, generally occupied on such occasions as the dinner, by a few farmers and others who have come from a distance.'

'Knowing this, I presume you have engaged a bed?'

'I have.'

This was succeeded by silence until we drove up to the little inn of the village of Crawley, where my companion alighted.

'This is one of our Houses. I shall not be longer than five or six minutes. Please take the reins.' This was uttered in a manner to convey to me that I was not wanted to accompany him inside. Presently he reappeared, together with a man who was the landlord saying: 'I should be glad to oblige the gentleman, Mr Preston, but my beds are taken.'

'Very well.' Then turning to me: 'I thought perhaps you would like to make certain of a bed and stop here, so inquired whether you could be accommodated, but you cannot.—Good-night, Mr Crane.'

'Good-night, sir,' returned the landlord. And away we went towards Bradingdean, without Mr Preston waiting for any reply from me.

My companion's taciturnity seemed to increase as we drove along; so, buttoning my shooting jacket higher up as the air grew more chilly,

I occupied my thoughts in endeavouring to guess who and what he was. 'One of our Houses.' That was what he said; therefore he must either be a traveller for a brewery or a firm of wine-merchants, or must himself be one of the firm. He appeared to be a well-educated gentleman-like man, notwithstanding his present reserve, which might have arisen merely through preoccupied thoughts. 'Preston!' I had heard the name. Still, to hear a name is nothing. *Where* had I heard the name? My father was a solicitor with a good practice in London, and doubtless I had heard the name there. Such was the train of thought I indulged in. Meantime Mr Preston had remained silent while we were rapidly nearing Bradingdean. The moon had risen sufficiently to shed her silver rays upon the surrounding country, and we caught sight of the village some minutes before we drove into its market-place, lighted only by a few oil-lamps specially for the occasion of the dinner.

Several persons were lounging about the *Rose and Crown*; and the horse having been led away by an hostler, who touched his hat with the salutation, 'Good-evening, Muster Preston,' shewed that this gentleman was well known. We entered, and I following the lead of my companion, found myself in a comfortable apartment with a fire in it—summer-time though it was. Preparation for dinner or supper was apparent, the table being in readiness.

'This is my room sir,' said Mr Preston, throwing off an overcoat he was wearing, and depositing a bulky pocket-book he removed from it, in a cupboard, the lock of which he turned and the key of which he placed in his pocket. 'You are welcome to rest here, as I know every other available room is occupied by the guests of the evening. I shall now go to get the landlady or her daughter to arrange for some supper for you, if you will allow me?'

At this unexpected courtesy I expressed my thanks, and threw myself into an arm-chair near the fire. In less than ten minutes Mr Preston returned, and told me that if I would join him in dissecting a roast duck and a pigeon-pie, he should be happy to have my company. Gladly did I avail myself of this offer. Supper was soon served; and during the meal my host (for in that capacity he acted) grew quite genial, and chatted on a variety of subjects, keeping clear of what might be deemed 'the shop.' I was somewhat surprised at this, if my assumption as to his being a commercial traveller was correct. When supper was cleared, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a jolly-looking plump woman, who was addressed by Mr Preston as the landlady. She inquired whether the supper was served as we liked, and whether we had enjoyed it, adding: 'We did not know you would bring a friend with you, Mr Preston; but perhaps the double-bedded room which you always occupy will do? In fact I have no other; even the parlour is to be turned into a bedroom, and there is to be a shake-down in this room.'

While the good landlady was talking, I noticed Mr Preston's countenance change to annoyance; and I, deeming it was on my account, hastened to say: 'I have not the pleasure of Mr Preston's friendship, and our acquaintance is but two hours old. I had missed the direct road, and

was wandering out of the way, when by good fortune Mr Preston overtook me and brought me here. I really am very much obliged to him for his kindness, but cannot think of intruding also into his sleeping apartment. Can you not give me a blanket or an arm-chair to sleep in? Anything will do for one night.'

An awkward pause ensued. The landlady at length said that every available place being occupied, she did not know how she could possibly arrange for my sleeping. Mr Preston had walked to the window, and drawing the blind aside, had looked out upon the night, and when Mrs Fox finished speaking, turned round, facing me: 'I do not like to appear discourteous, sir; but I do not even know your name, and to share my'—

I felt my face crimsoning, not with any sense of shame, but from the reflection that I had not volunteered so simple a piece of information; in fact, under the circumstances it was very rude indeed to have so long withheld it.

'That is my name sir,' I said, handing a card.

'Mr John Fowler,' he read aloud, 'Solicitor, Thavies Inn.' His eyes brightened as their glance fell upon me. 'Is it possible that you are the son of my old schoolfellow, Simon Fowler of Lincoln's Inn?'

'I am his only son,' I replied.

Mr Preston advanced towards me, and grasping me by the hand, expressed his pleasure at the rencontre.

'There will be no difficulty about Mr Fowler's sleeping accommodation now, Mrs Fox; that is to say if he does not object to having the small bed in my room.—What do you say, Mr Fowler?'

I at once acquiesced.

'Well, how is my old friend, your good father? He and I were boys together forty years ago. Now, we see each other seldom.' And from this he launched into long reminiscences of their early friendship, which had been interrupted upon their entering into life; the one becoming an attorney in London, the other a partner in a country firm of wine-merchants: both prospering. During a pause in his flow of conversation and while he was lighting a fresh cigar, I suddenly remembered where I had heard his name.

'Did you not have business with my father two years back? When I heard the landlord of the inn at Crawley mention your name, it appeared familiar to me.'

'I certainly did have business with your father about that time; and as it was in connection with a loss I sustained in this inn under strange circumstances, I will relate them to you, if you care to hear them. There will be just time before our cigars are finished.

CHAPTER II.

'Although the firm of which I am a member employs a traveller, I have myself always acted in that capacity for the county of Kent, where we have many good customers; and four times a year I make the round, stopping at Bradingdean the last night. Well, two years ago, in the summer-time, and strange to say, upon the night when the annual dinner in connection with the ploughing-match took place in this very house, as I was driving along the Crawley Road, just as I

was doing this evening when I overtook you, I came up to a gentleman leading his horse, which had cast a shoe and appeared slightly lamed. I had left Crawley and was coming on to Bradingdean. I bade the gentleman "good-night," and had the eager inquiry returned: "How far off is the nearest village where I can get this horse shod?—Bradingdean! What a nuisance! I did not want to go there to-night, of all nights. But I suppose I must, if I am to get on my way." I offered my assistance, which was politely declined. You may have noticed that I am treated here as an expected and welcome guest; and indeed it has always been so. I usually send a letter intimating when I am to be expected; and the room we are now occupying is rigidly reserved for my use, as well as the bedroom you will shortly see.' Upon coming here, I lock my pocket-book in yonder cupboard, as you no doubt noticed; and I always remove it at night to my bedroom and place it beneath my pillow. It does not often contain gold, but cheques, Bank of England and country notes. It was not my custom then to enter the numbers of the notes at all; but as I marked off the accounts paid by cheque in my little travelling list, I could always tell which accounts were paid by cheque and which by cash. I made it a habit to change as much gold as possible into notes.

'My supper had been served and nearly despatched, when Mrs Fox came hastily in, saying that a gentleman who did not know me wished to see me. She had no sooner uttered these words than the gentleman came in. I recognised the leader of the lamed horse. Mrs Fox hastily retreated, muttering to the effect that he *would* come into my room. As I was annoyed at the abrupt interruption to my meal, I received the stranger haughtily; but he, without recognising me as I did him, impetuously burst out with: "I must offer a thousand apologies sir, for entering uninvited; but I find I cannot get a room where I can retire to, to be away from the bustle and confusion incident to this dinner taking place here to-night, and I have particular reasons for not coming across any of the guests. My horse has been over-ridden and has cast a shoe; the farrier says it would be madness to ride him until thoroughly rested. Every available bed in the village is taken; and Mrs Fox has consented, knowing who I am, to make me up a bed here when you have retired to rest. Forgive me," he added, "for withholding my name."

'His demeanour was that of a well-bred man, and his address was so fascinating that I was considerably mollified; and ringing the bell, which was responded to by the landlady in person, I asked her whether the gentleman was known to her. She answered readily in the affirmative, upon which I turned to the stranger, and begged him to make what use he pleased of my room, under the circumstances. My offer to join me at supper was declined; he said he had no appetite, but asked me whether I would join him in a bottle of wine. The bottle of wine was forthcoming, and my new companion throwing aside the preoccupied manner which was at first apparent, proved most sociable and entertaining. He had been a great deal abroad, and had visited all the places of note in the British Isles. He knew Kent well; and I judged him to be of good station in society, from the

knowledge he had of different families, with whose names alone I was familiar. Our first bottle was succeeded by another; and warmed by this and the geniality of my new acquaintance, I offered him, as I offered you to-night, the use of one of the beds in my room. My companion cheerfully accepted this, saying, that as he was tired after a long ride, he should prefer a bed to an arm-chair.

'The bedroom we retired to you will yourself see by-and-by. It is a large room and has a great deal of furniture in it. A large high-canopied bed occupies an alcove or recess at one side of the room; and in a corner is a very curious and extremely old bedstead—half-couch half bedstead. This you will sleep in to-night. There is also in the room a quantity of eastern furniture in the shape of cabinets—some very small, and one somewhat large. The late Mr Fox inherited these, from an uncle or cousin who was resident at one time somewhere in India. Upon entering the room, my companion laughingly said: "Many's the time and oft that I have slept here amid old Fox's cabinets. By the way, I wonder whether he told anybody of a secret drawer in this one?" Upon saying this he advanced to the largest cabinet, and opening a little cupboard which formed a part of it, touched a spring, which caused a portion of the front, as I thought at the time, to fall down and disclose a drawer. This proved empty. "Ah!" said the stranger, "I thought he would not put anything in it, in the shape of his will; old Fox was too prosaic for that. But look, Mr Preston; what a neat contrivance this is for hiding the drawer, which, as you see, is not a very small one. But try yourself to discover the hidden spring while I hold the candle." My companion having taken one of the high candlesticks from the mantel-shelf, held it whilst I tried to find the secret spring. I tried in vain. "Well, I will shew you. Old friend Fox did not tell me to keep it secret, although he said he had not even told his wife, when he found the way to the drawer by means of a letter accompanying the cabinet. This is it, you perceive." He touched a part of the framework quickly, and again was the drawer disclosed. I once more tried, and succeeded after a great deal of trouble. But since then the secret has become lost to me. The spring is doubtless still there, but all my subsequent efforts have been powerless to rediscover it.

'Well, while we were undressing, I thought a great deal about the craft displayed by the Indian workman who had so cleverly designed this *sanctum sanctorum* of the cabinet, and I wondered how such as he should be dubbed savage. My companion, after chatting pleasantly, retired to his couch, and I placed my valuable pocket-book beneath my pillow; it was not a large one, although then rather bulky. Putting out the candles and drawing aside the window-curtains to gaze out upon the night (as is, I believe, a custom of mine), I remained standing at the window three or four minutes. Upon turning to go to my bed, I heard my companion breathing as sleeping men do. After my usual devotions, I retired, and having felt my property to be safe, slept the sleep of the weary, until I heard at my room-door a voice saying: "Your hot water, sir; what time breakfast?" Having replied, I lay for some time carelessly looking at a beam of sunlight coming in through the side of the blind. I did not feel

altogether rested—my faculties seemed still steeped in sleep—and then came the recollection of the preceding night and of my unbidden guest; and as I thought of him I looked in the direction of the couch, which was vacant. Dear me! I must have slept soundly to have been undisturbed by his movements. How my head throbs too! Could that port have been less good than we thought it?—the port of our firm! Well, I must get up; a bath will work miracles. Upon getting out of bed my hand went mechanically under my pillow. I felt still further. I removed both pillow and bolster. I looked at the back of the bedstead, then under it. I rubbed my eyes afresh. Yes; I was *awake*, and the pocket-book was gone, and my companion for the night also!

'I will leave you to imagine my excitement at this discovery. Hastily putting on my garments, I rang the bell and summoned the landlady to my room. "Where is the fellow who slept here last night?" I cried. "Gone?" And when I demanded to know who he was, poor Mrs Fox's distress was abundantly plain.

"He went away at daybreak, Mr Preston; but he could not have robbed you, and ruin the reputation of my house too! I am sure he *could not*."

"But the pocket-book is gone, madam," I angrily replied; "and as he is known to you, I must insist upon your giving me every particular of his name and whereabouts, in order that if I do not find my lost property when due search has been made, I may accuse him of the theft. This I am certain of: under my pillow I placed my pocket-book last night before that young man's eyes; this morning both are missing; and if it costs me a hundred pounds to bring the thief to justice, I will spend that sum, be he whomsoever he may!"

'This distressed Mrs Fox still more; she asserted she was under solemn obligation not to tell any one who the young gentleman was. Upon this I believe I excitedly told her that the law should compel her to divulge the secret.

'To make my story shorter, I may as well at once state that all the searching could not recover my missing pocket-book, nor could all the power I had of persuasion or of threat unlock Mrs Fox's lips, though her refusal evidently distressed her very much; and before I left the inn she was looking very ill. Upon leaving, I told her that I should place the matter in the hands of a solicitor at once. She then asked that he might visit her before he proceeded to act. I complied with this reasonable request. London was my destination that day; and after writing to the different people who had paid their accounts by cheque, in order that payment of the same might be stopped, I considered it as well not further to publish my loss; so to this effect I told Mrs Fox to say no more of the robbery until my solicitor had visited her. I was totally unable to furnish the numbers of the notes which were in the pocket-book.

'Not caring to place the case in the hands of the solicitors to our firm, I remembered your father, Mr Fowler, so to his office I hastened.

'Your father as soon as possible went down to Bradingdean, and after a lengthy interview with Mrs Fox, succeeded in inducing her to divulge the name of the man who slept on the couch; this was given only under seal of secrecy, in order that he, your father, might assure me that the gentleman could not possibly have been the thief.

It appears she would not trust me in my excitement at my loss, but thought the secret quite safe with Mr Fowler the solicitor. Your father was away two or three days investigating the affair, and upon his return assured me not only that the gentleman who was my companion could not have any object whatever in taking the property, as he was not only a member of a wealthy family, but had large means at his own disposal; he had moreover gone abroad the day after he slept at the *Rose and Crown*. Your father absolutely refused to confide the name to me until two years had elapsed, thinking that some of the notes, whose numbers we were able with difficulty to obtain, would if stolen, be presented for payment; and further, that this interval would be sufficient to prove the other idea that the pocket-book had been abstracted under the influence of kleptomania. And so,' finished Mr Preston, 'the matter at present rests. None of the notes has been presented either at the Bank of England or at the country banks. And now we will ring for candles to light the way to our bedroom. I fasten my pocket-book now to my bedstead, when placed beneath the pillow. My partner thinks me unwise in not going on to some town larger than this, more especially as my coming is always known. I have not followed his advice; but I am very careful as to who occupies the couch in the room where the robbery took place.'

CHAPTER III.

As a description of the room we were to occupy for the night was given by Mr Preston in his narrative, I need not give further details of its contents, which appeared to remain unaltered. The room was lighted only by wax candles, two being placed in sconces over a high fire-place; while two others were in brackets fastened to an old-fashioned dressing-glass in the window recess. There was a fire in the room, it being Mr Preston's custom to have every precaution taken against catching cold from unaired room or bed-linen. We at once examined all the curiosities in the room, coming finally to the cabinet which contained the drawer whose secret spring was hidden so cleverly by the maker. It was a handsome piece of furniture, standing to a height of five or six feet, upon a low framework of ebony. It appeared of great antiquity, and was composed, so far as I could judge, of two or three different kinds of inlaid wood. There were two divisions. Upon one side was a series of four drawers; the other was occupied with a drawer at the top and the bottom, while a small cupboard was in the space between. The hinges were made of a bright metal resembling polished steel, and the ornaments in different parts of the cabinet were of the same material.

'Is it not strange,' said Mr Preston, 'that as to the whereabouts of the secret spring, my mind is quite a blank? I remember the door of this little cupboard was open when the front of the drawer was visible. A part of the framework appeared to fall away. You see there are three shelves in the cupboard; but where space is to be found for the hidden drawer, I cannot comprehend.'

'Let me try.' And so I did, without any result. Every drawer was pulled out; the side carefully

examined and pressed with my fingers, but without avail.

'The mystery,' observed Mr Preston, 'will have to remain one. Only my companion of two years ago can unravel it; and it is of so little importance so far as I am concerned, that I would not trouble about it if it were not for the stupid way in which I have forgotten the trick.'

'As to that,' I replied, 'how many puzzles are explained and soon after forgotten! I do not think I could remember a tithe of the tricks with cards learned at school, so I do not think it remarkable that you should have forgotten what you only imperfectly saw some time ago.'

'But I have tried to remember it each time I have slept here since; and I know that on the night of the robbery the matter was clear to me as I stood beside the young fellow who was with me in this room.'

After pleasantly chatting for some minutes, we each sought our respective couch. I did not feel the least sleepy, but out of respect to my new acquaintance's drowsy replies, I soon altogether ceased an attempted conversation, and strove to win sleep by fixing my attention for some time upon the same object. As I lay in my little bed I could see the fire in front of me, with the Indian cabinet by the side; at the foot was the dressing-table with its old-fashioned glass, and dimly in the distance to my left gloomed the canopied bedstead wherein lay Mr Preston. On all these objects in turn my eyes rested. The people staying in the house passed our door one by one or two by two, as distinguished by their conversation, and at last all was quiet. The wood-fire was becoming less and less, and flickered up only for a few minutes as each fagot fell into its own dust. Now, the room was quite dark, and I was beginning to despair of sleeping at all, when my faculties were aroused by a movement from my companion's bed. 'He must be restless too,' I thought, so I spoke in a low though distinct voice to him. No answer. 'He does not wish to be troubled; but surely he must be getting out of bed!' I raised myself gently and peered through the gloom, but could distinguish nothing at all distinctly. Still Mr Preston was, I could judge by the sounds, now touching the mantel-shelf. Again I spoke, but received no answer. Now a match is struck and one of the candles is lighted. 'How strange,' I thought, 'that he should not reply when spoken to; he did not seem deaf overnight!'

The light enabled me to watch his movements. He advanced towards the large Indian cabinet and opened the door of the little cupboard on the left-hand side. I slipped out of bed to get nearer to him. His head turned; his eyes were wide open, looking strangely fixed. Surely Mr Preston is a somnambulist! I resolved to watch his movements, but not to disturb him unless he approached danger. I had not long to watch. I stood looking over his shoulder, while with one hand he held the light, and with the other touched a knob which appeared to be one of the screws of the hinge of the door, which was thrown open so as to meet the side of the cabinet. A faint whirring noise ensued: the centre shelf was raised; and the front of a drawer advanced in sight. The noise ceased. Mr Preston pulled open the drawer. Eagerly I looked into it, and there sure enough

lay the long-lost pocket-book, placed there by himself two years ago, the robbery of which being thus attributed to an innocent man !

It was with difficulty I restrained my impetuous desire to awaken the somnambulist, but deemed it better to wait till the morning to disclose my discovery. I saw him carefully reclose the drawer, extinguish the candle, and quietly return to bed, and seeking my own, I slept until late in the morning. Finding that Mr Preston was not in the room, I rang hastily, and learned that he was waiting for me to join the breakfast-table. Before going down-stairs I tried the secret spring and satisfied myself that the pocket-book, which still remained untouched in the drawer, was Mr Preston's. I could not retain my story ; and words could not describe the surprise and bewilderment shewn in my new friend's countenance when he heard it. He had not the slightest idea that he walked in his sleep ; and he had to run up-stairs and himself learn from me the secret which with senses awake was unknown to him. 'Allow me the pleasure,' said I, 'of presenting you with the missing pocket-book !'

Mrs Fox was equally astonished at the solution to what had been an unpleasant mystery for nearly two years ; but her delight exceeded her astonishment. She then told us that the gentleman who occupied Mr Preston's room on the night of the disappearance was the eldest son of a wealthy baronet who was present at the ploughing-match dinner. The son had affianced himself to a young lady, at that time not approved of by the father. On the day before the regiment of which he was a captain was to embark for Ireland, he had obtained leave of absence in order to pay a visit to his fiancée. His horse becoming lame through over-riding, had prevented his return that night ; and in order to join his regiment in time he had started from the *Rose and Crown* at daybreak. It was important that his visit should be kept secret from the impetuous baronet, and to insure this, the son had bound Mrs Fox under promise of secrecy ; hence her refusal to acquaint Mr Preston with his name and whereabouts.

I have only to add that this little adventure extended to me the friendship of my father's old schoolfellow, and many times when we have been together has the subject of this story been recalled.

LIFE IN A COMMON LODGING-HOUSE.

EVERY night in London, no matter what may be the weather, we shall certainly find many hundreds of unfortunate beings wandering about without food or shelter. Some of them will be poor emaciated wretches without money or credit ; others will be sailors, who having managed in less than a week to get rid of the score or two of pounds they have earned on a voyage, prowl about hoping to encounter a 'mate' who will lend them a shilling or so. Some will be city clerks out of luck, who cannot yet humble themselves to seek admission to the casual ward of the workhouse. In the summer-time, things are not so hard for them, as they can sleep in the parks during the day ; but in winter-time their privations are of course very great.

For all such wanderers who have no home, and as the police would say, 'no visible means of

subsistence,' the common lodging-houses all over London are the only houses of refuge practicable. They are to be found in all parts of the metropolis, usually in the back streets, but often in better localities, many of them being arranged so as to give a marvellous amount of comfort and accommodation for about two shillings and sixpence per week. Of late years, several capitalists have found it answer their purpose to open common lodging-houses with good accommodation ; and as a result, all those noisome dens formerly rife everywhere, have had to disappear or to be improved according to the spirit of the times. Moreover, they are all now under police supervision, and are compelled to allow in every room a certain amount of cubic space for each sleeper ; the police notifying on the license, which, framed and glazed, is suspended on the walls, the number of beds the proprietor is allowed to make up ; and although the police cannot extend their supervision to the cleanliness of the sheets and blankets, competition keeps these in a much better state than formerly.

So much has been done in fact to ameliorate the condition of the common lodging-house, as such, that it simply requires an equal amount of amendment as to decency and morals on the part of the lodgers themselves to make things nearly as perfect as they could be. As it is, in many cases, the common lodging-house is, on a humble scale, to the poor what the west-end club is to the rich ; and to it resort thieves, tramps, jail-birds, street-hawkers, and all those classes who gain their living chiefly by exercising their wits, the locality of the house of course introducing us to different classes of occupants. For example, in a street running out of Fleet Street, you can be accommodated with lodgings from half-a-crown up to twelve shillings per week, with use of cooking utensils and reading-room, with an excellent bar and restaurant attached, and a large ballroom, where on Monday evenings dancing takes place at the rate of sixpence each person. Again, about the purlieus of Soho Square, in quiet clean streets, you find lodging-houses where you have a bed to yourself in a separate compartment, with usual accommodation, for about three shillings per week ; and in one establishment which existed some years ago in Hatton Garden, for even less than that.

A common lodging-house requires as a matter of course to be designed with a view to the class of people likely to frequent it ; and it would be found useless in certain localities—especially for the class of lodgers who pay nightly for their beds—to provide anything beyond actual necessities for sleeping and eating. Such things as letter-racks, baths, reading and ball rooms would be utterly out of place among men whose ideas are circumscribed by the public-house, who do not respect themselves, and are not respected by others accordingly. The majority of the common lodging-houses in London depend entirely upon chance custom, their tenants being for the most part persons who start out in the morning with little or nothing in their pockets, and make what they can by begging, hawking flowers, working at the docks or wharfs, or anything else that offers. People who live so entirely from hand to mouth and in such a state of uncertainty as to the morrow, become by the very nature of things completely hardened against all meliorating in-

fluences, and utterly indifferent to the present or the future. If 'luck'—as they term it—goes with them, they pay for their bed, and spend the rest of their money in drink. If they are unlucky, out they turn, to perambulate the streets all night, anathematising their own folly in spending more money than was necessary while they had some. The one thing that keeps the wretched classes from rising above a certain level, is that mad fatality which prompts them to part with every farthing they possess, as soon as they possibly can after they have earned it, squandering their money with less sense than children, and then selling, or rather giving away anything they have on their backs to raise a few pence to buy bread. Of this remarkable trait in the character of the wretched classes we shall presently give some illustrations. Off then to the east end of London, where we can study them and their habits to perfection.

The east end is almost entirely peopled by persons dependent on the docks and factories for a livelihood. It is not, and probably never will be the abode of the rich, who prefer more open and elevated localities; and as a consequence, very few professional burglars trouble the east-end police. Tenants of houses at rents of from five to ten or twelve shillings per week have very little plate or jewellery to tempt burglars; but there are thieves of course—hungry fellows who prowl about and rob bread-shops, or purloin second-hand garments from establishments in Rosemary Lane. So in this part of London we find common lodging-houses of a special type and of a style suited to the heterogeneous character of the population. While the majority of them are for men only, there are some where man and wife with perhaps a child or two, can be accommodated with a compartment for eightpence per night; but as it is with those devoted to the male sex we are chiefly concerned, we will select for examination one which was opened as a speculation within the last two years by a wealthy firm in Spitalfields.

The house is in a large open thoroughfare, and makes up three hundred beds, the exterior being ornamented with some half-dozen handsome lamps, and a massive brass plate on the entrance-door inscribed with—what shall we say? Well, the Gorgon Chambers—that will be near enough; and having at a cost of less than five shillings arrayed ourselves in garments as nearly akin to the stage Jeremy Diddler as possible, we boldly stalk in. The vestibule is not only good, but imposing and handsome. Pots of flowers and evergreens flank each side as we walk in to the main sitting-room, which is furnished with cooking-ranges of the best description and substantial tables and benches. Three huge fires are constantly burning in winter-time day and night—the house closing at half-past one A.M., a night-porter remaining until eight A.M. to replenish the fires.

Having entered about seven o'clock in the evening, our first duty is to pay for our lodging at a little niche in the entrance-hall, where sits the neat and civil manager's wife, who informs us we can have either a fourpenny or sixpenny bed; and having selected the latter because we do not care to sleep in a room with two hundred other occupants, we are at once handed a round brass cheque; and on paying an extra sixpence are supplied with a key to a numbered locker in which

to deposit our eatables. Then we are free to use the benefits of the house until the same time the next evening; and accordingly we place in our locker such food as we may not immediately require. Having taken our place by the fire and (to be in character) established a short pipe, we begin to eye the occupants and to be scrutinised by them in return. A gentleman beside us is cooking half a pound of sausages, and begs we will keep our eye upon them while he runs down-stairs to wash his hands, as if unwatched they will certainly not be there on his return. We now glance around at the motley crew assembled in the kitchen of the Gorgon Chambers, and having acquired by long contact with the classes they represent an accurate knowledge of their tastes and habits, we shall be able to portray them with fidelity, and set down nothing but what is true to nature.

In the first place the Gorgon Chambers are not a thieves' kitchen. Such gentry of course at times lodge there, and in fact most of the lodgers would not scruple to steal if opportunity presented itself; but the respectable proprietors who own the chambers, and their manager, himself an ex-police-man, prevent as far as possible the entry of any known bad characters. Secondly, it is patent to ourselves, that if such places as the Gorgon Chambers did not exist, very few of the men before us would be able to obtain any lodging at all. Coarse in their language, and in many points of social morality below the level of the brute creation, no respectable householder will receive them. There are plenty of small houses in London where a decent single man can obtain an excellent bed in a double-bedded room for half-a-crown per week. But the respectable artisans who let such lodgings will have nothing to do with the lodging-house rough, who would tumble in intoxicated at all hours of the night, insult the landlady, pay rent irregularly if at all; and in short make himself a nuisance, it being a cardinal principle with him to exact as much as he possibly can of other people's forbearance whenever he pays them any money. So with clothes and features alike condemning him, he is carefully bolted out of such places as the 'Tower' and the 'National Gallery,' where the respectable artisan in his fustian is allowed to enter unchallenged.

The proprietors of the Gorgon Chambers provide saucepans, frying-pans, plates, teapots, cups and saucers, and plenty of boiling water; the other etceteras of knives, forks, and spoons being for obvious reasons omitted. Having prepared for ourselves some tea and bread and butter, we, after the repast is over, retire to a distant table, still keeping an eye on the spot we have vacated. In a few minutes a lank-haired youth comes prowling about the tables, examining the disused teapots; and finding, we suppose, the one we have just left the best, goes off to the boiler, and turning in some more water, makes himself a beverage, which he drinks without sugar, his food being a hunch of bread which has been given to him. This is about the first food he has had today; but he hopes to get a little work at the Milwall Docks to-morrow, whither he will go without breakfast unless we or somebody give him a cup of tea; and would we oblige him with half a pipe of tobacco. Now we are aware from sources unknown to him that his tale is quite

correct, and moreover that he is willing to work ; but unguardedly, we consent to his wishes with regard to the tobacco, the upshot of which is that in a very short time we receive so many requests for the same favour from others, that we are compelled to beat a hasty retreat and take an evening ramble. Towards ten o'clock we again return to the Gorgon Chambers, and having given our brass counter to the night porter, are shewn by him to a bed, the number on which corresponds to the one on the counter.

The room is lofty and well ventilated ; the number of beds in it being ten, which is all, as we learn by the police certificate on the wall, that it is allowed to hold. The bedsteads are of iron, and the bedding perfectly clean and wholesome, the sheets bearing the significant imprint in large characters, 'Stolen from the Gorgon Chambers.' A small gas jet burns all night, and the walls are scrupulously clean with whitewash. Having got into our bed, which is by the window, we compose ourselves to listen to the loud snoring of two gentlemen already asleep, and the lively music of a concert-room in full swing a few doors off, where songs suitable to sailors are bawled out by amateur and professional vocalists of both sexes, accompanied by a piano very much out of tune. This singing and the cheering it elicits keep us awake until the house closes at midnight, when our attempts at wooing the drowsy god are cut short by the dropping into our room of lodger after lodger until the clock of the neighbouring church strikes one ; and now we begin to flatter ourselves that we shall shortly be able to sleep, as the Gorgon Chambers close for the night at half-past. Having just dozed off, we imagine we feel an arm stealthily inserted under our pillow, where lodgers less knowing than ourselves usually deposit their money, if they have any. However, the would-be thief finds nothing ; our money certainly *was* deposited there, tied in a handkerchief, but was subsequently quietly smuggled down the bed and fastened round our knee.

On entering the Gorgon kitchen the next evening we become speedily aware of the fact that our disguise has been penetrated ; for a man of education can no more conceal it by shabby clothes than can a rough assume the appearance of a gentleman by attiring himself in good garments. Moreover, it has been discovered that we have money ; otherwise how could we afford regular meals and, above all, tobacco ; and the knowledge of all these facts combined, causes us to be treated with some deference, and to be favoured with repeated requests for loans of tea, sugar, and other articles in small quantities. It is Saturday night ; and the Gorgon barber is doing a pretty brisk trade in shaving and cropping. Being a foreigner, and apparently of Gallic nationality, we address a few words to him in French ; but he shakes his head and says 'Turk, Turk.' His business is conducted entirely by signs, for as yet his knowledge of English is confined to some half-dozen words. Whenever he buys any article such as tea or sugar, he holds it up to somebody, saying interrogatively 'Inglese, Inglese ?' and on learning its name writes it in a book in Turkish characters. Two gentlemen have just taken the only shirts they possess off their backs and are going about trying to sell them, to pay for their beds. Approaching us and addressing us familiarly as 'mate,' they

offer them at sixpence each ; and on our inquiring how it is they have become so reduced, give the following account, which we know to be perfectly accurate. They had each made about six shillings at the docks a day or two previously, and in a fit of economy the one persuaded the other to accompany him to a cook-shop in London Wall where large plates of the 'under-cuts' of meat are sold to poor persons at twopence each. Before, however, they arrived at London Wall they had spent all their money in drink, were so inebriated that they could not find the cook-shop, and finally found themselves locked up in a police cell. This instance is only one out of scores which could be cited to shew the reckless waste practised, often ostentatiously, by vast numbers of the labouring classes, who too frequently live altogether from hand to mouth.

Hearing a sound of hammering going on at the further end of the room, we proceed thither, and find a shoemaker hard at work doing repairs. Beside him is a black sailor, who is making a bargain with him about the repair of his shoes, and the cobbler insists upon 'two pots.' Everything it may be remarked, is settled in the Gorgon Chambers in 'pots,' a pot of ale being in value fourpence ; so that if you wish to sell any article for sixpence, you do not mention coin, but say : 'You can have it for three pints.' Eventually the black succeeds in getting the job done for one 'pot' and a lump of 'hard' tobacco, which it need hardly be remarked has never paid duty.

And now we descend to the lavatory, where we find all the arrangements excellent, and good enough for any merchant's office. About a dozen good-sized wash-bowls are arranged round the wall with a tap to each, with larger tubs in which the men may wash their shirts if unable to pay the women in attendance to do so. Large jack-towels hang (carefully chained, however) from the walls ; and before a roaring fire stands a huge screen, on which a number of men are drying the garments they have just washed. As we do not intend to pass another night in the Gorgon Chambers, we go up-stairs and, before leaving, give our counter to the lank youth from the Milwall Docks, who is quite in clover to-day, as he has earned four shillings and twopence, and is busily engaged at a hearty meal of steak and potatoes.

The next day (Sunday) we again enter about noon and find preparations for dinner going on pretty briskly ; the cobbler hard at work peeling potatoes and turnips for a stew ; and the Turkish barber, frugal man as he is, toasting himself a single sausage before the fire. Going past a table, we receive a pull at the coat, and on turning round recognise a face which we have not seen for some fourteen or fifteen years. With a hearty grip of the hand and mutual condolences as to each other's bad fortune, we sit down beside our old acquaintance, Stump, who when we last knew him held a good appointment in the General Post-office. However, poor fellow, his wife died, and her loss affected his intellect, so that for a time he was confined in a lunatic asylum, and had to give up his appointment. Unfortunately, when he came out he took to tippling, so that the good friends who exerted themselves in his behalf were obliged reluctantly to give him up as a bad job. What with slight occasional relapses of mental disorder and the effects of drink, he has gradually lost

all respect for himself, and is earning what he can by chance labour at the docks. He has bought for his dinner to-day some tripe and ready-cooked vegetables from an eating-house, and warmed the whole up in an empty Australian meat-tin. This stew he facetiously terms 'a concoction,' a term not to be found in any dictionary, but translatable by the French equivalent *pot-pourri*.

Dinner over, the men lounge or lie on the benches, some smoking, and some reading the papers, or tracts which a gentleman connected with the London City Mission has just been distributing. After him come a band of determined proselytisers from a neighbouring Ebenezer, who make the tour of the room in a body, talking and singing hymns. The addresses are listened to pretty quietly; but as soon as singing commences, a most discordant howl arises from various parts of the kitchen, speedily bringing in the manager to inquire the cause of the disturbance; the upshot of all being that the evangelists have to beat a retreat, not without many groans and an occasional cabbage-stalk or two interjected amongst them. When order has returned again, we ourselves depart, having seen quite enough of the Gorgon Chambers. We are however, satisfied that the spirited proprietors have done well for the class of lodgers they accommodate, who on the whole seemed to behave themselves, as far as we could observe, in a tolerably orderly manner. Knowing the tastes and habits of the men who frequent their establishment, they have provided accordingly, neither below nor much above a certain standard; and the success of their experiment will perhaps serve as a hint to others, who with the best intentions to do good, fail because they do not sufficiently study the tastes of the particular class in society they wish to benefit.

THE ROMANCE OF A CITY CLERK.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—LUCY WARREN.

ONE fine Saturday afternoon in July, no matter what year, I took out a ticket at Fenchurch Street Station for the pretty little village of Dartbridge. It was a third-class ticket; for in those days I was only an overworked and underpaid quill-driver in the service of Steel, Flint, and Company, Cheap-side. I lodged in a little back bedroom in Lorrimer Square, Kennington, dined at a cook-shop in the City, and otherwise lived and economised as became my position. With one notable exception! I had now made an excursion to Dartbridge every week for several months, staying overnight at the *White Hart Inn*, and returning to town on the Sunday evening. Five days out of the seven during that period, I had dined on bread and cheese; had eschewed omnibuses, no matter how bad the weather; had had my old hat refreshed, my boots soled for the third time, and undergone financial martyrdom generally. And all for what? Only that I might get a glimpse of sweet little Lucy Warren, and an opportunity of pressing my love and poverty upon her acceptance.

Lucy's antecedents and present life were as simple and eventless as my own, and our courtship hitherto had given as little promise as well might be of 'sensational incident.' She was an orphan, her mother having died while she was quite a

child, and her father (who had remarried) when she was in her fifteenth year. She had consequently been left to the sole charge of her step-mother, who treated her with average kindness for a few years, but with the repeated protest that Lucy was a burden which her limited means could not well bear; so that in her eighteenth year she had applied for and obtained a situation as clerk and factotum in the office of the *Oilman's Gazette*, a trade organ published in a dingy little court off Fetter Lane. An unromantic confession doubtless, but quite unavoidable in the interests of a story of real life!

Unpromising as such a career appeared to be at the outset, Lucy found it in reality one of almost unalloyed happiness; Mr Monks the editor—a fussy little man of limited education, but much tact and shrewdness—treated her as one of his own family. His only daughter Lizzie acted as housekeeper in the rooms above the office, where the three resided during that portion of the week in which the interests of the oil-trade demanded the services of Mr Monks and his assistant. Every Friday afternoon, when the *Gazette* had been issued to its admiring subscribers, the little house in Fetter Lane was closed, its tenants betaking themselves to the villa which the comfort-loving little chief had purchased and ornamented in the village of Dartbridge. I had first made Lucy's acquaintance while calling at the *Gazette* office to settle an account which Steel, Flint, and Company had incurred for advertisements. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part at least—and I am afraid my visits to Fetter Lane, if plausible enough, were sometimes unknown to the firm which I undertook to represent. Lucy's duties and position forbade my prosecuting my suit after approved methods, and I had almost yielded to despair, when a lucky chance informed me of the weekly exodus to Dartbridge. I made my way thither as soon as I was at liberty on the first Saturday after receiving the hope-inspiring intelligence, repeating my visits, as I have said, with unrelaxing ardour. My hope was for some time a forlorn one, and might have remained so, had I not found an unexpected ally in Miss Ryder, the spinster daughter of the landlord of the *White Hart*, virtually the head of the establishment. She was a woman of great practical sense, but with just a dash of that feminine sentimentality which old maids are said never to forego. My repeated visits had at last attracted her attention, and perhaps it was in no way wonderful, in a small place like Dartbridge, that her woman's wit should soon divine my mission. Having once done so, and rather liking me, as she said, the matter became perfectly simple. Lucy and Lizzie Monks were especial favourites of hers; so that an invitation to tea one Sunday afternoon in her own room effected what years might not otherwise have done. To bring my story up to the day with which I have chosen to open it, I need only say that my suit prospered so well that Lucy at last consented to be mine—that is, modestly confessed her love, and promised to await until I should be in a position to marry her.

Ay, there was the rub; and a single week's reflection on the subject had led me to adopt two very sensible resolutions. The first was to devote my leisure to improving myself sufficiently in French and German (as my employers had sug-

gested), to enable me to take a more responsible and lucrative post in their office; the second, to make my trips to dear old Dartbridge of rarer occurrence, with a view to economy. Perhaps I deserved less credit than I was then inclined to take for the last of these good intentions, seeing that by Miss Ryder's adroit management I had got so far into Mr Monks' good graces as to obtain his consent to look in occasionally at Fetter Lane. Still, of the two, my self-denial on this head was perhaps more laudable than my purpose to study hard; for habit, ever strong, had made my Sundays in the country a pleasure not to be lightly abjured.

It is only natural therefore that my journey on this particular July afternoon should dwell in my memory with unusual distinctness, noted in my calendar by the formation of a life-purpose, even had it not contained incidents destined to affect my whole future.

In due course I found myself upon the platform of Dartbridge station, and was making my way towards the door of exit, when my attention was attracted by the shouts of an elderly gentleman who stood at the open door of a first-class carriage. He was red in the face through excitement, and was calling lustily and angrily for a porter. A glance sufficed to explain his dilemma. The descent to the low platform unassisted was to him an all but impossible feat; *he had a wooden leg*. I promptly rendered the necessary help, and as it turned out, not a moment too soon, the train beginning to move immediately. Panting and blowing, the stranger stood for a moment bewildered, then burst into one of the heartiest peals of laughter which it has ever been my experience to listen to. I was irresistibly arrested by this sudden turn of humour, and for the life of me could not help joining chorus in a feeble kind of way; but my sympathetic merriment would appear to have been ill-timed, as the owner of the artificial extremity, resuming his own gravity, blusteringly demanded: 'What are *you* laughing at, young jackanapes? Did you never see a wooden leg before?—But there,' he continued, lowering his voice; 'I am wrong as usual. It was you who helped me just now; was it not? Allow me to thank you with all my heart. You don't mind my calling you jackanapes, I hope?—No? Shews your sense! Thank you again very much.' And the old fellow hopped off to look after his luggage.

Lucy had arranged to meet me at the cottage of old Dobson the gardener, situated about a quarter of a mile above the station, which was a good mile and a half from the village of the same name. Having been a few minutes detained by the little adventure on the platform, I was not surprised, while ascending the dusty road, to see Lucy tripping down the hill towards me. I see her now in her broad white-straw hat trimmed with natural roses, and the white muslin dress which gave ethereality to her slender figure. Picture to yourself, reader, a fair rounded face, sensitive mouth, hazel eyes of infinite softness, a well-formed low, broad forehead, crowned with a profusion of wavy brown hair, and—the assistant to the editor of the *Oilman's Gazette* stands described.

We spent a pleasant afternoon and evening with the Dobson family, consisting, besides the old couple, of George (said to be in the throes of a

hopeless attachment to Lizzie Monks), and Peggy, a cherry-cheeked black-eyed damsel, who had rendered heart-sick half the young farmers in the parish. The time sped so agreeably that it was nine o'clock before we parted from our simple but hospitable friends.

It was a genuine lovers' night, a crescent moon and hosts of twinkling stars shedding a placid light upon the scene; while the odour from hedge-rows and beanfields filled the air. The road now descended towards the village, the lights from which gave that human interest so necessary to a perfect landscape. We walked in silence for some time—the 'silence eloquent' of even City clerks who are genuinely in love.

'Lucy,' I said at length, recurring to the resolutions which I had formed since our last meeting, 'I shall miss my visits to you in dear old Dartbridge.' And I proceeded to expound these with all the fervour and sanguineness of youth. I had listened to my own voice for some time; but however agreeable the exercise may be, it will pall by degrees, as in my case, if not jogged by the expressed interest of one's companion. Struck at last by Lucy's absolute silence, I glanced down into her face to find it wet with tears.

'What is the matter, darling?' I asked in trepidation.

'O Frank!' she now answered sobbing, 'I wished so much that we might be happy to-night; but I must tell you now. My step-mother has written me the strangest letter. She insists upon my giving a month's notice to Mr Monks and going home. She says—what of course you know is not true—that she never liked the idea of my earning my own living; that she has now given me a fair trial; that she is sure by this time I have come to be of her mind, and that she cannot think of my staying away any longer. She appeals to my poor father's wish on the subject, and writes in such a horribly kind way that I can't understand it. But of course I *must* go, Frank; and you see, dear, why I was so much upset by your kind brave thoughts for my happiness.'

Startled and grieved beyond measure, I naturally strove at first to change Lucy's purpose of going home; but by-and-by, when I came to apprehend how much she herself suffered at the prospect, an incipient impulse of chivalry (City clerk as I was) came to the rescue. I now tried to soothe her, to remind her that we could still correspond, and above all, to promise that my good resolutions to improve my position would be strengthened by this additional reason for making our union as early as possible. I in some degree succeeded in comforting her; but the rest of our walk was made in sadness. I felt, when we reached the villa, that I could not bear to meet Mr Monks and Lizzie; so after a parting at the garden gate in our tenderest manner, I betook myself to the hospitality of the *White Hart*.

As I entered the bar-parlour, to which only favoured guests were admitted, I was astonished to find my acquaintance of the afternoon quietly seated in the snugest corner engaged at cribbage with Miss Ryder. He greeted me cheerfully, but continued his game without reference to our adventure. I on my part felt too depressed to enter into conversation; so taking my bedroom candle from its accustomed place, I was about to wish the company good-night, when my hostess

glancing from her hand across her shoulder, asked smilingly: 'Well, how is Lucy, Mr Dalton?'

'Oh, quite well,' I said, smiling in return.

'Lucy?' said the stranger, suddenly looking up with a keen glance; but I, being in no humour to abide Miss Ryder's usual banter, hastened upstairs, went to bed, and after an hour's restless tossing slept, and dreamt that—*Lucy had a wooden leg!*

A WORD FOR PUSS.

THOUGH many people have an antipathy to cats, and consider them treacherous and cruel, there are countless instances on record where puss has shewn the most devoted and enduring affection for those who have kindly treated her. Nothing can be more unjust than to call a cat cruel, seeing that it merely seeks to provide itself with food in the manner its instinct points out to it. The artifices which it uses are the particular instincts which the all-wise Creator has given it in conformity with the purposes for which it was designed. Being destined to prey on a lively and active animal like the mouse, which possesses so many means of escape, it is necessary that it should be artful.

Puss is, however, not entirely friendless, but rejoices in many a staunch defender. For instance Miss Isabel Hill writes: 'Poor Pinkey! I can scarce write a word in praise of one belonging to thy slandered sisterhood; yet a few good examples embolden me to assert that I have rarely known any harm of cats who were given a fair chance, though I own I have seldom met with any that have enjoyed that advantage. Is it their fault that they are born nearly without brains, though with all their senses about them, and of a tender turn? Suppose they only fawn on us because we house and feed them, they have no nobler proofs of friendship with which to thank us; and if their very gratitude be adduced as a crime, alas, poor pussies!' An anonymous writer says: 'We may learn some useful lessons from cats, as indeed from all animals. In their noiseless tread and stealthy movements we are reminded of the frequent importance of secrecy and caution prior to action; while their promptitude at the right moment warns us on the other hand against the evils of irresolution and delay. The curiosity with which they spy into all places, and the thorough smelling which any new object invariably receives from them, commends to us the pursuit of knowledge even under difficulties. Instances are frequent (I am happy to tell cat-haters, says the writer) of illustrious persons who have been attached to the feline race, and of cats who have merited such attachment. Mohammed would seem to have been very fond of cats, for it is said that he once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb his favourite while sleeping on it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that when it died he had it embalmed and placed in a niche in his apartment; and people ought to read what Rousseau has to say about the feline race.'

In point of intelligence the cat has been often unfavourably compared with the dog; and yet it can be shewn that puss is capable of much natural ability. Thus Dr Smellie tells of a cat that had learned to lift the latch of a door; and other tales

have been related of cats that have been taught to ring a bell by hanging to the bell-rope; and this anecdote is related by the illustrious Sam Slick of Slickville. It occurred several times that his servant entered the library without having been summoned by his master, and in all these cases the domestic was quite sure he had heard the bell. Great wonderment was caused by this, and the servant began to suspect that the house was haunted. It was at length noticed that on all these mysterious occasions the cat entered with the servant. She was therefore watched; and it was soon perceived that when she found the library door shut against her, she jumped on to the window-sill and thence sprang at the bell.

Cats do not like being transplanted from one place to another, as the following anecdote will shew. A family named Shuker lived at Dawley, in the county of Salop, but had occasion to leave and go to Nottingham. They of course removed all their household goods, including a fine cat, which had been in the family for years. Arriving at Nottingham the cat shewed signs of dissatisfaction with her new abode, and after a few days disappeared. Shortly afterwards the cat walked into the old house at Dawley, to the great surprise of the neighbours. As might be expected she was very footsore and lame. When it is considered that the distance travelled on foot by the cat, from Nottingham to Dawley, is over seventy miles, the feat seems very wonderful. Hundreds flocked to see the four-footed pedestrian, and large sums were refused by the owner for the favourite.

A family in Callander had in their possession a favourite Tom-cat, which had on several occasions exhibited more than ordinary sagacity. One day Tom made off with a piece of beef, and the servant followed him cautiously, with the intention of catching and administering to him a little wholesome correction. To her amazement she saw the cat go into a corner of the yard in which she knew a rat-hole existed, and lay the beef down by the side of it. Leaving the beef there, puss hid himself a short distance off, and watched until a rat made its appearance. Tom's tail then began to wag; and just as the rat was moving away with the bait, he sprang upon and killed it. This anecdote resembles one which we related some time ago in these columns.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh; it was conveyed to her in a close basket in a carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months; but having had a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have found some new home. About a fortnight however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well-known mew was heard at the street door of her Edinburgh mistress; and there she was with *both her kittens; they very fat, she very thin*. It is clear that she could carry only one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-four miles; so that if she brought one kitten part of the way and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She also must probably,

have journeyed only during the night, and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young.

To lead 'a cat-and-dog-life' means a good deal of scratching and biting; but dogs and cats have been frequently known to get on very amiably. For instance there was a cat which had formed a warm attachment for a Newfoundland dog; she caressed him continually—advanced in all haste with her tail erect when he came home, and rubbed her head against him, purring with delight. When her shaggy friend lay before the kitchen fire, puss used him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. Her couch arranged to her liking, she composed herself quietly to sleep. The dog bore all this with patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and sometimes gently licking her.

Instances of attachment between animals of dissimilar habits are endless, and those between puss and various creatures are certainly both curious and interesting.

The Book of Cats (London: Griffith and Farran), from which most of the foregoing gossip has been taken, concludes by remarking upon an absurd idea prevalent among old-fashioned Scotch people—namely that cats suffocate infants by sucking their breath. This is declared to be unfounded and untrue, no baby having ever been so suffocated. It is impossible for a cat to suck a child's breath, as the anatomical formation of the cat's mouth would prevent it. No doubt in some remote country places, among the ignorant, a popular superstition to that effect may exist; but when a child has been found dead from suffocation, in many cases the cat may have lain on the infant's mouth for the sake of warmth, but with no murderous intent. It is best, therefore, to exclude puss from sleeping apartments.

There is a well-known hospital in London for dogs; and a lady of the name of Deen has established a sort of asylum for lost cats at Rottingdean, near Brighton, in consequence of the large number she saw lying dead on the beach. But such kind friends are scarce, and pussy in her journey through life will continue to find many dangers on the road; not the least of which is when the poor creature is left to 'find for itself' when her thoughtless owners leave home for summer quarters.

CHINESE DENTISTRY.

In European countries the dread art of the dentist is nowadays practised with such skill and ingenuity, with the view of causing the least possible pain to suffering humanity, that it will not be uninteresting—albeit the subject is a somewhat grim one—to contrast with it the more clumsy methods in vogue among the Chinese; and with this end we abridge the following notes from an instructive article in the *China Review*, a periodical published every two months at Hong-kong, and frequently affording much valuable information respecting the Celestial Empire.

It is well known that the Chinese attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and that their dentists profess to take these worms from decayed teeth. But how they performed this trick, and so artfully concealed it in the hurry of daily busi-

ness, was a secret only recently solved by a European inquirer. After some difficulty and delicate negotiation, an intelligent-looking native practitioner was induced to hand over the implements of his trade together with a number of the worms, and to give instructions in the method of procedure.

When a patient with toothache applies for relief, if the tooth is solidly fixed in the socket, the gum is separated from it with sharp instruments and made to bleed. During this operation the cheek is held on one side by a bamboo spatula, both ends of which are alike, and on the end held in the hand some minute worms are concealed under thin paper pasted to the spatula. When all is ready, this is adroitly turned and inserted in the mouth, and the paper becoming moistened is very easily torn with the sharp instrument used for cutting the gums; the worms mix with the saliva, and the dentist of course picks them out with a pair of forceps. The patient having ocular demonstration that the cause of the disease has been removed, has good reason to expect relief, which in many cases would naturally follow the bleeding of the gum. When the pain returns, the same operation is performed over again, and a fresh supply of worms fully accounts for the recurring trouble.

These worms are manufactured in quantities to suit the trade, and they are very cleverly done; still, to carry out the delusion fully, the dentists are obliged to keep on hand a few live worms to shew their patients, explaining that most of those taken from the tooth are killed either by a powder which is often applied, or by the process of removing them with the forceps. The practice just described, it may be added, is resorted to when the tooth is firmly set in the jaw.

The painless extraction of teeth is supposed to be accomplished by the application of a powder to the gum, which is said to loosen the tooth so that it may be removed after a little time with the thumb and forefinger. This powder however, like the other, is useless, and only applied to deceive the patient. Indeed, unless a tooth is loose the Chinese have no means of removing it; they do use a pair of forceps, but these are useless except with a loose tooth, and when employed they have to be concealed in a cloth, because patients are taught that no instruments are used. Another of the Chinese dentist's stock-in-trade is a flat piece of iron with a hole at one end of it, which he uses to hook on to the end of the canine teeth when they are irregular, removing them by a sudden upward jerk.

When a tooth is not sufficiently loosened to drop out or be pushed out by the tongue, a little folded or twisted piece of paper is sometimes used, one end of which is so adjusted in the mouth that when the patient closes his teeth, which he is directed to do, the loose tooth bites upon it, and the operator then gives the paper a quick pull, and so removes the tooth.

An operation on a canine tooth is thus described. The dentist first applied powder, and then took up a piece of cloth in which was concealed a flat iron instrument of the kind mentioned above; this he kept in his right hand, and in his left he held, wrapped up in paper, a flattened lump of wax, which is called 'toothache plaster,' and is believed to have in it some charm or power to

loosen teeth. After the powder had done its supposed work, the dentist struck the patient several slight blows with his left hand in quick succession on the cheek just behind the region of the tooth to be removed by the plaster. This was done to divert the attention of the patient, while the operator with his other hand appeared to be rubbing the gum with the piece of cloth, but was in reality adjusting the instrument on the tooth. Then, with a quick jerk upward and outward, he partly dragged the tooth from the socket, the upward jerk being so quickly and adroitly managed as to give the appearance of an accidental catch on the tooth, or a hasty movement of the hand as the dentist stepped hurriedly back to get some more toothache plaster. The same operation was then performed over again, and the tooth came out.

The insertion of artificial teeth was practised in China for ages before it was introduced into Europe, and has certainly one great recommendation, namely cheapness. The material used is bone or ivory, and the tooth having been sawn and filed into the proper shape, is fastened to the adjoining teeth by copper wire or catgut string. If two or more teeth are required, they are made in one piece; and a hole being drilled through the entire length, a double string or wire is passed through it and is looped over the natural tooth at one end and tied to the teeth at the other. This work, though rude in the extreme, looks better than the absence of teeth, and is of some use in mastication. The cost of a single artificial tooth is commonly from twopence-halfpenny to fivepence, and the charge for half-a-dozen from one shilling and threepence to two shillings. Even at these low rates Chinese dentists are said to do a thriving trade; and if this be the case, we should say that all things considered, their fellow-countrymen must be a very long-suffering race indeed.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES IN FLINTS.

In connection with this curious subject, a correspondent of *Land and Water* writes: 'The fracture of flint nodules usually presents a dark opaque ground clouded with whitish and dark-gray spots and patches. Some of these often assume very fantastic imitations of figures of men and animals. In the British Museum is an agate on which is portrayed a very accurate likeness of the poet Chaucer; and during the French Revolution, immediately after the king was beheaded, a very remarkable portrait of this unfortunate monarch was discovered distinctly marked on a piece of Labrador spar. So accurate was the likeness, and so curious was this coincidence reckoned at the time, that a very large sum of money was obtained for it; and fac-similes were engraved from it and worn as rings by the loyal inhabitants of Europe. In the annexed engravings we have given a fac-simile of three remarkable portraits found in a flint nodule, which may be seen in the museum of Mr Robert Frazer, jeweller, 17 South St Andrew Street, Edinburgh. This mass of flint, weighing about sixteen ounces, was picked up by mere accident on the Kent Road, near London. On breaking off a small piece of it, the profile No. One was discovered on the surface of the fracture, and immediately recognised as bearing a very striking resemblance to the general contour

of the features of the first warrior and general of the age. The portrait has somewhat the appearance of an enamel painting; the figure being of a whitish-gray substance, surrounded by a dark-brown ground. As it was conjectured that in all probability the impression of the figure might penetrate deep into the stone, it was slit up nearly through the centre, when the figures Nos. Two and Three were displayed on each side of the exposed surfaces; and it will not require a very active fancy to discover in these the face and lineaments of a monarch endeared to the British nation. These two likenesses have actually been recognised and pointed out by different individuals who had no previous knowledge that such a similarity had before been discovered; thus affording a test of the truth of the general resemblance. At the time that these likenesses were first discovered—about five years ago—it was looked on as a curious coincidence that the monarch or his Prime Minister should be found depicted on one stone by the hand of nature, and by a process which, even with all the aids of modern chemistry, we fear we have but imperfectly conjectured and endeavoured to explain to our readers. Flint is not the only substance which is found to contain animal and vegetable matter within its nodules. Small portions of moss-plants, cryptogamia, are frequently found, beautifully preserved, in the rock-crystal, topaz, and agate, with all the minute lineaments of their original structure. This affords another proof of the fact that such crystals must have been in a fluid state, without any great increase of temperature, at the period when they assumed their solid form. Many of these stones as well as jaspers contain figures assuming the forms of vegetation, being in reality merely accidental admixtures of various metallic substances, which in crystallising thus assume the appearance of leaves and stems of plants. Of this kind are the Mocha-stone, arborescent jasper, landscape marble, &c.'

A LOVER'S SONG.

I WOULD not live without thy love
For aught on land, or sea;
I could not live without thy love—
Be true, then, love, to me.
Be coy, be cold, be cruel too,
Or aught but false, my queen;
No plaint my joyous lips will make,
So thou art true, I ween.

How dark, how drear, this world would be,
If thou wert lost, my own;
No charm for me, then, there could be
In quest, or gage, or crown.
Nor pensive moon, nor great glad sun
Could cheer my hapless heart.
Be true, then, love; assure me, naught,
But Death, shall make us part.

Be true, and then this life will be
A race, or joust, in fine,
In which the victor's strength and prize
Will evermore be mine.
Be true, for then our lives will be
One deep surpassing dream,
In which all chance, all toil, all time,
One sparkling cup will seem.

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MEMORIALS OF WALTER SCOTT.

THE Berwickshire Naturalists' Club is more than its name imports. It is an association of gentlemen of varied tastes and acquirements, who are as much concerned in exploring matters of archaeological and literary interest in their neighbourhood as in taking note of objects in natural history. Not confining themselves to discussions and the reading of papers, the members set apart a day for excursions, in which little in the way of scientific or historical inquiry comes amiss to them, in the counties along the lower valley of the Tweed—a district known to be famed for song and deeds of arms, for ruins of old castles and abbeys, and above all for being the country of Walter Scott. We wish there were more provincial associations of this kind. In usefulness, they greatly excel the annual gatherings devoted to little else than purposes of friendly intercourse and conviviality. Perhaps we may some day offer a specimen of the ingenious papers contained in the Transactions of this very commendable Berwickshire Club. Meanwhile, we have to speak of something quite as interesting.

One day at the end of September of the present year, about thirty members of the Club met at Galashiels, with the view of proceeding by way of Torwoodlee and Clovenfords to Ashestiel, memorable as having been the residence of Scott and his family from 1804 to 1812. Clovenfords, which lies in a kind of hollow in the hills, is a small village, with an inn, which within our recollection was a posting-house in going southwards, and is alluded to by Wordsworth in his 'Yarrow Unvisited.'

And when we came to Clovenfords,
Then said my winsome marrow :
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'

Since Wordsworth's time, great changes have occurred. The post-road is superseded by a railway, and Clovenfords is now noted for extensive Vineries, established by the enterprise of Mr Thomson, a skilled gardener, for raising grapes

for the London market, and which have been eminently successful. Of course, the Club visited these wonderful Vineries—wonderful for being placed in the midst of so wild and hilly a country. After satisfying their curiosity, the Club passed southwards down the gorge to the Tweed, where amidst woods on a high bank, on the further side of the river, stands Ashestiel. At this point, about six miles below Innerleithen, the Tweed is seen flowing pellucidly between green banks, with heathery and pastoral hills rising to a considerable height on each side. At the ruined tower of Elibank, a short way up the river from Ashestiel, the scene is grand in its solitude and beauty. The only incongruous objects in the landscape are the iron railway bridges that span the river, and which, without exaggeration, might be described as the perfection of ugliness.

In the early part of last century, Ashestiel came by purchase into possession of William Russell, whose grandson, Colonel William Russell, married a daughter of Dr John Rutherford, another of whose daughters was the mother of Walter Scott. Colonel Russell was succeeded in the estate by his son, General Sir James Russell, who died in 1859 ; and the property is now held by his daughter, Miss Russell. Scott occupied the house while his cousin General Russell was absent in India. Here, he finished the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and composed 'Marmion,' and the 'Lady of the Lake,' besides executing much other literary work. Though somewhat changed, the house and grounds shew several interesting memorials of Scott. For what follows, we are indebted to an account in the *Border Advertiser*, evidently written by the Editor of that tastefully conducted newspaper.

'Before proceeding to the house, the party paid a visit to the "Shirra's Knowe," a knoll above Glenkinnon Burn, covered with a grove of ash and birch, where is a turf seat which was a favourite haunt of the poet in his contemplative moods. Returning thence, the party proceeded to the house, to the interior of which it was Miss Russell's desire they should have access. It has

been let during the summer to Dr Matthews Duncan of London, and as he had not yet vacated it, it was felt that the members of the Club could not with propriety intrude upon his privacy. But with the utmost courtesy and kindly consideration, Dr Duncan would not hear of Miss Russell's arrangements being departed from; and accordingly the party, guided by himself, were favoured with an inspection of the chief apartments in the house which were occupied by Scott. The most attractive of these was the room, still fitted up as a library and armoury, in which he studied and wrote. It is a small room, lighted by one small window, the sill of which, four or five feet in depth, and representing the thickness of the wall, was covered with green baize, and used by him as a desk. The window looks out to the Tweed and the hills beyond. But the object which most appealed to the feelings of veneration and respect for the departed, was Scott's favourite chair, which still stands here. It is a low, deep chair of peculiar construction, and singularly comfortable. In this chair Scott is said to have sat much; and when on his death-bed, it was brought by his special desire to Abbotsford, that he might again repose in it his worn-out frame. In this chair, said Dr Duncan, he breathed his last; and after his death it was again brought back to the place which had seen him in by far the best and happiest period of his life. With a kind of solemn gratification, the several members of the party sat themselves in the chair, associated as it was with the brightest and saddest moments in the career of him who at this time engrossed their every feeling and thought.

'After visiting the dining and drawing rooms, and seeing many interesting portraits connected with the family, the party proceeded to the riverside to visit another of Scott's favourite haunts. On the way thither, the forester pointed out the old road to and from the ford in the river, which in Scott's time did duty for passengers, instead of the bridge since built half a mile farther down. At one time a large stone, called the "Riding Stone," stood at the entrance to this ford, but is now either removed or silted up. It acted as a kind of hydrometer in a rough way; for it was a maxim that when this stone was covered with water, it was dangerous for a horseman to attempt the passage of the river. The sight of this ford brought vividly back many of Scott's anecdotes of it, and especially of the domestic inconveniences which resulted from a kitchen grate on its way to Ashestiel having been overturned in the ford, and remaining there for weeks as a kind of horse-trap, and regarding which Scott used to crack many a joke at his good lady's expense. A short distance from this, along the haugh, stands a splendid old oak-tree, beneath which Scott was fond of sitting. It is about twelve feet in girth, and its branches spread out to a great distance in a fashion beautifully horizontal. It stands about twelve yards from the river's edge, yet its outer

boughs hang their extremities over the water, and altogether it covers a space of ground about seventy yards in circumference. It is a fine old tree, and its bushy foliage seemed even more beautiful from the touches of yellow which now mingled with its green.

'Leaving the old oak-tree in the haugh, the company of Naturalists next proceeded to the burying-place of the Russells of Ashestiel, which is situated in the midst of the woods—a small square inclosure, to whose walls the ivy clings with all the tenacity of fixed possession. After paying a somewhat hurried visit to the fine old-fashioned garden on the estate, the company got once more seated, and drove to Fernilee and Yair. The party kept the south side of the Tweed at Caddonfoot, when they crossed at the bridge there, and held straight down to the old road leading up to the ruined house of Fernilee—a place ever interesting as the abode of Mrs Cockburn in her youthful years, and where she is said to have written the exquisite version of the "Flowers of the Forest," beginning—

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling.

In passing downwards, however, the company did not fail to take note of the pleasant little school and school-house at Caddonfoot, as also the beautifully situated church and manse erected there. Leaving the conveyances to meet them at a point on the road farther down, the most of the company proceeded to climb the brae leading to Old Fernilee. It is a plain building of two stories, is now a complete ruin, roofless and windowless, entirely enveloped in perhaps the densest growth of ivy the company ever looked upon. The wonder is that its weight does not drag the old walls to the ground. The house, which has been long uninhabited, formerly belonged to a branch of the Rutherfords, afterwards passing, towards the end of last century, with the estate, into the hands of the Pringles of Clifton and Haining, to whom they still belong. Alicia (or Alison) Rutherford, afterwards Mrs Cockburn, was born here about 1712, and it is said composed the song which has immortalised her name in consequence of the death of a young gentleman to whom she was affianced and fondly attached. As she married Patrick Cockburn in 1731, the song must, if the above tradition be correct, have been written when she was only seventeen or eighteen years of age. The room—a slight recess in a projecting turret at the south-west angle of the building, and lighted by a small window—in which she is said to have composed the song, is still pointed out; and as appropriate to the occasion, a portion of the company assembled in the interior of the ruin, directly under the room specified, and one of them sung a verse of it. With this pleasing tribute of devotion to the spirit of the dead, the company took its departure, noticing, as they descended the hill in front, the remains of the old terraced garden or orchard of the house, as also an ancient stone-built curling-pond still existing in the wood below the house. Rejoining the conveyances at "Robin's Nest," that quondam famous resort of Edinburgh anglers, the road was now taken, under the softened brightness of the westerling sun, for the residence of the "long-descended lord" of Yair, by whom the party was courteously received. With Yair, the sight-seeing of the day was in a

sense closed, and the road was taken homewards. At the Rink, attention was drawn to the British camp and other traces of the Catrail on the hill; and a little afterwards, the woods and house of Abbotsford came into view, and had their due meed of attention and approbation. Galashiels was reached at a quarter to four o'clock.'

THE ROMANCE OF A CITY CLERK.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE *White Hart* was as snug and old-fashioned as a village inn ought to be, albeit it was somewhat out of repair. My bedroom window was directly over the covered porch on the front of which was perched the 'hart couchant,' which stress of weather had converted from its original and significant colour to a delicate lavender. I had thus a view of the little rambling street, and could, by opening the sash and craning to a small extent, obtain a view of Rose Villa—a feat which of course I foolishly performed before completing my toilet on the morning after my arrival at Dartbridge.

Despite my knowledge of the early habits which Miss Ryder insisted upon, I was scarcely prepared, on entering the breakfast-parlour a little later to find my fellow-traveller seated there calmly employed in letter-writing. He received me with some ceremony however, requesting me to excuse him, as his letters were of some importance. I took up a book and read quietly until he had completed his task and made room for the setting out of the morning meal, which was in a very short time upon the table. Whereupon the old gentleman proceeded to do the honours with courtesy and dexterity. I now took leisurely observation of his bronzed weather-beaten face, and was much impressed with the kindness and benevolence of its expression.

Breakfast over, he wheeled his chair to the open window—on a stand in front of which bloomed Miss Ryder's favourite geraniums—inviting me to follow his example. Nothing loath, I acceded with as good an imitation of his old-fashioned politeness as my Cockney training would admit. Having ascertained that I did not object to tobacco, he filled and lighted a capacious meerschaum, puffing vigorously at which he began a conversation on general topics. Gradually however, he veered towards our adventure at the station, and ultimately questioned me, in a friendly way, upon the nature of my connection with Dartbridge; so that before I had time to reflect, he had succeeded in drawing from me a pretty candid account of my position, prospects, and small ambitions. I had often prided myself upon not being easily 'drawn,' as what Londoner does not? but the absence of any conceivable purpose on the part of my *vis-à-vis*, and the gratifying paternal style he had assumed towards me, had somehow led me to place my heart, as it were, upon my sleeve; not that I was gushingly communicative, or that a syllable with reference to Lucy escaped me; nevertheless the

amiable old fellow came in a sense to apprehend what issues were concerned in my hopes of preferment in the office of Steel, Flint, and Company. Throughout, his manner was marked by a charming degree of interest and sympathy, and nothing occurred that could alarm my sensitiveness.

I wished Mr Clayton—such I understood was his name—good-bye when the hour approached for going to church. At the villa I was first welcomed by Ponto, a large black retriever, Lucy's staunch friend; next by the fussy little editor; and lastly by Lucy and Lizzie Monks, who declared themselves *almost* ready; they had only to put on their hats and get their Prayer-books. So I waited patiently for a space of twenty minutes, chatting pleasantly meanwhile with Mr Monks, till at length the girls, fully equipped, made their appearance. We at once set out together by the path across the fields, which, besides being more enjoyable in the warm dusty weather, was a much shorter route to church than by the turnpike. Reaching a stile between two fields from which the road could be seen winding below in the hollow, we saw scattered groups of country people hastening on the same errand as ourselves; while here and there a carriage or dog-cart dashed along, raising clouds of dust.

'There is Miss Ryder's machine just leaving the village,' said Lizzie, who had posted herself on the first step of the stile. 'If I didn't know the pony, I should know the turn-out anywhere by that bow of red velvet in the old-fashioned bonnet.'

'But who is that with her?' wondered Lucy, shading her eyes and watching the progress of the tiny vehicle intently. 'It cannot be the brewer, for he is in the north; and Mr Webb and she are not on good terms since she refused to give up her pew to the Squire's London friends.'

I smiled as I listened to this innocent bit of village gossip; but my own observation had convinced me that the other occupant of the dog-cart was my mysterious friend Mr Clayton. Requesting the girls to descend from their point of vantage, we now stepped briskly forward; but ere long the irrepressible Lizzie said: 'O Mr Dalton, do you really know who *that can be*? Is any one staying at the inn?'

'Well, Miss Monks, your humble servant is staying there; and there is what remains of an eccentric elderly gentleman staying there; and in point of fact, to the best of my belief it is that venerable remnant who sits beside Miss Ryder at this moment.'

'Don't tease, Frank!' quoth Lucy with a pinch and a glance that nipped my quizzical humour, as Sir Boyle Roche would have said, in the bud.

Thus enjoined, I narrated what I knew of my strange acquaintance. Lizzie laughed merrily as I went on.

'Now,' she said, 'if I did not know Miss Ryder better, I should say she was setting her cap at the old man. I am amused and surprised as it is at her shewing such favour to a stranger; but no doubt it is on account of his misfortune.' And the little brunette looked grave.

We reached the church in good time and took our accustomed seats. We had not been many minutes seated when the eyes of the congregation were focussed upon my old friend, the noise of whose iron-shod stump, as he followed Miss Ryder up the aisle, had attracted universal attention.

I might have moralised upon the weak-minded curiosity of the villagers, had I not found my own gaze, as well as those of my fair companions, fixed upon the new arrivals. The old man reverently bent his head to the desk for some time, and when he raised it, there was a quiet child-like serenity upon it which the marks of time could not conceal. I now felt myself unable to withdraw my eyes from his rough old visage, a strange sense of familiarity with it beginning to impress me. I tried at first to consider this a result of the amused interest with which I had previously observed him; but that calm unconscious look had unquestionably some older and closer association in my mind. I often think now that in the first vividness of this conviction I should soon have discovered its origin; but the vicar at that moment entered the church, and the service commenced.

We returned by the old path across the fields. I had engaged to dine at the villa, and felt happy that it was so, since learning that Lucy's departure had been fixed. After dinner Lucy and I were considerably left to ourselves. Talking much and long of our approaching separation, the spirits of both naturally clouded by the prospect, I cheered her as much as I could by reminding her of my purpose to work indefatigably; and our more serious conversation was relieved by pleasant chat about village incidents, amongst others the advent of Mr Clayton. My mind at this point reverted to the singular impression which had so affected me in church, and I was on the point of communicating it to Lucy, when, on lifting my eyes to her face, the phenomenon was explained by my observing there the same expression, modified by youth, which I had observed in the old man's face. I smiled at the simplicity of what had before appeared an enigma, and in this vein told Lucy of the circumstance.

We took tea with Mr Monks and Lizzie in the pretty arbour in the garden behind the house, our friends vying with each other to make what promised to be my last visit but one to Dartbridge as agreeable as possible. At last the time came when parting was inevitable. The girls accompanied me to the station. We first looked in upon Miss Ryder to say good-bye, when I received the not unfrequent commission of posting letters on my arrival in the City, no mail leaving the village between Saturday and Monday afternoons. Those now intrusted to me she said belonged to her guest of the wooden leg, and were both marked 'Immediate.' Promising to fulfil her wishes as usual, and with mutually hearty good wishes, I left the *White Hart* for the station, with Lucy and Lizzie accompanying me. On our way we paid another flying visit to the Dobsons. Poor George looked radiant when Lizzie appeared; and I afterwards whispered to Lucy that I fancied the lively little coquette was not quite so indifferent to his manly affection as she professed. My convoy was now increased by Peggy and George, both of whom no doubt considered the friendly task of seeing me off well requited by certain facilities which it afforded themselves. The familiar platform at last witnessed our several adieus, and I was once more on my way to London.

Reaching Fenchurch Street, I proceeded to the nearest post-office to deposit Mr Clayton's letters.

I believe it is quite an innocent instinct rather than any curiosity which induces one to glance at the superscription of letters intrusted to them before committing them to the official box. Anyhow, I was altogether unconscious of sinister motive in reading the addresses of those I then held in my hands, and would doubtless have forgotten the fact, had one of these not arrested my attention rather startlingly. To my amazement it was directed to Lucy's step-mother—'Mrs WARREN, 3 Chesney Place, Brighton.' I hurriedly looked at the other, to see whether it might throw any light upon the stranger's connection with Lucy's relative, but only to find that it was intended for a well-known firm of solicitors in Old Jewry. I again gazed at the first letter, and, confused with conjecture, dropped them both into the box. Many hours ere I slept did I spend in attempting to divine the probable nature of the old gentleman's business with Mrs Warren—fruitlessly of course. I went to sleep over the task, and amid other thoughts the subject was almost forgotten on the morrow.

CHAPTER III.—LOVE OVER A LEDGER.

So my little scheme of self-denial was rendered abortive by Lucy's recall to Brighton. For several days I am afraid the thought of her going away made me mope in rather an unheroic manner. I spent my evenings in concocting absurd little notes destined for Fetter Lane, finding a specious relief and real aggravation of my misery in committing these inanities to paper. It was not until I caught myself in the throes of composing 'An Ode to Melancholy' in true egotistical fashion, that I perceived my case to be a bad one, and forthwith set about striving for a healthier frame of mind. This is admittedly a task more easy to take up than to accomplish; but I believe I hit upon the likeliest method of doing so by placing before me once more the duty of working with all my might both in the office and at my private studies. I accordingly worked for Steel, Flint, and Company with redoubled vigour; and instead of shilly-shallying over pink-tinted note-paper, spent my evenings with my German text-books and dictionary.

Under this more sensible condition of things the week once more drew to a close. On Friday evening as I was about to leave off work, I was surprised by a request from Mr Steel to step into his private room. I did so with considerable perturbation; but before my ideas had time to shape themselves, my employer in the most urbane manner asked me to be seated, and proceeded to express his great satisfaction with my industry and zeal. My mind was naturally relieved. I attempted to make a fitting reply; when he again threw me into confusion by the, to me, astounding offer of a more responsible position at a salary of two hundred a year. I stammered a few lame words of acceptance and thanks; but it appeared my good fortune was not yet exhausted, for Mr Flint handing me a cheque, said with a bland smile: 'Mr Dalton, I quite endorse what my partner has just said, and am glad to give you a small mark of my esteem. You have not had a holiday this summer, so you may consider yourself at liberty for a fortnight, beginning this day week. This twenty pounds will, I trust, help to make your time pass more pleasantly.'

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings that evening as I strode towards Lorrimore Square. On reaching my lodgings, my first impulse, after a hasty tea, was to write an account of the change in my prospects to Lucy. It seemed to me as though we could now defy fate. The future assumed the most roseate of aspects through the medium of my sudden preferment. There was a minor but palpable pleasure, too, in view of my holiday, which would enable me to gratify the twofold wish of seeing Lucy a week earlier than I had expected, and of taking part in the great annual cricket-match between a scratch City team and an Eleven of the Dartbridge Club; got up—doubtless with an eye to business—under the auspices of Miss Ryder.

I was in all the ecstasy which these thoughts induced, when the postman's rat-tat sounded through the house. A knock at my door; and in answer to my 'Come in,' it opened, and the grimy young damsel from the area floor handed me the following letter in Lucy's handwriting:

'DEAREST FRANK—I just send a line to say that my step-mother has written to request me to go home at *once*, saying she is very poorly. She writes herself, so I do not believe she can be *very* ill. But what can I do? Mr Monks says I had better go *to-morrow*; and I am staying here to-night to finish up some work before going. Lizzie is with me, and is going to take my place until her father can get another clerk. Can you call at the office to-night to say good-bye, darling?—Your own LUCY.'

Here was a damper to my over-heated hopes! The short period which I had expected Lucy still to spend in London was ruthlessly curtailed, and the unhappiness which her stay at Brighton must entail was about to begin.

I reached the *Gazette* office about nine o'clock to find Lucy alone, engrossed with her ledger. It was the dingiest of editorial rooms, though well furnished. The gas jets were covered by huge green shades, which placed every other article in shadow except the table. Lucy had not heard me enter, and for a short time I watched her intently as she pored over the figures pen in hand. The situation had perhaps as little of the conventional elements of romance as well might be; but that, I say, is matter of opinion. To my idea, there could be no more interesting picture than that slight figure clad in some material of a grayish tint, the slender waist clasped by a simple dark ribbon, the shapely head with its plainly arranged masses of brown hair, bent gracefully over the folio, the fresh girlish face shaded by its position, the little hand deftly wielding the pen.

Our greeting at length was all that it should have been under the circumstances. I soon saw how much Lucy endured at the thought of parting, and how much she dreaded going home. To tell the truth, I *did* strive to shake her resolution of going to Brighton. I had the good sense, however, to desist before my selfish reasoning offended her more delicate sense of right and wrong, and went on to acquaint her with my good fortune, cheering her also with the hope of meeting again early. Seated beside each other on twin 'Windsors' we talked of all that lovers will talk of; and then, as even lovers' talk will flag at times, we spoke of dear old Dartbridge and of my intention to take part in the cricket-match. While on this

theme, the address on Mr Clayton's letter, which had so impressed me when posting it, recurred to my mind with such suddenness, that I asked with unconscious absurdity: 'Lucy, do you know any man with a wooden leg?'

'Frank!' quoth Lucy.

I then hastened to explain my meaning, dwelling upon the strange coincidence, and inquiring eagerly whether she had any relative answering Mr Clayton's description.

'I have no relatives alive,' answered Lucy at length, after marvelling woman-like at the incident; 'and I never heard my step-mother refer to any of hers. I don't know any of my own mother's friends; and never saw my father's only brother, who was killed, I understand, during the Mutiny in India.'

The matter was dropped on Lucy reminding me that her accounts were not yet balanced. I of course volunteered to assist her; and we two City clerks worked together far into that sultry summer night adjusting the monetary concerns of the *Oilman's Gazette*. We had not been long at our joint task when Miss Lizzie made her appearance, bringing her work with her. Then, while my affianced and I were deep in debits and credits, invoices and per contras, that amiable young person plied her needle in silence, the huge tabby which had followed her into the office purring softly in her lap. These are secrets, ye oilmen, yet withdraw not your subscriptions! To me your trumpery little journal will ever have an unsurpassable interest, and my most liberal advertisements be accorded to its shabby columns. Somewhere in the small-hours my Lucy and I completed your honourable Society's statement of affairs; and while Lizzie Monks stroked the staff-cat in innocent oblivion, we kissed and shed tears at parting just as genuinely as any other foolish young couple who are *not* City clerks.

I heard from Lucy on the Monday after her departure, in a sweet affectionate note, but containing no reference to family matters. My employers during the remainder of the week treated me with marked respect, and my fellow-clerks took their cue from their principals. My improved prospects would under other circumstances have afforded me the keenest pleasure; as it was I was restless and depressed. I was surprised and annoyed too at not receiving another letter from Lucy.

My promise to form one of the London Eleven could not on any reasonable pretext be withdrawn, so I prepared with resignation to fulfil my engagement to play at Dartbridge on Saturday.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CRICKET-MATCH.

There is no keener sportsman in the world than the Cockney, theoretically. His love of excitement 'by flood and field' is something akin to the schoolboy's fondness for military exploits—innocently imitative. A day's 'outing' to witness a rowing-match or horse-race, a wrestling encounter, or a game at cricket, is an event in his calendar. And on the same principle that there are thousands of excellent swimmers who never saw the ocean, a number of the metropolitan natives, in spite of the limited opportunities they possess, attain considerable proficiency in manly exercises. The hostess of the *White Hart* had therefore less difficulty in collecting a team from among the

travellers and clerks of her City acquaintances than might be supposed; and by nine o'clock on the morning of the great day all had found their way to Dartbridge by road or rail, as best suited their fancies or their purses.

Miss Ryder received me with much friendliness; but with a certain air of mystery, not altogether foreign to her nature, yet unusual in her manner towards me. I had little time however, in the bustle of the hour, to take much note of this peculiarity, or to guess at the drift of certain smiling innuendos she threw out. Sport is beyond doubt a great leveller amongst Englishmen, and my spick-and-span cricketing suit, together with a fair reputation as a hard hitter, was sufficient passport to the society of the Squire-and-tradeocracy of Dartbridge—for the nonce! The large dining-room of the inn was devoted to the reception of the rival Eleven, their umpires and immediate friends. On my entrance, I was not a little surprised to find the veteran Mr Clayton seated as usual by the open window, puffing at his meerschaum with his wonted vigour, his natural limb crossed comfortably over the artificial one, and his rubicund face glowing with a plenitude of benevolence quite captivating. He met my first intelligent glance with a quiet matter-of-course kindness, giving my extended hand a most uncompromising squeeze.

'Glad to see you, youngster,' he said, lifting his huge pipe from his lips. 'Glad to see you in your flannels. Egad! it does my old heart good to see this turn-out. Here, Phipps, Wooley! let me introduce you to this young quill-driver! (I mean no offence, my boy.) This is the young Cockney, gentlemen, whom I promised to back for a good score.'

So I modestly submitted to be introduced to the crack players of the Dartbridge Eleven, who I could see were not averse to accept an acquaintanceship recommended by the eccentric stranger. A move was at last made for the ground, a carefully conserved field belonging to the Squire. The details of the match have already been reported in the proper quarters, so I shall content myself with recording the incidents affecting my story. Mr Clayton had obtained a seat in Miss Ryder's dog-cart, from which my hostess and he watched the game, though from rather an unnecessary distance, I thought. I occasionally glanced thitherwards, and imagined once that one of two young girls who chattered to the occupants of the vehicle wore a straw-hat the sight of which had often made my heart jump; but the foolish thought was speedily effaced in the active discharge of my duties as long-stop.

The match was a close one, ending in a draw; and both parties were in high spirits as they proceeded to the *White Hart* to partake of the excellent dinner laid out for their refreshment. As was only natural, I found the enjoyment of the hour infectious. I had, moreover, succeeded in making the second-best score, and felt the congratulations of my friends immensely agreeable. In spite of love's anxieties therefore, I looked forward with delight to sharing the hilarity of the dinner-table. It was consequently with no little chagrin that, when stopping for a moment at the bar to say a word to Miss Ryder, I received from her hand a note requesting me to go at once to the villa, as Mr Monks desired to speak to me. She accom-

panied its delivery with one of the mysterious smiles and little speeches she had favoured me with in the morning; but I was too annoyed to take much notice. The idea at length occurring to me, as I stood gnawing my lip in uncertainty whether to obey the request or not, that it *might* have some reference to Lucy, I hastily decided; and having asked to be excused from going in to dinner, took my way to the chief of the *Gazette's* house more leisurely and regretfully than I had ever done before.

I cannot say I was greatly surprised on entering the pretty parlour of Rose Villa to find Mr Clayton in his favourite position and at his usual occupation. I had got used to the apparition! So I imagined at least; but the events of the next hour amply proved that my capacity for surprise was far from exhausted. Mr Monks welcomed me in his own soft pleasant manner, but immediately withdrew, without explaining the object with which he had summoned me, thus leaving me alone with the eccentric veteran.

'Well, Mr Dalton,' said that worthy, 'excuse me; it was I who sent for you to have a quiet chat about the match and other things.'

It flitted across my mind that the wish was a most inconsiderate one for me; but as, instead of the game, he proceeded at once to refer in a kindly way to my own affairs, my promotion at Steel, Flint, and Company's, and the holiday I had received, my annoyance had gradually begun to disappear, when he startled me by slowly and pointedly asking: 'And do you think you are in a position to marry, Mr Dalton?'

'Sir!' I ejaculated.

'I have asked you a very simple question, I am sure. Do you really think you could keep a wife on two hundred a year?'

'Mr Clayton,' I retorted, trembling with vexation, 'are you aware that you are taking a great liberty? You have no right to ask me any such question. I shall wish you good-evening, sir.' I rose, and strode towards the door.

'Well, well, Wilful! Good-bye! But hark you! You will have to be a little more reasonable before you get my consent to marry Lucy.'

I turned round in the intensity of my surprise, my hand still on the door-knob.

'Oh! I mean what I say,' continued the old gentleman with an exasperating smile. 'And unless you shew her uncle some more respect, I am quite sure Lucy herself will have nothing to do with you.'

'Her uncle! Mr Clayton'—I began.

'Mr Fiddlesticks!—Mr Warren, if you like,' laughed the veteran till the tears ran down his cheeks. 'But come in, my boy, and sit down. I suppose I had better prove my relationship, or you will be treating me to some more of your fine airs, you young rascal!'

I was about to protest; but my companion only answered by pointing to a seat and bursting into a fit of laughing only equalled by that which he had indulged in at Dartbridge station.

'Ring the bell, please,' he requested on partially coming to.

I mechanically obeyed by touching the 'bell-pull. A minute or two after the door opened, and 'Lucy!' I exclaimed, with what delighted astonishment may be imagined. 'Frank!' And as the old gentleman's curiosity had been suddenly

attracted to something going on in the village street, and his head was out of window, we hurriedly but eagerly embraced, and then stood hand in hand, gazing into each other's face in embarrassed silence.

'Well, young folks,' said Lucy's uncle as he reappeared, 'you do look amazingly happy! It is you Frank, that have been taking liberties this time—ha, ha! I suppose you don't mind the cricket-dinner now, eh? I will just hop over to the *Hart* and take your place there. You will be able to amuse one another, I daresay.'

He stumped to the door; but before making his exit turned and said with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Pon my life, I never thought a pair of *City* clerks could look so sentimental!"

A few sentences will render this happy but unexpected dénouement intelligible. Lucy had only been three days in Brighton when she received a letter from her uncle containing a kind but peremptory request for her return to Dartbridge. She had naturally been very much surprised at this sudden revelation of her relationship; but to her still greater astonishment, on shewing the letter to her step-mother, that lady expressed no surprise whatever, and offered no objection to her immediate departure. This capricious conduct on Mrs Warren's part was only explained when Lucy and her uncle met. If for the first time she had now learned that her father's brother was alive, he on his part was equally surprised at the statement. He had been in regular communication with her step-mother ever since her father's death, making a liberal allowance for his niece's maintenance and education through that firm of solicitors in Old Jewry to whom one of the letters I had posted was addressed. It then appeared that the old gentleman's announced intention of leaving India (where for many years he had traded successfully, and where he had been so injured in one of the episodes of the Mutiny as to necessitate the amputation of a limb) was the cause of his brother's widow hastily recalling her step-daughter. He arrived in London earlier than expected, and learned with pain that Lucy was earning her own livelihood—entirely of her own determined wish, as the lawyers informed him. Ascertaining that she spent a portion of the week at Dartbridge, he concluded to run down and quietly observe for himself how she was situated and what were her disposition and character. Miss Ryder, with kindly meant communicativeness, had not only enlightened him, but acquainted him with our engagement. The letter I had posted for Mrs Warren, in which he merely intimated his arrival in this country, was the cause of the more hurried summons to Brighton which Lucy ultimately received; while that to the solicitors contained a request to inquire into my own position and character, and if found to be satisfactory, to forward my interests with Steel, Flint, and Company, who it happened were old correspondents of his. My marvellous preferment was thus explained—somewhat at the expense of my self-esteem; but then I took heart when I considered that after all it was my steadiness and industry which gained me these good offices. It was merely the old man's whim to surprise me on the day of the cricket-match.

I need only add that I am now at the head of the firm so often mentioned, Lucy being a sleep-

ing partner. Mr Warren has a villa of his own at Dartbridge now, having settled there in order to enjoy an evening pipe at the *White Hart*, and a game at cribbage with Miss Ryder, herself now waxing in years.

BONE-SETTERS.

MOST persons will in the course of their lives have heard of self-taught men skilled in the art of setting broken bones and putting to rights dislocated joints. In some cases their operations have been described as marvellous, and as having baffled regular practitioners. A short time ago, in noticing Dr Smiles's biography of George Moore, we quoted the account of a bone-setter in London who had adroitly rectified a dislocated shoulder-joint that several reputedly skilled surgeons could make nothing of. A correspondent connected with the medical profession calls in question the accuracy of the story; for which, of course, we are no way responsible. The proper person to write to on the subject would be Dr Smiles, who is not given to romancing. We have ourselves however, known some curious instances of illiterate men who, by a sort of natural tact, were eminently successful as bone-setters. One of these instances was that of a drummer in a militia regiment as long ago as 1812, who, when discharged at the peace of 1815, set up as a bone-setter, and made a living by his profession. Not long since, there died an eminent bone-setter on Speyside, to whom persons suffering from dislocations flocked from all quarters. It seems ridiculous to pooh-pooh instances of this kind. A wiser policy would consist in finding out what were the special modes of operation of these bone-setters, and taking a hint from them.

While one correspondent has favoured us with his doubts on the subject of unprofessional bone-setting, others have written to verify cases such as that recorded by George Moore's biographer. One of these communications is as follows: 'In 1865, I had met with a severe accident on board a ship coming home from India, and among other injuries the middle finger of my right hand was much injured. There were two or three doctors among the passengers besides the ship's surgeon, and they all agreed that it was merely a severe bruise. I thought little of it, hoping it would soon get right; but when six weeks had passed and the finger was still quite powerless, I consulted an excellent general practitioner in England, who said the joint was enlarged, and recommended an application of iodine; which took off the skin, but had no other effect. Two other surgeons—one of them a man of considerable repute—were consulted, but with no better result; and eventually I was persuaded to go to a bone-setter in Liverpool. The moment he felt the finger he said: "It's dislocated." The treatment was very simple. The finger was enveloped in a bag of bran and kept constantly wet for a fortnight, and then it was set. The operator gave it a violent wrench. I heard a crack like that made when one pulls one's finger-joints sharply; and from that moment I had the full use of my finger, which until then was absolutely powerless. The fee, as far as

I remember, was ten shillings, certainly not more.

'The case which led me to consult this bone-setter was much more remarkable. Among the passengers on board the same ship was an Indian civilian who had been severely mauled by a tiger, in trying to save a fellow-sportsman's life, and had quite lost the use of one arm. He was on his way home to see if anything could be done to restore it; and his disappointment was great when, after some months' treatment by one of the greatest of London surgeons, there was hardly any improvement, and no hope was held out of more than a very partial cure. While down in Wales, he heard of the bone-setter above mentioned, who was a native of the Principality, and determined to try his powers. In a few months, by simple treatment and the wonderful power of manipulation which this man possessed, the use of the arm was entirely restored, and has ever since remained so.

'I do not for a moment wish to disparage the skill and care shewn by the regularly qualified surgeons in ordinary and in many extraordinary cases. They are, with few exceptions, upright and generous men, and their kindness and tenderness seem specially developed by the pain which they so often have to inflict; but there are cases—more frequent, I believe, than is commonly supposed—where something more than training and practice is needed; and there are a few men (and women too) who seem intuitively to possess this something—a gift of touch which tells them when a joint, or it may be a muscle or tendon, is not in its right place, and enables them to put it right.

'It is this which I think the medical profession and the public generally should recognise, instead of speaking of these bone-setters, as is often done, as quacks, and their cures as fables, or at best happy accidents. In some cases the possessors of this gift have taken the necessary diploma which permits them to practise; in others they have not the means or education which would enable them to do so; or perhaps they have only discovered their gift comparatively late in life, when they have settled down to other professions.

'Surely some means could be devised by which this gift, when it is discovered in an individual, can be utilised for the benefit of suffering humanity without the ordinary diploma, and yet with some check which would prevent imposture. The first step is the recognition that such a gift does exist; and then let it be the subject of intelligent inquiry.'

Another correspondent offers his experience. He writes as follows: 'Some twelve years since, when returning from a visit to a friend on a bitterly cold December evening, I unluckily slipped upon a sheet of ice on the foot-path, and fell with my leg bent completely under me. The pain was intense, and for a quarter of an hour I was unable to raise myself up. Fortunately, I was not far from home, and managed to crawl to my own door. For two or three subsequent days I endured excruciating agony, and consulted my usual medical men in the town of —, who pronounced my injury to be a violent sprain of the muscles of the knee, and after tightly bandaging the joint, they recommended entire rest for some days. For six weeks I hardly moved out-of-doors, and was quite unable,

without assistance, to put on my stockings and boots.

'One day a neighbour suggested my seeing a celebrated bone-setter who pays a weekly visit to this neighbourhood. I eagerly adopted the suggestion, and by the aid of two sticks, attended by a friend, I contrived to get into and out of the train, and reached the bone-setter's residence in due course. He first directed me to undress, and placed a chair to rest my leg upon. After manipulating the limb, without saying a word he suddenly jumped upon my leg with all his force. I fainted away at once, so great was the pain, and when I recovered my senses, the perspiration was literally streaming down my face. I asked for some brandy, which he produced out of a cupboard close by, remarking: "I always keep my physis here."

'For some ten minutes afterwards I felt very faint and in great pain; and without noticing his movements, to my horror he took a run and jumped again on my leg, causing me to faint away a second time; and when I came to, I found my friend at my side whom I had left up-stairs, and who, startled by my screams of agony, had hastened down to see what was the matter.

'The bone-setter then said: "Get up and walk; your knee was dislocated, but you are now all right." To my inexpressible joy I found my knee replaced, and was able to walk as well as ever, and which for six weeks I had been unable to do without the assistance of two sticks. For ten years my leg was so well and strong, that I never needed the services of the bone-setter. Unfortunately, about two years since, in pulling off my boot I again dislocated the same knee, but in moving suddenly in my chair to reach a book, the joint returned into the socket, like the sharp report of a pistol. It has once since been out, but I have managed to replace the joint myself; but I occasionally go to the bone-setter to have the limb tightly plastered and bandaged, and over the bandage I always wear an elastic knee-cap.

'A neighbour of mine had a bad fall out hunting about two years ago, and injured his shoulder, and for several weeks was unable to raise his arm, and like myself, put himself under the charge of his usual medical attendant. As the injury did not seem to abate, I advised him to go to this same bone-setter, which he did, and in a very short period he quite recovered the use of the limb, and is now able to drive and ride as well as ever; the remedy he was ordered to adopt was hard friction, night and morning, with ruin and neat's-foot oil.

'I will mention an anecdote told me by this bone-setter. A poor servant-girl who had been an in-patient of a neighbouring infirmary for seventeen weeks, and had been discharged as incurable, consulted the bone-setter, who discovered her ankle to be dislocated. With a violent twist he replaced it, and she gladly left behind her, in his house, the two crutches she had used for upwards of four months!

'Although it seems almost incredible that regularly qualified surgeons do not understand the art of bone-setting, or adopt their somewhat rough usage, I believe they really dare not do so for fear of being accused of rude treatment, by ladies or persons of sensitive feelings. I believe the knack of bone-setting to be hereditary; at any rate it is

so in the case of my bone-setter, who is of the third generation in this style of treatment.'

We need not pursue the subject, which it is scarcely necessary to say deserves the careful and fair investigation of the faculty.

THE FAIR STOWAWAY.

A SHIP's fore-castle, like poverty, often makes one acquainted with strange companions, and the truth of this I verified on board an iron clipper called *La Belle Hélène*, laden with locomotives and railway plant and bound for the East. Having loaded at Liverpool, we were hauling out of the Prince's half-tide basin, when a smart-looking man with a stern face and a look of foreign service came on board, and abruptly addressing the mate, desired him to clear the ship of strangers. This was Captain Sproul, who had within twelve hours of his appointment been ordered to sea with two strange officers and a crew, some of whom were not in their sober senses, while others did not understand English. At Point Lynas the tug and pilot left us, with a strong south-west wind and a cross sea into which the vessel was plunging, setting everything forward afloat.

On the second day things were a little more ship-shape; though at noon, when we were piped to dinner, the fore-castle was dark as pitch, what light there was being obtained from a slush-lamp, extemporised out of a beef-tin, a rope-yarn, and a potato. Two wooden beef-kids, containing the last dinner of fresh meat, had been laid on the hatch, round which about fourteen men were seated, when something like a faint squeak seemed to issue from underneath. 'Rats already,' remarked one of the crew, helping himself to beef; when just as the ship gave an unusually heavy pitch, there was heard a long wild continuous shriek, about which there could be no mistake. In an instant every man was on his feet; the hatch was thrown off, and a young fellow descended the coal-hold, and directly afterwards shouted: 'Stowaways here! Send down a line.' When a bow-line had been thrown over him, we hauled up a wretched sea-sick-looking lad of about twelve years of age, who seemed ill and worn out with exhaustion; and who was followed by an elder boy, whose face and form were almost concealed in a southwester and suit of tarpaulin much too big for him.

'What do you mean by yowling and yelping in that way?' roared Black, whose real name was Pappa, one of those rough turbulent-looking men peculiar to Liverpool and New York.

The elder lad made no reply, but was in the act of putting his hand in the nearest beef-kid, to assist his companion with food, when Black jumped up and drawing his knife across the lad's knuckles sung out: 'Men before boys, remember; and not a bite of grub do you get here till you are victualled by the ship.'

'Shame!' replied another voice which proceeded from a hammock; and Hawke, a pale-looking young fellow with a thin sharp nose and a pair of eyes as bright and piercing as a bird's, put his head out.

'Who said that?'

'I did,' answered the man in the hammock;

'and I say too that you must be a coward to cut a boy's hand like that.'

'Stand out then, if you don't want to be served the same,' retorted the other; and Black stood up and brandished his sheath-knife. But he had not long to wait, for Hawke sprang out of his hammock and without a word struck the bully a blow which felled him. When the latter regained his feet he was mad with passion and frantic for revenge; and seizing his weapon and lowering his head, was again rushing to the attack, when unable to stand it longer, I stepped forward and caught his wrist, which I twisted till he dropped the knife. Shouting to the foreigners, he yelled: 'Are we to be bullied by the Britishers in this way?' and I felt myself choked from behind, and while struggling with two unseen adversaries, slipped down with them uppermost. A general mêlée now ensued between the British and the foreigners, which was getting fierce and sanguinary, when Mr Cobb the mate, hearing a cry of 'Murder!' rushed to the rescue, followed by the boatswain. The former was a tall wiry man, possessed of great strength, and as he entered the fore-castle he saw two Maltese jumping upon the body of Shaw, the young seaman who had found the stowaways. Without hesitation, Mr Cobb seized one in each hand and knocked their heads together; but in the dark he was set upon by others, and one of the Maltese who was down seized him by the leg and bit him savagely; but the mate dealt him a terrible kick, which made him relinquish his hold and lie sprawling on the deck. Black was shouting 'Down with him—I'll finish him!' when he was seized by this son of Anak, and in spite of a furious resistance, was thrown on the deck, and in presence of the whole watch put in irons. By his courage, strength, and decision Mr Cobb overawed the whole of us, and perhaps saved some of the English portion from being murdered.

Order being restored, Mr Cobb called for lights; and all objectionable weapons being delivered up to him, he condescended to ask what the disturbance was about; but when he found that in spite of his orders and care there were strangers on board, he began to chide the second-mate and the boatswain for their negligence.

In the meantime the elder of the lads had placed his arm round the neck of the younger, as though to protect him, both of them looking very frightened. Mr Cobb regarded the pair with a look of severity, and roughly ordered them to follow him to the cabin. When the waifs appeared before Captain Sproul, that officer was in the act of threatening to disrate the steward, whom he charged with being incapable and making free with his decanters; but directly the captain saw the pair and heard the account of the disturbance in the fore-castle on their account, he broke out with: 'You are a pair of young loafers who ought to be in jail, and shall go there when I reach Calcutta;' and here the captain rose up and commenced boxing the elder lad's ears for entering the cabin without removing his hat, and had just wrenched the objectionable headpiece from the boy's head, when a mass of tangled yellow hair fell down, and the younger whined out: 'Please, don't hurt her sir; she's my sister.'

Captain Sproul staggered back aghast. 'Mercy

on us!' he exclaimed. 'Have you no shame or reputation left to come masquerading among my crew in men's clothes? Who are you? And what's your name?'

The girl coloured crimson as she replied: 'Helen Muir;' and then related, that having no home, relatives, or friends in England, she had run away from a boarding-school near Liverpool, because through no letters or remittances having been received from her father for two years, her life had been made wretched from hearing reproaches constantly heaped upon their name. For the same cause her brother had been compelled to go to sea; and not wishing to be separated, they had determined to work their passage out to India and rejoin their father; leaving their clothes behind, and giving their last money to the wife of a ship-keeper, who induced her husband to place them in the hold of *La Belle Hélène*.

'But,' said the girl, 'I will be no cost to you; for I am clever with my needle, can make pastry, and do, I think, all that a steward can.'

Captain Sproul gave her a searching look, and said: 'I shall try you;' and calling for Mr Cobb, desired him to enter in the log that John Tattamy was disgraced for drunkenness, and Helen Muir appointed in his place. 'And the boy,' continued the captain, 'will clean out the cabins and assist her.'

The mate burst out laughing, and evidently imagined that his commander was jesting; but the captain looked sternly at him and remarked: 'Mr Cobb, it's an ill time for jesting when I give orders, as those who know me find.'

'Ay, ay sir,' returned the other, who quickly retired to his cabin to make the entry.

'Now Helen,' commenced Captain Sproul, 'every soul on board here has to work, and so must you; and your duty is simple. Take charge of the cups and saucers, glass and linen, and keep them clean. Pass my orders to the cook, who will come for them every morning at six sharp. Lay the table and wait on me.—The boy will attend to Mr Cobb and the second-officer.—Now remember!'—and the captain looked terribly in earnest—'outside the cabin doors you must not stir without permission, nor speak to one of the crew for any reason, or you will be sorry for it. But if you come to me when in any difficulty, and do your duty without fear or favour from any one, you will be as safe in this cuddy as though you were in your father's drawing-room.' Having admonished the girl with this laconic speech, the captain found her a cabin, and turned his attention to getting her some clothes; and fetching a piece of dark-blue serge intended for his own use, and an old cloth jacket, he laid them on the cabin table and commenced to fashion a garment which when completed resembled the useful dress of a Sister of Charity.

In the course of a day or two, what with the captain's cloth and her own clever fingers, Helen was transformed into a blue-eyed sunshiny girl of seventeen, with a wonderfully pretty face and a waving mass of light hair; but it was her innocent and engaging manner that constituted her great charm; and the cabin, Mr Cobb declared, had never appeared to such advantage as when this little blonde fairy took charge of it.

Sailors never bear malice long, and there was much amusement in the fore-castle when it was

known that one of the strangers was a girl; but the disgraced steward attributed sinister motives to the captain, whom he vowed he would expose when he got on shore; but Black, who had been released from the handcuffs, said something about her in Italian which made the Maltese laugh and shout 'Bono, bono!'

Captain Sproul however, had no companion but his own dignity; and when a month had passed, Helen under his tuition had much improved. He never allowed her to be idle or have unnecessary leisure; and in addition to her ordinary duties, which were not heavy, she wrote up the captain's log and commenced to study Norie's Navigation. On starry evenings he would shew her the different constellations; and from being silent and morose, must have been surprised at his own fluency in describing Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and Andromeda chained to the rock, and Cassiopeia in her chair of state, which he said were placed there for mariners like himself to navigate by.

One evening at dusk all hands were called to shorten sail. Helen stood near the cabin-door trimming a hand-lamp and watching us run aloft, when the door opened quietly, and Black bare-footed stole in noiseless as a tiger. Suddenly she saw the man with his eyes fixed upon her, and before she could scream or speak, he caught her in his arms and kissed her roughly; and while she struggled with him her hair broke loose and fell in waves over her face and breast. 'I love you,' he said, 'and you shall be mine; and I will kill him, and him, and all of them'—pointing to the officers' cabins—'if you will say the word. But if you tell them about me, I shall kill you too. But I will come again; and I take this for a love-gift;' and this black-bearded miscreant snatched from her neck one of Captain Sproul's white silk handkerchiefs, and disappeared in the dark as he had entered.

The girl was too terrified to tell any one what had occurred; besides, she did not even know the man's name; and five minutes afterwards, when Captain Sproul entered the cabin, he found her wiping oil off the floor, and for the first time spoke to her sharply about her carelessness; and imagining that her tears and trembling were occasioned by his reproof, returned on deck again. But another event occurred which did not pass off so smoothly. The next evening during the dog-watch, Sholto Shaw, the young seaman who had found Helen in the hold, went boldly to the cabin-doors, and under pretence of asking for medicine, took the opportunity of presenting her with a dainty pair of canvas shoes, which he said had been made on purpose for her; and she was questioning him as to who was the sender; but Captain Sproul was too sharp for them, for at that moment he darted out of his cabin, and seizing the shoes, remarked: 'You asked for medicine, I think; when dragging Shaw on deck, and taking up a rope's-end, he flogged him for stealing the ship's canvas; and promising him a stronger dose if the offence was repeated, the captain sent him forward.'

Entering the cabin, the captain called Helen to him. 'You have broken my orders, and I am disappointed; but as I have punished the sailor, I must also punish you;' and producing a pair of scissors, the captain deliberately cut off all her

hair, remarking that he might not be so lenient a second time.

As for Helen, a nature less innocent must have been blunted by such treatment; but she only shed a few tears, and made much lighter of the matter than my comrade Hawke, who trembled with indignation when he heard of the occurrence. Black on the contrary laughed like a hyena at the fate of the canvas shoes, and to our amazement, put the white silk handkerchief round his neck, which he said the English Miss had given him.

Of Hawke's history I knew nothing; but there was something about the unknown seaman which shewed that he had come down greatly in social status; in fact he admitted that he was in a fore-castle through his own folly. He was very reserved; but there was a cool self-possession and pride about him which made the other seamen keep aloof from him and the officers dislike him. Sharp words ensued between these two men about the ownership of the handkerchief, which would have ended in blows; but the weather being squally, we were piped away to reef topsails. The reef-tackles of the main-topsail were hauled taut, and some of us were upon the yard picking up the points, when Black came up the weather-rigging, and getting on the foot-rope, seized Hawke's points, and gave him a shove which nearly sent both of us off the yard, and caused us to let go the sail; and the others were compelled to do likewise. In an instant the sail belled out; and Black, who was still holding on, was dragged over the yard; but no human power could save him, for what with the wind and the rain, we were almost blinded. Suddenly he gave a loud shriek, and as he did so, he fell feet foremost, and with a tremendous crash went half through a life-boat which was lying on the skids. He had been caught in his own trap, and when extricated by the carpenter was found to be dead. The foreigners left the yard and commenced screeching and screaming and crossing themselves, and even the mate could not get them aloft again that night. The captain seemed more surprised to see one of his own handkerchiefs round the neck of the corpse than concerned at the man's untimely end; but after recovering the article, fortunately made no inquiries about it.

After a voyage of ninety days we reached Calcutta, where, after seeing his agents, the first thing that Captain Sproul did was to take Helen on shore. Then driving to the Adjutant-general's office, he made inquiries for her father, and was told that Captain Muir had sent in his papers three years previously.

An advertisement elicited the information that Captain Muir, a widower at a time when he was hopelessly insolvent, had married an East Indian lady, and from getting into debt with the banks and struggling to get out of it, had fallen into worse difficulties, resulting in his death at the Debtors' Jail, Calcutta; and his widow, much impoverished, declined to increase her responsibilities by receiving step-children.

It was when Helen thus found herself without a home and friendless, that Captain Sproul came to her aid. He had lately become gentle, and was less abrupt in his manner of speaking to her; and from treating her as a child had, although he hardly knew it, commenced to love her as a woman. But it was the mendacious statement of the disrated steward in the police court which

precipitated matters, and caused the captain thus to address his ward: 'Like myself, Helen, you have served, and are now entitled to command; and if you will return on board *La Belle Hélène* with such a title that none can question, I will make you my wife.'

Extremes will meet. In spite of his severity, Helen greatly respected the captain. His stern sense of justice, manly ways, and the terse vigour that characterised his utterances, made him seem to her a man to look up to; besides she now regarded him as her protector and the ship her home, and she accepted him.

A few days after this speech, Captain Sproul came on board in great good-humour, for he had been married that morning, and had left his bride at the house of a friend, prior to going on a short honeymoon. Before leaving, however, he had to give his final instructions to Mr Cobb.

Some days previous to the wedding my comrade Hawke had applied for and obtained his discharge, the captain remarking that he did not care to have broken-down gentlemen on board his vessel, and advising Hawke to try to find more congenial employment on shore. But on this the captain's wedding morning a terrible event occurred, which nearly lost him his wife, his ship, and the lives of every one on board including his own. The barometer had fallen, and when the captain came on board it was blowing fresh. We had just sent down our light yards when the breeze increased to a strong gale; and at noon, just as the great tidal wave was due, the wind shifted with the force of a hurricane, bringing with it the 'bore' or storm-wave from the sea. Then commenced to blow such a cyclone that for destruction has hardly been equalled during the century. In that cyclone twenty thousand people perished, and one hundred and thirteen villages were swept away; and out of a fleet of three hundred of the finest ships and steamers in the world, only one escaped without damage.

When the great wave came rolling up, *La Belle Hélène*, directly she was struck, was dragged from her moorings, while the force of the wind was so terrific that we could not stand upright. Two vessels locked together had drifted against us, smashing our boats to match-wood and snapping our peaked yards as though they were pipe-stems. The concussion caused us to collide with another vessel, reducing her to the same state as ourselves; and thus four vessels locked together were swept out into the stream. We were carried stern first with almost railway velocity, the captain and Mr Cobb vainly trying to give orders, while holding on to the mizzen-mast; when suddenly the vessel lifted up with a tremendous crash, as though her stern was stove in, and in less than a minute her bow swung round head up-stream and she lay over on her beam-ends. We had struck on a sunken wreck, and in addition to losing the rudder, had knocked a large hole in our quarter, through which the water was rushing like a waterfall, and we were filling fast. This disaster however, cleared us of the other vessels, which like chips in a mill-stream, swept past, leaving us a complete wreck, with bulwarks stove in and fore-lowermast alone standing. As the vessel settled by the stern, with great difficulty we crawled and made our way to the bowsprit, which seemed each minute to stand more upright;

of quinine; and this I had to drink. It was an immense dose of quinine; but it killed the fever, and next day I was all right again. But this kind of fever is apt to recur, especially during the rainy season, when for some hours every morning the atmosphere is perfectly poisoned with miasma. The torrents of rain which fall like the bursting of a waterspout every afternoon, completely soak the earth; and when the scorching heat of the morning sun falls upon the fermenting masses of vegetable matter, a white steam arises from it dense as that which floats over a washerwoman's tub, and loaded with the germs of miasmatic fever. With every precaution, a man is ever liable to be laid down with the fever; and repeated attacks, even though they should only last for a day or two at a time, tell by-and-by upon the hardest constitution.

Although the part of the Isthmus of which I am writing is within forty miles of Chagres, this fever, judging by its effects, is very different from what is commonly called Chagres fever. The latter is not only awfully fatal, but suddenly so, death resulting in a very few hours after the first attack. On one occasion, a boat's crew from a man-of-war lying in the harbour of Chagres was sent ashore in the afternoon, and the men got astray, as sailors on a long cruise will do when they have a chance of a night ashore. Instead of returning to their ship before sundown, they got on the spree and slept in the open air. The consequence was that of the whole boat's crew only one man was alive next day; the others had all died of the fever, which they had brought upon themselves by their imprudence. Yet though it does not send men to the grave with such appalling swiftness, the Isthmus fever is perhaps equally fatal in the long-run. Everybody has heard how the laying of each sleeper of the Panama Railway cost the life of a Chinese labourer; and when one has had pointed out to him, as I have had, a single hillside on which fifteen hundred of the poor Heathen Chinese lie buried, with the supplementary information that equally extensive graveyards occur all along the line, the deadly effects of the fever are brought vividly home to his mind.

These malarious fevers are of course common in all marshy countries within the tropics, and especially on the mahogany rivers in the Bay of Honduras and the Gulf of Campeachy. The mahogany trade is very much confined to American-owned vessels; and negro crews are usually shipped for the Gulf voyage, it being presumed that they are less likely to be stricken by the fever than white men. But the negro seems as liable to take fever as his pale-faced brother. I was at Minatitlan in 1863 in an American barque for mahogany, and in a crew of fourteen all told, the captain, two mates, and myself were the only white men. Out of the whole fourteen, the only one who escaped the fever was the second-mate, the man whose duty, it might have been thought, exposed him most to unhealthy influences, for he stood every day during our stay at Minatitlan from morning till night on the oozy mahogany raft in the river, casting loose the logs and slinging them for hoisting on board. I have little doubt however, that most of us had ourselves to thank for the fever laying hold upon us, for the temptation to expose ourselves to risk without

absolute necessity was great. Mosquitos of exceptionally savage nature swarmed over the ship every evening, mosquitos so extraordinarily blood-thirsty, that a ship-captain, with insect experience gathered in all parts of the world, declared that compared with those of Minatitlan no others knew how to bite. We had no mosquito-curtains and to lie in our berths at night was perfect torment; so the round tops where any breeze that might be blowing had a chance of reaching, and the oozy mahogany logs near the open ports on the 'tween decks were eagerly resorted to as sleeping-places, where partial freedom from the myriads of tormentors might be obtained. It is highly probable that this exposure to the night-air brought the fever upon some of the crew, who otherwise might have escaped. Most of the men were only ill for a day or two, and were then able to resume their work.

On this voyage I caught Fever-and-ague, the worst of all fevers, not even excepting Yellow Jack. The latter may prove fatal in a short time no doubt; but once over it, its evil consequences are over also. With ague it is a very different affair. Yellow-fever is a dangerous foe, but when gone it leaves no bad effects. But fever-and-ague once in the system launches you on a life-long warfare with an enemy with whom you can never fairly grapple and have done with; but who keeps up an incessant guerrilla strife, in which he has always the advantage of the choice of position; an enemy equally skilled in retreat as in attack, and one whose complete rout need never be expected.

THE MAMMOTH.

In one of the geological galleries of the British Museum there is to be seen the skull of a now extinct elephant called the mammoth, with two splendid curved tusks arising from the upper jaw, these tusks being ten feet eight inches long. When we remember that the tusks of a fine Indian elephant are about four or five feet in length, we can imagine what must have been the size of its extinct relative, who could move about carrying a pair of tusks nearly eleven feet long in front of him. When we ask where this skull was found, we are told that it was dug out of a brick-field at Ilford a few years ago. In fact this great elephant died or was at least entombed by nature in what is now the county of Essex! Beside this mammoth skull, there is another skull and pair of tusks of an ancient elephant from the Sivalik Hills in the Himalaya. The story of their discovery is an interesting one. An English engineer was superintending some blasting operations; and after one explosion he was struck by seeing two large round spots of a dark colour side by side in the face of the precipice from which a mass of rock had been brought down. On searching amid the *débris* he discovered two corresponding spots on a block of stone among it. He at once suspected that these spots indicated the place of entombment of a pair of tusks in the rock; and as blast after blast was made, he watched the place, and took out of the *débris* all the blocks through

which the tusks ran; and then cutting away the soft stone, found himself in possession of a number of cylinders of fossilised ivory and a large portion of a skull. On cementing them together, they formed a magnificent pair of tusks, their bases very closely applied together, the shafts running nearly parallel for a part of their length and then diverging in graceful curves.

Near these skulls and tusks there is a complete skeleton of the mastodon, an extinct species of elephant; and round the walls of the Museum are to be seen detached tusks of mammoth and mastodon, most of them very sharply curved; while the wall-cases abound with bones and teeth of the same species. These remains, so far as their localities are concerned, are found in America and India, and range from Great Britain to Siberia; so that from this room alone we can form an idea of the wide extent of country throughout which, in ancient times, the mammoth was found.

The remains of the mammoth are found throughout Northern Europe, North America and Asia, usually near the surface of the ground; and of all large fossils, they are, we believe, the most common. Before the development of comparative anatomy, which now makes it possible to determine from a bone or a tooth the nature of the animal to which it belongs, the frequent discovery of mammoth remains was a continual puzzle to the unskilled naturalists of the time. The tusks were invariably referred to the common species of elephant, their occurrence in Europe being attributed to the use of the elephant in the Roman armies; but when there were no tusks, the huge bones were not unfrequently declared to be those of human giants, and strange and wonderful skeletons were constructed out of them. Thus an enormous skeleton, said to have been that of Orion, was to be seen in Crete in classic times. A skeleton was found near Palermo in Sicily which it was calculated belonged to a man four hundred feet high. Such a man would be a head and shoulders higher than the cathedral of St Paul's. It was gravely decided that he must have been one of the Cyclops, 'most probably Polyphemus.' One of the supporters of the arms of Lucerne is a giant. The origin of this device is said to have been the discovery in 1577 of a number of large bones in the hole formed by the uprooting of an oak. Pläten, a local physician, put the bones together, and declared that they were those of a man nineteen feet high. The bones were kept at Lucerne, and their supposed owner was given an honourable place in the city arms. For a hundred and forty years the people believed in their giant, until the anatomist Blumenbach shewed that the bones were unmistakably those of some kind of elephant.

It is no longer possible for the veriest tyro in anatomy to mistake a mammoth bone for that of a human being. All our museums abound with them. England herself has supplied a large quantity of mammoth remains; but the great collecting-ground is Siberia; and consequently the

Imperial Museum of St Petersburg, which selects its specimens from this great field, has probably the best collection of mammoth remains in Europe, including some perfect skeletons.

The actual carcass of a mammoth was discovered in 1846 by Beckendorff, an engineer who was exploring the course of the river Indigirka, in North-eastern Siberia. The summer of 1846 was a very hot one, and the frozen marshes or bogs that cover most of the surface of the country were thawed to a considerable depth, so that as Beckendorff sailed slowly up the Indigirka in a small iron vessel, he saw the river swollen and overflowing the surrounding districts and seeming to him like a wide sea of dirty brown water, in which masses of logwood washed out of the thawing marshes were drifting down to the ocean. He noticed what he took for a mass of this driftwood rising and falling on the water at some distance from his little steamer; but a hunter in the exploring party declared it was a carcass of some animal. It sank as he called attention to it, but rose again close to the boat. 'A black, horrible, giant-like mass,' says Beckendorff, 'was thrust out of the water; and we beheld a colossal elephant's head, armed with mighty tusks, with its long trunk moving in the water in an unearthly manner, as though seeking for something lost therein. Breathless with astonishment, I beheld the monster hardly twelve feet from me, with his half-open eyes yet shewing the whites.' The body was secured with a rope. To take permanent possession of it was impossible; but Beckendorff, note-book in hand, made a rapid examination of it; and this is one of the best descriptions extant of the mammoth, a description agreeing well with all previous and subsequent information as to the appearance of the animal. 'Picture to yourself,' he says in his narrative, 'an elephant with a body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long and curving outwards at their ends, a stout trunk of six feet in length, colossal limbs of a foot and a half in thickness, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick tufty hair. The animal was fat and well-grown; death had overtaken him in the fullness of his powers. His large parchment-like naked ears lay turned up over the shoulders and head. About the shoulders and back he had stiff hair about a foot in length, like a mane. The long outer hair was deep brown and coarsely rooted. . . . Under the outer hair there appeared everywhere a wool very soft, warm, and thick, and of a fallow-brown colour. The giant was well protected against the cold. The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild. It had not the shape of our present elephants. As compared with the Indian elephant its head was rough, the brain-case low and narrow; but the trunk and mouth were much larger. The teeth were very powerful. Our elephant is an awkward animal; but compared with this mammoth, it is an Arabian steed to a coarse ugly dray-horse. . . . The bad smell of the body warned us to save what we could, and the swelling flood too bade us hasten. But I had the stomach separated, and brought on one side. It was well filled, and the contents instructive and well preserved. The principal were young shoots of the fir and pine; a quantity of young fir-cones,

also in a chewed state, were mixed with the mass.

The mammoth carcass was then allowed to go down the stream with the flood—doubtless destined to add its tusks and bones to the immense accumulation of mammoth remains which are to be found in all the islands off the northern coast of Siberia. These remains abound also in the valleys of the Obi, Yenisei, Lena, and Indigirka; and the ivory of the tusks is in such good condition that large quantities are exported both from the islands and the mainland. Many a set of chessmen and many an ornamented miniature work of art in Eastern Europe is made from these gigantic tusks. The first mammoth was found in 1799 by a Tungusian fisherman near the mouth of the Lena. The astonishment of this rude observer on beholding the huge elephant may well be imagined. Other perfectly preserved specimens have been obtained, and even the delicate tissues of the eyes have been so thoroughly preserved that microscopic sections of these organs have been duly made by naturalists.

Another group of mammoth remains comes from the caves of the Dordogne, in South-western France. It is quite certain that these caves were once inhabited by an early barbarous race; and in one of them, the cavern of La Madelaine, there has been found a piece of mammoth ivory on which there is engraved in rude outline by some artist of this race an unmistakable sketch of the animal with his curved tusks, high shoulders, and characteristic mane, a sketch which, rude as it is, might well be taken as an illustration of M. Beckendorff's narrative. Another rude drawing of a mammoth done upon a piece of reindeer horn has been found in one of the caves of Bruniquel. The most characteristic point in this last sketch is the tail of the animal, long and with a tuft of hair at the end; in this respect completely different from the tail of the elephant, and exactly corresponding to M. Beckendorff's description. The discovery of these two sketches proves unmistakably that man and the mammoth once lived together in Southern Europe.

It having been generally assumed that the mammoth had become extinct in the most remote ages, the advocates of the remote antiquity of the human race have eagerly taken this contemporaneity of man and the mammoth as a proof of their theory. But it really proves nothing, until we know a good deal more than we do at present about the period of the extinction of the mammoth in Europe; and it may be that this huge animal lingered down to a much later period than has until late years been suspected. Thus the contemporaneity of man and the mammoth in ancient France may prove that the mammoth lived down to a recent period, just as well as that man lived in a very remote one. The fresh state of most of the tusks and bones points to its recent extinction, the bones often still containing a large amount of animal matter. In America its ally, the mastodon, lived down to no very distant period, for its form is to be seen carved in the Aztec cities. That there should be in Europe neither oral tradition nor written record of the mammoth is not surprising; for we have no records of any country north of the Alps that are not comparatively recent ones, and the memory of extinct animals soon dies out.

The question is an interesting one, and one on which we hope further evidence may become available as the exploration of Northern Asia is pushed farther forward. This much we may say, that thanks to the researches of comparative anatomists, and such fortunate discoveries as those of the dead bodies of the mammoth in Siberia, and the rude drawings in the caves of France, we know more of the mammoth than of any other of the extinct animals of the prehistoric period; and it is remarkable how fully these chance discoveries have confirmed the conjectural restorations of the huge animal made by anatomists on the basis of bones and skeletons collected in our museums.

OLDEN TIMES AND PRESENT.

ANCIENT days of chivalry,
Tournament and falconry;
Ladies fair and Barons bold;
Thrilling days, those days of old.
Battled towers and moated steepes,
Turret walls and donjon keeps,
Drawbridge closed and warder grave,
Retainers numerous and brave.
Mailed sentries keeping guard,
Troubadour and minstrel bard
Singing lays 'neath lady's bower,
Serenades at evening hour.
Thrilling days, those days of old,
For ladies fair and warriors bold.

See! a Pageant passes by,
In all the pride of chivalry;
Armèd knights on chargers gay,
Warriors eager for the fray.
Burnished helm and glittering lance,
In the golden sunshine glance;
Parting words from lady fair,
Tress of dark or golden hair.
Badge on arm, a woven band,
Parting gift from her fair hand;
The knight departs for fields of France,
To win his Fair by spear and lance.

Gone those days of pageantry,
Valour and knight-errantry;
Only battle, that of Life;
Race for wealth, the keenest strife.
Love and Truth and Honour sold,
Bartered for the gain of gold.
Fair ones' hearts not now are won
By deeds of daring nobly done.

Only battle, that of Life.
Need it be ignoble strife?
Human hearts are battle-plains,
Where passions rage and warfare reigns.
Foemen ranged on either side:
Hate and Love, Forgiveness, Pride,
Strength and Weakness, Dread and Might;
Direct battles those to fight.
Greatest victors those who win
Conquest over Self and Sin.

SENKA.

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IDLING AWAY EXISTENCE.

A CRITIQUE.

THE plan of examinations for the civil and military service has had a sad effect on the fortunes of a vast number of youths, sons of noblemen and gentlemen, who in former times would, through favour or purchase, have been stuffed into situations they were poorly qualified to fill. Deterred from submitting to the usual examinations, or rejected when they have the temerity to present themselves, what are they to do? Taught no useful trade, accustomed to a life of indulgent ease, and affected by notions of high caste, they are ordinarily spoken of as chargeable with idling away existence. Some few honourably try to adapt themselves to industrial pursuits; but the bulk of them seem to remain an encumbrance on parents, or are shipped off with a few pounds in their pockets to make their way, if possible, in the colonies. If they there sink and perish, or are driven to humble employments for a livelihood, nobody at least knows anything about them.

We have alighted on a book which professes to be the history of one of those who are despatched by relatives to grope their way as colonists. It is entitled 'A Search for a Fortune; the Autobiography of a Younger Son; by Hamilton Lindsay Bucknall' (Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1878); and has all the appearance of being a candid narrative of what is commonly endured by those who are forced by circumstances—or we might say by their own folly—into a life of adventure and self-reliance at the further end of the world. As a lesson that ought not to be thrown away, we shall glance at a few particulars in this strange revelation. Mr Bucknall, if that be his real name, was the son of an Irish landed gentleman, and had the reputation of being 'a good-hearted idle sort of boy.' He had a good education, embracing a short sojourn in France and Germany, and finishing off with instructions from a private tutor. Having to think about a profession, he chose the army; but being too young for the Horse Guards,

he spent some time as an officer in a regiment of militia, in which he learned his drill. The regiment having been disembodied, he now led an idle life, hunting and shooting, until he was urged to read for the army. Installed at a 'grinder's,' he entirely failed to acquire the knowledge which was attempted to be impressed on him; often he consumed his time in revelry with companions who were equally indifferent to consequences. He was of course 'plucked,' and adieu to any expectation of ever entering the Guards or regular army.

Back to the parental home, he had splendid runs with the hounds, and was so successful as a sportsman that it would seem as if nature intended him for a huntsman. This kind of life was mighty pleasant while it lasted, but for a permanent look-out it only made matters worse. Now began a talk of sheep-farming in Australia or New Zealand, as being a thing well adapted for genteel young fellows with a love of frolic. Pleased with the idea, young Bucknall is shipped off for Melbourne with a trifle of money and some letters of introduction in his pocket. His destination was Auckland in New Zealand; and this he reached, after spending a few days at Melbourne, where he had the happiness of enjoying, with some friends, an excellent dinner at the 'Café de Parisien, Burke Street.' At Auckland he presented a letter of introduction to the Governor, who was very polite; but troubled, we suppose, with hundreds of such letters, could do nothing for him. In desperation, he takes service in a body of soldiers who are appointed to survey the lands of the natives for military settlements. This is an adventurous but toilsome existence. The party has to camp out at night, while no rest could be obtained on account of the legions of fleas which infest the dry fern and sand. 'I now,' says he pathetically, 'was beginning to receive a practical lesson in "roughing it," which was far different in practice from what it seemed in theory; and I thought what a goose I had made myself by not being more industrious when at home, and thus have avoided all this misery.' Eight months were spent in this state of wretchedness. It came to

an end only by a change in government measures. Thankfully the wanderer got back to Auckland; there he procured a passage in the mail-steamer to Sydney in New South Wales, with a view of trying his fortune at the gold-fields. On arriving in Sydney with no more than a few pounds in his pocket, Bucknall indiscreetly took up his abode in a superior boarding-house, where in a week all his money was gone; and requested to leave, he was now in the direst straits. The time had come when he would be glad to accept the meanest employment. Looking over the advertisements in a newspaper, he observed that a barman was wanted at Bradford's Freemason's Hotel, York Street. He had never sold drams or draughts of beer behind a counter, but having been a customer at sundry bars, he was not altogether without experience. The place was accordingly applied for. On going to Bradford's there were at least twenty others waiting in answer to the advertisement. A smart-looking girl, Mary, with an Irish accent, who helped at the bar, took compassion on our hero, and went off to speak to the master on his behalf. 'Who are you?' said the landlord; 'and what do you want?' 'I have come,' I replied, 'in answer to your advertisement in this morning's paper.' 'Very good,' said he; 'and what can you do?' 'I trust, sir, you will find me fully able for the duties you require, and I shall do my best to give you satisfaction.' 'Have you had much experience in the capacity of barman?' 'No; but I have been many times at a bar, and can well understand what I shall be expected to do.' 'Very well; you will do; come here in an hour. Wages two pounds per week, with pint of ale or glass of spirits per day.'

Set to work behind the bar, Bucknall did his best to serve customers; and as he had a good bed and plenty of food, he was pretty well off. The great drawback was the long hours from early morning to past midnight, during which he had to perform this horrid drudgery. He says: 'It was most wearying and distressing to me, tired as I was with my fair day's work, to remain in attendance on a lot of dissipated rowdies. . . . Having been now in this employment four months, I had saved some money, and determined to try my luck at something else, come what would, as the confinement of the house had now become intolerable to me.' Quitting the bar, he was once more at the mercy of the world. For a time he lounged about daily in the beautiful park at Sydney, enjoying the sight of the botanical and zoological specimens, and trying to hear of some situation that might suit him. He was offered ten shillings a week and board as a general servant on a large farm up-country; but the duties, which included teaching the children, assisting in the garden and stable, and if required, minding a flock of sheep, were too irksome, and the situation was rejected. Day after day passed, and still nothing to do. At length his funds were reduced to fourpence; he had

to quit his lodgings; and wandering about friendless, he was fain to appease his hunger by buying a roll and drinking water at a public fountain. He slept in the park under the canopy of heaven. Even this could not last. Downright starvation stared him in the face.

One day he observed two carts laden with logs of timber for firewood. Here was a chance of work. He offered to help to cut the timber; the drivers, however, had nothing to do with the cutting; but they would recommend him to the purchasers of the wood. 'Each cart held about two tons of wood, and on this occasion one customer took both loads. A bargain was soon made between myself and the purchaser. I should receive seven-and-sixpence per ton for cutting and stacking the lot.' This was very hard work, yet it proved a happy relief. After the work was over, there was again a fresh struggle to be encountered. Through the agency of the newspaper, he learns that a man is wanted to take charge of an eight horse-power steam-engine which moves a coffee-mill. 'Here was just the thing to suit me.' It was rather audacious to say so, for he knew nothing of steam-engines beyond seeing them working. No way daunted, he offers himself and is accepted. Wages two pounds a week and all found. The first directions given by the proprietor are to give the engine a thorough cleaning and overhauling; and he was to begin next morning.

On proceeding to his work, and ruefully considering how he was to take the engine to pieces, to clean it, and set it up again, he was addressed by a dissipated-looking individual, who said he would execute the whole job on the moderate terms of being taken to an adjacent tavern and given a skinful of drink—he would take off his coat and begin that moment. The terms were agreed to. Soon the two were hard at work, and dirty as a sweep Bucknall had the satisfaction of seeing the engine ready for a start by eight o'clock in the evening. He conducted the poor dissipated wretch to a tavern, and paying for what drink he might consume, left him to his wretched indulgences, and then went home and to bed. We doubt not the incident so recorded is true to nature. Next morning the fire was got up and steam raised. The proprietor and his wife were delighted with their new engineer, whom they complimented as 'a painstaking, industrious, respectable, intelligent, and remarkably civil young man.' But the 'young man' only viewed the situation as a make-shift. He expected a remittance from home, which would enable him to go off in quest of something better. The anticipated letter of credit arrived, and greatly to the chagrin of his employer, he departed with a young English friend, 'a very aristocratic and rather good-looking young fellow,' to Melbourne; the passage occupying two days and a half. The feeling left in our mind is, that this removal was an error. By assiduous attention and thrift, Bucknall might have gradually improved his circumstances, and

from less to more, risen to be the head of a prosperous manufacturing concern in Sydney.

From all we have heard, the true method of 'getting on' in Australia consists in taking the first situation that offers, though it be only that of a shoe-black at a hotel, and sticking to it till something better casts up. Diligent industry, and civility, along with prudential care of earnings, are sure in the end of finding their reward. We cannot, therefore, but deplore the unsettledness which on this as on several other occasions, shipwrecked the prospects of one who was by no means devoid of ability, and possessed an honourable desire to improve his circumstances. A case in point occurs to remembrance. Not long ago we were told of a young gentleman of good education and parts, but of a wayward turn, who after losing some excellent situations, one after the other, through sheer eccentricity, went as a last resource to Australia. Disappointed of there finding something suitable to his fancy, and left to his shifts, he from necessity took up the business of a fiddler, which he had hitherto practised as an amusement. It was somewhat of a downcome to high expectations; but worn out by his vagaries, his relatives were glad to learn that he had secured employment in an orchestra at thirty shillings a week. The hope is kindly expressed that having found the end of his tether, he will stick to fiddling, and remain for life in the enjoyment of the southern hemisphere.

At Melbourne, with the amount of his remittance Bucknall was all agog for fun and jollity. Misfortune had not taught him to take a sober and earnest view of life. Meeting in with 'two young fellows who had left England expressly for the purpose of purchasing a station and settling down in Australia,' and for which they possessed the requisite amount of capital, he attached himself to them, and entertained the expectation that when they settled as great flock-masters, he would accompany them into the bush, and there play the part of the 'gentle shepherd.' It is amusing to see under what agreeable delusions, certain wandering youths are pleased to indulge. The two young fellows fallen in with were members of 'a good old country family.' On arriving in Melbourne they deposited their capital with a banker, who advised them to look about for twelve months before fixing on a station. This was a sensible advice, but it should have been accompanied with the hint that all would depend on the way in which the twelve months were spent. Instead of living economically and making discreet inquiries regarding sheep-stations, the two young fellows, who were nicknamed Chalker and Smikes, set up housekeeping in splendid style. A handsomely furnished mansion was rented near St Kilda, a pretty watering-place on the sea-shore, six miles from Melbourne. They employed a German cook, bought carriages and horses, hunted with a millionaire in the neighbourhood who kept a pack of hounds, and lived in a style of princely profusion. Invited to take up his quarters with them, Bucknall was in his element. There was plenty shooting. The kangaroo hunts were delightful. When tamer pleasures palled, there was an excursion overland to Sydney, with the view of locking out for a station, and to assist in the choice a Scotch steward was numbered in the party. What ensues is the drollest incident in the book.

The two brothers having satisfied themselves as to the choice of an estate on which to begin a grand system of sheep-management, called on their banker to intimate their decision. The banker was glad to see them, but he feared that they had not been living in a very economical way; whereupon Chalker and Smikes assured him they had merely lived like gentlemen, such as they had been accustomed to all their lives. Not disputing the fact, the banker called on a clerk to shew the state of their account. The result was startling, but only what might have been prognosticated. The entire amount at the credit of the brothers was under a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Their fortune had been squandered in idiotic extravagance. With heavy debts to pay and terribly depressed, the only solution of present difficulties was to sell horses, carriages, and everything else that could be disposed of. There was therefore a general clearance. Soberer if not wiser men, the brothers migrated to a small cottage to the north of Melbourne, where they could keep no servants, but do everything for themselves. The dullness of the place being intolerable, they shortly removed to a weather-boarded cottage at Queens-cliff, to which Bucknall accompanied them; and here their scanty means of living were supplemented by such wild-fowl as their guns could supply. A ray of hope supported them. The patrimony of the younger brother had not yet been realised; but as soon as its value reached them, they were to embark as sheep-farmers. What ultimately became of these hopeful scions of an old family, is not stated. On receipt of a second remittance from home, Bucknall left them and returned to England.

So ends what may be called the first part of this serio-comic narrative. Bucknall's family had buoyed him up with the notion of getting him a government appointment, such as a consulship or something of that sort; but there had grown up a spirit of economy, very objectionable to families of distinction, and all hopes of quartering a son on the public revenue were ruthlessly stamped out. It was a bad business. For a while there was some flirting and nonsense, intermingled with the unpleasant reflection as to what was to be done for a livelihood. Bucknall had gained some years' experience, and was no longer a youth. Meditating on future prospects, he is relieved by a letter from a friend at Rosario, in Santa Fé, one of the South American republics, inviting him to come to be a partner with him in a large concern connected with horses; and he is earnestly counselled to bring with him a dog-cart and as much saddlery as he has the means of purchasing. A more whimsical wild-goose search for fortune could hardly be conceived, yet he makes the venture; which turns out to be a distressing failure. He arrives in time to see his friend die of typhoid fever; the large horse-concern proved to be something of the nature of a livery-stable with a lot of horses for hire; and to crown the disaster, a foreman who had been employed during his master's illness, has robbed and broken up the establishment.

We have not space to follow our hero through his varied adventures in a country where law and justice are little better than a sham, where murders and assassinations are of frequent occurrence, and where no man thinks of travelling without loaded

revolvers. Discouraged, Bucknall does not give up the game. He contrives to start on his own account a horse-concern, which was dignified with the sounding name of the 'Caballeriza Central.' The hazard he had run is at length painfully demonstrated. Having returned home for a short time on a visit, he leaves everything in charge of a confidential friend, his countryman, with whom he has become acquainted. On his return, the Caballeriza is found in a state of desolation. The trusted confidential friend having lost his all at a gambling establishment, had sold off everything dead and alive in the stable, and vanished no one knew whither. Here was point-blank ruin; and the moral we gather is, that fortune should not be sought for amidst the social irregularities and deadly fevers of South America. Strangely enough, Bucknall did not learn wisdom by his misadventures in foreign lands. Proceeding to Brazil, he closes his book somewhat abruptly, telling us that he was contriving a tunnel-railway across the bay of Rio Janeiro, and hopes at some future day to present a sequel to 'A Search for Fortune.'

The story so far as it goes cannot be read without pity for the unfortunate writer, whose career, we think, offers a solemn warning to the young and inconsiderate, and to them especially we recommend the work for perusal. In the event of a new edition, a number of expletive circumstances might advantageously be omitted, and it would be an improvement to introduce some dates into the narrative.

W. C.

TWICE WOODED, TWICE WON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I HAVE frequently been asked the question—being in my thirty-fifth year, with ample means to marry—why I, Gerald Burgogue, barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn, am still a bachelor. Even my dear mother, who in her inmost heart rejoices at having as yet no rival in the affections of her only son—even my mother asked me lately if I had never seen the woman I would wish to make my wife. But a few years ago I could not have borne to read the written record of my life's great sorrow, much less to write it with my own hand; but time having in some measure softened its poignancy, I feel as if the retrospect will soothe rather than distress me. My little sketch will be taken from entries in my diary—hitherto the sole depository of my secret thoughts—assisted by my vivid recollection of all that has occurred since my twenty-first birthday.

Up to that period my life was entirely uneventful. I was happy in having most kind and affectionate yet not over-indulgent parents. Every care was bestowed upon my education, and I believe I was well prepared for the university when I left home for Oxford. I was delighted at the prospect of college life. My rooms especially pleased me at Magdalen; they were situated in the quadrangle exactly opposite the grand old tower, then draped, in its rich autumnal robe of vivid scarlet. The day after my arrival, a man about my own age, and whose appearance greatly interested me, took possession of the rooms immediately beneath my own. Indeed he was calculated to command universal admiration; his fine figure,

noble head, and perfect features formed the ideal of an Apollo. To these attractions were added a rich voice and particularly fascinating manners. He was universally admired by men; by women, alas, adored! I suppose contrasts are sometimes favourable to friendship as well as to love, for when we became acquainted, Roland Mornington took a great fancy to me—as unlike himself as one human being could well be to another. I was never, I believe, considered particularly good-looking excepting by my mother. He was gay; I was grave. He was never happy without excitement; my pleasures were calm and tranquil. Nevertheless we agreed very well. But as I saw more of him, I observed with pain the serious failings of his character. His temper at the least contradiction was uncontrollable; and having no sense of religion, he had of course no motive for restraint of any kind, only submitting to that imposed by the rules of the college as far as he was compelled to do so. He was an adept at all athletic sports; but in the mental race for honours he was the hare of the fable; I the tortoise. He trusted to his brilliant abilities alone; I to indefatigable study. The consequence was that I reached the goal, while he failed.

When the time arrived for our departure from the university, we separated with mutual promises to correspond; he to travel for two years or more before settling down in his ancestral home as a country gentleman; I, to immure myself in chambers with a leading Q. C. to study for the Bar. A few letters passed between Roland Mornington and myself; but by degrees our correspondence dropped. I was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-four, and at thirty found myself in capital practice. I was thoroughly interested in my profession, so much so indeed that I cared little for society; and that I might attend to it more assiduously, I left my father's pleasant house at Richmond to live in chambers at Lincoln's Inn, going home but once a week, and seldom entering the gay world of London.

I should have given up all visiting at this period of my life, but for a very fashionable relative of mine, who was constantly remonstrating with me upon this point. This was my aunt Lady M'Ivor. She was a widow, about my own age, and always protested that she was born an aunt, and was consequently my junior. Probably she was. I only know that she really looked years younger than she was—a fact probably due to a good figure, pretty piquante features, and a remarkably youthful style of dress. When very young she had married a Scotch Baronet, many years her senior, who left her with an ample jointure, a fine old castle in the Highlands, and a fair-haired little Baronet in the nursery, to whom I was both god-father and guardian.

It was my young aunt's firm resolve not to marry again. She used to say the freedom of widowhood was too agreeable to her. Still she liked the attentions of the other sex, and required an escort whenever she went into society. She even considered herself too young to be accompanied by any one except a relation; so it occurred to her that I was the very person most suitable for her purpose; and she was determined, as she said, to beguile me out of my shell. At last I quite dreaded the sight of her carriage at

my door, knowing it generally brought a summons to some tiresome *soirée* or to some place of amusement. Occasionally I was to escort her to the Opera; then, and then only I was her willing slave, music being my one delight, my passion.

With such feelings, it may be imagined how far from cordial my manner was, when one afternoon towards the end of May, which I had devoted to the study of an important case—a day ever to be remembered by me; therefore I can recall, I think, every word that passed—my clerk announced Lady M'ivor.

'My dear aunt!' I exclaimed as I rose to receive her. 'This is really extremely kind; but I am just now immersed in'—

'In fiddlesticks!' she replied. 'You must not refuse to accompany me to-night to a most charming *réunion*. Not a crush, which I know you abominate; but quite a select circle—under two hundred, I am told—which is, you know, a mere handful in Lady Follibank's great rooms. And the music is always so good there,' she added in a coaxing tone.

'My dear aunt,' I replied, 'if I do go, I should probably avoid the music-room.'

'And yet, Gerald, you pretend to be fond of music.'

'The very reason I do not care for what you call drawing-room music. It is an art which requires a life's devoted study.'

'Upon my word,' remarked my aunt, 'you have grown amazingly fastidious. But in this case your fine taste will certainly not be offended, as Lady Follibank always engages the first artistes for her parties.' And thus my persevering companion talked on till she gained her point. She had effectually interrupted my train of thought; so I resigned myself to the inevitable, and put away my papers with a sigh of regret, little dreaming that I should never resume my occupation with the same zest, or take the same pleasure in it which it had hitherto afforded me.

At the appointed hour I duly made my appearance in my aunt's drawing-room. She was already dressed; and the perfection of her evening toilet, with the addition of the slightest *souçon* of rouge, made her look wonderfully girlish. On our arrival at Lady Follibank's spacious mansion in Park Lane, I found, as I expected, the usual crush; and as soon as I had found a good listener for my aunt, I made my escape as speedily as possible into an apartment at the end of the suite, which appeared to be nearly unoccupied. I saw at a glance that it was the music-room. Here I amused myself for some time by looking over the programme and idly scanning some of the music which was new to me. Among the few artistes engaged there was one name only with which I was quite unacquainted; it was that of a singer, Mademoiselle Francini. 'Some new protégée of Lady Follibank's,' I thought. 'I may as well secure a good position for both seeing and hearing, as I am here.'

Presently several persons entered the upper part of the room exactly opposite to the place I had selected, so that I had a full view of the group. A lady, still very handsome, though probably approaching middle age, was conducted to the piano, followed by a youthful copy of herself, a lovely girl, who took her position beside her elder sister, or mother, as the case might be, while that lady

played a symphony in grand style. Then the girl commenced her divine song. From the first thrilling note to the last I was spellbound! That voice, so sympathetic, that perfect intonation and faultless style, would have been captivating to me had she been the plainest of women. But when to these glorious gifts was added beauty of a very unusual order, no wonder that she commanded universal admiration. I thought then that I too was an admirer, only. It was from this delusive dream that I was doomed to be cruelly roused. Yet before I write of feelings so long buried in my own heart, I will describe her who was their innocent cause.

Tall and graceful as an arum lily, her figure only wanted the additional fullness of riper years to make it perfect. The glossy black hair was simply coiled round her elegantly shaped head; the eyes were so thickly veiled with lashes of the same hue, that it was difficult to ascertain their colour. I know now that they were of that darkest deepest gray which looks black by artificial light. The other features were equally fine; the complexion of that creamy white which distinguishes fair Italian women. Yet even all this loveliness would scarcely have affected me had expression been wanting. It was the soul shining through all which first attracted and finally enslaved me!

When the song ceased I eagerly asked the man next me for information beyond what the programme told.

'The widow and daughter of the tenor Claudio Francini, who sang here some years ago,' was the reply.

I had never heard of him.

'I do not think he sang much in public,' continued my informant; 'but he taught in very fashionable circles—Lady Follibank's daughters among others; and she is now patronising the girl, who has beauty enough to get on without her. But hush! She is going to sing again.'

This time she surpassed herself. The slight embarrassment apparent on the first occasion was now succeeded by that confidence in her own powers which can alone insure perfect success. Then her complete abnegation of self in her love for her art, which she evidently possessed, and the deep feeling she threw into every phrase of the music, would, I repeat, have caused my heart to surrender at once, even had she been without personal beauty. As it was, I may as well confess here that she was my first, my last, and only love!

As the last notes of the song died away, a voice near me, which seemed familiar, exclaimed, above the gentle movement of gloved hands, and the faint fluttering of fans which is permitted by society to express approbation—'Brava! bravissima!' Then in a low tone of rapture, the words 'Divinely beautiful!' I quickly glanced around me, and beheld my old college friend Roland Mornington! At any other time this meeting would have given me real pleasure, but at that moment I could scarcely greet him with cordiality. He seemed delighted to meet me however, and asked me a dozen questions before I had time to answer one. The only one to which he really seemed to care for a reply was: 'Who is that lovely girl?'

I handed him my programme, pointing to her name.

'Did you ever see anything so beautiful in your life?' he continued, gazing at the fair singer, who was now smiling and blushing at the compliments and thanks she received from those who were able to approach near enough to offer them.

'I think I never heard such a voice,' I replied as calmly as I could.

'Ah, Burgogne,' he exclaimed, 'I see you are not changed. Beauty has no more charms for you than of old. But I shall not rest till I am introduced.' As he said this he disappeared in the crowd; and I saw him no more till he had effected his object. Then my very soul sickened as I watched him exerting every art of which he was master to please his fair companion, while she listened with evident pleasure, even as Juliet might have 'drunk the utterance' of young Montague's fatal love in just such a scene as this. Roland's handsome person and winning manners were only too likely to fascinate her. Would she withstand him? And why should she? I could not help asking myself this last question. Then again he might be greatly changed, his youthful faults and follies corrected. Alas! unless such were the case, he would make no woman happy. While I would have given years of my life for such a smile as I then saw her bestow upon him!

Presently the mother interrupted their *tête-à-tête*, and I saw him accompany them from the room. I quickly followed, watched them descend the stairs, and accept his escort to their carriage, at the door of which he stood barcheaded for some minutes, talking with great animation. As he returned, still watching him, myself unseen, I saw that his face was flushed, his eyes brilliant with excitement; and from that moment I knew that he was my rival. This conviction agitated me to such a degree that I quite forgot my aunt, till her footman informed me that her Ladyship was waiting to go home.

I found her quite cross, as well she might be, at my inattention. Of course I made a thousand apologies, and was graciously forgiven—more readily than I deserved. As we were going home, my aunt asked, in the most indifferent manner, what I thought of the artistes we had met.

'I think Lady Follibank was most fortunate in her choice,' I replied.

'Is that all, Gerald? Then you do not think them so wonderfully handsome? Every one was raving about *la belle Claudia*, and some of the men admired the mother's English complexion the most.'

'Is Claudia, Mademoiselle Francini?'

'Of course,' replied my aunt. 'She is named after her father Claudio, who died about five years ago.—By-the-bye, who was that handsome fellow who was with her nearly all the evening?'

'A collége friend of mine.' I then told her of our former friendship, the years which had elapsed since we parted, and our unexpected meeting that night.

'Mark my words!' said my aunt—and they seemed to stab me to the heart—'that man will marry her—and perhaps'—

'Aunt Fanny!' I exclaimed, starting up in the carriage, 'you are hinting at unhappy consequences!'

'Good gracious, Gerald! I have hinted at nothing of the kind.'

'Well, aunt, I think it unfair to prejudge the future of others.'

'My dear Mentor,' she replied, 'my words referred more to your friend than to the lady; and I must confess, at the risk of offending you again, that handsome as he is, I dislike the expression of his countenance exceedingly.'

This was the opinion of a shrewd woman of the world; and I could not contradict it. The reflections it gave rise to made me sad and sick at heart.

From this memorable evening the first use I made of my *Times* each morning was to look with care down the column devoted to notices of forthcoming concerts. The name I so anxiously sought did not appear for a fortnight; then to me it seemed printed in letters of fire, so distinctly it stood out from all others. The advertisement was long, announcing the 'First appearance in London of Mademoiselle Claudia Francini,' who was to sing in a grand operatic recital at Exeter Hall, in Gounod's *Faust*. I threw down my paper, took a single cup of tea by way of breakfast, and jumping into the first hansom I met with, hastened to secure my stall, though the concert was not to take place for another week.

Would Roland be there? I had not seen him since we met at Lady Follibank's, though he then appeared so pleased to renew our acquaintance; yet though he knew where to find me, he had not given me his temporary town address. It was hardly likely that he had left London in the height of the season. What was I to think? Alas! I had little doubt, from my knowledge of his character, that he was completely engrossed by his pursuit of the lovely Claudia.

The night of the concert arrived, and with feverish impatience I drove to the Hall, and arrived there before the doors were opened. This night I felt sure would determine my fate. Should Roland be there, it could only be with the one object. When at length I gained my seat, it was still so early that I had time to watch the audience as the room filled. I thought I could not fail to see Roland had he been present; his unusual height made him always conspicuous. I began to breathe more freely; my spirits rose as I looked for him in vain. It was even possible that the attentions I had so jealously watched were only the result of a passing fancy, one of his old flirtations. With this soothing idea—scarcely a hope—I was able, contrary to my expectations, to enjoy the introduction to the opera, that mysterious unearthly music which so well prepares one for Goethe's solemn story.

How I longed yet dreaded to hear Marguerite! The moment was at hand. She appeared. No wonder she met with a reception so rapturous. I can remember every detail of her dress and appearance. As on the first evening I beheld her, she wore clouds of some clear white material over gleaming satin. I had then admired the elegant simplicity of her attire. There was an addition to it now, which to my mind was no improvement. A diamond spray trembled in her hair; a necklace of the same gems, with other dazzling ornaments, encircled her ivory throat; which were to my jealous heart as so many Satanic temptations, even as were Marguerite's jewels of which she was about to sing. All my hopes were at an end.

The diamonds were, as I heard a lady remark, 'fit for a duchess.' It was clear that they must be a gift, for she was not sufficiently known to have received them as a tribute to her talent. No doubt they were the gift of Roland Mornington; and I knew that he had so much the more the advantage of me.

Still I remained drinking in the delicious tones of that voice to the end; then I resolved to make my way round to the artistes' entrance, in the mad hope of seeing her, even with the dreaded lover. I selected a convenient spot where I was not likely to be observed, and had not long to wait before I saw Mademoiselle Francini approaching—yes, leaning on the arm of Roland Mornington. He was bending down to her whispering words which called up a lovely blush to that fair face, now looking so proud and happy. Thank heaven, her mother was with them! I still watched them, saw Roland hand his companions into their carriage, and—oh, the anguish of that moment!—he this time accompanied them.

The following day I was too ill both in body and mind to see any one, and gave orders accordingly. My soul was filled with an intense desire to see Roland, and discover his intentions towards Mademoiselle Francini. But I had no idea where he was to be found in the wilderness of the metropolis. I was acquainted with his address in Yorkshire; but I also knew that his grand old place there was seldom honoured with his presence, much less likely to be so now. And after all, what had I to do with this affair? In my cooler moments I saw clearly that I could not interfere unasked. In the afternoon I was sitting alone still absorbed in these conflicting thoughts, when a knock at the outer door of my chambers roused me. It was too late for a client, even if I had not given strict orders to be denied. But I had little time for doubt. Another knock, and the door of my room was almost burst open by the very person I most wished to see—Roland Mornington! I consequently welcomed him most cordially, which apparently surprised him, for he exclaimed: 'This is really kind, old fellow. I assure you, I expected a very different greeting; I have behaved so abominably to you. But I know you will forgive me for not calling when you know my excuse. You will never guess!'

'Tell me then at once.'

'I am going to be married.'

Sick and faint as I turned at these words, I nevertheless contrived to congratulate him.

'And now,' he continued, 'you will be still less likely to guess to whom.'

'Yes,' I calmly replied; 'I know. Mademoiselle Francini.'

'Who, in the name of all that's wonderful, told you?' he eagerly asked.

'My own observation,' I replied.

'Ah; I forgot you saw us together at Lady Follibank's; and you always were such a fellow for finding one out. It is strange too that you should, for I do not believe that you have any personal experience of the tender passion. But be very sure, Mr Gerald Burgogne, that your own turn will come.'

'I am quite sure it never will,' I replied.

'No! How grave you look about it. I suppose you think I am sacrificing myself?—'

'Indeed,' I interrupted, 'I think no such thing.

On the contrary'—I stopped, fearing I should say too much and betray myself.

'Of course,' he continued, 'it is far from a good match for me; but you know I have no one to please but myself.'

'And her,' I observed.

'Hang it all!' he exclaimed. 'She ought to be satisfied. Ten thousand a year and not a bad-looking fellow for a husband; I call her decidedly lucky.'

'Most men will call you so,' I said, trying to curb my indignation.

'Well, I am not so sure of that,' was his answer. 'If I had not seen this little witch, I should have proposed for Lady Barbara Gauntlet. She would have me to-morrow, if I chose to ask her.'

'Then why didn't you?' I exclaimed angrily.

'My dear fellow, don't you see that I am over head and ears in love with Claudia? I positively could not live without her; so I can't help myself. And that being the case—as Claudia has no male relative—I want you to do me a favour; which is, to act the part of father and give her away on the occasion.'

I started from my seat, and pacing the room in my agitation, asked him if he had no relation he could apply to for that purpose.

'No. The fact is,' he replied, 'I do not want to be bothered with any of my own people, for though they have no right to interfere, they would try.'

'I am afraid however, you must find some one else, Roland; for like them, I have my doubts about this marriage being a prudent one.'

'Of course I know that,' was his answer, quite misunderstanding my meaning. 'But as I intend to marry Claudia, some one must give her away. So once for all, Burgogne, will you?'

Certainly this was the irony of fate—that I should be coolly asked to give the woman I could have worshipped, to another. No! I could at least avoid that climax to my misery. I was therefore on the point of repeating my refusal, when it suddenly occurred to me that I might be of some little service to my heart's idol if I accepted the office assigned to me; so, after a long pause, during which Roland was evidently with much difficulty controlling his temper, I said: 'I will consent to do this for you, Roland, on one condition only—namely that you will make a liberal settlement upon her.'

'What nonsense!' he exclaimed. 'Why, that will cause no end of delay; and Claudia does not expect anything of the kind.'

'I daresay not,' I replied; 'but that does not alter my decision. When is the marriage to take place?'

'This day three weeks if possible; it is all but fixed.'

'There will be time then for all that is required,' was my deliberate reply; and I asked him what would have been done about settlements had he married Lady Barbara.

'Oh, that would have been a very different affair. She has fifty thousand pounds of her own; and I could have waited the law's delay with the utmost resignation, I assure you. Now, I cannot—in fact I will not.'

'Then you must ask some one else to act for you,' I replied; 'for I consider that Mademoiselle Francini has as much right to a settlement as

Lady Barbara. For your sake she gives up a profession which promised a brilliant career; and there is great fascination in professional life for those who can command success. The least you can do in return is to insure her a certain degree of independence of you.'

'Well,' said he somewhat reluctantly, 'I consent, if you will be her trustee. I will see my solicitor directly upon the subject, and tell him to call upon you.'

I have given this conversation in detail, to shew how almost unavoidably I was drawn into an arrangement which subsequently brought me into constant communication with Claudia Francini.

Roland did not suffer much time to elapse before he brought his intended bride, accompanied by her mother, to my chambers. The beauty so brilliant by the artificial light in which I had hitherto seen it, was not diminished by the bright summer morning, while occasionally an involuntary glance at her lover immeasurably enhanced the expression of that perfect face. Ah! she had then given her heart of hearts to this volatile unstable being. Would he prove worthy of such a treasure? Alas! I feared exceedingly for her future peace and for that of the fond mother, who now looked so proud and happy.

I took an early opportunity of asking Roland what arrangement had been made for the mother. 'Ah! that is the chief drawback to the affair,' he replied. 'Being both almost dependent upon their profession, she must live with us, as of course I could not allow my wife's mother to teach.'

'No indeed; you ought not. But have they nothing beyond it?' I asked.

'Only about enough to buy bonnets, I should think,' was his flippant answer; 'and that is Madame Francini's. It seems "Squalini" left his wife his savings; his daughter, his profession, which he expected would make her fortune. But after all, I do not mind very much having the mother to live at the Hall. There is plenty of room. She will be useful in helping Claudia to manage a large household; and she is a lady.'

'In every respect,' I replied.

'But I mean by birth,' said Roland. 'She is of good family (the Lascelles of —shire), and despairing of obtaining their consent, she ran away with and was married to Francini, her Italian singing-master, when only seventeen, he being two or three years older. They lived for ten years in Naples, where Claudia was born. Then they fell in with Lady Follibank, whose daughters were Francini's pupils. She advised them to come to England, where she promised to introduce him to a good connection. This she effected; and he was getting on rapidly, when he was taken ill, and died about five years ago; Claudia being only fourteen at the time. She, at her father's request, continued her musical education till she was eighteen; and in the meantime helped her mother by giving lessons to the younger pupils. And to think that this must have gone on to the end of time if Claudia had been ugly.'

I groaned in spirit. How little she knew him. On ascertaining that Madame Francini had about a hundred a year, I insisted upon five times that amount being settled upon her daughter absolutely, without reference to children, as the

Mornington estates were strictly entailed upon the male heir, and daughters well provided for by the late Mr Mornington's will.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT LEICESTER SQUARE.

In old-world London, Leicester Square played a much more important part than it does to-day. It was then the chosen refuge of royalty and the home of wit and genius. Time was when it glittered with throngs of lace-bedizened gallants; when it trembled beneath the chariot-wheels of Beauty and Fashion; when it re-echoed with the cries of jostling chairmen and link-boys; when it was trodden by the feet of the greatest men of a great epoch—Newton and Swift, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a host of others more or less distinguished. Mr Tom Taylor, in his interesting work entitled *Leicester Square*, tells us that the vicissitudes of a London quarter generally tend downwards through a regular series of decades. It is first fashionable; then it is professional; then it becomes a favourite locality for hotels and lodging-houses; then the industrial element predominates, and then not infrequently a still lower depth is reached. Leicester Square has been no exception to this rule. Its reputation in fact was becoming very shady indeed, when the improvement of its central inclosure gave it somewhat of a start upwards and turned attention to its early history.

Of old, many of these grand doings took place at Leicester House, which was the first house in the Square. It was built by Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, a staunch Royalist, somewhere about 1636. His sons, Viscount Lisle and the famous Algernon Sidney, grew up less of Royalists than he was; and to Leicester House, with the sanction and welcome of its head, came many of the more prominent Republicans of the day, Vane and Neville, Milton and Bradshaw, Ludlow and Lambert. The cream of history lies not so much in a bare notation of facts as in the little touches of nature and manners which reproduce for us the actual human life of a former age, and much of this may be gleaned from the history of the Sidneys. They were an interesting family, alike from their rank, their talents, their personal beauty, and the vicissitudes of their fortunes. The Countess was a clever managing woman; and her letters to her absent lord when ambassador in France convey to us many pleasant details of the home-life at Leicester House. Still more charming is it to read the pretty little billets addressed to the Earl by his elder girls. Of these six beautiful daughters of the house of Sidney, four were married and two died in the dawn of early womanhood. Of the younger of these, Lady Elizabeth, the father has a touching entry in his journal. After narrating her death, he adds: 'She had to the last the most angelical countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of mind that I think were ever seen in so young a creature.'

With her death the merry happy family life at Leicester House drew to a close. The active bustling mother, whose influence had brought the different jarring chords into harmony, died a few months afterwards; and the busy years as they sped onwards, while consummating the fall of

Charles and consolidating the power of Cromwell, also put great and growing disunion between the Sidney brothers. At the Restoration, Algernon was in exile; Lord Lisle's stormy temper had alienated him from his father; the Earl's favourite son-in-law was dead; of the three who remained he was neither proud nor fond; and lonely and sick at heart, he grew weary of the splendid home from which the fair faces of his handsome children had gone for ever, and made preparations to leave it. He was presented to Charles II.; and immediately afterwards retired to Penshurst in Kent; and Leicester House was let, first to the ambassadors of the United Provinces; and then to a more remarkable tenant, Elizabeth Stewart, the ill-fated Princess and Queen of Bohemia. She had left England in 1613 a lovely happy girl, the bride of the man she loved, life stretching all rainbow-hued before her. She returned to it a weary haggard woman of sixty-five, who had drunk to the dregs of every possible cup of disappointment and sorrow. Her presence was very unwelcome, as that of the unfortunate often is. Charles II., her nephew, was very loath indeed to have the pleasure of receiving her as a guest; but she returned to London whether he would or not, and Leicester House was taken for her. There she languished for a few months in feeble and broken health, and there, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, she died.

The house immediately to the west of Leicester House belonged to the Marquis of Aylesbury; but in 1698 it was occupied by the Marquis of Caermarthen, who was appointed by King William III. cicerone and guide to Peter the Great when he came in the January of that year to visit England. Peter's great qualities have long been done full justice to; but in the far-off January of 1698 he appeared to the English as by no means a very august-looking potentate; he had the manners and appearance of an unkempt barbarian, and his pastimes were those of a coal-heaver. His favourite exercise in the mornings was to run a barrow through and through Evelyn's trim holly-hedges at Deptford; and the state in which he left his pretty house there is not to be described. His chief pleasure, when the duties of the day were over, was to drink all night with the Marquis in his house at Leicester Fields, the favourite tipple of the two distinguished toppers being brandy spiced with pepper; or sack, of which the Czar is reported to have drunk eight bottles one day after dinner. Among other sights in London, the Marquis took him to see Westminster Hall in full term. 'Who are all these men in wigs and gowns?' he asked. 'Lawyers,' was the answer. 'Lawyers!' he exclaimed. 'Why, I have only two in my dominions, and when I get back, I intend to hang one of them.'

In January 1712 Leicester House, which was then occupied by the imperial resident, received another distinguished visitor in the person of Prince Eugene, one of the greatest captains of the age. In appearance he was a little fallow wizened old man, with one shoulder higher than the other. A soldier of fortune, whose origin was so humble as to be unknown, his laurels were stained neither by rapacity nor self-seeking; and in all the vicissitudes of his eventful life he bore himself like a hero, and a gentleman in the truest and fullest acceptance of the word. Dean Swift

was also at this time in lodgings in Leicester Fields, noting with clear acute unpitied vision the foibles and failings of all around him, and writing to Stella from time to time after his cynical fashion, 'how the world is going mad after Prince Eugene, and how he went to court also, but could not see him, the crowd was so great.'

A labyrinth of courts, inns, and stable-yards had gradually filled up the space between the royal mews and Leicester Fields; and between 1680 and 1700 several new streets were opened through these; one reason for the opening of them being the great influx of French refugees into London, on the occasion of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. Many of these exiles settled in and around Leicester Fields, and for their use several chapels were built. The neighbourhood has ever since been a resort of French immigrants.

In one of these streets opening into Leicester Square, St Martin's Street, Sir Isaac Newton lived for the last sixteen years of his life. The house in which he lived looks dingy enough now; but in those days it was considered a very good residence indeed, and like Leicester House was frequented by the best company in the fashionable world. The genius and reputation of its master attracted scientific and learned visitors; and the beauty of his niece Mrs Catharine Barton, drew to her feet all the more distinguished wits and beaux of the time.

Between 1717 and 1760 Leicester House became what Pennant calls 'the pouting-place of princes,' being for almost all that time in the occupation of a Prince of Wales who was living in fierce opposition to the reigning king. In 1718 the Prince of Wales having had a furious quarrel with his father George I., on the occasion of the christening of the Prince's son George William, left St James's, and took Leicester House at a yearly rent of five hundred pounds; and until he succeeded to the throne in 1727, it was his town residence.

Here he held his court—a court not by any means strait-laced; a gay little court at first; a court whose selfish intrigues and wild frolics and madcap adventures and humdrum monotony live for us still in the sparkling pages of Horace Walpole; or are painted in with vivid clearness of touch and execution, but with a darker brush, by Hervey, Pope's Lord Fañny, who was a favourite with his mistress the handsome accomplished Caroline, Princess of Wales. Piloted by one or other of these exact historians, we enter the chamber of the gentlewomen-in-waiting, and are introduced to the maids-of-honour, to fair Mary Lepell, to charming Mrs Bellenden, to pensive gentle Mrs Howard. We see them eat Westphalia ham of a morning, and then set out with their royal master for a helter-skelter ride over hedges and ditches, on borrowed hacks. No wonder Pope pitied them; and on their return, who should they fall in with but that great poet himself! They are good to him in their way, these saucy charming maids-of-honour, and so they take the frail little man under their protection and give him his dinner; and then he finishes off the day, he tells us, by walking three hours in the moonlight with Mary Lepell. We can imagine the affected compliments he paid her and the

burlesque love he made to her; and the fun she and her sister maids-of-honour would have laughing over it all, when she went back to Leicester House and he returned to his pretty villa at Twickenham.

As the Prince grew older his court became more and more dull, till at last it was almost deserted, when on the 14th of June 1727 the loungers in its half-empty chambers were roused by sudden news—George I. was dead; and Leicester House was thronged by a sudden rush of obsequious courtiers, among whom was the late king's prime-minister, bluff, jolly, coarse Sir Robert Walpole. No one paid any attention to him, for every one knew that his disgrace was sealed; the new king had never been at any pains to conceal his dislike to him. Sir Robert however, knew better; he was quite well aware who was to be the real ruler of England now; and he knew that the Princess Caroline had already accepted him, just as she accepted La Walmoden and her good Howard; and so all alone in his corner he chuckled to himself as he saw the crowd of sycophants elbow and jostle and push poor Lady Walpole as she tried to make her way to the royal feet. Caroline saw it too, and with a flash of half-scornful mischief lighting up her shrewd eyes, said with a smile: 'Sure, there I see a friend.' Instantly the human stream parted, and made way for her Ladyship.

In 1728 Frederick, the eldest son of George and Caroline, arrived from Hanover, where he had remained since his birth in 1707. It was a fatal mistake; he came to England a stranger to his parents, and with his place in their hearts already filled by his brother. It was inevitable that where there was no mutual love, distrust and alienation should come, as in no long time they did, with the result that the same pitiful drama was played out again on the same stage. In 1743 Frederick Prince of Wales took Leicester House and held his receptions there. He was fond of gaiety, and had a succession of balls, masques, plays, and supper-parties. His tastes, as was natural considering his rearing, were foreign, and Leicester House was much frequented by foreigners of every grade. Desnoyers the dancing-master was a favourite habitué, as was also the charlatan St-Germain. In the midst of all this fiddling and buffoonery the Prince fell ill; but not so seriously as to cause uneasiness to any one around him; consequently all the world was taken by surprise when he suddenly died one morning in the arms of his friend the dancing-master. After his death his widow remained at Leicester House, and like a sensible woman as she was, made her peace with the king her father-in-law, who ever afterwards shewed himself very kind and friendly to her.

In October 1760 George III. was proclaimed king; and again a crowd of courtiers thronged to Leicester House to kiss the hand of the new sovereign. For six years longer the Princess of Wales continued to live at Leicester House; and there in 1765 her youngest son died, and the following year she removed to Carlton House.

While the quarrel between George II. and Frederick was at its fiercest, the central inclosure of Leicester Square was re-arranged very elegantly according to the taste of the day; and an equestrian statue of George I., which had belonged to

the first Duke of Chandos and had been bought at the sale of his effects, was set up in front of Leicester House, where it remained, a dazzling object at first, in all the glory of gilding, which passed with the populace for gold; but latterly a most wretched relic of the past, an eyesore, which was removed in 1874 in the course of Baron Grant's improvements.

Leicester Square had other tenants beside Sir Isaac Newton, compared with whom courtiers and gallants and fine gentlemen and ladies look very small indeed. Hogarth lived in this street, and so did Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hogarth's house was the last but two on the east side of the Square. Here he established himself, a young struggling man, with Jane Thornhill, the wife with whom he had made a stolen love-match. In this house, with the quaint sign of the Golden Head over the door, he worked, not as painters generally do, at a multitude of detached pieces, but depicting with his vivid brush a whole series of popular allegories on canvas. When he became rich, as in process of time he did, he had a house at Chiswick; but he still retained the Golden Head as his town-house, and in 1764 returned to it to die.

In No. 47 Sir Joshua Reynolds lived, and painted those charming portraits which have immortalised for us all that was most beautiful and famous in his epoch. He was a kindly genial lovable man, fond of society, and with a liking for display. He had a wonderful carriage, with the four seasons curiously painted in on the panels, and the wheels ornamented with carved foliage and gilding. The servants in attendance on this chariot wore silver-laced liveries; and as he had no time to drive in it himself, he made his sister take a daily airing in it, much to her discomfort, for she was a homely little lady with very simple tastes. He was a great dinner-giver; and as it was his custom to ask every pleasant person he met without any regard to the preparation made to receive them, it may be conjectured that there was often a want of the commonest requisites of the dinner-table. Even knives, forks, and glasses could not always be procured at first. But although his dinners partook very much of the nature of unceremonious scrambles, they were thoroughly enjoyable. Whatever was wanting, there was always cheerfulness and the pleasant kindly interchange of thought. In July 1792 Sir Joshua died in his own house in Leicester Square; and within a few hours of his death, an obituary notice of him was written by Burke, the manuscript of which was blotted with his tears.

In No. 28, on the eastern side of the Square, the celebrated anatomist John Hunter lived. Like most distinguished men of the day, he sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his portrait; but was so restless and preoccupied that he made a very bad sitter. At last one day he fell into a reverie. The happy moment had come; Sir Joshua with his instinctive tact caught the expression, and presented to us the great surgeon in one of his most characteristic attitudes. Two other celebrated surgeons, Cruickshank and Charles Bell, also lived in this Square. The house in which Bell resided for many years was large and ruinous, and had once been inhabited by Speaker Onslow. Here he set up his Museum, and began to lecture on

anatomy, having for a long time, he writes, scarcely forty pupils to lecture to.

During all the later portion of its history Leicester Square has been famous for shows. In 1771 Sir Ashton Lever exhibited a large and curious Museum in Leicester House. In 1796 Charles Dibdin built at Nos. 2 and 3, on the east side of Leicester Square, a small theatre, in which he gave an entertainment consisting of an interesting medley of anecdote and song. In 1787 Miss Linwood opened her gallery of pictures in needlework, an exhibition which lasted forty-seven years, for the last thirty-five of which it was exhibited at Savile House, a building which was destroyed by fire in 1865.

After Miss Linwood's, one of the best shows in Leicester Square was Burford's Panorama, which is now numbered with the things that were, its site being occupied by a French chapel and school. In 1851 a new show was inaugurated by Mr Wyld the geographer. It consisted of a monster globe sixty feet in diameter, which occupied the central dome of a building erected in the garden of the Square. The world was figured in relief on the inside of it, and it was viewed from several galleries at different elevations. It was exhibited for ten years, and was then taken down by its proprietor, owing to a dispute concerning the ownership of the garden. Out of this case, which was decided in 1867, the proceedings originated which resulted in the purchase and renovation of the garden by Baron Grant, who having once more made it trim and neat, handed it over to the Board of Works.

AN AUSTRALIAN FRAUD.

'WHAT can be keeping Davis to-night? Surely he is very late.' I had just made this remark when he knocked at the door.

'If you please ma'am, can I speak to you?' said he.

'Yes. Come in Davis. What has happened to keep you so late this evening?'

'I have been to see my grandfather, ma'am.'

'Well, how is he?'

'Oh, grandfather is right enough; but my aunt [so he called his grandfather's second wife] is very ill; and I've heard a queer story to-night. It seems I am likely to come in for a large fortune—if it's all true they say.'

'Why, how is that Davis? Tell us all about it.'

'Well ma'am, you see my grandfather has had a letter sent him to read, that the clergyman at Carsten has received from some lawyer in Australia. The lawyer wants to find the next of kin to Tom Harris, an old man who has died in L— in Australia, and has left a hundred thousand pounds; and my aunt thinks she is his nearest relation.'

'How is that? Who was this Tom Harris?'

'My aunt's name was Harris, and she says her father's youngest brother was named Tom; that he went to Australia a many years ago, and has never written home nor been heard of since; and she thinks he is the man because he was born in these parts. This lawyer has sent letters to all the clergymen near here to make inquiries and to search all the registers for the certificate of his birth.'

'Then what are you going to do Davis?'

'I don't know ma'am. I'll see what grandfather says next time I go in to Dewsford.'

'Very well. Be sure you tell us what you hear, for we shall be anxious to know.'

This was indeed extraordinary news. Even in these days of self-seeking there is occasionally to be found a servant of the Caleb Balderston type, and Davis was one of them; he had grown up in our service from boyhood to manhood, and had so identified himself with our affairs and interests that he always spoke of our belongings as 'ours' and 'my.' We had complete confidence in him, and in return took an interest in all that concerned him and his family; hence his coming to us with this wonderful tale, feeling sure of our sympathy. Although it seemed too strange to be true, there was nevertheless a certain amount of possibility in it which kept alive our interest; and from time to time we used to ask Davis how his fortune was coming on. But beyond hearing conflicting details, which he got from his grandfather now and again, the affair did not seem to progress in the least; so we came to the conclusion that we must set to work ourselves to help him, if anything was to come of it.

The first thing to ascertain was that such a town or district as L— actually existed in Australia; and for this end we wrote to one of the directors of a colonial bank in London, and had the satisfaction of being told that he not only knew that there was a district so named, but that a man of reputed wealth bearing the name of Harris resided there.

We next thought we had better see Davis's aunt and try to get certain facts from her. But here a difficulty arose, for the poor woman had been confined to bed for some weeks, and we knew she was dying of a painful disease. It seemed cruel to disturb her about such things; but Davis was her adopted son, and we knew she would gladly do what she could to further his interests. We found her very weak, and her face bearing an expression of suffering that was distressing to see, but perfectly composed and alive to everything. I went forward gently and said: 'Good-morning, Mrs Davis. How are you to-day?'

'Thank you, ma'am; I be poorly.'

'Are you no better?'

'No ma'am. I don't hope ever to be better; but I must bide my time patiently.—How is Davis ma'am?'

'He is very well, thank you.'

'I have heard him speak of ye so often, ladies; he says you are all so kind to him, and that he could not have a better place.'

'O well, he is good and faithful to us, you know, so we may well be kind to him. But what is all this about this money? I fear you are too ill to be troubled about such matters, but we would like to help Davis if we could. Can you tell us anything about this man Harris?'

'Well ma'am, my father's name was Harris; and I remember hearing that his youngest brother was called Tom, and that he went to Australia.'

'Had your father any other brothers?'

'O yes. There was Henry. Then there were Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne.'

'What became of Henry?'

'I don't know; I know nothink about him.'

'Do you know where they were all born?'

'In the parish of Newcom; my father lived there when he was not at sea. There's a man who calls himself Harris, stays at Carsten now.'

'Do you think if we went to Newcom we should find the register they want?'

'Yes ma'am; I should think so.'

'Thank you Mrs Davis. I fear we are tiring you. It seems cruel to worry you with all these questions.'

'O ma'am, you are very kind to trouble yourself about it. I shall soon be where I'll need no money; but if Davis could get it and my poor old man, I'd be cruel glad. You see ma'am, he can't work as he used to.'

We left the poor woman, more anxious than ever to help to clear up the difficulty and, if possible, to secure some money to her husband and Davis, even if it were ever so small a share of the hundred thousand pounds. We therefore determined to drive to Newcom and Carsten; and accompanied by Davis, started for the latter place on a fine autumn morning.

The expedition proved most enjoyable. At first the road was a good one, just along the banks of the river, then ascending in zigzag for miles through rich woods, whose openings now and again disclosed magnificent views of country and river far below, with the blue sea in the distance; then out upon the moor, with its wealth of gorse and heather and its bracing air, making the search for a fortune an enjoyable thing in itself, independently of its result. At last we finally descended upon Carsten, an out-of-the-way village, lying on the slope of a hill.

Our first visit was to the Rectory, the servant informing us that Mr White the clergyman was out shooting, and the time of his return uncertain; so we resolved to ask about the old man Harris of whom we had heard. We found him in a field hoeing turnips, hale, hearty, and seemingly quite contented. At first he looked at us rather suspiciously, and was not inclined to answer questions. It then turned out that we were not by any means his first interviewers.

'There have been a many people here to see me,' said he. 'I wish now I had never said nothink about this man. I am not agoing to trouble myself; I have quite as much as I want. I am over eighty years of age. But you are all working for me. If there be any money, it *must* come to me in the end. And as you be all working for me, I beant agoing to trouble *myself*.' All this was said with the most indescribable air of self-satisfaction and complacency, the old man leaning on his hoe.

At last, by dint of a little coaxing, we got him to bring up some recollections from the depth of his eighty years. He stated that his cousin Tom Harris was the illegitimate son of Betty Smith, but that he was always called Harris; that he had gone to Australia: he recollected his having come over from the parish of Newcom to bid them good-bye, &c.

It was in vain we represented that the time he mentioned of this youth's departure did not correspond with the date required, and that Betty's son had no right to the name of Harris; he however, insisted that he was the man, and that he himself was his nearest heir, and that we were all working for him.

We then returned to the Rectory, in the hope

that the clergyman had tired of his gun, or had got hungry and come home to lunch. But no! In the meantime we got the parish clerk to bring the register, and we spent a considerable time poring over its faded old pages to try to find the date of Tom Harris's birth. It was no easy task; worn dirty old records of events nearly a century old, some in black-letter, with the signatures all but illegible. Page after page was patiently scanned; and births, marriages, and deaths of various Harrises were found; but either the Christian name was different, or if we did come to a Tom Harris, our excitement was speedily chilled by finding the date would not agree at all with the age of the man we sought.

Tired and hungry, we gave up the search, and went to find an inn and some refreshment. The inn we found; but as to the refreshment, that consisted of the perpetual bacon one is offered in village inns; not even the eggs were forthcoming. Not caring for bacon, we had to content ourselves with bread-and-cheese and milk.

It was now getting late; and the prospect of bad roads and crossing the moor in the dark was not inviting; so we had reluctantly to start without seeing the clergyman, though we had had the pleasure of a chat with his father, who was at the time on a visit to the Rectory. Soon we found ourselves at home, where we made up by a comfortable tea for our poor fare at dinner.

Of course we got laughed at for our pains; but that had not much effect. The dreary drive had more; and it was some time before we resumed our attempts. One thing we gained by our visit to Carsten; the clergyman's father advised us to get Davis's aunt to make a deposition before a magistrate of all she had told us. The poor woman was far too ill to be out of bed, and it seemed very unlikely she would even be able to do this unless it were done at once. So we persuaded my brother, who is a justice of peace, to go with us to see her, and write it all down from her own lips. A sad and solemn scene it was—the low-roofed room with only the most necessary furniture, yet clean and comfortable; the woman, slowly dying, speaking with difficulty, yet clear and collected, and exerting herself to recollect the scenes of her childhood and youth. Not for herself—for very soon she would be beyond all earthly need—but for her husband and her adopted son. An unlikely place in which to find the heir to a hundred thousand pounds.

Some time before, it had occurred to us she had better make a will, in case of the money coming after her death. We had tried to persuade her to get a lawyer to draw out one; but this she would by no means consent to do, on account of the expense, so the only thing left was to try to write one out for her which should include all possible contingencies. This we managed to do. She was quite satisfied with it, and her husband also. (What was more to the purpose, a lawyer friend afterwards told us it would 'stand.') We now took advantage of my brother's presence to get Mrs Davis to sign this will; and we all signed it as witnesses. It occurred to me that it might be disputed on the score of her not being in a fit state to make one; and I thought that if I could get the medical man who attended her to see her, it might be useful; so I went in search of him. I was fortunate enough to find him, and explained

matters, and said I was anxious he should be able to say that Mrs Davis was in a capable state when she made her will. He very good-naturedly went with me at once, and pronounced that she was perfectly collected, quite fit to understand and make any arrangements she wished. So that was settled.

Poor thing! we had not taken the precautions much too soon. Not many more visits to inquire for her, when the end came, peacefully and longed for. Whether or not the heiress of a hundred thousand pounds, she was an 'heir of God,' and His heirs are often found in the poorest of earthly homes.

We now determined to search the registers at Newcom. Here we found a rather disconsolate-looking Rectory. The door was opened by an old woman, who seemed to think we had better have stayed away, but who conducted us to her master because she could not help it. The rector was a nice old man who, when we explained our object, seemed anxious to help us. He said he had an old man in his parish who was one of that family, and would likely know all about it. So he rang the bell.

'Mary, where is old Harris working to-day?'

'I think sir, he is in the back-field digging potatoes.'

'Very well. Please go and tell him to come here.'

She disappeared, looking rather unwilling to do his bidding; I sometimes wonder if she ever did. Anyhow, the old man did not come. She was one of those servants who have been with one master till they get to believe themselves mistress, and more. She reminded me of an old Scotch servant who was in the service of a friend of ours in Edinburgh, who when the lady rang for coals, would look in at the door, examine the fire at the distance, and say: 'Deed me, the fire doesna need mendin', and disappear without paying any further attention to the request.

As old Harris was not forthcoming, the clergyman next sent for the parish clerk and the registers. So here again we had a long search: this time with this success, that we found the register of marriage of the said Tom Harris's father and mother, and the births of all his brothers and sisters, but not his own—the only one which was of any use. We also found the register of the illegitimate Harris; and the date proved that he, as we had always thought, was certainly not the man. We had evidently got on the right track at last, for here were all the generations of Harrises, uncles, aunts, and cousins, but not *the* one. It was most unaccountable; but as there was nothing more to be done, we returned home still baffled.

We now began to wonder whether Tom Harris could possibly have been registered by some other name, not so unlikely a thing as it would be in our days. The clergyman told us that about the date we required, he knew there had been no resident clergyman in the parish; that the clergyman of another parish used to ride across the moor and take the duty, and that he often used to leave his clerk to fill up the registers. He had actually seen one register of marriage with a foot-note signed by the clergyman, to explain that the above couple had been registered under wrong names, and that he had married them over again a year after, to make sure!

Davis, thinking now, I suppose, that our amateur efforts were not succeeding, determined to apply to a lawyer in the village; so he and his grandfather consulted Mr Spiers, gave him all particulars, and got a promise that he would write to Australia to make inquiries. On Davis's return I asked him what Mr Spiers had said; but of course found that he had been too cautious to give an opinion; besides he had not been paid for it.

Some one now suggested that as Harris's father had been a sailor, perhaps Tom was born at sea. We discovered that there is a parish where such births are registered, and wrote accordingly to inquire. In a few days came a reply to the effect, that the books had been searched, but no such name was to be found.

We were getting in despair, beginning to think the whole affair a myth, when a fresh impetus was given to our energies by Davis bringing us the news that a gentleman was expected at the village in about two months who had actually known the said Harris in Australia; so for him we determined to wait. Meanwhile the cousins who were claiming the money through the illegitimate Harris were hard at work, writing and sending money to the lawyer in Australia, and receiving replies stating that he was doing all he could to elucidate the matter for them. Other cousins in the metropolis were also doing their best to establish their kinship and trace the pedigree of the Carsten Harris. It was quite wonderful how many relations started up in all quarters; and we used to get the most varied and perplexing accounts from time to time both from Davis and his grandfather, whom we often went to see. Poor old man! he had no money to send to the lawyer, which made us the more anxious to establish his claims, for it was clear that his deceased wife really was the nearest relative. He was a fine-looking old man, one of Nature's gentlemen, but very helpless in such a matter; and his gratitude to us was real and touching. He seemed surprised at the interest we took in it, and said: 'He could a'most cry to think any one should take so much trouble for him.' To add to his disquietude, his cousins, who lived some miles off at a place called Everston, told him all sorts of bewildering things, and tried to get out of him what *we* were doing and finding out. He could keep his own counsel however.

It now seemed that the only remaining thing I could do was to write to a cousin of ours a banker in Australia, thinking that if such a very large sum of money was really unappropriated, a banker in the same district would be not unlikely to know something of it. I wrote accordingly, told him the tale, and asked him if he could tell me aught of either the man or the money.

The next event of interest was the arrival of Mr Brown the gentleman from Australia, who was said to have known Tom Harris. Strange to say it turned out that it was to Mr Brown's father that Harris had taken letters of introduction long years before. Mr Brown told us that he knew him perfectly well; that he *was* born in the parish of Newcom. (This was satisfactory, as it quite proved that *our* man was the right one.) He could tell us nothing as to his death, having lost sight of him for some years. He knew he was wealthy, but doubted his

having left any such sum as a hundred thousand, adding that the lawyer whose name we mentioned as our authority for the whole matter was, he knew, a great rogue. Mr Brown intended returning shortly to Australia, and promised to make inquiry for us, offering meanwhile to write to his own man of business there, who would do what he could to find out the truth. This we gladly assented to, and forwarded to him a small sum of money, which a relation of old Davis's had offered to spend in the cause.

Some time now elapsed, and we were almost forgetting the thing, when one morning Davis told me that two people wished to see me, and that he had shewn them up-stairs. Up I went, and found two women, perfect strangers to me, in possession of the drawing-room. One was big, fat, and vulgar, sitting very upright on the edge of her chair with her hands crossed in front of her. The other was a fashionably dressed woman, with an indescribably French air about her; due in part perhaps to a handsome lace tie she had arranged with French grace. We saluted each other, and I sat down wondering what they could possibly want. They seemed at a loss how to begin. At last the French-looking one said: 'I believe you know something of the Harris money. I have been told you are acquainted with a gentleman who knew Mr Harris, and we have come to ask for his address.'

I thought: 'You may have come for it, but you are not likely to get it.' (I fancied how Mr Brown would feel if he were to be suddenly appealed to by all the Harrises from all quarters.)

I said: 'I know of a gentleman who knew Mr Harris; but he is not here at present' [he had left], 'and I am unable to give you his address.'

'Oh! can you give me no idea where I could see him? I am a dressmaker in Paris' [that accounted for the lace tie]. 'I only heard of this money two days ago. I took the first train for England, and came over to help sister to get the money. I don't wish it for myself—I have a good business—but for sister and her children.'

'There are others besides your sister who seem to have a better claim to it,' I observed. 'How do you prove your relationship?'

'Sister knows all about that. She is related to an old man called Harris at Carsten; and the lawyer says she has only to send out ten pounds to Australia to him and he will get the money for her. I am willing to go the length of two hundred pounds to help sister.'

I was sorry that the poor woman should risk the loss of her money, so I said: 'I think you had better not send any more money till we know more about it. I have been told this lawyer is not to be trusted.'

'O dear, yes! It is all right. He says sister is sure to get the money. Besides, he is Sir George Sleigh.'

This she seemed to think was a conclusive argument, and that I must be convinced that 'sister's' claims could not be disputed, and that a lawyer with a title was beyond distrust.

I next took some pains to convince them that even if Sir George's letters were all right, and their being the next of kin to the Carsten Harris proved, still he was not the man; that the date of his birth did not agree with that required, by many years; that we had traced the whole family

of our man, and that his probable date of birth quite agreed with the date given. I rang for Davis, thinking they might perhaps believe him. He however, did not seem inclined to have much to say to them; a French dressmaker was out of his line altogether, and he speedily retired. It was all no use. They thanked me, and asked me to let them know if I found out anything more, which I promised to do. They then departed, with their ideas evidently quite unshaken; indeed I am not sure they did not think I was deceiving them from interested motives.

It was now a year and half since we first commenced this hunt for a fortune. We had often anticipated the pleasure we should have in getting even a small part of this fabulous sum for old Davis and settling him in some neat little cottage with a garden, where instead of his daily hard work, he might enjoy his favourite occupation of growing cabbages, &c. Alas for our anticipations! One morning a letter arrived with the Australian post-marks, and in my cousin's writing. I was all eagerness to open it, thinking I should get some decisive information at last. I did so. A peal of laughter was the result, which brought the others to inquire the news. I read them the following: 'I wrote to a friend of mine, a banker in the neighbourhood you named, to make inquiries respecting the Harris affair. I think you will consider his reply decisive at least, though perhaps not satisfactory.' Here was a quotation from the banker's letter: 'With regard to old Harris, he is alive and kicking; I saw him the other day. He is not like dying, as far as I see. When he does, there is no chance of his leaving a hundred thousand pounds, though he is a very well-to-do man. Besides, he has a family of his own, who would of course inherit whatever he may leave. Sleigh is a great rogue; he has been trying the same game here with old Harris, telling him that a relation of his in England has left him a property there.'

'Alive and kicking!' More decisive than elegant certainly.

So this was the end of all our hopes and all our trouble. There was nothing to be done now but to tell poor Davis, which accordingly I did as sympathetically as possible. He took it very quietly, saying he never did believe in it! The old grandfather was sorely disappointed, but very grateful that we had found out the truth, and so saved him from thinking any more about it.

My cousin's letter was shortly followed by one from Mr Brown, corroborating the facts, and returning the money which had been sent to his lawyer, minus a trifling sum which had been expended before the facts were ascertained. Besides all this, Mr Brown had actually met old Harris at an elegant wedding-breakfast in the house of one of the leading men in the colony, the bride being a relation of his. Of course in such circumstances Mr Brown did not think it expedient to inform him of the anxiety of his relations concerning him.

We had at all events found the right man; but after this dénouement we thought it only kind to let the Harrises in Everston, &c. know the facts of the case. To our amazement, we were utterly discredited both by them and the French dressmaker; and we are told that they are actually still sending out money to 'Sir George,' who

obligingly informs them that his investigations are progressing favourably, and that he hopes soon to establish their claim to the Hundred Thousand Pounds!

[The foregoing tale, which we are assured is perfectly true, shews how cautiously we should receive statements of windfalls, from unknown sources. We are told that there are certain would-be lawyers in the colonies (if not nearer home) whose nefarious business it is to obtain sums of money from those to whom they transmit the intelligence of friends deceased, and money going begging! Their *modus operandi* is to write for money to assist them in negotiating with the colonial government for the realisation of the deceased's capital, and its transmission to the lucky (!) heir in Great Britain. Sum after sum is thus written for, and probably sent, by the unsuspecting victim; and so it goes on till the bubble bursts and the fraud is discovered.—Ed.]

WILD-BEES.

No winged insect has been more frequently written about or is better known than the honey-bee, which may be considered a civilised animal, living in hives under general observation. Few know anything about other tribes of bees who pursue a wild existence, making for themselves holes for a residence in mossy banks and other places suitable to their nature. We propose to say something as regards these wild-bees, which are very varied in appearance and character.

Some wild-bees are what is termed solitary, others are social. Solitary bees pair, and each pair have a separate nest. Social bees live together in large communities after the manner so familiar to every cottage gardener. Solitary bees are often gregarious, that is flock together; in fact no insect is fonder of society. Sandy tracts are the most frequented by them, more especially commons and sand-pits. The most usual habitat for solitary bees is a sand-pit; there one may see them busily driving their fairy-like tunnels into the perpendicular face of the bank with an energy and perseverance well worthy of our imitation. It is a very pretty scene, and not soon to be forgotten. Thousands of little insects are ceaselessly toiling for the sake of their young ones; all over the face of the pit may be seen countless holes so beautifully rounded as to give the impression that they have been all formed by one tool. Here is a bright-looking little bee busily opening a fresh tunnel. Let us watch her for a moment. Such digging and shovelling as never was seen; whilst down below, there springs up a little mound of soft sand, scraped out of the burrow by the hind-legs of the toiler. A little farther on is another burrow; the hole is beautifully circular, and the little heap of sand below is larger and dirtier, shewing that some hours have passed since the nest was finished. Suddenly down pops a pretty female bee close by the entrance to the tunnel. How active she has

been! Her body and legs are covered with pollen dust, which gives her a yellow hue. She is a little tired after her morning's work, and rests awhile, sunning herself on the face of the bank; very soon she runs quickly into her burrow and disappears from view. At the farthest end of the tunnel is a circular cell, carefully hammered round the sides, and made firm by a kind of glue, to prevent a fall of sand. In the middle of this cell is a round pellet of pollen and honey, and on this ball of food is placed the egg, whence in time will emerge a hungry and ravenous grub.

Some of our wild-bees are called 'artificers,' and their life-histories are among the most interesting of all. There are the plasterers, who belong to the genus *Colletes*, a word signifying 'a plasterer.' The plasterer bees burrow in sand or in the interstices of old walls. They are pre-eminently gregarious insects, enormous multitudes congregating together in one spot. They drive tunnels slightly larger than their own bodies; and having excavated the material in which they burrow to the depth of eight or ten inches, they begin the task of furnishing. They possess beautiful, two-lobed, flat tongues with rounded ends. These tongues serve the purposes of trowels, and by the help of them they plaster the interior of their tunnels with a peculiar fluid secreted in their glands. This soon hardens, forming a membrane more delicate than the thinnest gold-beater's skin, and resembling in its glitter the slimy track of a snail. Three or four of these membranes are successively formed, one inside another, and the cell is then stored with honey and pollen. An egg is laid, and the cell is sealed up with a cap of the same material. When completed, each is somewhat thimble-shaped; and several being formed in the same burrow, they fit most beautifully into each other, and furnish us with a most interesting illustration of insect architecture.

Then there are the mason bees, belonging to the genus *Osmia*. Although they are called mason bees as a group, some burrow in the earth, and others in the pith of bramble-sticks; but nearly all of them construct a kind of stone for the purpose of making their cells. They are pre-eminently spring insects; the commonest species, *Osmia bicornis*, is often abundant when the laburnum is in flower. Its habits vary according to circumstances, and its nests are found in nearly every imaginable situation. Two kinds of mason bees choose empty snail-shells for their homes. In selecting a shell, the bee sometimes pitches upon an unusually large one with a very roomy whorl. In such cases she fills the space by forming two cells side by side; and when she reaches the opening of the shell, and finds the mouth of the whorl too large for even this device, she constructs a couple of cells transversely. One species of this interesting genus, found in Perthshire, forms its cocoons in the hollow cavities beneath flat stones. A stone was once found at Glen Almond the size of which was ten inches by six; and no less than two hundred and thirty cocoons were found adhering to it.

From the masons let us turn to the upholsterers or tapestry bees, a very interesting race of little creatures, which cut with singular agility circular pieces out of the leaves and flowers of trefoil poppies and scarlet geraniums. Their jaws are robust and specially fitted for this purpose. These pieces of floral upholstery they use for covering in their cells, which are formed sometimes underground and at others in decayed wood. They belong chiefly to the genus *Megachile*; but there is one not belonging to this genus which is of equal interest with them, whose habits are thus quaintly but accurately described by White in his *Natural History of Selborne*. 'There is a sort of wild-bee frequenting the garden campanion for the sake of its tomentum, which probably it turns to some purpose in the business of nidification. It is very pleasant to see with what address it strips off the pubes running from the top to the bottom of a branch, and shaving it bare with the dexterity of a hoop-shaver. When it has got a vast bundle almost as large as itself, it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and fore-legs.' This pretty bee has often been noticed by observers. The woolly material she gathers for the protection of her nest, for the latter is usually fixed in some exposed position, needing not only secrecy but protection from fogs and storms.

Some of our wild-bees do not make any nests of their own, but inhabit the homes of other species, though whether they pay any rent for the accommodation they obtain is to say the least doubtful. Such bees are called parasites, a name borrowed from the well-known social character sometimes called a sponge. Whether these insects are really parasites in the sense of getting as much as they can out of other people, is not known. Some parasites habitually accompany particular species, in whose nests they are invariably found; others frequent the nests of a variety of species. Again, some of the parasites are so like their landlords, that a suspicion attaches to them that they deceive them by the similarity of their appearance; whilst on the other hand some are so different that no industrious bee with any *nous* in its head could possibly mistake them for its brothers and sisters. The most probable use these parasites serve is to prevent the waste of surplus food, as Nature everywhere provides scavengers. Some of them are dowdy in their appearance, and others are gaudily dressed, rivalling the colours of the wasp. The most gaudy are those belonging to the genus *Nomada*. These insects are true nomads, for we find them everywhere in the bright days of May wandering at their own sweet will over the fields, lanes, and woodlands. Industrious bees vary in the manner in which they treat their lodgers. Some live with them on very friendly terms, but others never meet them without picking a quarrel.

The beautiful brushes with which female bees are provided either on their hind-legs or on their bodies are entirely wanting in the parasitic species; but it is curious to note that the absence of these brushes does not always denote that the insect is a parasite, for several genera of industrious bees are quite destitute of them.

We cannot stop to describe at length the interesting carpenter bees; the singular long-horned bee (*Eucera longicornis*), the only British representative of a tribe very numerous abroad; or

the fantastic *Dasypoda hirtipes*, with its densely tufted legs; or the interesting genus *Anthophora*—one or two species of which are the harbingers of spring, and the males of which have their legs feathered like a spaniel's; and we have only room to glance very superficially at the well-known and fine insects known as 'humble' or more correctly 'hummer' bees. These insects abound in every part of our land, and in fact inhabit nearly every portion of the globe except Australia and New Zealand. They are most abundant in cold climates, and many of them inhabit the Arctic regions. Each community is composed of three classes of individuals, males, females, and workers. The females or queens are immediately recognised by their large size; and as a rule the workers closely resemble them in colour, but are much smaller. The males are usually larger than the workers, and have bigger heads; but they differ from them very materially in personal appearance, and are generally brighter and more active. Amongst hummer bees the males often vary to a marvellous extent. Worker bees are really inferior females, and have stings and lay eggs.

Their life-history is as follows: At the end of autumn all the males and workers die. The females hide themselves in crannies, where they pass the winter in a state of torpidity called hibernation. As soon as the spring has fairly set in, and almost before the hedges have sprung into leaf, they emerge from their hiding-places; and after a few hours of idleness, they commence the work of fixing upon a home. Each female selects a suitable spot, and having furnished the retreat with wax and honey, she lays eggs, which invariably produce workers, who soon arrive at maturity and assist their parent in the building and completing of the nest. More eggs are laid, and more workers appear. By-and-by male bees are developed, and the nest is by September pretty well supplied with occupants. With the first cold days at the end of autumn the males and workers die off, leaving the females to survive the winter and start a fresh circle of bee-life. A hummer bee's nest is a kind of hostelry, whereunto all kinds of insects resort. Mites, beetles, moths, worms, caterpillars, and two-winged flies often swarm in them. Hummer bees who build their combs in moss are called carders. Although they usually construct their nests of moss, they do not hesitate to use other substances when they are more handy. Cases have been known in which they have diligently collected horse-hairs from stable-yards, and they have repeatedly been noticed to take possession of birds' nests, and once even to build up their combs round the eggs which a robin had but just laid.

Such are our British wild-bees. A large volume might be written on their habits and the structure of their nests; but we have done the best we can with the limited space at our disposal to give the reader a general knowledge of these little creatures, which if superficial, may yet perhaps incite to a study of their economy; and if so, this little article, humble as it is, may be the means of introducing some one to a most entertaining field of study in the coming spring.

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TALKERS.

Who does not like to hear a really good talker—whether in the public room or the private circle? Men may glibly quote the adage, 'Speech is silvern but silence is golden;' yet it must be acknowledged that the silent man is, as a rule, at a great disadvantage, compared with his neighbour who can use his tongue well, and is as the phrase goes 'good company.'

But how comparatively few are the talkers with whom we can find no fault! Some are too egotistical, others too censorious. One man annoys us by being too argumentative; another by assenting too readily to all that we say, and thus, anomalous as it may seem, blocking the road to conversation, by sheer want of obstruction. Then there are the double-tongued talkers, the inquisitive, and the grandiloquent; all of whom are objectionable.

On the subject of 'talkers,' an interesting book has been recently written by Mr Bate, and in it we find the above classes and many others dwelt upon. Of most varieties, illustrations are given, and without attempting to enter into the subject further, our purpose is simply to bring a few of these illustrations before our readers. In the chapter devoted to 'the egotist' we have an excellent example of how one of those worthies was served:

"I was to dine with the Admiral to-night," said a naval lieutenant once; "but I have so many invitations elsewhere that I can't go."

"I am going, and I'll apologise," said a brother-officer

"O don't trouble yourself."

"But I must," said the officer; "for the Admiral's invitation, like that of the Queen, is a command."

"Neyer mind; pray, don't mention my name," rejoined the lieutenant.

"For your own sake, I certainly will," was the reply.

'At length the hero of a hundred cards stammered

out: "Don't say a word about it; I had a hint to stay away."

"A hint to stay away! Why so?"

"The fact is I - wasn't invited."

Egotists are an intolerable set of bores. Everything they say is interlarded with 'I;' it is I, I, throughout. Into all conversations they drag allusions to themselves. In some cases their egotism is grotesque, but usually offensive. It should be part of education to put young persons on their guard against interlarding their conversation with 'I.' Lord Erskine was a great egotist. One day in conversation with Curran, he casually asked what Grattan said of himself. This was a splendid opportunity for Curran giving Lord Erskine an indirect set-down.

'Said of himself!' was Curran's astonished reply. 'Nothing. Grattan speak of himself! Why sir, Grattan is a great man. Sir, torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan; a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march, like the trumpeter of a puppet-show. Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire and incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either the one or the other.'

Curran objected to Byron's talking of himself as a great drawback on his poetry. 'Any subject,' he said, 'but that eternal one of self! I am weary of knowing periodically the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I would as soon read a register of the weather; the barometer up to so many inches to-day, and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel scepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper—things that come as regular and notorious as the full of the moon.'

How a simple statement may be twisted, turned, and magnified by the tongues of tale-bearers is well illustrated by the following, which is said to have actually occurred:

'The servant of No. 1 told the servant of No. 2 that her master expected his old friends the Bayleys to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing until it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last, No. 33, that the Bow Street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1 for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed!'

The most amusing chapter in the book is that devoted to the 'inquisitive' talker, and, as a matter of course, our author crosses the Atlantic for some of his specimens of this kind.

'A genuine Yankee in San Francisco having bored a new-comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means, and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family.

"Yes sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

'After this reply the couple sat a few minutes in silence, then the interrogator again commenced:

"Was you ever blind sir?"

"No sir."

"Did you marry a widow sir?"

"No sir."

'Another interval of silence.

"Did I understand you to say sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes sir; I so stated it."

'Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired: "How can it be sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

We are not told to what country the individual belonged who got so well matched in the following story, but we will hope that he was not English or Scotch. 'A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than good-breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything—took the liberty to question Alexander Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, Mr Dumas?" he began.

"I am sir," replied M. Dumas, who had seen enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass—"an ape sir! My pedigree commences where yours terminates."

'We next give two specimens of the 'pleonast,' whose conversation is full of inflated expressions.

'A certain gentleman was once speaking to a few friends on the subject of happiness, and in giving his experience as to where it could not be found, he is said to have spoken thus: "I sought for happiness where it could not be found; I looked for felicity where it could not be discovered; I inquired after bliss in those places, situations, and circumstances which neither bliss, nor felicity, nor happiness ever visited. Thus it remained with little change, and continued without much alteration, all through the days of my youth, the years of my juvenility, and the period of my adolescence."

"Is that really your experience?" said one who was listening; "and do you intend that as a caution to us against seeking happiness in the same way?"

"Most positively and assuredly I do. Profoundly impressed with the veracity of these sentiments, deeply sensible of their correctness, and heartily persuaded and assured and convinced of their consonance with truth, I urge and press upon your attention what I have above and before couched and expressed in such simple and plain and intelligible language, and language easily to be understood withal."

'Another of these talkers who encumber their ideas with such "a plethora of words" was once speaking of a man who was found drowned in a canal in the neighbourhood where he lived, and expressed himself thus: "He is supposed to have perpetrated, committed, and done voluntarily, willingly, and of himself, destruction, suicide, and drowning, while in a mood of mental aberration; superinduced, brought about, and effected by long indulgence in and continued habits of *inhaling*, drinking, and swallowing, to inebriation and drunkenness, intoxicating fluids."

These specimens are only exaggerations, for it is difficult to believe that any one would speak in such a ridiculous fashion. We do not however, experience the same difficulty in accepting the following illustration of the double-tongued talker.

"What darling little cherubs your twins are," said Mrs Horton to Mrs Shenstone in an afternoon gathering of ladies at her house. "I really should be proud of them if they were mine; such lovely eyes, such rosy cheeks," &c. Adding: "Dear darlings! come and kiss me."

Mrs Shenstone smiled complacently in return, and shortly after retired from the room, when the two "little cherubs" approached their prodigious admirer, with a view to make friends and impress upon her the solicited kiss. Instantly however, she put them at arm's-length from her, saying to the lady who sat next her: "What pests these little things are, treading on my dress and obtruding their presence on me like this! I do wish Mrs Shenstone had taken them out of the room, with her."

The following are amongst the illustrations of the grandiloquent style of talk, and with these we conclude our paper.

A minister—and one of the fraternity, namely the Rev. Paxton Hood, is quoted as the authority for the story—described a tear as 'that small particle of aqueous fluid, trickling from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, betokening grief.'

Another minister, speaking in the presence of a few friends, who had met for the purpose of promoting the interests of a certain Young Men's Christian Association, relieved himself in the following manner: 'When I think of this organisation with its complex powers, it reminds me of some stupendous mechanism which shall spin electric bands of stupendous thought and feeling, illuminating the vista of eternity with coruscations of brilliancy, and binding the mystic brow of eternal ages with a tiara of never-dying beauty; whilst for those who have trampled on the truth of Christ, it shall spin from its terrible form, toils of eternal funeral bands, darker and darker, till sunk to the lowest abyss of destiny!'

A certain American was once talking of Liberty, when he said: 'White-robed Liberty sits upon her rosy clouds above us; the Genius of our country, standing on her throne of mountains, bids her eagle standard-bearer wind his spiral course, full in the sun's proud eye; while the Genius of Christianity, surrounded by ten thousand cherubim and seraphim, moves the panorama of the milky clouds above us, and floats in immortal fragrance—the very aroma of Eden through all the atmosphere!'

TWICE WOODED, TWICE WON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE day fixed for the marriage was the 18th of July. The weather was lovely; my heart heavy when I stepped into the carriage which was sent to convey me to the church. Roland was already there. A few minutes afterwards, the bride, accompanied by her mother, joined us. Claudia was white as marble till her eyes met those of her enamoured bridegroom. She was elegantly yet simply dressed for travelling, as they were to leave town for Dover immediately after the ceremony. Roland's carriage was standing at the church door waiting to take them the first stage of their journey. And yet I was outwardly calm. I heard the words of that solemn service as one in a dream. It was over; and I was awakened by Roland gaily introducing Claudia as 'Mrs Mornington.' He looked radiant, and would have hurried her from the vestry to the carriage; but the mother and daughter, who had so far borne up bravely, now fairly broke down, and wept in each other's arms. Roland's countenance instantly changed; the forbidding expression I knew so well, stole over it; his face flushed darkly, and he made a sign to me to put an end to this affecting scene. I obeyed; and gently drawing Claudia from the mother's arms, I placed her in charge of her husband, who in his vexation scarcely offered his arm to receive her.

'Ah! how much safer,' I thought, 'was she in that tender maternal embrace than with one who could already feel displeased with his gentle bride.' Happily she knew it not; and by the time they reached the carriage Roland was again radiant, Claudia smiling through her tears. Then came more fond adieus. Another moment, they were gone.

It had been arranged that Madame Francini should go at once to Mornington Hall, and superintend the alterations and improvements

which were to be made during the absence of the newly married pair; so my next task was to escort that lady to the station, from which she was to start for her journey to Yorkshire. We parted with a promise on my part to pay her a visit on my way to the moors in August. It was fortunate for me that I was more than usually engaged for the remainder of the term. I had scarcely time to think. By degrees, however, I became more reconciled, even trying to persuade myself that the woman I loved was happy.

The first week in August brought me a characteristic missive from my aunt, summoning me to M'Ivor Castle. 'In a few days,' she wrote, 'the house will be full of men. How is a poor lone woman to cater for their amusement? Pray, come at the very earliest date.—Archie is quite well, and joins in best love with yours distractedly,

FRANCES M'Ivor.'

My arrangements were accordingly made for my annual visit to the north, this time varied by the short one I had promised to Madame Francini. I arrived at the *Mornington Arms* early on a lovely evening, which tempted me to stroll across the park to the Hall. It was a stately old mansion, approached by a magnificent avenue of chestnuts, the extent of which gave me a longer walk than I expected. Madame Francini received me most cordially; and when I had done justice to the hospitable fare provided for me, she asked me if I would inspect the improvements, which were now completed, for the reception of the wedded pair. She shewed me with evident pride and satisfaction the elegant suite of apartments which had been appropriated to her own use.

'I must say,' she cheerfully remarked, 'that my son-in-law has done me much honour—these beautiful rooms having been his mother's.'

I observed that these were in the opposite wing to that which would be occupied by Roland and his wife. 'Where were they when you last heard from them?' I inquired.

'Claudia last wrote from Rome,' was the answer. 'At first, I received a letter nearly every day; latterly, not so often. They were going to leave when she wrote, which she seemed rather to regret; her artistic taste would, I know, be so charmed there. But they have never stayed more than two or three days in one place, Roland seems so to like change.'

I sighed, for this disposition seemed to me far from favourable to domestic happiness; but left Madame Francini full of the joyful anticipation of receiving her daughter in the splendid home which was prepared for her.

The following day I arrived at my aunt M'Ivor's Highland castle, and was soon immersed in all the arrangements for the forthcoming Twelfth and the guests the day would bring. The lively party, the shooting, and above all the thorough change of scene and occupation, were of great service to my health and spirits. This and my aunt's urgent request induced me to stay to the very last day of the long-vacation, or I should again have broken my journey home at Mornington Hall; not that I should have seen the newly married pair, for Madame Francini had written to tell me they were still abroad—she believed in Paris; but Claudia wrote so very seldom, that she could not be sure. She was almost tired, she

said, of expecting them, they had so often disappointed her. Poor mother! I know what the hope deferred must be to her. I was not much surprised at Roland's silence, for I knew it was his nature to be completely engrossed by the one object which interested him, whatever it might be, for the time. I sincerely hoped that this engrossing object of interest might still be his young wife.

They remained on the continent—as I heard from Madame Francini—still constantly travelling from place to place till November. They had then written to announce their intended return to England; but a second letter—this time from Roland—told the anxious mother that Claudia not being well enough to travel, they would delay their return home till nearer Christmas, and remain at Paris quietly on her account for the ensuing six weeks.

In vain Madame Francini pleaded that if her daughter were ill, she would be better under her care. A short and constrained letter from Claudia told her that she had no doubt Roland was right, and that she hoped to be quite well by the time now finally fixed for their meeting.

About the same time I received a short note from Roland, slightly alluding to his wife's delicate health. 'She is however, much better in Paris than cooped up in a country-house where there is nothing to amuse her. For my part,' he wrote, 'I quite dread the dullness of Mornington. But I suppose we must be there before Christmas. I hope you will be charitable, and spend the so-called festive season with us.'

It was quite impossible for me to accept this invitation. In the first place, my father and mother would have felt themselves slighted had I done so; and secondly, I had resolved not to throw myself voluntarily into Claudia's society; so I at once declined it. The next note I received from Roland told me that they were at length at home, and that he was much vexed at my refusal to join their party. But not a word from either Claudia or her mother; which struck me as being singular. Still I hoped that all was well.

After this, I heard nothing whatever from the family at Mornington Hall till the end of May, when Madame Francini wrote to inform me of the birth of a grandchild; that the young mother's life had been in extreme danger, but that she was slowly recovering, and that Roland was much vexed and disappointed that the infant was a girl.

'Ungrateful wretch!' was my heart's bitter cry. 'Why should this man have the choicest blessing heaven can give heaped upon him? all undeserving as he is—so incapable of appreciating so precious a gift!'

I wrote a few lines of genuine congratulation to him; which elicited the following heartless reply:

DEAR GERALD—Thanks for your good wishes and felicitations. They are well meant, I know; but when you have been married a year, if you do not wish yourself well out of the scrape, you are very unlike yours always,

ROLAND MORNINGTON.

The blow had fallen upon her then. His fickle shallow nature had tired of the rare flower so recklessly culled. He had hurried into a marriage which he now deplored as an inconvenient restraint, and for which he blamed his

innocent and unoffending wife. This then was the reason of the mother's silence. I saw it all. It was clear that situated as she was, she could not betray the secrets of the household; yet something must be done to rescue that young life from misery, if possible. I used to have some little influence over Roland; so I resolved to propose a visit to the Hall, that I might judge of the real state of affairs there. I addressed my note to Mrs Mornington, in case he should be from home. A rather formal reply from Claudia informed me that her husband was in Paris, and that glad as they would be to see me, she and her mother thought it would be more agreeable to me to visit them when he was at home.

I was much disappointed. I could not force myself upon them; still my anxiety for Claudia's welfare induced me to make another effort to see her. I wrote once more from M'Ivor Castle in the autumn, proposing to take Mornington on my way home, should Roland have returned by the end of October and I hear nothing to the contrary. But at the time I should have left Scotland for this visit, Madame Francini wrote to say that Roland was still on the continent; adding that Claudia and the baby were well.

'Thank God for that!' I sighed. 'But still something must be terribly wrong.'

Months rolled on; my thwarted love and the sorrow which it brought were gradually yielding to the healing influence of time; my profession, ever increasing, was more and more absorbing, and my young ward at M'Ivor Castle becoming more interesting to me. During my last visit to his mother, Archie and I had become fast friends, and now we corresponded. It was early spring; the great square inclosure before the windows of my business quarters—so misnamed 'fields'—was for a brief period looking fresh and verdant. The fine genial weather had raised my spirits, and I was smiling over the little Baronet's last epistle, in which he informed me that he now knew the Church Catechism, when my clerk handed me a card, saying that the lady wished to see me. Ah, that name! The revulsion of feeling it caused was so overwhelming that then, then I knew my heart's dear love had only slumbered. It was not dead.

My visitor was Madame Francini. I received her with suppressed emotion. She was pale and breathless.

'I fear, madame,' I said, 'my stairs have fatigued you; pray, be seated.'

'It is not your stairs, dear Mr Burgogne, which have affected me; it is the painful nature of my errand to you.'

I started. 'Your daughter is, I trust, well?'

'It is indeed of my Claudia I would speak,' she sobbed.

'Pray, dear lady, be composed, and try to allay my fears. She lives?' I hoarsely whispered.

'She exists,' was the answer.

I drew a long breath of relief.

But she mournfully continued: 'Her life is a living death. You know her well enough, Mr Burgogne, to be sure that it is for no trivial reason she wishes to be separated from her husband, and for that separation to be if possible a divorce.'

I started from my chair. 'Has it really come to this?' I asked, trembling with indignation.

'I repeat it,' said the agonised mother; 'for

Claudia there remains but divorce, or death.' She pointed to a carafe of water which stood upon my table. I hastened to add some wine, of which she was greatly in need. As she returned the glass, she said: 'Now I will try to tell my miserable story.' With great difficulty controlling her emotion, she reminded me of our last meeting at Mornington Hall. 'You found me,' she said, 'preparing for the reception of my beloved child and the husband of her love, at their home. You left me anticipating with all a mother's joy the great happiness of that meeting, indulging the fond hope of passing the remainder of my life in that home with my children. That dream was short—the awakening, the night of their arrival. The moment I saw my Claudia in a well-lighted room, I was painfully struck by the sad change in her. She looked worn and thin, with a vivid flush on her cheeks which made her eyes unnaturally bright. Roland had stayed at the hall entrance giving orders to his coachman, as if he had merely been out for an ordinary drive. This surprised me. But my attention was at the moment arrested by Claudia's exhausted condition. She sank upon a sofa directly she was relieved of her wraps, saying she was so fatigued that she would rather go to bed at once, and have some tea taken up-stairs. Before I had time to answer, Roland threw open the door and entered with considerable noise. He took my proffered hand somewhat roughly; then immediately seating himself at table, expressed a hope that there was something fit to eat, for the voyage had given him a powerful appetite. I was thunder-struck by this behaviour. Was this the courteous gentleman who but a few months before had thanked me so affectionately for giving him my *one* treasure? I just managed to ask him to excuse us, as Claudia was unable to sit up any longer.

"Oh! tired as usual, I suppose!" he exclaimed with a sneer. "Your daughter, madame, has grown quite a fine lady."

"I should have answered him as he deserved, if Claudia had not given me an imploring look; so in silence I was leading her from the room, when he called out: "Mind, I won't be disturbed to-night."

"She made no answer. As we slowly ascended the stairs, she said in a broken voice which went to my very heart: "Take me to your room, dear mamma."

"I hesitated. "Is it wise to offend him, my darling?" I asked.

"I would not risk his displeasure for the world," she replied. "But this will not offend him; you heard what he said."

"I was greatly shocked. What could have wrought this change? Still," added Madame Francini, "I forbore to distress her with questions. I had a sensitive dread of anything like interference between the husband and wife.

"For the greater part of that night I sat up beside my darling long after she had sighed herself to sleep. Bewildered and sorely grieved at this unexpected downfall of all my hopes, one source of consolation was left to me. I found she was likely to become a mother. This circumstance somewhat allayed my first fears for her health; but others succeeded. I therefore sent for the family doctor the following morning, on my own responsibility. Never shall I forget

my anxious suspense during his searching questions. However, he at last gave his opinion that his patient was only suffering from excessive fatigue caused by over-travelling; and ordered that she should not leave her bed for at least a week.'

I have thus far, as well as I can recollect, given Madame Francini's account in her own words; but I must condense the sad recital. It was that of a succession of insults to both mother and daughter; the former enduring all for the sake of her child. At one time, the idea occurred to her that *her* presence in the house might be distasteful to her son-in-law, and she resolved, painful as the parting would be, to propose leaving. She entreated him to be candid with her on the subject. He then told her he preferred, as he expressed it, 'to have some one with common-sense in the house, one too who never seemed tired of being shut up with an invalid; an existence,' he added, 'which would kill him in a week.'

Thus convinced that she was necessary to her son-in-law as well as to her own child, Madame Francini took her position in the house with somewhat more comfort to herself. She was all in all to Claudia, who, after returning the calls of the neighbouring county families, was unable to go more into society. The only peace she enjoyed was during her husband's frequent absences from home. At such times the mother and daughter enjoyed each other's society, by tacit and mutual consent avoiding all conversation relating to Roland, who now scarcely took the trouble to conceal his aversion to all connected with his unfortunate wife. It had absolutely become necessary that a separation should take place; and it was imperative that the assistance of the law be now sought.

"I can prove gross acts of cruelty," said Madame Francini. "It was he who endangered her life before her child was born, and frequently since, in his rage"—

"Good heavens, madame," I interrupted, "have you then ventured to leave her with him?"

"No. He left home yesterday for Paris."

I was pacing the room—my way when agitated. Now I sat down again, and prepared to take notes of her communication.

"I know," continued Madame Francini, "that Claudia could tell of many acts of violence which she kept from me. I was witness to some. The first was that to which I have just alluded."

She then told me that one evening when Roland was as usual from home, she and her daughter were together in their usual sitting-room, which opened with French-windows upon a terrace overlooking the park. Their conversation turned upon the old days when music was at once their chief occupation and pleasure.

"Now," said madame, "we never hear a single note. Do, my child, sing for me this evening."

"Do not ask me, dear mamma," said Claudia; "I really dare not."

"You dare not! What can you mean?" asked the mother.

"I mean," was the reply, "that Roland never allowed me to sing before his foreign friends, in case they should discover that I had been a professional singer. I conclude he would be equally averse to it here."

But Madame Francini, accustomed as she was to his whims and inconsistencies, naturally imagined that the prohibition could not extend to them when alone; so she repeated her request still more urgently. Claudia at last consented, and timidly at first tried one of her mother's favourite songs, then another with more confidence, till with the renewed enjoyment of the music she loved, her voice resumed its old power, and she was singing as exquisitely as ever, when the glass doors from the terrace were violently burst open, and Roland, trembling with passion, stood before them. 'What do you mean, Claudia,' he raved, 'by presuming to sing against my wishes? The servants all listening and gaping round the house. Do you think the greatest fool among them can mistake your professional style?' Saying which, he pushed her, unprepared as she was, from the music-stool; and she fell heavily to the ground.

Her mother rushed to her side as she lay there a lifeless heap, and found that she had fainted. In her terror she branded him with having killed her child. He appeared frightened; and taking his young wife in his strong arms, without an effort he placed her upon a sofa, while her distracted mother rang for assistance, and made use of such means as were at hand for the restoration of the unconscious girl.

On the arrival of the doctor she was carried up to the bed which was well-nigh that of death, and from which she did not rise for many weeks after her little girl was born. Madame Francini hoped on that occasion to awaken the newly made father to something like tenderness; but his only reply to news which, under the circumstances, might have touched a heart of stone, was that he would have thanked her for her information had the child been a son.

After Claudia's recovery, Roland's conduct became more reckless than ever, and worse than all, he made no secret of hating the child. As it was delicate at first, he was asked a few hours after its birth by what name he would have it baptised. 'Anything, as long as it is decidedly English,' was his answer—thus prohibiting the name of Claudia.

Madame Francini knew that it would gratify her daughter to name the infant after herself; it was therefore christened Beatrice Lascelles. To this little creature Claudia attached herself with more than a mother's ordinary love. Aware of her husband's feelings towards the child, she scarcely allowed it out of her sight. This great anxiety, the undefined dread which possessed her, added to his violence, and to grosser acts which I will not pain the reader by mentioning, were at last too much for nerves and health so cruelly enfeebled; and it was quite evident that nothing short of being placed legally and completely out of her husband's power, would save Claudia. The doctors talked of incipient consumption, and recommended the south of France; but only those who knew the truth, knew also the remedy. Not to fatigue the reader with unnecessary details, I will shortly state that the solicitor I employed wrote to Roland on the subject. I soon received the following lines from him:

DEAR BURGOGNE—I am sorry to find that you are mixed up in this most unpleasant affair. You will say that I ought to have followed your advice.

You disapproved of my foolish marriage from the first; and my best neighbour and old friend Lord Loftus has cut me, because I did not marry his daughter. The fact is Lady Barbara and I were all but engaged; I may say it was quite an understood thing in the family; so I have lost his friendship, worse still, his parliamentary influence as well, by my folly. Of course I shall not attempt a defence.—Yours as ever,

ROLAND MORNINGTON.

A decree for the divorce was pronounced. Ah, why did my every nerve quiver, my every pulse beat with tumultuous emotion when I knew that Claudia was free! True, she was no longer a wife; but to her pure mind that kind of freedom did not signify the enfranchisement which would permit her to seek happiness in the love of another; nor would my own principles, I trust, have allowed me to offer it under the circumstances in which she was now placed. Then why should the words 'Claudia is free,' in spite of my earnest endeavours to banish them from my mind, haunt me like the refrain of a song? I know not; I can only state the fact.

I was to see her once more only before she left England. It was arranged that she with her mother and child were to start for the south of France almost immediately; the precise locality only remained to be chosen.

I dare not trust myself to describe that last interview. Claudia looked more like some beautiful marble statue of her former self, than the bright original, excepting when her eyes rested upon her child; then a tender smile would steal over the passionless stillness of her features. It was evidently her one earthly consolation. I offered up a silent prayer that it might be spared to her; for I saw that in the separation from that blossom, the fragile parent flower would follow.

Soon a long and most interesting letter from Madame Francini told me of their arrival at Villa Franca, of their picturesque and pleasant residence there, and of her daughter's improved health and spirits. The little one promised to be a second Claudia—and was well and happy. Two or three other letters followed, all containing the same satisfactory account. 'The life here,' wrote Madame Francini, 'is one of perfect peace. It is this peace which is, more than all the lovely scenery or the pure air, restoring to me my beloved child.'

Then came a long silence. I had written last, and felt vexed with Madame Francini for disappointing me. With my feelings towards Claudia, I would not have drawn Claudia herself into a correspondence with me for the world. So again I wrote to her mother expressing my anxiety. Her answer told me that I had indeed cause for it. Evidently written in great agitation, it began abruptly with these words: 'He is here!' The writer went on to state that Roland had first made his appearance at church the previous Sunday. As he never used to enter one, it could only be to throw himself in their way. Claudia nearly fainted at the sight of him. The next day he had discovered their peaceful abode; for he was seen near the house several times. Already Claudia had determined to give up her pleasant rambles with her child, and would not allow it to be taken out of the house without her. 'All our peace is at

an end,' wrote the unhappy lady. 'Claudia is excited and restless; her eyes have already acquired the startled expression, her cheek the vivid flush which before filled me with apprehension. Pray, write, and advise us if you can.'

I was terribly vexed and indignant. What counsel could I give? It was quite clear that Roland could not be compelled to leave the place. It was open to all who chose to go. The only hope was that he would soon tire of so quiet a spot. Formerly, he would not have endured it for a week. He had already been there longer. His design might be merely to annoy. But it was more probable that he had some ulterior motive for selecting it, as when a second week had nearly passed he still remained, while the little family at the villa still feared to venture beyond the garden, which fortunately was of sufficient extent to afford them daily exercise.

My advice was, that should Roland continue by his presence to keep them prisoners, they should make arrangements for leaving the place as soon as they conveniently could, even if they went for a time to a less agreeable locality. I thought he would scarcely so far disregard that proof of their wish to avoid him, as to follow them.

After this came another long silence. I forbore to write, as I thought they might possibly have been compelled to leave their residence on the coast. Still Madame Francini might write; though she could never guess the deep devoted interest I took in all that concerned her daughter. I knew not what construction to put upon her strange silence. At last my doubts were solved. A letter in Madame Francini's well-known hand was before me. I tore it open as if some presentiment of evil possessed me; but not for one moment did I imagine of what nature. These words informed me: '*Claudia and her husband are once more reconciled!*'

The letter dropped from my nerveless hands. For some moments, during which my brain seemed to be all but paralysed, I was unable to read it. At length I locked my door from all intruders, and nerved myself for the bitter task. The letter filled many pages, and might have been written with tears, so freely they had flowed from the eyes of her who wrote them. Here however, I can only give an epitome of the unhappy mother's pathetic account.

When the two ladies had remained resolutely confined to the house or garden for a fortnight, Claudia received a letter from Roland, which threw her into violent agitation. At first she would not open it; but the desire to know his motive for following her, induced her to do so. The letter breathed the deepest repentance, and the writer implored her to answer it, if even to tell him that it was of no avail. She thought it prudent to refrain from entering into a correspondence. But another letter from him more urgent than the first caused her to waver. She would have told him he was forgiven—as no doubt he was by that sweet saint—but for her mother's wise counsel. Then came a third still more penitent letter, imploring his 'once loving Claudia' to grant him a sight of the child. Surely that was a favour a father might reasonably ask even of the woman who had so much to forgive.

This quite broke down the young mother's reso-

lution. The daily walks should be renewed, which, after all, she thought necessary for her child's health; and the father should look upon her darling. Claudia asked her mother to accompany her to the trysting-place, for so it might be called; but Madame Francini declined to countenance the meeting in any way; so Claudia, wayward for the first time in her life, set out with the little girl and her nurse to meet him, who with all his sins against her, had been the husband of her youth. The interview was short, but had evidently made a deep impression upon Claudia. On her return, she told her mother that she was now convinced of the sincerity of his repentance—that he was in ecstasies with the beauty of their little daughter; and that he had by the tenderness which the sight of the child had awakened in him, made her feel as if she had been too hasty, in fact almost wicked in insisting upon a divorce!

Poor Madame Francini heard all this with dismay. She was a sincerely religious woman, and could not bring herself to trust one who had no faith. She dwelt upon this point most earnestly with her daughter; but in vain. Roland had resumed much of his old power over her, and her heart was filled with self-reproach for what she termed her desertion.

After this meeting, Madame Francini decided to accompany her daughter in her walks, in the hope that the man she dreaded would not venture to molest them in her presence. At such times he would bow with the utmost respect to the ladies, and never failed to caress the child. From these walks, which used to bring back the glow of health to the cheek of the invalid, Claudia now returned feverish and unhappy. Her peace was at an end. The crisis was at hand. One morning, when Madame Francini had gone to early service as usual, Claudia was at home alone preparing breakfast. She heard the garden-gate swing to, and thinking it could only be her mother—though considerably earlier than usual—returned from church, she ran to open the door for her. The surprise was almost too much for her when she beheld Roland; and in her agitation she would have fallen but for his supporting arms. He had doubtless called to his aid all his subtle power of fascination; for when Madame Francini returned—her entrance being unobserved—he was kneeling before Claudia, calling her by every endearing name and imploring her forgiveness. Quite unabashed, he turned to her mother, and entreated her to speak for him; but she indignantly reproved him for his intrusion; and while he poured forth the most vehement protestations of repentant sorrow for the past, she heard him with increased distrust; Claudia alas! with that pity which too surely was fast melting into rekindled love.

The distressing letter concluded with these heart-rending words: 'I have reasoned with my child; I have used every argument I can think of; but all alas! in vain! In all probability, by the time you receive this, Roland Mornington and Claudia will again be solemnly betrothed.'

The mother's fears were realised. The daughter's heart, full of divine compassion, returned to its first love, and in less than a month from the date of Madame Francini's foregoing letter I received the fatal news of their re-marriage. Yes! at the

end of one year from the date of the divorce, Roland and Claudia were again man and wife.

'They were reunited at the little church,' wrote Madame Francini, 'which my poor child and I have attended ever since we came here. The good priest who has been so valuable a friend to us became also the friend of Roland; his mission being one of peace, his creed against divorce, no wonder he took the part of the repentant husband. God grant he may be right. But he saw not as I saw, the sinister smile of triumph which curled Roland's lip at the very altar; he heard not the tone in which he said to me: "I know, madame, I have your good wishes. Believe me, they are reciprocal!"' Claudia looked as confidently happy as on the morning when she first became a wife. Her tears only began to flow when she took leave of her little girl. "Only for a few days, my darling!" she murmured as she fondly pressed the child to her heart; then kissing me affectionately, said: "I know I need not ask my dearest mother to take care of her till we meet again, for the sake of her Claudia!"'

It was arranged that the re-married pair should go to Montpelier for a week, during which time Madame Francini was to prepare for returning to England with them. She was comforted with one happy letter from her daughter. 'Have no fears for me, dearest mamma,' she wrote, after announcing their arrival at their destination. 'Roland loves me more devotedly than ever. But a few days more, and then I shall be with all I love in the world! Happy as I am now, I long to be again with you and my precious little Beatrice.'

The mother's heart was somewhat more at rest. She occupied herself in preparations for their return to Villa Franca and their subsequent departure for England. Her little charge was becoming daily more interesting, so that the days appeared to glide swiftly past, till the morning fixed for their meeting. It brought a letter, which to Madame Francini's intense surprise and disappointment was superscribed Mornington! It was but a few lines from Claudia to say that letters from England requiring Roland's immediate presence there, had obliged them to start by the first packet from Dieppe; not even giving her time to write before their departure; that she would again write when they were settled, to arrange for her mother and child to join them there.

AFGHANISTAN AND ITS PEOPLE.

AFGHANISTAN, which we hear so much about, is looked upon as the north-west 'gate of India,' and consists of two large districts or provinces, named respectively Cabul and Khorassan; the former being a mountainous region situated north of Ghuzni and the Sufed Koh or White Mountains, and bounded on the east and west by the Indus, and the expanse of country known as the Hazara; while the latter extends on the north to Hazara and Ghor, and on the south to Beloochistan, with the Suliman range on the east, and Persia on the west.

The scenery in Cabul, which is the chief seat of the Ameer of Afghanistan—Shere Ali Khan—is very grand, and consists mainly of lofty snow-

capped mountains, the lower portions of which are covered with pine-forests, while the vales and glens are enriched with luxuriant foliage, and watered by numerous mountain streams. Khorassan or the Land of the Sun is on the other hand almost the opposite of Cabul, for its principal features are long low ranges of rocky hills and elevated plateaus of sand and gravel; and while the summer in Cabul is rendered mild and bearable by the cool breezes wafted down to its plains from the mountains, Khorassan has to bear the full blaze of the fierce Indian sun.

In the Mohammedan cemetery on the south-east of the city of Cabul is a tombstone with the following epitaph: 'Here lyeth the body of JOHN HICKS, son of Thomas and Edith Hicks, who departed this life 11th October 1666.' Perhaps some of our readers can inform us as to who John Hicks was, and what took him to Cabul in the days when Aurungzebe was Mogul of India, and Charles II. king of England.

The population of Afghanistan is composed of a variety of races or tribes, amongst whom are the Bozdars, the Kutrans, the Kasranees, the Murrees, the Cutchees, and the Bugtees, beside the wild and cruel Jajis who haunt the Khyber Pass and its neighbourhood. The dominant race in Khorassan is undoubtedly the Brahoe, which is supposed by some authorities to have come from Abyssinia, while others maintain that the tribes are of Mongol extraction. The term Belooch (for these tribes are also known as the Beloochees—Beloochistan being the original name of Khorassan), or *Bilush* as it is written by the Persian scribes, is, according to Professor Rawlinson, derived from Belus king of Babylonia, the Nimrod of Scripture.

The government of each tribe is a most complete democracy, split up into as many factions as there are families. Each section of a tribe has its own quarrels and supports its own chief, whose tenure of authority is often of the most precarious nature, being raised to power one day to be overthrown the next. There are also blood-feuds of long standing between them, so that village is divided against village and house against house. It was to one of these terrible feuds that the late Lord Mayo owed his sad death; the man who assassinated him having been sentenced to penal servitude for life for killing another with whom he had a feud. He had once been servant to the Viceroy, and thought that he should have pardoned him.

The most numerous and important race are the Afghans proper, whose form of government and general customs resemble all other Mohammedan nations, and who, while proud of their Islamism, do not hesitate to break all its laws whenever their love of fighting, thieving, and debauchery makes it incumbent on them to do so. The absence from their midst of honour and patriotism is very remarkable; indeed they are a bigoted and treacherous race, stained by indescribable debauchery, and degraded to the lowest depths of infamy and corruption.

In spite of their debauched lives, it is remarkable to find that the Afghans and Beloochees are physically fine races, tall, robust, well-formed, and active. The former especially have extremely handsome faces; and the beauty of their women

has been noticed by all our travellers. The Afghans are great sportsmen, hunting and hawking being their favourite pastime, while in marksmanship and horsemanship they cannot be excelled. Strange to say, chess is one of their amusements; but what they most like is to lie and listen to stories of the *Arabian Nights* style, though more interminable, and always of a more or less corrupt nature.

The females enhance their beauty by all the artifices so well known to the eastern peoples; and their hair, worn in long plaits, is often adorned with ornaments of a rough yet withal of an effective character, composed of metal or glass. The women of the higher classes are however, kept in strict seclusion, and nobody is permitted to enter the harems, where they pass the greater part of their lives.

Perhaps the most lawless of all the Afghan tribes is the frontier tribe, the Waziris, who are born warriors, and splendid horsemen. It was these men who lately lined the sides and summits of the mountains in the Khyber Pass for the purpose of preventing the passage of our friendly mission and its escort. The head-men of the Waziris are, it appears, now periodically summoned to Cabul, whence they return bearing handsome presents from the Ameer. The members of the tribe are however, an astute set of fellows; and it is not at all improbable that they may eventually desert Shere Ali in spite of his presents, in order to accept regular pay from the Indian government. For though essentially fighting-men, the Waziris are fond of money, and are not only dreaded by their neighbours for their ferocious bravery, but are likewise envied for their wealth. They possess a famous breed of horses, which they have managed very cleverly to keep to themselves. These horses are distinguished by a peculiar curve and twist of the ear, and are remarkable for their wiry hardy frame and high temper. The tradition is that the Waziris stole the royal progenitors of their studs from the stables of the Persian Nadir Shah when he invaded India; but the Waziris themselves assert that the Conqueror bestowed the precious animals upon their ancestors as a mark of his admiration of their brilliant horsemanship.

They never shoe their steeds, but ride them bare-hoofed, and even at times bare-backed, up and down the dangerous mountain passes, as if they were veritable centaurs; and so highly do they prize their exclusive possession of the breed, that they will never sell a mare, though a market is held periodically at Thul for the sale of horses.

In some parts of the country so thievish are the propensities of the inhabitants, that while one man ploughs in a field another stands on the watch, rifle in hand. Indeed the Toris of Boghzai, a large hamlet situated near Saddah, are all thieves; and when a male child is born, the baptismal ceremony consists in putting the infant burglar through a hole in the wall, while his relatives exhort him to be a thief 'heart and hand' as his father and grandfather were before him. A marline-spike, used for breaking holes through the mud walls of neighbours' houses, is part of the regular furniture of a Tori house, and is looked upon as a household chattel, especially in the home of a young couple about to make a start in life.

On the other side of the hill, or mountain, where these people dwell, exists a tribe called the Jajis; and the two tribes nourish such a hatred of each other that no member of either party dares to cross the barrier which thus separates them. These Jajis live in square structures of stone and mud erected on log platforms and profusely loop-holed. The entrance is from beneath by a trap-door and rope-ladder, which is drawn up when the inmate is housed. When neighbouring families are at feud, they keep such a strict watch on each other's movements that they are often confined to their 'shooting-boxes' for weeks together.

The Jajis are perfect savages in their habits and customs, and when they are pursued, they leap from rock to rock like a lot of monkeys, so that there is no possibility of punishing them for any act of savagery that they may have committed. When they are thoroughly aroused, they dance about the sides and summits of the hills, yelling fearfully, and brandishing wildly their terrible Afghan knives. Chanting a war-song as an accompaniment to pipes and drums, they endeavour to terrify an enemy to the utmost extent previous to attacking him. It is an astounding fact, however, that although they are deaf to every other appeal which may be made to them, they instantly submit to listen to one based upon their 'honour!' Savage and lawless as they are, they yet deem themselves the possessors of 'honour,' and an appeal based upon their honour as Afghan gentlemen is simply irresistible. Surely this is a remarkable psychological fact, and one that is worth inquiring into by students in the science of ethnology.

These then are the people with whom our troops will have to deal should England unfortunately be engaged in another war with Afghanistan; but the tribes are not *all* necessarily hostile to us. Though nominally owing allegiance to Shere Ali Khan, the Afghans, and especially the frontier tribes, are ever ready to sell their swords to the highest bidder; although perchance on this occasion the ruler of Afghanistan may have already made doubly sure their allegiance to him.

Afghanistan and British India are divided by a mountainous range, which reaches in some cases to an elevation of eighteen thousand feet, and which not only serves for a screen through which a secretly collected army could dash upon an unsuspecting foe, but also consists of a broad tract of mountainous land, inhospitable to the last degree, and inhabited, as we have already seen, by numerous savage and utterly lawless tribes. It is pierced by several passes, the most famous of which is the Kyber, or Khyber, of evil memory, near which, in 1839, a large English force was literally cut to pieces, one man alone escaping to Jelalabad to tell the lamentable story. There are now about seventeen well-defined roads practicable for the movements of lightly equipped columns, and four along which guns could be taken. These are annually traversed by Afghan merchants who bring the produce of Central Asia into Hindustan and take back English wares in exchange.

The great drawback to these roads being used in the time of war is, that our own means of communication with them are of the worst description, and would present as many difficulties to an expeditionary force moving within our own borders as it would find in the mountains them-

selves. Hence it will be necessary that the Khyber and Bolan passes should again be chosen as the routes by which the invading army must enter Afghanistan.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—ANTECEDENTS.

A SHORT time after one of those unhappy outbreaks which seem periodically to take place in Ireland, two members of the police force were sent down from the depôt in Dublin to be stationed at the small village of Mullaghboy, near Dundalk in the county of Louth. One of them was the man who records this history; the other, his constant friend sub-constable Michael O'Dowd. Having but recently joined the ranks of the Irish constabulary, promotion was the ardent desire of us both; it occupied our thoughts the livelong day, and got mixed up with our dreams at night. But Mullaghboy was a very unsuitable district for such two enterprising members of the force. The opportunities it afforded for crime were ridiculously rare—one public-house, a market every Tuesday, and a fair four times in the year. Against such disadvantages we struggled untiringly during the space of two years, without gaining a single smile from hard-hearted Fortune. On one occasion it was announced that the magistrate's greatcoat had been stolen out of his hall, and I was the man who spent a whole fortnight in a painstaking investigation of the theft. It was, I confess, an unsatisfactory termination of my search to find that the greatcoat had in point of fact never left the magisterial residence at all, but had through mistake been put away in a wardrobe by one of the servants, who had left a short time before the hue-and-cry was raised. However, the process by which I led up to that discovery was quite beautiful, as all the barracks allowed. I bitterly felt the disappointment consequent on my failing to establish a case of burglary, which would certainly have insured for me the long-wished-for stripe.

Since that time I was familiarly known as Detective Dick. I gloried in the title, and was determined to establish my claim to it on a still more secure basis. A fire broke out in a farmhouse. O'Dowd and myself were the first on the spot, and strained every effort to establish out of it a case of malicious burning, and get the damages charged on the adjacent townlands; but the old couple who lived on the premises obstinately persisted in alleging it to be their own fault. Once too a wedding took place in the village, wherein the bride and bridegroom represented the two factions of importance. When the bride's treat came off at the public-house, there were reasonable hopes of a row; but though we kept out of the way most carefully, nothing came of it, and the party broke up in quite an amicable fashion.

We had come down to Mullaghboy at a very bad juncture. As often happens in Ireland, a

profound calm had succeeded a stormy season of political agitation. The people seemed bent on giving us no trouble, as if through spite. And yet we were in the very district where two murders of a dreadful character had been committed, for which sixteen men were committed and one hanged. But through the general gloom shone one ray of hope. Jemmy Lawless was a man whose vagaries pleasingly contrasted with the all-pervading quiet. He and his wife represented the lowest stratum of society in the place. They kept up no style, and lived a sort of Bohemian existence. O'Dowd and I had our eyes on them ever since we came down to that unfortunate neighbourhood. They were wily; so much so, that the only chances they ever gave us were when they came back tipsy from neighbouring fairs, or of a Saturday night, when they went down as a matter of course to the public-house. On such occasions we would descend with dignity and haul off both of them to barracks. Their mode of making a livelihood was precarious. A stranger, judging from the variety of trades in which they embarked, would conclude that they were hard struggling folks. But we knew them to be notorious thieves, and that their various trades were only a make-believe to blind the country-people. Lawless himself bought up decrepit old horses, whose hides and bones he used to sell to the dealers. He caught and trained singing-birds in the season. He made baskets, besoms, and beescares. He sold greyhounds and terriers; in fact any kind of dog you might want, even though he should have to go ten miles off to steal it for you. His wife dealt in knitted socks, dandelion, apples, sweet-stuff, and the like necessities and luxuries of life. In fact they were employed in anything or everything except honest industry, and were designated as regular 'characters,' though character they had none.

But as I said before, O'Dowd and I had our eye on them, and they could hardly turn for us. They lived a considerable distance out of the village, but were nearly always in it, hankering after a rich old relative of theirs named Peggy Malone. Peggy was a widow without any children, and pursued the lawful calling of a pedler. She was reputed to be very rich. Report said she had a stocking full of sovereigns hid in the thatch of her lonely cottage. In business she was quite indefatigable, despite her years; she had every day of the week except Sunday, occupied. Thus of a Monday she would go to Dundalk market, a distance of eight miles; having to rise for that purpose before the break of day. Of a Tuesday it would be her native Mullaghboy; of a Wednesday, Carrickmore; and so on to the end of the week. She used to carry about with her the money, oftentimes a respectable sum, which she realised at these markets. She was always averse to the advances of the Lawless family, and had come to an open rupture with them a short time before the deed of blood which I am about to record, took place.

CHAPTER II.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

One Monday evening late in December, O'Dowd and I were seated at opposite sides of the kitchen-fire in Mullaghboy barracks, waiting for the hour of ten, when we should go out on patrol along the

Dundalk Road. Seated on a chair between us, an old dissipated tinker named Walsh, whom we had picked up in the afternoon out of a ditch, was sleeping away his debauch. We found the poor soul in a drenched and helpless condition, and not having the heart to put him in the lock-up at once, allowed him to stay at the warm kitchen-fire. Soon the heat and thirst roused him from his torpor. Addressing me by the name of Lawless, he asked for a glass of something. I told him that he was in the barracks—a fact indeed which he ought to have known, for it was not his first appearance there—and threatened to lock him up if he were not quiet. He calmed down considerably, and asked me if Lawless had been arrested too. On receiving an answer in the negative, he muttered his annoyance, and informed us that Lawless was a rascal well worth watching, always up to some blackguard game or another, &c.

O'Dowd winked at me across the hearth to draw out Walsh more fully on this topic. As I considered myself pretty skilful at a cross-examination—I used to watch Mr Macwheeler the attorney at petty sessions—I proceeded at once to business.

'How did it come about at all, man, that we found you lying in that shocking puddle?' I asked.

'Begorra sir, I'll tell you that same,' said he. 'You see I done a good sthroke of work all through the counthry last week an' made a pot of money. On Sathurday evenin' I got into this town an' kem across Lawless down at the public-house—worse luck! We fell to the dhrinkin' from that on, an' sorra a wan of us sturred till the last copper was spent.'

'Is Lawless so strong in cash as all that?'

'Lawless sthrong in cash, did you say sir? Why, that fellow hasn't a brass farden to bless himself wid! It was me own money he was dhrinkin'.'

'But is not Mrs Malone doing something for him?'

'Och sir, shure you must have heerd how she chased him an' the wife last week; an' you know that them as waits for dead min's shoes must go a long while barefuted. An' be the same token, I wouldn't like to be in ould Peggy Malone's shoes this minit; for Lawless is very hard on her. He tells me that if he can't get a share of the stockin' be fair manes, some other folks 'ill be takin' it from her be foul; an' I know what he manes be that. Be me faith, I wouldn't put it past the same bhoy to give her an' her cart a cownp [overset] some one of these fine nights'—

'Take care of what you are about,' I interrupted, 'for what you have just said might be twisted into a libel.'

'A lie, did you say? I'd take me davy that he 'd do it if he got the chance. An' the blaggard rascal was wantin' money this mornin' from me to do a sthroke of bizzness, be your lave. Well thin, to make a long story short, I was lavin' him a bit of the road home this evenin', an' the thirst came on us very bad, an' I tuk a bottle out of me pocket, an' we sat down on the mortal spot an' finished it. An' thin I suppose I fell asleep, an' he hooked it away; an' you found me lyin' in the ditch; an' here I am wid sorra as much as would jingle on a tombstone.' As he spoke, he pulled

out the lining of his pockets and displayed—emptiness.

Ten o'clock struck, and at the same moment the sergeant of the barracks entering ordered us out for patrol. Having equipped ourselves with our accoutrements, we went out together through the deserted streets of the village and along the Dundalk Road. Peggy Malone's house was the last we had to pass in making our exit, and the recent conversation directed my attention towards it. I could see that she had not yet returned from Dundalk market: there was no light in the window, nor was her cart in its usual place in front of the door. I directed O'Dowd's attention to the fact. He thought it very strange indeed, as she had never, to his knowledge, been out so late before; and to-morrow would be the market-day in the village. He thought it probable however, that we would meet her somewhere on the road. The night was fine, though rain had fallen during the day, and the full moon shone at intervals through rifts in the clouds. We advanced at a leisurely pace, discussing constabulary matters in general and the freaks of Lawless in particular. At length we found ourselves at the end of our beat without observing any trace of Peggy or her cart. A simultaneous impulse urged us to continue our walk about half a mile beyond our accustomed limits. This brought us to a sequestered part of the road, where it ran through a deep glen for some distance, closed in on both sides and overarched by dense trees; a haunt vocal with crows in the daytime, but terrible in its stillness once night came on. The associations connected with the spot were none of the pleasantest, for a land-agent and his bailiff had been murdered there three years before. Altogether it was a very undesirable spot at about eleven o'clock of a dark night in the month of December.

When we reached the entrance of the glen, we paused to listen for the wheels of Peggy's vehicle, and thought at first we could discern the rumbling of a cart on the hill at the other side of the valley; but it was apparently going in the opposite direction, as the sound became fainter and fainter by degrees, and at length ceased altogether. However, we resolved to go to the end of the glen at least, to see if all was right, and then turn homewards. We had proceeded a few paces further alongside the wood, keeping eyes and ears on the alert, when suddenly I heard O'Dowd utter an exclamation. Just then the moon came out from behind a dark cloud. Turning round, I observed O'Dowd, who had halted, stooping down in an attitude of horror towards some dark object on the roadside. I ran over, and in the clear moonlight I could see that it was a pool of blood! It was evident, from the disturbed condition of the mud and stones, that a considerable struggle must have taken place there. The body whose life-blood had been drained away was not to be found; but there were the tracks of a horse, of a cart, and of a human being. Those of the horse were very irregular, facing every direction, and tearing up the ground, just as if the animal had been turned round sharply or made to back against his will. Those left by the cart-wheels pointed to the former supposition, indicating as they did that the vehicle had come up to the spot from the direction of Dundalk, wheeled right about and gone back by the way it came.

'It must have been Peggy Malone's cart!' exclaimed O'Dowd excitedly.

I made him no answer, for I was now proceeding to examine the human foot-prints. In my eagerness I knelt down on the wet road and with the aid of a lighted match scrutinised them closely. I could see that they had been left by a man wearing hobnailed shoes, and also that each right foot-print had a deep indentation in the centre, from which I concluded—rightly as it turned out—that the wearer must have had a frost-nail in the centre of his right shoe. Country folks about used such nails to prevent themselves from slipping in frosty weather.

While I was making these important and interesting observations, O'Dowd had been searching the low hedges that bordered the road on both sides for traces of the victim. In this however, he failed; but nearly opposite to where the occurrence took place, he came upon an old clay-pipe lying on the grass beside the ditch. It bore a strong resemblance to the *dhudeen* which Lawless used to smoke, being short in the stem and begrimed with constant use. We failed to discover anything else in the vicinity calculated to throw light on the mysterious business, though we continued our investigations for a considerable time longer. The conclusions at which we arrived accorded in almost every respect. Lawless had parted from the tinker that evening, after having pruned himself for the deed with liquor at the tinker's expense. He had come down to this lowly spot, thinking that it was most suitable for his villainous purpose, both from its seclusion and from the fact that our patrol never by any chance extended to within half a mile of it. Most probably he had been smoking his pipe at the adjacent hedge to while away the time until the unsuspecting Peggy should make her appearance. Then on hearing her approach down the hill at the other end of the valley, he had forgotten in his excitement to put the pipe into his pocket. When the cart came up to his place of concealment, he had started out, surprised the defenceless woman, and the deed was done. He must have come upon her unawares before she could leave her cart. The absence of foot-prints other than those of the assassin pointed to that conclusion. The distant lumbering of wheels which we had heard on entering the grove must have been none other than the noise of the cart containing the murderer, his unfortunate victim, and the wealth that had instigated him to the dastardly crime.

CHAPTER III.—CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

We saw that no time was to be lost, as everything depended on our promptness. Thus the chances of the assassin's escape would be lessened; besides, who knew but that some luckier member of the force might cross the scent ahead of us and succeed in bagging our own lawful game! We held a council of war on the spot, and concluded to return with all speed to the village, report progress at the barracks, and obtain a search-warrant to overhaul Lawless's quarters. We soon got back to the village, where, after a little delay, we succeeded in obtaining the warrant, and also the one available man left in the barracks as a reinforcement; the rest having been ordered away the day previous to another part of the

country on some rioting business. With great promptness we ordered out the only car in the village, jumped on it, and in quick time reached the entrance to the lane that led up to Lawless's hovel. This lane left the Dundalk Road on the right-hand side at a short distance beyond the scene described, and was extremely narrow and dangerous. Farther advance on the vehicle was not to be thought of; so we counselled the driver to wait where he was, at the entrance of the lane, till we came back; a thing which he was exceedingly loath to do. Then we pressed forward on foot.

We soon found ourselves floundering through a marshy moor, where at every step we stumbled against some projecting stone or clump of heather or plunged into a pool of bog-water. To add to our misery, a dense drizzling rain began to fall, and the darkness hardly allowed us to see objects five yards' ahead. In the pursuit of fame other men have been known to wade through fire; we were wading through bog-holes. It was a tiresome business, yet we held on gallantly till we arrived within a short distance of the place where the house should be. Here we halted and divided our forces. We knew the Lawless family residence of old; how well it was provided against such sudden invasions. It was a mere cabin, with a small door and window in front, while in the rear, another door opened out upon a moorland district. Many a time had the wily Lawless given the Royal Irish the slip; for whilst they were haughtily demanding entrance in the name of the law at the front door, Lawless would be making his exit through the door at the back, and get clear off into the mountains. Thus his arrest or the detection of stolen goods was rendered very difficult indeed. Now however, under my directions, O'Dowd, our reinforcement, and myself arrived simultaneously at the front door, back door, and window. I knew Lawless to be a powerful determined fellow, not likely to surrender his liberty without an effort; so I screwed up the courage in my heart and the bayonet on my gun, resolved to secure my man or die in the attempt. All the dispositions having been satisfactorily made, I knocked, and demanded entrance in the usual form. At first, no response. All was as silent as the grave. During the few brief moments that ensued, I could almost hear my heart beat with nervous throbblings; for we policemen are only men after all. Then I knocked again; and this time heard a slight bustling noise inside. A low voice, that of Lawless's wife, asked who was there. I told her my name and mission, and that all resistance was useless, as we should have to break the door open in case she refused to admit us. The bar was immediately drawn back. I gave instructions to the reinforcement to follow me up closely, and entered boldly. The old woman at my direction struck a light, and revealed herself in—well, undress. I undid the bolt of the back door and admitted the dauntless O'Dowd. Then I searched the place from top to bottom, O'Dowd and the reinforcement keeping guard meanwhile at each door, to prevent an attempt at escape. But such precautions were useless; for after half an hour spent in a most painstaking investigation, I failed to discover any trace of Lawless, or anything which would lead us to believe that he had been in the house recently. During my search, the woman looked on in sullen silence.

At its conclusion I put the question to her point-blank: 'Where is your husband to-night, Mrs Lawless?'

'Well thin,' she answered in a tone of vexation, 'I'm thinkin' it's meself ought to be axin' you that same, seein' as how you kape a closer eye upon him than any one I know of.'

'At anyrate, Mrs Lawless, you know that we policemen must do our duty; and by all accounts, he's not giving yourself the best of fair-play.'

'Well, I suppose that's a matter betune me an' him. An' if he does go about the counthry squandherin' an' battherin', it's not at your expinse anyhow.'

'Surely,' said I, pretending to be in noway anxious; 'but we want him down at the barracks about a little bit of business that he had a hand in. But never mind blaming us, who wouldn't allow a hair of your head to be touched. And this I will say, that it's the wonder of the whole country how you bear up with him, driving himself and your own respectable family to ruin.'

'In troth sir, that's thrue for you,' she replied, somewhat softened. 'An' it was an unlucky day when I, a daycent Malone, tuk the notion of comin' in among the dhirty Lawlesses, the thievin' pack! But shure, I was young an' innocent thin,' she added after a pause.

'There's no use in telling us what we know, Mrs Lawless, and that can't be helped now. It's time for us to be bidding you good-night ma'am; and sorry we are for having had to disturb you.—By the way, here's a pipe that I think belongs to you: we found it outside.'

'No sir; it's not mine; it's Jack's; for it was him put that mark on the bowl wid his knife.'

'Well, in that case ma'am,' said I, smiling, 'I had better keep it till I see himself to-morrow. But if he ever gives you any trouble, just slip down to Mr O'Dowd and me, and I'll engage that you won't have to complain a second time.'

'Thank ye kindly for that same,' she replied; 'and I wish ye good-night an' safe home.'

'Talking about getting safe home, Mrs Lawless,' said O'Dowd; 'you haven't got the best avenue in the world for visitors on a dark night; and the rain has not improved it. I was hoping that the weather was beginning to harden when I saw last Thursday's frost.'

'Frost never lasts no time in December,' replied the unsuspecting lady.

'When I saw the people bringing their horses to the forge to get them sharpened,' said I, 'the idea struck me that they were only throwing away their time and money.'

'Well, jist think o' that now!' she broke in with admiration. 'I med the identical same remark to Lawless on Thursday, as he was sittin' in that corner there hammerin' a frost-nail into his brogue. But what I says is, Live an' learn.'

We failed to get anything further of importance out of the old dame, though she seemed to be in a very good frame of mind for affording information; so we took our leave with expressions of good-will on both sides.

The rain was still falling when we quitted the hovel. Our passage back was if possible fraught with increased discomfort and difficulty, owing to the completely saturated state of the ground. At length we emerged upon the high-road,

dripping from head to foot, but still not disheartened.

During our absence the carman had had his own share of vexation. It had rained on him continuously ever since; and the care of his horse had prevented him from seeking a more adequate shelter than that afforded by the neighbouring thorn-hedge. At the sound of our footsteps he came out of his retreat, and glad he was to see us back again.

'Tare an' ounds, min,' said he, 'but I was jist thinkin' I'd never clap eyes on you agin, a scourin' the whole blissed counthry of a night like this. Faix, an' it's meself that's well pleased that you haven't come into any harum; for atune oursels, I wouldn't jist like to be turnin' me daycent car into a hearse.' He was quite reeking with wet, much worse than any one of ourselves, and shook all over as if in an ague fit.

Whilst O'Dowd and I were resolving on the next move, our companion constable went up to him in a sympathising way. 'Is your coat very wet, Larry?' said he.

'Be the tarlins, sir, the coat surrindhered to the rain ages ago; but the shirt is houldin' out grand. It's cankin' up the pores in me skin so cliver, that divil resave the dhrop of wet 'ud reach me bones till the morrow mornin'.'

Before the constable had time to reply, I turned round to the carman and asked: 'Did you see any person or persons pass by from the Dundalk direction, while you were waiting for us?'

'Not a livin' sowl, barrin' Pat Murphy, that's sarvint-bhoy to Mr O'Connor down at the Glen Mills there. An' savin' yer presence, I wish I was as near the kiln-fire as I expect he is this minit.'

O'Dowd here remarked to me: 'The night is young still. I think that the best course we can take is to drop down to the mills and see if the people there know anything, or if Murphy met any one to-night on his road home from Dundalk.'

I jumped at the suggestion, and reminded O'Dowd of the fact that the Glen Mills were the nearest human habitation to the scene of the catastrophe. The rain was now falling in torrents; the state of our clothes—it could not be worse. Our reinforcement, who was a raw recruit, and who doubtless was wishing himself back again in his native depôt, here feebly suggested the advisability of returning home. 'For,' said he, 'we will be able to see things better after daybreak.'

'A policeman must be a policeman when duty calls,' I replied haughtily; 'and Sub-constable Green ought to be more fully alive to the responsibilities of his position.—Drive on!' said I to the carman.

He obeyed promptly, looking forward with pleasure to an opportunity of drying his clothes at the kiln-fire.

In a few minutes we had reached the mills. At the sound of the wheels, O'Connor came out of his kitchen, where his servant-man Murphy was seated at his supper. He was surprised to see us stop before his door, and accorded us an Irish welcome to step in out of the rain. We did so nothing loath, as may be imagined, and proceeded to dry ourselves at the kitchen fire standing, for we were too wet to sit down. O'Connor and his man were the only persons in the house still up; all the rest had gone to bed, as we could judge

from the tell-tale snoring from an adjacent room. I told O'Connor our business; how that old Peggy Malone had been murdered down in the glen that night in a most shocking manner, and that we had dropped down to his place, hoping that he might be able to throw some light on the affair, as he lived so near the spot. He was quite horrified at the news, as also was his servant, who, from the moment he heard it, suspended his supper operations, listening with eyes and mouth wide open to the conversation. O'Connor told me that he had been engaged about the mill all the evening until a late hour. Returning from the kiln at ten o'clock or thereabouts, he had heard noises of a confused nature down the road, but had not paid much attention to them, thinking that they proceeded from some drunken party getting home from the market. He had heard the wheels of a cart too coming down the glen road from Dundalk direction; he was quite certain about that; and after a little time another cart, as he imagined, had passed, going in the opposite direction. The scuffling noises took place some time between the passage of the two carts. After that he had gone into his house, and heard no more.

When he had concluded his story, he asked me if I had reasons for suspecting any one in particular as the assassin. I told him we strongly suspected Lawless, and mentioned at the same time the several particulars by which we were led to conclude that he was the man.

At the mention of Lawless's name, the countenance of Murphy, which had all along been quite a study, assumed a frightful aspect; and he blurted out in a gasping tone: 'Why! why! I met Lawless on a cart jist as I was lavin' Dundalk. Presarve us from harum! but I was jist goin' to spake to the villain, whin he turned away his head to the wan side. Murderer alive! jist to think of it!' After this fashion he continued to express his horror of the deed and the perpetrator of it. But the hearts of O'Dowd, myself, and possibly the recruit, rejoiced at the disclosure. Here was a fresh reliable clue, not only connecting Lawless with the act, but also affording most valuable information as to his whereabouts.

We hastened to express our thanks to master and man for their timely assistance in the matter, bade them a warm good night, and hurried out of the house. We roused our carman from the kiln-fire where he was drying himself, and told him to drive straight into Dundalk. He was disagreeably surprised at the order, but promptly obeyed; and soon again we were plunging on at a rapid rate through the darkness. On, on we sped. The driver was careful not to draw rein up hill or down brae. He knew now that we were after Lawless, became excited in consequence, and was in momentary fear of an attack being made upon us. I saw him anxiously scan the hedges as we scurried past them, and at intervals grasp his whip in a determined fashion. "When we were in any particularly suspicious spot, I could hear him repeat his prayers in a hurried tone; and once he leant down from his seat to inform me that if he fell, the horse and car were to go to his brother Mick, and the house and garden av coorse to the ould woman. Still onward we sped, every moment bringing us nearer the grand climax of our hopes. The links in the chain of evidence

were fitting in beautifully, and we were in high expectations of soon laying our hands upon the perpetrator of the horrid deed.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

A MUCH desired reform has lately been accomplished—namely, the freeing of two of the toll-bridges that cross the river Thames; the vested interests in each structure, or in other words the shareholders' rights, having been bought for this purpose by the Metropolitan Board of Works, in pursuance of an Act of Parliament passed during the session of 1877.

The bridges which are to be thrown open to the public 'for ever' are nine in number—the chief amongst them being Waterloo Bridge, which has quite a history of its own. It is built entirely of granite, and occupied six years in its erection, the cost exceeding a million sterling—a fact which will go far to explain its failure from a financial point of view, it being well known that the original shareholders have never been recouped, although the toll for many years past has amounted to the extraordinary sum of *twenty-two thousand pounds per annum*.

The opening of Waterloo Bridge, which took place on the 5th October last, is an invaluable boon to Londoners, as from the central position which it occupies it is exceedingly convenient for many thousands of persons whose business carries them backwards and forwards between the Strand and the southern portion of the metropolis, and a great number of whom purposely went round by London or Blackfriars Bridges, to avoid the nuisance and expense of the toll.

The Act of Parliament compelled the Waterloo Bridge Company of Proprietors, and also the owners of the other toll-bridges, to transfer their property to the Board of Works on payment by the latter of a sum representing the fair value of each structure—arbitration being resorted to in cases of disagreement; and the Waterloo Bridge Company having declined to accept the sum tendered by the Board, the latter course was adopted; the result being that this magnificent structure has been secured to the nation for the sum of four hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, or about one-third of its original cost.

Waterloo Bridge has been in existence about sixty years. The first stone was laid on the 11th of October 1811, when a block of Cornish granite was laid over a cavity containing gold and silver coins; in 1817 the bridge was finished. Its architect was John Rennie, who built it from the design of Ralph Dodd; and it is notable as being the first bridge ever constructed with a perfectly level roadway from one end to the other. It should also be mentioned, in order to shew the costly scale on which the work was carried on, that the small granite pillars that form the balustrading of the bridge, and said to be three hundred and sixty-five in number, were all chiselled by hand, and cost five pounds each for workmanship alone. The approach to the bridge from the Strand was unfortunately not purchased until after the bridge was built, a mistake which added considerably to its cost.

This fine specimen of architecture, which bids fair to last as long as London itself, was opened as a toll-bridge on the second anniversary of the

great battle after which it is named, by the Prince Regent, assisted by the Duke of Wellington; and a silver medal—bearing on the obverse the heads of the Prince and Duke, surmounted by a wreath of laurel, and on the reverse a representation of the bridge with its name and the date of the opening—was struck to commemorate the event.

Many strange scenes and stirring events have taken place on Waterloo Bridge—things that have for the time being attracted the attention of the whole kingdom; and so gloomy a character did it bear at one period of its existence, on account of the numerous suicides which occurred therefrom, that it has been immortalised in one of Tom Hood's most pathetic poems as the *Bridge of Sighs*. Many an 'unfortunate' has passed through the turnstile to take a desperate leap into the gurgling waters beneath; and many a crime has been attempted, and perchance consummated, between its gloomy stone parapets.

One terrible mystery took place in connection with Waterloo Bridge, which created great excitement some twenty years ago, and which will doubtless for ever be associated with its name. We refer to the finding of a carpet-bag containing the severed parts of a human body minus the head, which had been lowered by some person or persons unknown from the parapet, and had lodged on one of the abutments below, instead of going into the river, as was probably intended.

Of course the toll-gate keepers knew little or nothing of what was taking place on the bridge at night, as they could not leave their posts; and the extent of the structure (about a quarter of a mile) was always a great aid to would-be-criminals. With regard to the mystery mentioned however, the man on duty at the gate on the night previous to the discovery of the remains, recognised the carpet-bag when it was shewn to him, and stated that he had himself lifted the ghastly burden over the turnstile for an elderly female of 'rather masculine voice and appearance,' who carried a large brown paper parcel under her arm. On searching the river this parcel was found, and it contained the missing head, but in such a condition that its identity could not be ascertained. All England rang with the details of this fearful mystery, which has remained unsolved up to the present time.

Until quite lately, this celebrated London structure boasted the presence at one of its gates of an old soldier who had in his day been somewhat famous as a sergeant in the Guards, and whose hand had taught General Wyndham, the hero of the Redan, how to wield a sword. This veteran, who had served twenty-one years in the army, also passed sixteen years of his life in alternate day and night work on Waterloo Bridge, until he was compelled at length by failing health to beat a retreat. While engaged as above, he yet managed to find time to write an essay on the best means for promoting the unity and organisation of the working classes, in competition for prizes offered by a firm of London publishers, and received an *honourable mention* for the same from the adjudicators, amongst whom was John Stuart Mill. He also studied the heavens at night in his quiet moments on the bridge, and jotted down his thoughts on the different planets and the relation of the heavenly bodies to each other in the planetary system. Dickens had many a chat with the

old sergeant, who is still living in the enjoyment of his army pension, and listened with eager curiosity to the story of his military adventures. Had the great delineator of human character lived longer than he did, the world would probably have learned far more about Waterloo Bridge and its visitants than we can pretend to give in this brief sketch.

Passengers who have gone backwards and forwards over the bridge cannot have failed to notice the old blind man who sits in one of its recesses day after day, reading aloud by the aid of his fingers from an embossed Bible. He has been at his post summer and winter for about twenty years, and is much respected and esteemed by all who know him. Many who objected to pay the toll, willingly transfer their pennies to him now that the bridge is free; and 'Old Blind George' finds his daily store considerably increased by the wise act of the national legislature.

The view of the Thames Embankment—one of the finest engineering feats on record—from Waterloo Bridge, embracing as it does the noble proportions of Somerset House, and further enhanced by the presence of 'Cleopatra's Needle,' is as fine as any in Europe, and will be enjoyed by many thousands of persons who have abstained, on principle, from crossing the bridge while it was a toll-paying roadway.

The South-western Railway Company are already extending their terminus; and the tramway will no doubt soon be laid down from the old obelisk in the London Road to the foot of the bridge, thus connecting Brixton, Camberwell, Peckham, and even the 'metropolis of shrimps,' as Greenwich has not inaptly been termed, with the Strand.

The Charing Cross foot-bridge was freed at the same time as Waterloo; and the others, for which the valuation money has already been paid, or is about to be paid, are Putney, Old Battersea, New Chelsea, Battersea Park, Vauxhall, Lambeth, and Hammersmith Bridges; and of these we should say that those leading to Battersea Park are the most useful, though Putney Bridge is one of the oldest and most picturesque. Since the acquisition of its 'freedom,' Waterloo Bridge bids fair to become a great medium of traffic between north and south London as London Bridge itself, and a constant stream of passengers and vehicles daily testifies to its enhanced value. It has been officially reported that in one week after the opening, the foot-passengers on Waterloo Bridge increased from 94,635 to 194,023; and the vehicles from 26,146 to 46,600; and that at the Charing Cross Bridge the foot-passenger traffic had increased from 41,038 to 97,669; the number being more than doubled since the bridges have been toll-free. There can be no doubt that the increased traffic must have a beneficial effect on that part of the metropolis on the south side of the river.

In conclusion we would suggest that this occasion of the opening up of all the toll-bridges in our great City gives England an opportunity of paying a very tasteful compliment to a neighbouring country, which would certainly be much appreciated, and would assuredly go a long way towards further cementing the bond of friendship between us. It is that the name of 'Waterloo,' as attached to the finest of our bridges, should henceforth be dropped, and give place to a more appropriate and inoffensive title. We are quite sure that every

loyal subject would gladly consent to a change, and acknowledge that no more graceful or appropriate name could be found for the famous structure than that of our good Queen 'Victoria,' preserving as it does the connection of a victory with one of peace and prosperity.

ZINC-DUST AND ITS DANGERS.

In former articles in this *Journal* we have directed the attention of our readers to various causes of fires, and have in certain cases endeavoured to suggest a remedy. We extract from our contemporary *The Insurance Record* a paragraph shewing how zinc-dust may become an element of great danger, a hidden risk, under certain circumstances: 'On the 11th of December 1876, twenty casks of a substance known as "zinc-dust," represented as so many casks of colours, and labelled "To be kept dry; liable to heat if damp," were handed over for shipment in the *Lord Clyde*, without, it is alleged, any notice having been given of the dangerous nature of their contents. The casks were put in the main hold of the steamer, and lay there overnight. On the next morning, smoke was seen to issue from the hold. Application of the hose however, extinguished the fire, which was found to have seized some of the goods on board, and to have proceeded from the neighbourhood of the casks of zinc-dust. Subsequent inquiry seems to have proved that while the casks lay on the quay awaiting shipment, one of them suffered damage, and some of its contents escaping, got wet with rain. The damp material was returned to the cask, which was repaired and sent on board with the rest. It is said that when the seat of the fire on board was examined, the contents of one of the casks was found to be at a red-heat. Scientific evidence was laid before the court to prove the dangerous nature of the goods; and the court being satisfied with the evidence, ordered the goods to be forfeited, and fined the parties concerned in the transmission.

'It will no doubt be interesting to many in the profession to know more about this commodity, which may thus have already made, and may again at any time make, demands on the funds by fire-raising on its own account. It is a gray powder, in a state of extremely fine division, and is used in colour-works for making paints. Chemically, it consists of about forty per cent. zinc, two and a half per cent. lead, four per cent. cadmium, fifty per cent. zinc oxide, three and a half per cent. zinc carbonate, with a small portion of non-metallic matter. In consequence of its extremely fine division, rapid oxidation of the metals takes place in the presence of a little moisture at the expense of the oxygen in the water, while considerable quantities of hydrogen are evolved. At the same time, as in all such cases, a considerable rise in temperature takes place, which may, in favourable circumstances, be sufficient to ignite the evolved hydrogen, and so cause inflammable materials in the neighbourhood to be set on fire.

'There is a commodity known in the trade as slate-coloured oxide of zinc, which is actually not an oxide at all, but purely pulverised metallic zinc, which in the process of the manufacture of white oxide has escaped combustion, and been carried over the bridge of the furnace while the

process of oxidation is carried on, and is deposited on the floor of the flues along with a little carbonaceous matter. This material possesses all the properties of the zinc-dust formerly mentioned, by virtue of its extremely fine state of division. It is used for similar purposes, and we believe also that it is sent to America to be employed in some indigo process, the nature of which we are not aware. Like many other things that are cheap in the buying, it may, from its fire-raising tendencies, prove costly in the using to some people; and it is a pity when insurance offices have to suffer risks they know nothing about, and so can neither charge for them nor cause their removal, and we trust that the contribution of facts may prove useful to some in the profession.'

MY WIFE.

I held her, laughing, in my arms,
A blue-eyed child with curls of gold;
She stroked my boyish cheek and said:
'I'll marry you when I am old.'

We met again. Those pretty locks
Were combed and bound about her head,
A little school-girl, staid and shy;
She must not romp with me, she said.

A few more years, and then I found
A blooming maiden, sweet seventeen;
Few were her words and coy her looks;
And yet she loved me well, I ween.

Long did I woo 'mid hope and fear;
My lady was not lightly won;
She hid her love, and thought it shame;
At last my welcome task was done.

I held her, blushing, in my arms;
And then my bashful prize I told
How she had promised long ago
She'd marry me when she was old.

The blissful days sped quickly on,
And I had pledged her with a ring;
But ah! so much too large it proved!
My Love was such a tiny thing.

But yet she would not have it changed,
Though from her hand it oft would slip;
An evil omen, I would say;
While she but laughed with joyous lip.

I left my darling for a space
As nearer drew the wedding-day,
'One little week,' I said, 'and then
I never more need go away.'

I left her healthy, blooming, bright,
The rosy colour in her cheek—
I came to find her wan and white;
Alas! that fatal 'little week.'

Oh, fell Disease, now stay thy hand,
And leave me all I love in life.
In vain I cried; the touch of Death
Was on her, oh! my promised wife!

I held her, dying, in my arms;
The ring fell from her finger cold;
Weeping, I took it; and she breathed:
'I'll marry you when I am old.'

She knew not what she said, poor child;
Gone from her was bright Reason's ray—
But still I keep that ring, and wait
For an eternal wedding-day. BEE.

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OBSERVATION AND MEMORY.

THE famous Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of England, was on one occasion complimented on his extraordinary memory. He said in reply: 'He had no merit in having a good memory, for memory was only a result of attention.' By this he meant close observation of what is seen, heard, or read. The answer was only part of the truth. To have a good memory, there must in the first place be a natural or acquired capacity for observing, and treasuring up observations. No doubt, the good memory demonstrated by Thurlow and other clever men has been greatly owing to a strict attention to what they have heard or read, or has passed before their eyes. The brain may be defined as a kind of photographic apparatus, which retains the impressions made on it through the eyes or ears. But then the apparatus must be of the right sort to begin with, and at all events, it must be kept in good order by exercise. The great thing is to begin young. One boy, for example, will notice all that takes place. He observes the look of people, their mode of speaking, their style of dress, the houses they live in, the anecdotes and stories they relate. Another boy going through the same routine, takes no heed of anything to be afterwards useful. He is thinking only of trivial amusements, what he is to have for dinner, his new suit of clothes, or something equally paltry and evanescent. His education is little better than thrown away, and he but dimly remembers anything that fell under his attention in youth.

Sir Walter Scott was as remarkable for a good memory as Thurlow, and in some respects more so. His power of observation was extraordinary. We have evidence of this in his popular fictions. The bulk of them are composed of scraps of remembrances, as to what he had seen, heard, or read, put together and embellished by the imaginative faculty. The sayings of his Scottish characters in humble life, such as of Davie Gellatley, Edie Ochiltree, Cuddie Headrig, and Davie Deans, are just what he had over-

heard in his youth. He had picked up what others allowed to pass unnoticed, and skilfully brought them out at the suitable opportunity. And so with his historical facts and apt poetical quotations. Nothing escaped him. If in walking out he accidentally overheard a peculiar vernacular phrase, down it went in his memory. Dickens had the same capacity and tact in observing and treasuring up the personal appearance and phraseology of individuals whom he chanced to encounter.

There are diversities in this exercise of memory. Some are good at remembering dates, some at personal oddities, some at languages, some at miscellaneous occurrences, some at recollecting sermons and conversations; the specialty in each case being due to a particular idiosyncrasy of character. Boswell's power of recording his conversations with Johnson, is perhaps the most marvellous thing of the kind ever heard of. The late Dr Robert Chambers had a memory so comprehensive and minute that he was never at a loss for the date of any leading historical event. He often referred to what he had been doing at a particular day and moment in the past years of his life. For example, we once heard him say: 'This day forty-seven years ago, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, I was passing No. 17 Princes Street, when I met old Wylie; and we spoke of the change of times within his recollection. He told me that he remembered the London mail arriving in Edinburgh one day about the middle of the last century with only a single letter; and now letters and papers arrive in tons.' In this way, by acute observation, a literary man gathers up materials to be brought into use on a future and proper occasion. It ought to be enough to inspire youth with a taste for cultivating powers of observation, to know that the greatest efforts of genius are mainly due to memory; for without that, thought would have little scope or value.

Most persons will have experienced a strange forgetfulness of names and circumstances until something occurs to bring them to remembrance. Sometimes the memory revives very curiously in

illness. There have been men who when ill have spoken a foreign language, which when well they had forgotten. Why this should be we shall probably never understand; but these revivals of memory seem to point to the conclusion that we do not really forget anything in the strict sense of the word. It may be that we cannot at a given moment recall this or that to mind, but still it is laid up we know not how in a secret storehouse of the brain, and when we least expect it, may suddenly be brought again to light. Sometimes the memory thus revived is one of early childhood, as in the case related by Dr Carpenter of a clergyman who on visiting Pevensey Castle felt convinced he must have seen it before, and that when he did there were donkeys under the gateway and some people on top of it. By inquiry he actually ascertained that he had been there with a picnic party, who made the excursion on donkeys, when he was only about eighteen months old.

Sir Benjamin Brodie in his *Psychological Researches* gives an explanation of one of the strangest freaks of memory by which at times we believe we detect a parallel between the passing event and something else that we have witnessed we know not when. But the case given does not fulfil all the conditions of this singular feeling. There are few who will not know what we here refer to. Dickens in his novels more than once alludes to this sensation, and describes it very accurately in the thirty-ninth chapter of *David Copperfield*. 'We have all,' he says, 'some experience of a feeling that comes over us occasionally of what we are saying and doing having been said and done before in a remote time—of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same faces, objects, and circumstances—of our knowing perfectly what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it. I never had this mysterious impression more strongly in my life than before he uttered these words.' The knowing of what is to come next is the strangest part of this feeling, and one quite absent from the alleged instance cited by Brodie. But recurring to our own experience, we are not at all certain that this supposed foresight is at all real. Rather the mind seems to get into a half-dreamy state in which it is strongly impressed with the idea that as it has heard every word before, so when the next word is spoken it will recognise it as having been heard before; and as phrase follows phrase and incident incident, this anticipated feeling of recollection gives the impression of a continuous foresight. This is of course only a suggested explanation of one portion of the phenomenon; and it is very possible that it does not fully explain even that part of it as experienced by others than the writer. An adequate explanation of the whole matter is certainly a very difficult problem. It has apparently been in all times remarked and wondered at, and its mysterious nature has caused it to exercise a strong influence in the Buddhist religious belief in transmigration.

There is a form of revived recollection which impresses one with awe rather than mere wonder. It is when the whole picture of a lifetime flashes at once into the mind. That this occurs sometimes when death or peril of death is imminent, is quite certain. It may be that it occurs very fre-

quently before actual death, but this we cannot know, as all the instances of which we have accounts are those in which a man has described his sensations after having been saved from dying. Most of the cases are those of drowning men. When all hope of being saved is gone, and the very struggle with the water is one made without conscious effort, it would seem that without being prompted by the will, the memory suddenly grasps at once the deeds of the life that now appears about to close, and at the same time—and this is the most singular part of the phenomenon—recognises the moral rectitude or wrong of each act. There is a case of this kind recorded of an English naval officer who thus remembered the events of his life at the moment when he was struggling hopelessly in the wake of the ship from which he had fallen; and he confessed that he had been especially struck by the sudden coming into his thoughts of a schoolboy lie that he had long forgotten; there it was with all its circumstances, so that he felt pained at the thought of the meanness and cowardice of the deceit.

There are a few cases where the peril was of another kind. Thus in one instance, a horse stopped suddenly in the darkness, and frantically resisted all the rider's endeavours to force him onwards; until the man peering through the night saw that he had missed his way and was trying to urge his horse over the sharp brink of a hidden precipice. As the danger flashed upon him, with the knowledge of it came in one rush the record of his life. This point is such an interesting one, that it would be well worth while to collect the materials for a wide comparison of cases in which it is known to have occurred. It gives rise to a number of important considerations as to the character of the memory, and especially it gives great force to the theory that *we never really forget anything*. It seems too to suggest that the power of the memory receives an access of strength in the last moments of life; and other facts point in the same direction. Thus Dr Carpenter tells us, on the authority of a German pastor in America, that numbers of German emigrants who have forgotten their native tongue, recover it and use it upon their death-beds; and the same writer quotes from an article in *Household Words* the touching story of an idiot who had been left an orphan in early childhood, and in boyhood had never known what a mother's care was, dying with a smile on his face, and with the words: 'My mother! How beautiful!' on his lips.

We have referred to the theory of our not ultimately forgetting anything; but the question arises, if this theory be true, what degree of advertence is sufficient to impress a fact on the memory? We know how common it is for old people to be apparently quite unable to remember more recent events, while they have nevertheless a vivid recollection of those of earlier life. The reason of this clearly is, that in their earlier days their senses and faculties were more keenly alive to what they saw, heard, and felt; and thus things impressed the memory strongly, that scarcely touched it when they had to reach it through the medium of the decaying senses of old age. If this be the true explanation, memory must depend for its intensity on the degree of observation with which the record was made; but it may be that in the inner depths of the memory there are stored up recollections

of things that we never consciously turned the mind to, but heard or saw, hardly knowing that we did so. Every reader of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* will remember a notable instance of this actually occurring. A servant-girl in some German town fell ill, and in her ravings began to speak Hebrew in plain connected sentences. She knew no language but her own; and the matter seemed an insoluble mystery, until inquiry revealed the fact that she had once been in the service of a Protestant pastor who was a good Hebrew scholar, and used often to read some Rabbinical treatises aloud, walking up and down the common room of the house while the servant was at her work. Now it is quite certain that any one who is ignorant of a foreign language cannot repeat even a dozen words out of a reading thus heard by chance; yet under peculiar conditions the fact was revealed that whole pages of a language, of which she knew not the meaning of a single word, had thus been accidentally stored up in this girl's memory!

We have only lightly surveyed one portion of the action of a single human faculty. There is indeed no more marvellous field of observation and discovery than that of the action of the human mind. The practical lesson we arrive at on this interesting subject is, that although all are not naturally blessed with a good memory, the faculty may in most instances be less or more improved by exercise, particularly in the young, when the brain is fresh and susceptible. Individuals may be heard complaining of a bad memory, who have never taken the trouble to keep it in exercise. It would be scarcely less absurd for a person to complain of being unable to walk, who for years had refrained from the use of his legs. Let us specify one or two examples. It is not unusual for people to put a mark in a book at the place they leave off reading. This is losing a chance of cultivating the memory. The right thing to do is to observe the number of the page, and endeavour to keep it in remembrance. The custom of taking notes as memoranda may in certain important cases be allowable for the sake of preservation and reference. But the practice of taking notes on all occasions has a seriously weakening effect on the memory, and should if possible be avoided. In short, the habit of keenly observing and remembering without note or mark is the secret—if there be a secret in it—of securing a good workable memory.

TWICE WOODED, TWICE WON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

WELL might the mother say that the divorce, the subsequent peace, and all that followed appeared like a dream. Roland and Claudia were not only again married, but again in their old home. Ah! that was no dream. Too soon I realised that this intelligence was far more painful to me than that of the divorce. No song-like refrain now rang in my ears. Now I knew how sweet, how precious to me had been those haunting words, 'Claudia is free!' Now, alas, an empty sound signifying nothing!

I shared in madame's uneasiness when she informed me that three weeks had passed since

she had heard from her daughter. The time for which she had taken the house at Villa Franca had expired, and yet no summons to Mornington Hall. She felt naturally disinclined to force herself upon her son-in-law. She had written to her daughter, and had received no answer. What was to be done? I was fairly puzzled how to answer this question. Claudia had voluntarily placed herself in an almost unheard-of position. As her trustee, I could only interfere, if necessary, with regard to her money matters. It was however, clearly desirable that Madame Francini and her daughter should meet. A means of effecting this must be through the child.

After much anxious thought, I advised her to bring the child to England; for though she doted upon the little one, she could not be compelled to keep it; therefore its restoration to its parents was an all-sufficient excuse for gaining an entrance to the house, from which her daughter's letter to postpone it virtually excluded her.

Madame Francini soon acted upon my suggestion. I secured her former apartments in Sloane Street, and called upon her as soon as she arrived. The following day she started for her journey to the north, all particulars of which I heard later. I will relate them as they occurred.

On arriving at Mornington Hall, her nervous feelings were almost beyond her control. It was an immense relief to hear in answer to her inquiry that 'master was from home.' It was also fortunate that the servant was a stranger. 'I wish to see your mistress,' said madame, who was already out of the carriage. The man told her he feared it would be impossible, as she was ill and in bed. This was almost too much for the poor mother, who at once entered the hall, and for an excuse to send him away, begged him to send the lady's-maid to her, that she might make further inquiries. The moment he had disappeared on this errand, Madame Francini, having desired the nurse to remain in the carriage with the child, rushed upstairs to her daughter's apartments. They were empty! Swiftly and noiselessly she then made her way to those rooms which used to be her own. At the outer door, which opened on to a long corridor, she stopped for breath, then knocked gently. Presently the door was quietly opened by a woman dressed as a Sister of Mercy.

'Are you Mrs Mornington's nurse?' she gasped.

'Yes, madame. She is ordered to be kept very quiet, and cannot see you,' was the reply.

'I am her mother,' said madame, 'and must insist upon seeing her. No orders can extend to me.' Saying these words, she passed the nurse and gently opened the bedroom door.

'Come in, Sister Monica; I am not asleep,' said a faint voice from the bed. The next moment mother and daughter were folded in each other's arms. What words can describe that meeting! For a few brief moments all was joy. Then suddenly disengaging herself from that fond embrace, Claudia exclaimed: 'But my child! Perhaps you have come to tell me she is dead. Tell me the worst at once, or I shall go mad.'

'My darling,' said her mother, 'I have come to bring her to you. Be calm, and you shall see Beatrice directly.'

Trembling in every limb, Claudia whispered: 'Will you fetch her yourself, dear mamma? Do not trust her to any one else.'

Alas! all the old fears had taken possession of her. Madame Francini hastened from the room, and presently returned with nurse and child. Leaving the former in the anteroom, she took the little one in her arms and placed her in her mother's.

The Sister gazed in wonder at this tender scene; but she felt in Madame Francini's presence that she was under the influence of a stronger mind than her own, and powerless to interfere. When tranquillity was restored, madame asked her daughter when she expected her husband.

'I never know,' was her reply. 'I live entirely in these rooms, and seldom see him. I could have been resigned if he had allowed me to have my child; but he always says *that is part of my punishment*.'

Dreadfully shocked as she was, Madame Francini controlled her indignation, as she found Claudia most reluctant to speak against the author of all this misery.

'It is my own fault, dear mamma,' she would say. 'I would not take your advice, so I have no right to complain.'

But by degrees she managed to elicit the facts. When Roland informed his wife that instead of returning to Villa Franca, it would be necessary to return at once to England, Claudia had proposed going to fetch her mother and child, instead of writing as he suggested; but he declared that he could no longer live without her, that she should send for them to follow immediately, and entreated her to accompany him. During the voyage he paid her every attention, and continued the same affectionate behaviour till after their arrival at Mornington. There, to Claudia's surprise, she found the servants expecting them, and everything prepared for their reception, though their return was supposed to have been unpremeditated.

During dinner, to which they repaired almost immediately after their arrival, Claudia observed that Roland scarcely tasted anything except wine, of which he drank glass after glass, till his face flushed darkly and an angry light appeared in his eyes, which filled her with terror. Noticing the effect of the wine she pressed him to eat, and when he refused, tenderly asked if he felt ill. His replies were short, and only restrained by the presence of the servants from being rude. She began to think that the letters he had received to summon him home must have contained bad news—of ruin perhaps. She longed to be alone with him to assure him of her deep sympathy, and to comfort him if possible. The dinner seemed interminable. Then came dessert and coffee. She thought the servants were bent upon lingering about them. Roland became more and more gloomy; the strain on the young wife's nerves more than she could bear. The moment they were likely to be free from interruption, she started from her seat saying: 'What is it, dear Roland? I can bear anything but suspense, if shared with you. Tell your Claudia;' and she would have thrown herself into his arms.

But he pushed her from him, exclaiming: 'My Claudia indeed! Do you think a man of my temperament is likely to bear the treatment I have received, without retaliation?'

'Roland!' she gasped, 'what can you mean?'

'Do you not understand the meaning of this marriage then?' he asked with a sneer.

'I thought—I hoped—that you really loved me through all,' she faltered, 'as I have never ceased to love you.'

'Then it is time you should know the truth!' he furiously exclaimed. 'Yes; you may well cover your face with your hands while you hear it.'

His victim had thus hidden him from her sight, and tottered to the nearest seat, dreading she knew not what.

The man who had so lately renewed his vows to 'love and cherish' her, then approaching her with clenched hands, and breast heaving with passion, hissed these words in her ears: 'You dragged me through the disgrace of the Divorce Court. I made you again my wife that I might have my revenge!'

Claudia knew no more till she found herself in bed, a woman dressed like a nun standing beside her, bathing her face and hands with some pungent restorative. As her senses returned, she perceived that she was in the room which used to be her mother's. For some time she had no recollection of what had occurred, and asked her attendant why she was in bed and in that room. She was told that she had been insensible for nearly two days; but the doctor considered her pulse better that morning, and now she would doubtless do well. But she was not to talk; so she was to excuse Sister Monica from answering any questions.

'And ever since,' added Claudia, 'though very kind, she irritates me by treating me like a sick child.'

Madame Francini's feelings during this recital may perhaps be imagined, certainly not described. But above all her indignation, a vague fear was excited in her mind by her daughter's last words. She too had noticed a certain soothing tone adopted by this woman when speaking to her patient, talking down to her comprehension as it were, which was inexpressibly annoying to herself. She was determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to her daughter's attendant alone. It was however, then late; so she deferred doing so until the following morning. Claudia insisted upon having her child with her; and when Madame Francini retired to an adjoining room for the night, she left them both sweetly sleeping, the little one in the arms of its hapless mother.

Madame Francini passed a sleepless night trying to fathom Roland's motive in keeping his wife under this surveillance, and resolving to decide upon her own line of action, in the event of his return to Mornington. She rose very early; yet Sister Monica, who slept in the dressing-room, was up before her. This gave her the desired opportunity. She first inquired why her daughter had been for three weeks confined to the house, when it was obvious that she now required air and exercise.

'It was considered,' replied the nurse, 'that quiet was the most essential thing for her case.'

'Did Dr J— recommend it?' asked Madame Francini, naming the family doctor.

'O no,' was the answer. 'He is a general practitioner, you know. Mrs Mornington has seen one from our establishment at Ashfield.'

Her hearer could with difficulty repress an exclamation of horror. 'You do not mean to say,' she exclaimed, 'that my daughter is insane?'

'Well, scarcely insane,' replied Sister Monica

with professional coolness; 'but melancholy—in fact requiring attention.'

'Of course she requires attention when indisposed,' said madame; 'but not of the nature you hint at. I know my child's constitution better than any one else, and I am sure she only requires change of scene and air to restore her to health.'

But Sister Monica had passed so many years of her life in attendance upon the insane, that having been sent for to attend a lady of unsound mind, her own dwelt upon the one idea of insanity.

Madame Francini saw that it was useless to argue the point, and for reasons of her own, presently encouraged her to talk upon the subject. Could Sister Monica account for her patient's unhappy condition?

No; she could not; it was, she owned, 'unaccountable in her case. 'A lady with so many advantages. So rich! with so excellent a husband too.' Indeed Mr Mornington was so anxious, that he had determined to have the first advice for her, and intended to consult the great Dr Carden himself.

Madame Francini shuddered. 'When is the doctor coming?' she asked.

'He never visits patients,' was the reply. 'He receives them at his private asylum, either merely to give advice or as residents. Mr Mornington has made an appointment with the doctor for to-day, should the weather permit, as of course the dear invalid must not go out unless it be favourable.'

Now all was clear to the unhappy mother. Her daughter's perilous situation flashed upon her. She must save her, whatever might be the risk. Providence had surely sent her to grapple with the difficulty. But by what means? There was little time for deliberation. The appointment must be kept, for should it be necessary to arrange another, Roland would in all probability come home for the purpose. Never did storm-tossed mariner pray more earnestly for fine weather. So far her prayer was granted—a lovely morning raised her spirits and her hopes.

The good Sister was delighted with Madame Francini's ready acquiescence to the proposed consultation. She had been a little afraid of that lady at first, but now thought her charming, and readily gave her all the information which she required; first, that Dr Carden's asylum was situated in a lovely part of the country about ten miles from Mornington, in the heart of the Cleveland Hills, and about a mile from a little post-town called Ashfield, formerly a very quiet place, but now possessing a railway station.

This was enough for Madame Francini. Her plan was at once formed. Her first care was to ascertain what London trains stopped there. There was but one before night. The time was convenient. By this she was resolved she would travel with Claudia and the child.

Madame Francini then told Sister Monica that she would take an early breakfast in her daughter's room, that she might prepare her mind for the excitement of going out for the first time since her illness. Her next care was to pack a few necessities in her own travelling-bag, which later she placed secretly in the carriage, not daring to trust even the child's nurse with her intentions.

In due time the invalid, carefully shawled and veiled, was safely reclining in the luxuriously

appointed carriage, her mother by her side, and the little Beatrice in a high state of delight between them. On the opposite seat, the ever placid Sister Monica and baby's nurse, all, with one exception, prepared merely to enjoy a pleasant country drive. That one awaited with fearful anxiety the end. As they approached the town, Madame Francini proposed that they should alight at the principal inn for refreshment. 'My daughter looks much fatigued already,' she observed.

The unsuspecting Claudia assured her she was not, but was promptly told that invalids must not judge for themselves. They accordingly drove up to the hotel, and were soon provided with a light luncheon. Then came the moment for eluding the vigilance of one whose life's business it was to be ever on the alert! Madame Francini watched her opportunity when Sister Monica, having done justice to the luncheon, almost untouched by the others, rose from table and began to make preparations for their departure; then in a hurried whisper to her daughter, Madame Francini managed to make her understand that it was necessary to make some excuse for delay. 'Plead fatigue,' she said, 'and leave the rest to me.'

Claudia wondered, but obeyed. She trusted her mother now; and at once taking possession of a sofa, told Sister Monica, when she approached her armed with travelling wraps, that she must lie down for a time before she could proceed, she felt so tired. The anxious attendant now looked fairly embarrassed, and taking madame aside, entreated her to urge her daughter to make the effort, as it would be a serious thing to keep both the physician and Mr Mornington waiting.

Claudia caught the sound of her husband's name and turned deadly pale.

'Look, Sister!' exclaimed her mother; 'she is ready to faint now; and the gentlemen cannot complain if we let them know the state of the case immediately. If you will kindly take the carriage on and tell them, I will take care of your patient. You need not be away more than half an hour; and if convenient to Dr Carden, she may be able to see him later, in the day. I am sure,' added Madame Francini, 'if you tell Mr Mornington that you have left his wife in my care, he will be perfectly satisfied!' As she rapidly said these words, the mother's heart seemed to beat audibly, so great was her apprehension of a refusal. Indeed Sister Monica seemed very unwilling to accede to the proposal; but now the carriage was announced, it was necessary to decide one way or another; and after considerable hesitation, she consented.

The moment the carriage was well out of sight, Madame Francini gently broke the news to her daughter that she was about to take her home.

'Without Sister Monica?' asked Claudia, misunderstanding the word home for her own at Mornington.

Glad of the mistake, for there was little time for explanations, her mother entreated her to rouse herself and prepare as quickly as possible. She desired nurse to be ready with her little charge, and ordered the fly, which she had previously bespoken, to be brought to the door immediately. In a few minutes after Sister Monica's departure they were all on their way to the station, which they reached but just in time for the 3.30 train

for London. A liberal fee to the guard secured their privacy during the journey; but they were many miles on their way to London before the sorely tried mother had sufficiently recovered from the suppressed agony of the last few hours to explain the situation to her astonished companions. Nurse was a faithful servant who had taken little Beatrice at her birth, and knew most of the troubles which had befallen her beloved mistress. There was therefore no further occasion for restraint, and a salutary flow of tears at length enabled Madame Francini to speak coherently. When Claudia fully comprehended that it was undoubtedly her husband's intention to have confined her if possible in an asylum for the insane, her agitation was terrible; at first quite inconsolable; but by degrees her bitter anguish yielded to a sense of fervent gratitude for her escape; and at last impulsively throwing herself upon her knees, with her wearied head on her mother's lap, she praised God for her merciful deliverance from so great a peril.

The day after their arrival in London, Madame Francini called upon me and informed me of the foregoing particulars; also that she had already consulted a physician upon the subject of her daughter's health, and that he had recommended a removal to a warm climate as soon as convenient—to her native air if possible.

I pass over my meeting with Claudia. I saw at once that her mother's fears were by no means groundless. She looked fearfully ill. I saw but little of them during the few days they remained in London. Our leave-taking took place on board the vessel which was to take them across the Channel *en route* for Naples, where they were to pass the winter. After their departure my thoughts were long with them—perhaps I should say with Claudia. Were that young creature's woes only to end in death? It seemed indeed but too probable. A wife at the age of eighteen; divorced at twenty; a year later, again a wife; a month of fear, and then a fugitive from her husband. My heart echoed her mother's prayer, that God in his mercy would now grant her that peace to which she had been so long a stranger.

This prayer was granted. Each letter contained improved accounts of the invalid, of whose restoration to health her mother would have despaired but for the little Beatrice; for that sweet solace she lived. So said Madame Francini when she wrote to ask me to visit them in the lovely spot they had chosen for their seclusion. But my unchanged feelings for her daughter prevented my giving myself so dangerous a pleasure; though we corresponded regularly.

Of Roland I heard nothing. He made no further attempt to molest his wife; and on no other subject would I have held any communication with him.

Thus two years passed away without the occurrence of any particular event. August had again come round, and I was preparing for my annual visit to the Highlands, when a startling announcement appeared in *The Times*. The paragraph was headed 'Death in the Hunting-field'; followed by an account of the fatal accident which had befallen Roland Mornington, Esq. while pursuing his favourite sport.

To say the least, I was considerably shocked.

My thoughts rapidly travelled back to the days of our early friendship. At such a moment, faults are forgotten, good qualities exaggerated, and above all sad reflections which must occur to the mind on such an occasion, is the deep concern for the spiritual state of one so suddenly called into eternity. Such were my feelings for Roland. How would the wife who once so truly loved him bear the intelligence? The shock would I knew be severe. I hastened to write to her mother, in the hope that a letter would reach them before the newspapers.

I received an answer as soon as possible from Madame Francini. My letter had given them the first information. Claudia was greatly affected, as might be expected, and wept bitterly for some hours. 'But,' said the writer, 'hers is not the grief which breaks the heart. It finds its vent in tears; unlike that which wrung my own when I found her calm and tearless, a statuesque delineation of Despair, after the discovery of her husband's treachery.'

The letter stated that they were already making preparations for their immediate return to England; that they would at once proceed to Mornington, as it was Claudia's greatest wish to be present at the last sad duties to the departed; in two, or at most three days they might be expected; and she begged me, as a personal favour to herself, to superintend the necessary arrangements.

My arrangements being already made for leaving town, I was able to comply at once with this request; and in a few hours I was standing beside the coffin of the once envied if not enviable Roland Mornington. Strange men awaited my orders, which were given according to my own ideas of what a Christian funeral should be, and in some respects differed from theirs; though of course consistent with the ample means and social position of the deceased. All the arrangements were completed before the arrival of the young widow.

On the day following, the travellers reached Mornington. I was pacing the corridors much more excited at the prospect of seeing Claudia than when she was a wife. Then, duty sternly restrained my passion. Now, indifferent as she was to it, she might at least be worshipped without sin! The sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel before the house brought me to my sober senses. I hastened to receive the travellers—two veiled women in sombre habiliments, followed by the lovely little Beatrice, led by her nurse. When I took Claudia's hand, I found she was trembling from head to foot. Her emotion at this solemn return to the home she had been compelled to leave under circumstances so painful, was intense; and I felt that she would be better that first evening alone with her mother; so after making friends with the little one by seating her at table before the supper which had been prepared for her, I retired. I fancied that Claudia's eyes thanked me for so well understanding her feelings.

A sleepless night but ill prepared me for the morning's trial. I met Madame Francini at breakfast; but Claudia, she told me, would not again leave her room until after the funeral. She had, alone, taken leave of all that remained of her once fondly loved husband. Possibly the sight of those calm features, so peaceful in death,

may have renewed the old tenderness, and with it bitter grief. But such sorrow was too sacred to be shared even by her mother. She passed the day entirely alone.

When all was over, there was much business for the young widow to attend to; for though the property was strictly entailed, the furniture, plate, &c. and all the house contained, belonged to her. It therefore required much consideration where to fix their future residence. Happily, it was no longer necessary for Claudia to live abroad, her health being perfectly re-established. Many plans were discussed, but nothing settled, until (as it frequently happens) unforeseen circumstances settled the matter for them.

Colonel Mornington, the successor to the property, was now in India; and in his reply to the information of his cousin's untimely death, appeared to be almost more perplexed than pleased with his acquisition. He stated that he should not have his leave for two years, at the termination of which period he might retire from the army altogether. He was therefore very unwilling to come to England before that time had expired. He expressed a hope that the widow would be able, conveniently to herself, to reside at the Hall until his return, all expenses to be paid out of the estate. He proposed this as a personal favour to himself, as unless occupied, the house might not be in habitable repair when he required it. He also begged that I would continue to act with his late cousin's solicitor in the management of the property. The Colonel was evidently a person who disliked trouble.

After due deliberation, the Colonel's offer was accepted. This state of affairs brought me inevitably again into frequent communication with the woman I loved; but I no longer shunned these visits. The delight of studying that sweet character, chastened and ennobled by former suffering, yet slowly recovering its serenity; the happiness of being in a position to save her some trouble, was happiness indeed for me. After the first arrangements were completed, it was hardly necessary for me to go into Yorkshire myself on business connected with the estate; but as I persuaded myself that no one could possibly take my place, I repaired thither whenever I could find an excuse. At each visit Claudia was more and more like her former bright self. The education of her child (a beauty by inheritance from both parents) was at once her chief occupation and delight, particularly as the little Beatrice evinced at a very early age a talent for music. Her own glorious voice was once more heard filling the house with melody, and dear madame's heart with gladness; while to me came back the refrain of a long-forgotten song, once more haunting me with the words, 'Claudia is free!'

From this time the entries in my diary were too monotonous to interest those who may read this sketch of my life. I have written enough to satisfy them why I still remain a bachelor; so I now bid my readers farewell, and close the book which has been my one faithful confidant for years.

Three years later.

At last an event has occurred which is indeed worthy of record, to be written in letters of gold, and read in sunshine if possible. Let me linger a

little over the details which preceded this event, so fraught with joy.

The return of Colonel Mornington from India hastened it, though he had remained there by choice six months longer than was absolutely necessary. His first visit was to my chambers, where he expressed a wish to go to Mornington Hall as soon as I could accompany him, and ascertain when it would be convenient to Mrs Mornington. I wrote to propose it; and a gracious answer being received, we were soon *en route* for the north. From the moment of the introduction I saw how much the Colonel was struck with Claudia. I knew by intuition that he would ask her to remain at the Hall as its mistress. I felt that no time was to be lost. He was rather a formidable rival; a remarkably fine man, with polished and attractive manners, while his every look manifested admiration for our lovely hostess.

When should I see her alone? Alas! not that night. But I knew she was an early riser; so I was up with the lark. I wandered into the gardens through the conservatories, but returned without meeting the object of my search. Each moment seemed an hour; yet I was unreasonable to expect her before the servants were astir. I thought I would try to read, and turned into the library for that purpose. Its half-open door commanded a view of the staircase. Was I dreaming? No; I was sure that I heard the soft rustle of some light material sweep over the thickly carpeted stairs, across the marble floor of the hall, towards the room in which I stood listening and breathless. It was she! I hastily advanced to meet her; but she started back in dismay. I knew afterwards that she was attired in a white muslin *robe de chambre*, her beautiful hair hanging at its full length around her. At the time I only saw Claudia. I caught her hands and implored her to remain.

She murmured something about a book her maid could not find; and not being dressed, did not expect any one would be up, or—

'Pray, pray, do not mind your dress,' I exclaimed. 'The few moments we may be alone must not be wasted upon trifles. Hear me, my beloved Claudia!' Then—then I told her all. She did not speak; but I still held her hands in my passionate clasp while I entreated her to reward my long patient devotion with one word of hope.

'You must let me go now,' she whispered. 'I will speak to you when I am—more—fit to be seen!' The words were almost inaudible; but the tone, the blush, and the trembling of the still imprisoned hands all answered me; and before I released her, I held her to my heart and passionately kissed her lips. And as the tears started to her eyes—not tears of vexation this time—she was gone. But I knew that she was mine.

Madame Francini rejoiced to hear of our engagement. 'I have long known your secret,' said this very clear-sighted lady, 'and I know that now my Claudia will be happy.'

Colonel Mornington was perhaps not quite so well pleased; but he resigned himself to the disappointment, if such it was, offered to be my best-man at the wedding, and gave the bride a costly present.

I write now from M'Ivor Castle, my aunt—who declares that I am indebted to her for my wife—

having kindly lent us her Highland home for the honeymoon. Claudia is standing at the open window gazing with ever new delight at the magnificent scenery surrounding the castle, now bathed in the golden glory of the setting sun, as he slowly sinks behind the mighty Ben Nevis. She calls me to her side to share her enjoyment. But pausing for a moment I reflect that mine is the more perfect, for in addition to the glorious landscape, I see Claudia in the foreground. She turns to ascertain the cause of my delay. I need not tell her, for she knows that such love as mine is not only for all time but for all Eternity.

FUGITIVE FUN.

WITHOUT having or making any claims to being wits, there are a good many people who occasionally say a droll, humorous, or amusing thing. Many of these owe their point mainly to the circumstances in which they are uttered, and, when severed from these, either lose much of their freshness and appositeness or fall entirely flat. This however, applies more or less to all verbal wit; and diverting as are the *bon-mots* of such famous jokers as Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb, Douglas Jerrold and others, they must doubtless have been still racier on the occasion of their first utterance. Men of the same nimble wit and humorous fancy as those just named come few and far between; but everybody hears an original smart or amusing thing now and then—an epigrammatic saying, a queer pun, or a good story, such things as lend flavour and variety to talk, and agreeably bridge the pause between the *entrées* and the roast.

It has sometimes occurred to the present writer that if everybody were to keep a record of the best original sayings and stories he has heard in the course, say of ten years, an amusing little volume might be made out of the material thus got together. It would not of course be such a volume as could be placed alongside such budgets of wit as have from time to time been offered to the public, gleaned from the humours of all nations and times, but it might at least be such a one as would be quite capable of amusing one's leisure hours.

In 1831 appeared a collection of *Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*, to which were added a selection of choice English and Irish jests. The book (now out of print) was edited by the late Dr Robert Chambers, and was the first of its kind to extend what may be termed the Geography of Fun, beyond the Tweed.

In recent years appeared, besides other collections, the admirable book of the late accomplished and genial Dean Ramsay; and we feel certain that if others had the same faculty for the work in question as that possessed by these two collectors, other volumes of hardly less diverting quality might from time to time be made. It is with some little diffidence that we offer this short paper to the reader, who may if he pleases regard it as a humble contribution to such a trial-volume as has been indicated.

As far as we are aware, nothing here set down has appeared in print before. The sayings and stories are original and true—that is, the sayings were said and the stories happened. The scene and the 'setting' have in some cases been slightly

altered, and names of course in every instance withheld.

Two friends, while spending some days in the country, on the Sunday attended the village church. They heard a long, and it must be confessed, somewhat tedious sermon. Moreover the preacher, in expounding his subject, seemed to the two strangers among his hearers to take an unusually narrow, restricted, and literal view of the text. While walking back to their lodgings, one of the friends remarked upon this; when the other said: 'The same thing struck me. The good man's sermon reminded me of nothing so much as of Euclid's definition of a line—*length without breadth*.'

A certain merchant in an English town recently failed. The failure was an honourable one, and had been caused through no fault, morally speaking at anyrate, of the insolvent. A friend of the merchant's talking over the matter to two others, was speaking in terms of high praise of the bankrupt—how just a man he had always been in business; how much his misfortunes had been due to the shortcomings of others; and how anxious he had shewn himself to render his creditors all the help in his power in regard to the liquidation; how in short his very failure had been a credit to him. All this was readily assented to by the other two; but one of them was a man who could not easily forego his joke, whatever the occasion. 'Ah yes,' said he, with a twinkle in his eye; 'poor J—— is like the parson in the *Deserted Village*—

Even his *failings* lean to virtue's side.'

There are those who despise or affect to despise all punning; see no fun in it whatever, and pretend to consider a pun a symptom rather of mental feebleness than anything else. These are not unfrequently persons who never made a pun or anything in the semblance of a joke themselves, and are not particularly quick in seeing the jokes of others. Such are fond of quoting Dr Johnson's saying, that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. But it is not improbable that the Doctor made this definition a good deal for the sake of the alliteration, a neat alliteration being itself a species of epigram. The saying of the great man is akin to that other in which he defines an angler as 'a rod with a hook at one end and a fool at the other,' and has about as much truth in it.

For ourselves, we at once confess to having no objections to an occasional pun. But when punning becomes a practice indulged on every opportunity in or out of season, it is simply a bore; and your inveterate punster, the man who can never let an opportunity pass of playing upon words, is a nuisance. A good pun now and then is a fillip to conversation, a light diversion amid graver talk; and even a bad pun is provocative of much derisive banter, as everybody must have noticed. Indeed we have sometimes heard it affirmed that bad puns are more laughable than good ones. Probably the truth is that when a smart pun is made, one's amusement is often divided with a mild admiration, while a bad pun elicits our expostulations, but none the less compels our laughter. One thing is certain, that some of the best *jeux de mots* on record—made by the most famous wits—are nothing else than puns pure and simple.

The following quip will, we suspect, not be readily evident to readers south of the Tweed, unless to such as possess the necessary familiarity with the Scotch vernacular. Three friends were out in a pleasure-boat upon the Firth of Forth. As they coasted along before the wind, one of the yachtsmen noticed a quantity of turnips drifting past upon the tide, and called his companions' attention to the unusual sight; whereupon one replied: 'Of course; don't you see? It's *neap-tide*.'

Some acquaintances at a dinner-party—among them a Doctor of Divinity and a Doctor of Medicine—got into a discussion as to the respective services which the clerical and the medical professions gave to the world. The discussion was maintained with entire good-humour on both sides, but the clergyman naturally remained firm to his point, that great as was the physician's office, that of the cleric was still higher.

'Well, well,' said the physician with assumed gravity; 'after all, I think the issue of the whole matter may be put in a nutshell. The only difference between us is that you are the doctors that *preach*, and we those that *practise*.'

In a certain British colony in which there was a large Scotch community, it was proposed a short time since to organise a Highland Volunteer regiment. The idea was carried out, and a promising corps established, the uniform being in strict adherence to the 'garb of old Gaul.' The corps now desired a motto, but some difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable one. After drill one evening, several of the members were discussing the matter, when one quietly suggested, with an inclination of the head towards his kilt, the well-known lines of Goldsmith—

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'

The following come under the head of 'stories.'

A certain Scottish minister of considerable force of character and vigour of expression was wont in his pulpit discourses occasionally to make somewhat vehement attacks upon the Church of Rome, as some conscientious clerics deem it their duty to do. One year Mr A—— decided upon making Rome the scene of his annual autumn holiday. A member of his congregation, while calling upon the minister's mother, touched upon the subject of her son's projected trip, remarking that he would no doubt get a great deal of enjoyment from it. The old lady shook her head, and with an expression of much doubt in her face, replied: 'I've great fears about the whole matter. I doubt if it's safe his going to Rome at a'. Everybody kens that there's few been so sair against the Pope as our Willy.'

A bull may be sometimes amusing enough, as witness the splendid blunders of Sir Boyle Roche. The following relates to a humble countrywoman of the inimitable baronet. A young medical man, with whom the writer is acquainted, was attending an old Irishwoman who lived in one of the poorer quarters of Edinburgh. She had been very ill, but was on the way to recovery, when one day she said to the doctor: 'Will ye tell me doctor dear, for certain, whether I'll get well again or no.'

'O yes; I think you'll be all right soon now,' was the answer.

'I wanted to know for sure, ye see, doctor, because I'm a lone woman, an' I subscribe to a buryin' society, an' I just wished to know if I was likely to be gettin' any benefit out of it or not.'

Everybody knows how droll the remarks of children often are. What capital fun may be made out of the sayings of young people is amply evidenced in that diverting little book *Helen's Babies*, which, however much it may be thought by some to be an exaggerated picture, has proved its entertaining qualities at least, by its popularity. But if everybody who has children, put together the queer things which their youngsters occasionally utter, we venture to think that a volume might be made little less amusing than the history of Budge and Toddie, and we have no doubt that that famous record is in some part a record of fact.

One day a little boy of about Budge's age strayed away from home, causing thereby much consternation in the nursery. After a considerable search, the truant was discovered in an adjacent square disporting himself with some street urchins, with whom he was happily fraternising. When once more recovered, he was seriously remonstrated with upon his conduct by an old nurse, who read Master Jack a long lecture.

'Supposing you had been run over by a big horse and cart, what would you have done then sir?' concluded nurse solemnly.

A gleam of sudden glee dispersed the gravity which had been slowly deepening in little Jack's face. 'Why, then I'd have a fun'al,' he answered triumphantly.

The following is 'far-fetched' only in the sense of its coming a distance of fourteen thousand miles. A certain part of Australia was recently suffering from a long-protracted drought. A day of prayer for rain was appointed and held, and as it happened the rain came on the following morning. A remote quarter of the same colony was at the same time being visited by a superabundance of moisture. A worthy magistrate of the district, on hearing of what was going on at C——, and fancying that the rain in his own neighbourhood was sensibly increasing, in haste despatched the following telegram to the authorities at C——: 'Stop praying now, or we'll be flooded in five hours.'

THE IRISH WIDOW.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MISSING LINKS.

It struck one o'clock as we entered the deserted streets of Dundalk. The morning boat for Liverpool would start at eight. It was probable that Lawless would take advantage of that means of escape. But might he not have some other tactics in view? Perhaps at that moment he was trying to dispose of his victim and of his plunder in some fashion that would baffle detection, and destroy irrecoverably the missing links of the chain of evidence. So, dismissing our carman with an injunction to hold himself in readiness at his usual baiting-house, we proceeded to knock up the inmates of all the third-rate lodging-houses

and places of low resort where it was likely that Lawless might have secreted himself. Into all of these we effected an entrance. In some cases we experienced undue opposition, which the dire threats of the law alone overcame. We ransacked each with care, but failed to discover any traces of our man. About three o'clock we found ourselves in a completely exhausted state at the last house of the series. In the kitchen of this house a fire was provided for us, around which we sat, drying our clothes and wishing for the day. The recruit soon fell into a sleep and talked incoherently at intervals. O'Dowd dozed off and on; but I did not once close my eyes. What man worth his salt could give way to slumber at such a critical juncture!

When day broke about seven o'clock, we squared ourselves anew and marched down to the docks for the purpose of reconnoitring the passengers who were to start by the eight o'clock steamer. We went down a little lane, at the end of which we debouched on the quay, and in the gray morning light discerned the boat at some distance on the right, getting up steam for her departure. Half way was a tan-yard, with its gate lying wide open. From that gate we observed emerging none other than the object of our search—Lawless! He did not observe us, as he was going in the opposite direction. We doubled rapidly till we came up to him. Just as I was about to lay my hand on his shoulder, he turned round sharply and confronted me. Never shall I forget his appearance. His face was of an ashy paleness and terror-struck at the sight of us. There were on his trousers and vest the unmistakable marks of blood. On his shoes there was none, or their muddy condition obliterated it. He trembled like an infant when we grasped him, and in an agony of excitement cried: 'I did not do it! I swear by all the saints that I am innocent of it!' His shouts could be heard over the whole quays, and were already attracting to the spot a considerable number of the steamer folk. So, fearing a scene and a possible attempt at a rescue, I grasped my musket resolutely and told him to be silent on the instant, or I would not answer for the consequences.

I then stated the charge which was laid against him, giving him at the same time the usual caution not to say anything that might compromise his case. Once more I saw him open his mouth, as if to renew his expostulations; but the words died on his lips as I gave him one of my fiercest looks (I am a terrible fellow when roused), and he subsided into a state of dogged indifference to his situation. O'Dowd produced the handcuffs; whereupon we wheeled about and marched our prisoner in triumph up through the town. I felt that the eye of the nation was upon us as we escorted him along in that triumphal progress. If he had stirred an inch I would have bayoneted him on the spot, I do believe. When we reached the place where our car had put up for the night, O'Dowd and myself hastened to get our prisoner under-weight with all speed possible. We left the recruit behind, to prosecute a search for the cart and the missing body, promising that he should be relieved in a short time. He started off with suspicious alacrity; and I am still of opinion that he went in pursuit of his breakfast, contrary to orders.

The car was got round, and our prisoner seated between us. Crack went the whip. Dundalk was soon far behind us, and we were speeding towards Mullaghboy. But what with the excitement and necessity of being constantly on the watch against any sudden dash of our wily prisoner, I felt every minute an age. He still retained that silent passive expression of indifference into which my threats had terrified him, or whereby he strove to cloak his real emotion. I anxiously awaited the moment when we should reach the glen, the scene of his so recent misdeeds. I felt that unless he had a heart of steel he could not, under the circumstances, resist some expression of his feelings. Entering the glen, he appeared somewhat fidgety; and as we passed the actual spot, I could observe an almost imperceptible tremor run over his face, just as if the chillness of the morning air had penetrated through him. I scanned him closely; and he knew it. He appeared determined to brave it out however; for we had not yet emerged from the glen, when he requested permission to light his pipe. He was lost for a smoke, and the morning was so cold, he said. Although I was sure that this was only by way of bravado, I consented; whereupon he directed me to pull the pipe out of his pocket, as his hands were confined. This I did, and found the said pipe to be almost new. This fact appeared very significant to O'Dowd and myself, as we expressed by nods over the stooping form of Lawless, now enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. Ah! how little he knew that the very act by which he calculated to evade suspicion, was striking as it were an additional nail into his coffin!

From this reflection I fell into musing on the different circumstances, trivial enough in themselves, which had led us on step by step to the grand result. The statements of the drunken tinker, let fall by chance in our hearing—Peggy Malone out later than usual—our beat prolonged up to the glen in consequence of an inference drawn from the two preceding facts—the pool of blood discovered—the marks of a struggle—the prints of the frost-nail—the tracks of a heavily laden cart—the old pipe of Lawless—the noises heard during the night by O'Connor—Lawless observed entering Dundalk with a cart—his detection on the quay at that early hour of the morning—the blood on his clothes—his frightened looks—his unguarded denial of a crime not yet alleged against him—in fine, every little circumstance which had occurred from the time when we were first put upon the scent up to the present moment.

Such were the thoughts that coursed through my busy brain as the vehicle brought us every moment nearer to our destination. And now with a mind more at ease, I secretly chuckled at the vista of promotion I saw opening out before me. I saw myself a dignified head-constable in the village, ordering my men about in splendid style, and in a friendly fashion patronising a certain Sergeant O'Dowd of the same barracks. I also saw a certain rich widow of the neighbourhood eagerly closing in with a matrimonial proposal, of her own making; a retiring pension, &c.

From these delicious reveries I was roused by the gleeful shouts of Lawless, who was pointing excitedly ahead of us at an old lady seated comfortably on the top of a well-packed cart,

which was jogging along the road before us. Could my eyes deceive me? Or was it really Peggy Malone come back from the dead? There she was however, to all appearance alive and well, and belabouring the old pony with all her accustomed vigour. In a few seconds more we were at hand. We pulled up as a matter of course, to obtain an explanation of the mystery.

Lawless at once appealed to her in an affectionate tone: 'Arrah, Peggy dear, is it yerself I see at all at all, or on'y yer ghost, that's dhruvin' the murdered corp back to berril? For if it's a berril, we'll push on ahead to get the bell rung an' the praste ready.'

'Go along, ye blaggard!' was the surly reproof made by Peggy to the foregoing eloquent appeal.

But Lawless, mentally transferring that reproof to her old nag, which just then exhibited an extra amount of laziness, proceeded to question the old lady still further: 'So ye weren't kilt atther all, as these gentlemint let on to me ye wor.'

'Give me no more o' yer lip, Lawless,' she replied curtly; 'bekase I don't want to have no dailins wid ye, good or bad.'

'These gentlemint,' said the rascal, looking at the rueful countenances of O'Dowd and myself, 'aren't half-pleased that you weren't murdered out an' out. An' bedad,' he added in an undertone to me, 'it's jist meself that wouldn't say wan word agin that same, seein' the fine bit o' money I'd be comin' in fur.'

I paid no attention to his remarks, which seemed extremely commonplace at the time, not to speak of their very bad taste; but whispering over to O'Dowd, I observed: 'As we have nothing further against Lawless, it's only fair to let him go home to his wife. We can alight from the car and send it on into the village before us. I would prefer to walk in, as I feel rather stiff about the joints. What do you say?'

O'Dowd closed at once with the proposal, adding: 'I'm rather stiff myself, now that I come to think of it; and would be glad of an opportunity to stretch my legs.'

I turned round to Lawless, and remarked in a grand patronising fashion: 'Well, Lawless, you have given us the most satisfactory proof possible that you are innocent of the business. We will let you go home now, if you promise to do so quietly; and indeed it is only right and proper for you to do so at once, for your wife was very uneasy about you last night. By the way, take this pipe, that I found last night on the road; it belongs to you.'

But Lawless strongly objected to this way of settling the business. Said he: 'Ay, ay gentlemint, I'll not stir an inch off this blissed car till we git into town; for go before the madjisthrate I must, to clear meself an' remove all stains from me, charachter.—Sure, Peggy darlint, they wor wantin' to make me out a murderher, an' of your own swate self, be yer lave. Ay! but I'll take an axshun agin the whole brigade o' thim for illagal seizure an' defamathun of charachter, the charachter that I wouldn't let a stain on for all they're worth.—Dhrive on, Larry avick,' said he to the carman, who was enjoying the joke as only an Irishman can when the dignity of the Force is assailed.

We saw that there was no help for it; so in a state of despairing acquiescence, we allowed the

carman to drive on ahead. The carman, alas! seemed to have lost all that admirable spirit of obedience which distinguished him throughout the campaign. He was dilatory in setting off, probably from a desire to hear more.

Lawless kept up a galling fire of talk, directed straight at us. 'The name of Lawless,' he continued, 'has got a slight put on it be this thrans-axshun! I'll never be able to hould up me head agin. The likes was never heerd tell of in this counthry before. But I'll spare no expinse; I'll sell me property out—lock, stock, and barril—to send the mane scoundrels across the say for raisin' sich a scandalous report. An' I wouldn't mind so much about meself; but it's bringin' yer name, Peggy darlint, into the affair that kills me out an' out. But good mornin', aroon. They'll hardly git the sthripes they're huntin' for this time at anyrate.—Dhrive on, Larry, to the madjisthrate. I want me charachter to be cleared.'

It was horrible to listen to him, and to think of eventualities. As we approached the village, Lawless continued to soliloquise audibly in a most uncomplimentary manner with regard to us; whilst the driver, before so respectful, now ignored us entirely, and actually dared to open a conversation with the wretched murd— So we reached the magistrate's house.

After a short investigation, the whole mystery was successfully cleared up. It appeared that Lawless, on Monday evening, had in his capacity as knacker purchased a broken-down old mule, the price of which he most probably had extracted from the pockets of the inebriated tinker a few hours previously. He was taking it away to Dundalk to a dealer in hides and manufacturer of bone-manure. The animal however, exhausted by age and starvation, was incapable of the long journey, and had sunk down in the glen, positively refusing, and being in fact unable to advance one step farther. On this the resolute Lawless took out his knife and put an end to the wretched animal's sufferings by the simple process of opening an artery. The mule had thus bled to death. This successfully done, he proceeded at once into Dundalk, procured a cart at the slaughter-house, and brought it up to the place where the mule's carcass lay. Having successfully hoisted his cargo on the vehicle, he returned to the slaughter-house, and slept there that night. About daybreak, feeling very thirsty after his late debauch, he resolved to go out to town in search of a glass of something before his breakfast. On this quest he was just emerging from the tan-yard gate when we made the arrest. At this point of his statement I proposed to him the question: 'Why he had been so prompt in his declaration of innocence, before any offence was alleged against him?' He replied that at the moment when we laid hands on him the idea in his mind was that we suspected him of having stolen Walsh's money, and he could not restrain his feelings at the thought of that. He was poor, but he hoped that he was honest.

This concluded his explanation. Long before he had done, the real state of the case flashed across my mind like lightning across the heavens. I was morally certain that Lawless had robbed Walsh of the money with which he subsequently bought the old mule. But as in the case of the supposed murder, the less said about it the

better. So Lawless was dismissed by the old magistrate—who I am sorry to say treated the whole affair as an excellent joke—and dismissed too, as he had desired, without a stain on his character. He once more holds his head aloft among the neighbours, and still remains as great a thief as ever, I do believe.

As for Peggy Malone's mysterious disappearance, we ascertained subsequently that she had turned aside from her road to make a friendly call at the house of a distant relative who was unwell. Yielding to a pressing invitation, she had stopped there that night; and when we overtook her in the morning, was calmly returning to Mullaghboy with all her stock-in-trade.

Of course it's all as plain as a pikestaff to the reader now; but O'Dowd and I dare console ourselves with the hope that his first impressions differed not from our own as regards the supposed murder. If haply, such be the case, our injured vanity will be satisfied, and the object of this narrative amply realised.

By a tyrannical hand, for reasons not alleged, we have been transferred from the scene of our late exertions, and are at present stationed in County Tipperary, where there is every year a very satisfactory calendar of crime, what with landlord-shooting, threatening letters, arson, and all that. It is evident that we can't *much* longer be kept out of our promotion, unless indeed it fall to our lot to investigate such another deed of blood.

MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

ON the above subject, which was lately noticed in this *Journal*, a correspondent sends us the following:

'A few years ago I removed into a new and larger house with a young family. Some nights after my removal I was awakened in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking twice or thrice repeated at my bedroom door. I called out: "Who's there?" There was no reply; but after an interval of a few minutes the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the same question: "Who's there?" and again no reply; but again came the knocking, if possible more distinct and louder than before, and just as if a person outside in the lobby had struck sharply and repeatedly with his knuckles on the door. I sprang rapidly from bed on its being repeated, and rushed to the bedroom door and opened it, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside; and no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was what is called a well-staircase, brilliantly lighted with a flood of moonlight, which streamed through the skylight window. I am not and never was spirit-stricken or superstitious; but I will confess my sensations now became trying; my heart began to throb, and I returned to bed with ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct and methodical as before. Although feeling very uneasy, I crept silently out of bed and stretched myself on the floor with my head on the boards and a few feet from the bedroom door, to find out if possible from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. Again it came as before, and I could distinctly refer it to the lowest part or panel of the door. I suddenly opened the door; but with the same result as before;

and again I lay in my former position. Again came the knocking, three or four distinct taps; and now fixing my eyes steadily on the spot from which the tapping proceeded, I saw the knuckle-bone of a leg of lamb, about the size of a very small walnut, jerked repeatedly against the skirting that lay alongside the door. The skirting was thinner than the sounding-board of a piano; and it was the sudden tapping of the little bone against the sounding-board that produced the repeated knocking. But how was the tapping produced? By a mouse that had found its way along the hollow space behind the wainscot. It had bored a hole in the very lowest part of the wainscot very nearly on a level with the floor, had found its little bone left after the children's dinner, and had dragged it to the entrance of its hole, but could not get it through. It had dragged through the tough bit of sinew which is attached to the end of the bone—popularly known in mutton as the Gentleman's Bone—and was trying by jerking it backwards to bring the bone itself through; and each jerk gave a blow against the thin sounding-board, and each blow gave out the sound or mysterious knock. Had I not discovered this, no reasoning could have convinced me that I had not heard knocks at my bedroom door; and I should in all probability have attributed them to what is termed supernatural agency.

'My next experience was if possible more puzzling. In the neighbourhood of Dublin, on the rocky sea-coast of Dalkey, there are several castles supposed to have been erected by the Danes for the protection of their traders. They are still in fair preservation, and have dwelling-houses of modern construction built against them. One of these old castles stands on the very verge of the sea, over what was once a rocky inlet, but is now a harbour called Bullock Harbour, along the opposite side of which is a row of fishermen's cottages, principally inhabited by men who earn their livelihood as pilots. The dwelling-house attached to this old castle I with my family occupied in the summer, for health's sake and to enjoy boating, of which I was fond. I observed some time after taking up my residence in it, that no matter at what time I retired to bed—and I generally sat up one or two hours after the other members of my family had retired—the servants from the kitchen story selected the same moment for their departure.

'This unceasing regularity became at last annoying, and I insisted on knowing the cause. The information given to me was that the old castle and house were haunted, and that for no inducement would the servants remain after I had ascended from the parlour. I had now reason for thinking there was some ground for the fears. The pantry particularly, and the rest of the house with it, were walked over by footsteps at night. These were plainly heard; and there was added an additional aggravation; for, not content with this, the "supernatural" visitor began to do mischief, and generally in the gray of the morning made free with eatables and pots of jam on the shelves, occasionally breaking a glass or plate! To add to the mystery, though the pantry was carefully locked every night the depredations still continued, and at length the terror of each night's visitation became greater and greater, and various stories began to be circulated, one being that the visitant

was the spirit of a nun condemned to suffer the pangs of hunger for some transgression. This was supported by the circumstance of the old castle and grounds having been some years before occupied as a convent. The only opening into the pantry was through a ventilator in the roof, very high up, and adjoining one of the lofty walls of the old castle. Through this no human being could obtain an entrance; but it was entered by a *monkey*, who came to it in this way. One of the pilot-boats was taking off a pilot to a ship, to relieve the one on duty, when the monkey, sick I suppose of the sea, and determined not to lose the opportunity, jumped into the boat, and on nearing the shore, jumped out again, and sought the nearest shelter, which happened to be the old castle. The ship was from the West Indies, laden with sugar. The monkey, though missed from the homeward-bound, was unnoticed by the pilot crew, and finding his way from the castle to the ventilator of the adjoining dwelling-house pantry, sought to allay his hunger there when all was quiet at night. By day the creature lay hidden in the old castle; and it was only after a lapse of many days and nights that poor Jacko was discovered peeping out from his lodging in the old Norman keep!

'It not unfrequently happens that houses are haunted, and kept haunted, by certain persons who have a *direct interest* in keeping up the silly trick. In the same neighbourhood—the neighbourhood of the old castle—was a house reputed to be haunted, and which has maintained its reputation for more than two summers. Footsteps are heard at night, doors are slammed, and on one occasion, jugs of water have been poured upon some members of the family, to their great discomfort. The ghost has been clever, and has not yet been caught; but the solution is not far to find, as the care-taker has a comfortable residence gratis, which is lost when the house is let and occupied for the season.'

[We gladly offer the foregoing 'ghost-stories unveiled' to our readers, as proving what we have over and over again maintained—namely that apparently unaccountable sounds or sights are, in almost every case, capable of being solved, and relegated to natural causes, by the exercise of a little perseverance and common-sense.—Ed.]

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Secretaries of the Royal Society have again announced that they are ready to receive applications for grants from the fund of four thousand pounds voted by parliament for the promotion of scientific research. This is the third year of the fund. In the two preceding years it has been found that there are earnest men who, if they can be kept alive, are willing to devote themselves to long-continued and laborious investigations, some of which are of a highly scientific character; and such men will no doubt come to the fore until the five years prescribed by the Treasury for the duration of the experiment shall have expired. Any one may apply who is really engaged in scientific research; but persons who are in want of a partner, or have invented a new polishing-powder, or who desire to give popular lectures,

have mistaken the purpose of the fund, and should address themselves elsewhere.

The Society of Arts are endeavouring to prepare a complete list of all the Reports of medical officers of health on the question of water-supply; and they have published the Reports of the Congresses held to discuss water-supply, health and sewage of towns, and domestic economy; and they announce that the Society's examinations in 1879 will comprise Commercial Knowledge—Domestic Economy—Fine Arts applied to Industry—Music—Technology of Arts and Manufactures, and Elementary. Besides all this, they have published Dr Richardson's interesting series of lectures *On Putrefactive Changes, and on the Preservation of Animal Substances*.

The Statistical Society offer their Howard Medal for 1879, and twenty pounds for the best essay 'On the Improvements that have taken place in the Education of Children and Young Persons during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.' Any one in any part of the world may compete, provided that the essay be written in English. The time allowed extends to the end of June next.

The Social Science Congress met at Cheltenham, and discussed many subjects regarding the welfare of the community—Prisons and prisoners; wages and savings; medical clubs; the best way of making art available to everybody; schools and teachers; overcrowding in dwelling-houses, and public health in all its aspects; moral influence of the drama. These are a few of the topics talked about; and readers desirous to know how they were talked about will be gratified in due time by the Association's annual volume.

With a view to spread and improve popular knowledge of meteorology, the Meteorological Society have arranged for a course of lectures on the Physical Properties of the Atmosphere—Air Temperature, its Distribution and Range—The Barometer and its Uses: Wind and Storms—Clouds and Weather-signs—Rain, Snow, Hail and Atmospheric Electricity—The Nature, Methods, and General Objects of Meteorology. From all this it will be understood that the Long Vacation is over, and that our learned and scientific societies are reviving their activity.

The extreme sensitiveness of the 'carbon button' used in the transmission of sounds by the microphone, has led Mr Edison to the invention of a new instrument, the Tasimeter, for the measurement of minute changes of temperature. The button is so placed that substances of different kinds may be brought near it; and when in operation, the instrument is connected with an electric battery and a very sensitive galvanometer. The slightest pressure on the substance taken for experiment, immediately deflects the needle of the galvanometer. Suppose, for example, that the substance is a small strip of metal; the pressure has altered its length, and consequently its relations with the button, and the sensitiveness of the button at once makes the fact apparent through the galvanometer. Similarly, changes of temperature and of moisture are indicated, and thus physicists are provided with an additional resource for experimental purposes. With the tasimeter it will be possible to measure with greater refinement than hitherto the temperature of the spectra of stars, and to determine the quantity, infinitely small though it be, by which a wire or

bar is lengthened or shortened by magnetisation ; and to ascertain many other facts which are of great importance in physical science. For instance, a tasimeter may be so fitted in the keel of a ship that when connected with a galvanometer in the cabin, it will indicate the temperature of the sea and the proximity of ice. Similarly, it may be used to give warning of excessive heat and of fire. To whatever purpose it may be applied, it remains a remarkable instance of Mr Edison's inventive genius.

The eclipse of the sun of July last still occupies the attention of astronomers. Professor H. Draper, who observed it with excellent instruments from a favourable spot near the central line of totality in Wyoming Territory, United States, anticipated that something new concerning the nature of the corona would be ascertained, in consequence of the eclipse occurring at a time when there were no sunspots, and the chromosphere was in a condition of minimum activity. In this he was not disappointed, for with an exposure of one hundred and sixty-five seconds, the whole time of the totality, he got a well-defined photograph of the corona.

From this photograph it is concluded that the corona is not a glowing gas, but that 'its light is due to reflection of sunlight by solid or liquid bodies surrounding the sun like a cloud of meteors.'

'There can be little doubt,' says Professor Draper, 'that during this eclipse we have observed the true nature of the corona, and that its light is almost entirely sunlight reflected from bodies of a size too small to be distinguished as individuals. According to this view, the light of the corona has on former occasions been infiltrated with materials thrown up from the chromosphere.'

Mr Edison, who was of the party, used his newly invented tasimeter to ascertain whether the corona gave indications of heat, and was answered in the affirmative, for no sooner was the instrument moved from the image of the dark moon to the image of the corona, than the index beam of light went entirely off the scale of the galvanometer, whereby the opportunity for exact measurement was unfortunately lost.

The discussion and excitement about electric light still continue, and holders of gas shares have not ceased to be timorous. But to make that light available for domestic, public, and manufacturing purposes will not be a quick operation. With a powerful steam-engine to drive the magneto-electric or dynamo-electric machine, it is easy to generate a powerful light suited say for a lighthouse ; but to subdivide and distribute that light to numerous points in a house or factory is a great difficulty. How to overcome that difficulty is the problem. The so-called current from a magneto-electric machine is not a current in the same sense as that flowing from a battery ; it is rather a series of exceedingly rapid impulses, and the farther they are transmitted the feebler is their light.

As many readers know, the focus of the light is two small cones of carbon with a stream of the rapid impulses passing from one to the other. The prime difficulty here is, the burning away of the carbon-points, and the corresponding derangement of the light. If the cones could be so contrived as to burn continuously at the exact distance from each other necessary for a steady light, this

difficulty would cease to exist. The 'Wallace lamp' is fitted with carbon-plates, which, as is said, will give a continuous light for a hundred hours ; Mr Werdermann makes use of a point and a disk. Professors Thomson and Houston of the Central High School, Philadelphia, taking advantage of the fact that a succession of rapid sparks appears as a continuous light, have contrived an electric light in which one of the carbons is made to approach and recede from the other so quickly that the light is apparently uninterrupted. There is economy in this ; for a comparatively feeble current will suffice where, with the usual arrangement, a strong current would be required.

In June of last year, Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., exhibited at a conversazione of the Royal Society a 'regulator' by which the carbon-points could be regulated. He describes it as 'a thin strip of copper or silver, say six inches long and half an inch broad, stretched horizontally between two supports, with a weight or spring exerting a certain pressure in the middle. The branch-current to be regulated is passed through this strip of metal, which is thereby heated to a certain moderate extent.' When all goes well, the strip is unaffected ; but would increase in temperature, and consequently in length, if the carbons approached each other, and allow the weight resting in the middle to descend, thereby occasioning an increase in the resistance of a small rheostat, through which the branch-current in question has to flow. And thus are the carbons regulated. Upon this important subject we hear that a new invention has been patented for the subdivision of the electric light by two electricians named Sawyer and Man, of New York. The invention is said to be a very simple one, consisting of a small pencil of carbon, little larger than a pin, and connected by wires to an electric machine inclosed in a hermetically sealed glass globe filled with pure nitrogen gas. The new invention is known as the electric dynamic light, and is stated to emit a brilliant white light. The inventors assert their ability to fit up lights equal to thirty gas burners, and say that by a very small switch in the wall the current of electricity can be divided so as to supply any number of burners. The meter difficulty has been overcome by an invention which will register the number of burners, and the number of hours they are lighted.

We made known last year certain researches and inventions by Mr Siemens in connection with electricity ; and under present circumstances, we may venture to repeat his statement that 'natural forces, such as represented by large waterfalls, could be utilised for the production of motive-power and electric light, in towns at a distance even of thirty miles from the source, by means of a large electric conductor.'

Considering that the Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved to make trial of the electric light in different parts of London, and that Liverpool and other towns are following their example, we may hope that the difficulties above referred to will be overcome. If report from the other side of the Atlantic may be trusted, they have been already overcome by the ingenious Mr Edison. The particulars of his method will probably be made public by the time that these lines appear in print.

A few months ago we noticed Professor Osborne

Reynolds' observations and conclusions on the action of the rudder on screw-steamers, shewing that to reverse the action of the screw in moments of danger might produce, and not avoid a collision. On all points of view, the question is one of great importance, and it is satisfactory to know that a Report thereupon was presented at the late meeting of the British Association at Dublin, by a committee, whose experiments with ships verified the conclusions arrived at by Professor Reynolds with models. They found it to be an invariable rule that during the interval in which a ship is stopping herself by the reversal of her screw, the rudder produces none of its usual effects to turn the ship; but that, under these circumstances, the effect of the rudder, such as it is, is to turn the ship in the opposite direction from that in which she would turn if the screw were going ahead. And further, owing to the feeble influence of the rudder over the ship during the interval in which she is stopping, she is at the mercy of any other influences that may act upon her.

A ship with the screw reversed requires, in order to turn a circle, double the radius of that required while steaming ahead. If it is difficult to govern her direction, it is more difficult to predict what that direction will be. It is easy to see, therefore, that if on approaching danger the screw be reversed, all certainty of turning the ship out of the way of the danger must be abandoned. What is to be done?

A screw-steamer when at full speed requires five lengths more or less in which to stop herself; whereas by using her rudder and steaming on at full speed ahead, she should be able to turn herself through a quadrant without having advanced five lengths in her original direction. This is a noteworthy fact: steam ahead, and be quick with the rudder, and you escape the threatened collision.

But here we are told that quickness is impossible, for the steering-gear of ships is now so arranged that 'it takes a long time to turn the wheel round and round so as to put a large angle on the rudder.'

'The result is'—so say the Committee—'that it is often one or two minutes after the order is heard by the men at the wheel before there is any large angle on the rudder, and of course under these circumstances it is absurd to talk of making use of the turning qualities of a ship in case of emergency. The power available to turn the rudder should be proportional to the tonnage of the vessel, and there is no mechanical reason why the rudder of the largest vessel should not be brought hard over in less than fifteen seconds from the time the order is given. Had those in charge of steamships efficient control over their rudders, it is probable that much less would be heard of the reversing of the engines in cases of imminent danger.' Clearly this is a question which calls imperatively for regulation by the Admiralty or some other competent authority.

In former days the hand-grenade was used in war; in the present days we are told that a hand-torpedo is to be brought into use. The explosive substance in this new contrivance for killing and wounding is gun-cotton; and in the description thereof we are informed that one end of a long cord is attached to each charge, and at the other is connected with a 'kind of pistol,' held by the

man in charge of the missile. He throws the torpedo into the place required, touches the trigger, the cord is a conductor, and immediately the torpedo explodes with a force that even granite rocks cannot resist. Flung into a boat, such a torpedo would destroy the crew, and a daring company of torpedo-throwers might under certain circumstances attack a large ship and work much mischief.

In India, the ever increasing wants in the way of communications by rail, road, and river, and the rapid extension of irrigation and other engineering projects, as well as the ordinary military, administrative, and fiscal requirements, make the early production of accurate maps a matter of very great necessity and importance. Formerly, everything was sent to England to be lithographed or engraved; consequently, publication could not keep pace with the surveys, and the record rooms at Calcutta became filled with valuable materials which grew antiquated before they could be turned to practical use. But in 1867 the process of photo-zincography as practised in the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton, was set going in India, and now the publishing departments follow the progress of the surveys so closely that as a rule each season's mapping is reproduced and published before the drawing of the next season's maps is taken in hand. A very large amount of work is thus done that could never have been undertaken by lithography and engraving alone; and not only are the ordinary departmental publications thus hastened, but a number of miscellaneous maps and drawings are reproduced specially for the use of other departments of the public service. The total number of sheets printed in 1877 was more than two hundred and forty-four thousand.

In photo-zincography the plan or drawing is impressed on a zinc plate by the action of light, or by transfer, which is obviously a quick way in comparison with lithography, and the plate is speedily handed over to the printer.

One of the consequences of occupying Cyprus is a necessity for knowing its extent and the nature and limits of its lands. The authorities have therefore resolved that a complete survey of the island shall be made by triangulation, and four officers of the Royal Engineers have been appointed to carry out the work. One of the four is Lieutenant Kitchener, who has already proved his capabilities in the survey of Palestine. In time therefore, we shall have accurate maps of Cyprus with particulars of its landscapes and geology; for the Ordnance surveyors go everywhere and see everything.

During some years past, ordinary tourists, as well as scientific observers of natural phenomena, have remarked that the glaciers of Switzerland have shrunk very much from their former imposing dimensions. Rosenlaui and Grindelwald are noteworthy examples. Professor Dufour, from a long series of observations on the Rhone glacier, has ascertained that the wasting process, whatever it may be, is active also in that region. In 1870 he made a map of the lower extremity of the glacier, and thereby was enabled to take definite measures; from which he found, in August 1877, that in the seven years the maximum waste or retrogression of the ice-foot was five hundred metres. This was accompanied by a corresponding waste at the sides, so that the total loss is

enormous. Is this loss to continue; and are we to understand that Central Europe has entered on a cycle of change of climate?

In a former Month (*Ch. J.* No. 766, p. 559) the Holstein churn is stated to have been the best. We are asked to explain that it is the best for producing butter from a given quantity of milk; but that the best churn for cream is one constructed by Messrs Thomas and Taylor of Stockport. To this churn, as well as to the Holstein, a prize of ten pounds was awarded.

EDUCATION BY POST.

A great deal has been heard within the last few years of the efforts that are now being made for the 'higher education of women.' In nearly all our large towns there are lectures and classes for those whose school-days are over, but who do not for that reason look on their education as finished. And most of our universities offer certificates of one kind or another to women. But there is a large class of women who cannot avail themselves of these advantages, who may hear of lectures, classes, and certificates, but only to reflect that such things are out of their reach. Girls in small provincial towns or remote country districts; young mothers who perhaps only find out the deficiencies of their education when they have to teach their children; governesses, to whom a certificate would be valuable, for whom it is every day becoming more necessary—all these would prize good schooling if they could have it, and often find their solitary studies hard and discouraging work.

For the benefit of such solitary female students the plan of instruction *by correspondence* has been devised. There are different schemes for carrying out this system; but in all, the main outlines are the same. The instruction desired is given by able and competent teachers through the medium of the post. A student, no matter where her residence may be, becomes a member of a class of unknown companions, who work together according to a plan of study sent to each. Their progress is tested by occasional papers of questions, which they answer and return to their teacher, receiving them back again with corrections and explanations. The pupils may, if they choose, and have the opportunity, still further test their progress by entering for the Local University Examination with which their class is connected.

The primary object of all this is to prepare for the University Local Examinations, the subjects taught being those prescribed by the examiners of the respective Universities; such as Ancient and Modern Languages; History, Geography, Literature; Arithmetic and Mathematics. At the same time the system has been found useful by many who have not entered for the University Examination; and the occasional papers of questions are in themselves a satisfactory test of progress. The plan was first tried in connection with the Cambridge Examinations for Women. Two years ago it was begun in Edinburgh; and this year a similar system has been instituted in connection with the Glasgow University Examinations. Information with regard to the Glasgow Correspondence Classes may be had from the secretary, Miss J. S. MacArthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN!

Ah! well do I remember still
How bright life was to me
When I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The earth was fairer then, I think,
Than e'er I see it now;
How softly blew the warm west wind
That listened to our vow.
We made it in the whispering dark,
Beneath our trying-tree.
Ah! then I was but seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The river rippled soft and low
Its dear familiar song;
We stood upon the old stone bridge,
And all the world seemed young.
And there with one long ling'ring kiss
You took my heart from me.
Ah! well, I was but seventeen,
And you just twenty-three!

Far off the grand old hills arose;
The stars shone out above;
And all the night was fair and sweet;
The air was full of love.
I fondly wonder many a time,
If you think tenderly
Of what I was at seventeen,
And you at twenty-three?

It is not very long ago;
But bitter tears have wet
The cheeks you kissed so lovingly.
Ah! if I could forget!
Why were you faithless? O my love,
The world is changed to me,
Since I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

And often when the night-wind sighs
Along the river-side,
My heart goes back with longing pain
To that sweet even-tide.
But still, I love to think of it,
For nevermore, ah me!
Shall I again be seventeen,
Or you be twenty-three!

BEE.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure the return of papers that may prove ineligible, postage-stamps should in every case accompany them.
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THE SCOTTISH BANKING SYSTEM.

GLASGOW BANK FRAUDS.

THOSE new and marvellously successful methods of depredation by wholesale, which we ventured to call *PLUNDERING À LA MODE*, had not when we wrote attained their full dimensions. The amount of plunder in the principal cases mentioned reached only hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is now made plain, by recent and startling disclosures, that in this singularly decent country of ours, in the very bosom of respectability and religious profession, it is possible for frauds to be committed to the extent of millions. Hundreds of families in good circumstances may be ruined, happy homes laid waste, and trade brought to a kind of paralysis, by a handful of men who affect to stand well with the community, but who in reality may be ranked among the least reputable in the population. Glasgow, which Scotland has reason to be proud of, as having risen from insignificance at the beginning of the eighteenth century to be the second city in the United Kingdom, unfortunately suffers the shame of having developed a system of fraud on a scale so gigantic as to exceed anything ever known or ever conceived by the imagination.

On the morning of the second of October the City of Glasgow Bank shut its doors and stopped payment. The event was wholly unexpected. Until that fatal morning, the concern had been universally trusted. Before going into the details of the catastrophe, we propose to take a slight survey of the banking system in Scotland.

The first bank established in the country was the Bank of Scotland, which was set on foot in 1695, by a charter from William III. and the Scottish parliament. Its original stock was £100,000 sterling, raised by shares; and it actually began business on a call of one-tenth, or £10,000. From the first it issued notes of various denominations from £5 to £100. One-pound notes were a more recent introduction. The

next institution of the kind was the Royal Bank of Scotland, established in 1727; and that was followed by the British Linen Company Bank in 1746. Subsequently, a number of private banks sprung into existence, a few of them remaining till within our recollection. They are now all gone. They were superseded by joint-stock banks with numerous shareholders and a large paid-up capital. The institution of these concerns was considerably hastened by the haughty way in which the officials of the older banks were apt to treat customers who did not happen to belong to the upper ten thousand, or whose politics were deemed objectionable. Lord Cockburn in his *Memoirs* has facetiously alluded to this strange phase in banking. The first to break down monopoly and illiberality in dealing was the Commercial Bank, established in 1810; which was followed by the National Bank in 1825, both being incorporated by royal charter. The other joint-stock banks set on foot were the Union, the Western, the Clydesdale, and City of Glasgow—these four having their headquarters in Glasgow; also the Aberdeen Town and County, the North of Scotland, and the Caledonian—this last being established at Inverness. Striking off the Western, which failed in 1857, there were eleven banks in Scotland at the beginning of 1878; the more recent of them having the benefit of incorporation under the Companies Act of 1862. In all there is a proprietary of shareholders, and all in varying proportions possess the privilege of issuing one-pound notes and upwards. The total average circulation of the two previous years was £6,187,432. By law, each bank was bound to possess coin equivalent to any excess over a certain circulation, and to make a periodical return to government to that effect under a specified penalty. The annual profit to shareholders, as publicly announced, has latterly been 9½ from the Royal to 15 per cent. paid by the Commercial; that of the other banks was mostly 12 to 14 per cent. These dividends were of course on the original shares; and as the market price of shares had risen in some cases to about three times their

original value, the actual profits to very many of the shareholders must have averaged only from 4½ to 5 per cent.; so that all things considered, recent investors in shares have enjoyed but a moderate return for their money.

It is but fair to state that bating the hauteur and illiberality above alluded to, and which have been long since thoroughly cured and extenuated, the Scottish banks, by the exercise of a proper degree of caution united with enterprise, have been generally well managed, and have been attended with well-merited success. No doubt, a material cause for their marked success has been the thrifty and saving habits of the people. From not long after their inception, the banks began to receive deposits, on which a small interest was allowed. There accordingly grew up a universal practice from one end of the country to the other of keeping all spare money in banks. Private hoarding became almost unknown. This was attended with at least two advantages. There was little temptation to robbery or burglary, and the bank deposits swelled the amount of money to be employed in furthering trade and agricultural improvements. Society at large was composed of lenders and of borrowers in whom confidence could be placed. Through the superfluity of private funds, the nation assumed the character, as it were, of a compact family system, tending to create mutual dependence along with general prosperity.

Obviously, no such splendid results could have been effected by only a few banking establishments situated in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and two or three other large towns. To bring every nook and corner of the country within reach of a bank, it was necessary to appoint agencies, under trustworthy and experienced officials, many of them local solicitors with an accurate knowledge of their respective neighbourhoods, and with whom dealings could be carried out as at the head-office. These agencies are a remarkable feature in Scottish banking. They crown the financial edifice. You will find them, often to the number of three or four, in every country town, and one in almost every village of only a few hundred inhabitants. You land in distant islands, and there they are ready to accept deposits, or negotiate drafts on the metropolis. Wherever situated, thither flock farmers to deposit money they have received for produce, or to draw sums to pay their rent. They are similarly centres of the financial operations of the landed gentry and tradesmen. We have known a small village which you would walk through in three minutes whose bank agent turned over eighty thousand pounds a year. We know villages not much larger where three times that amount passes through the hands of agents annually. At those cattle and sheep markets held at outlying places, bank agents from the nearest town set up tents in which to carry on business for the day, honouring cheques and receiving deposits, greatly to the convenience of store-farmers and purchasers. Every agency receives notes of all the banks, but pays away only the notes of its own bank, in order to maintain the circulation. Notes are payable in specie on demand, but unless by favour, only at the head office. Such is the

universal confidence in the note system that a demand for sovereigns is comparatively rare. If there be anything to complain of, it is that sometimes the notes become offensive by being kept too long in circulation.

The issue of one-pound notes by the Scottish banks has been represented by English bankers as an invidious and unjust privilege. We shall not argue the question. What we wish to say is, that this species of issue is ingrained in the usages and traditions of the country. The people prefer notes to sovereigns, not only from being more accustomed to them, but because sovereigns are liable to be depreciated by wear, and also to be counterfeited. Independently of these prejudices, it is very certain that a note circulation, under adequate restrictions, has largely contributed to the prosperity of the country. Were the one-pound notes abolished, at least a third, perhaps a half, of all the bank agencies would be withdrawn, greatly to the public inconvenience.

According to the latest published lists, the total number of agencies, sub-agencies, and branches of one kind or other was nine hundred and twenty-five. Nothing could give one a more impressive idea of the diffusion of banks in all quarters throughout Scotland, nor could we offer a more striking contrast in this respect with what prevails in England, where there are numerous populous villages with no bank of any description, and where at times the tourist has a difficulty in getting that small amount of accommodation, change for a ten-pound note.

With such an enormous machinery for collecting money, the aggregate amount of deposits in the Scotch banks has since 1844 increased from thirty-three to upwards of eighty millions; and if we include the capital of the banks, the sum-total engaged will be little short of a hundred millions. It has very justly been considered a sound principle for the sake of security in Scottish banking, that each bank should invest a proper proportion of its funds in government stock, Exchequer bills, and other readily marketable securities, to meet any sudden pressure on means. The principle is so rational, that one wonders how it should ever be neglected. Unfortunately, where directors exercise but a perfunctory supervision of affairs, reckless folly, blundering, and want of conscientiousness are apt to occur in bank management, as in other kinds of business. A notable instance of complicated neglect of the first principle in banking took place in relation to the Western Bank, whose manager and directors launched out all their available means on credits. Perceiving what must ensue, the correspondents of the bank in London finally refused to honour their drafts, and the Edinburgh banks refused their notes. Now came the end. With liabilities to the public of nine millions, a paid-up capital of a million and a half, and twelve hundred shareholders all liable without limit, the Western Bank had no alternative but to close its doors, 9th November 1857. The stoppage produced great consternation, and there was much pity for the unfortunate shareholders. The bank having gone into liquidation, the first call was for twenty-five pounds, and the second for a hundred pounds per share. A number of the shareholders were ruined, and many suffered much depression in circumstances. Luckily, by skill in winding up and in realising

assets, the shareholders had some money returned to them; and exclusive of the loss of stock, the absolute loss was a little over fifty-two pounds per share. All the creditors and note-holders were paid in full. The bank never resumed business, and the note circulation of Scotland was correspondingly reduced. The disaster and its consequences offered a salutary lesson to bank managers and directors, which, however, as will be immediately seen, some of them failed to profit by.

This brings us to the City of Glasgow Bank, which began in 1839. From the first it was a stirring concern, popular in its management, and through the means of agencies secured a large business. In its management, however, there had not been a strict regard to the primary precepts of banking. Weak in its reserve, it could not bear the strain arising from the failure of the Western Bank, and it too, in 1857, had to close its doors. After the panic had calmed down, it resumed business, and appeared to have outlived its difficulties. There is now reason to believe that from the period of its resumption it was guilty of trading beyond its means, and of rashly encouraging speculators, for the sake of keeping up a show of large business, and parading a handsome balance-sheet to its shareholders. It was just the story of the Western Bank over again, but considerably exaggerated. Its paid-up capital was a million, consisting of shares of a hundred pounds each. Some persons had two, four, or six shares, some as many as ten or more shares. Latterly, the number of shareholders was twelve hundred and forty-nine; besides trustees who had the misfortune to represent widows and children. In its eagerness in gathering deposits and doing business, it had a branch establishment in Edinburgh, and planted altogether a hundred and thirty-three branches, four of these being in the Isle of Man. The Edinburgh branch was eminently well managed and largely supported. The agencies were as well conducted as any in the country. The rottenness was at headquarters, in Glasgow, where there was an organisation of directors, a manager, secretary, cashier, and so forth, in whom there was a fatal degree of confidence. Everything was thought to be *en règle*. Yet for a number of years there was going on a system of deliberate frauds. The whole thing was a lie. We will not say that the frauds consisted of direct peculation for personal benefit; but nevertheless they were frauds calculated to impose on the public, and deceive the shareholders even to ruin.

The audacity of protracted falsehood and wilful imposition culminated in the balance-sheet presented for approval of the shareholders in July 1878. According to that deceitful document, the total liabilities were eleven millions and some odd pounds, while the assets were nominally to the same amount. Among the assets were recapitulated government stock, Exchequer bills, and other property to the value of above two millions. The bank was represented as prosperous, and a dividend of twelve per cent. was declared. The shareholders, if any shareholders took the trouble to be present, approved of the Report, and we dare say congratulated themselves on being partners in such a flourishing concern. A month or two afterwards—but of that the public and the shareholders knew nothing—the bank felt itself to

be in difficulties. Application was made to other banks for assistance; but on a private examination of affairs, it was refused. As a dying struggle to maintain its credit, the bank sent parcels of bills to London for discount, which bills did not belong to the bank, but had been left by customers to be collected and placed to their credit when they became due. These futile efforts were unavailing. The bank, as is said, had to shut its doors on the 21 October.

The dismay caused by the stoppage did not lead to panic. The nation was horrified, but calm. A reason for this tranquillity was partly owing to the judicious conduct of the solvent banks. They undertook the obligation of receiving and paying for all the notes of the City of Glasgow Bank that were in circulation. To further lessen the force of the blow, they offered, on certain conditions, to give ten shillings in the pound on the accounts of depositors, leaving the remainder for readjustment as the case might be. They likewise, where it seemed desirable, established agencies in place of those of the City of Glasgow Bank that had been closed. By these several means, the stinging effects of the disaster at the very outset were considerably meliorated. At anyrate, no present suffering to speak of was experienced. People generally had time to reflect on ulterior probabilities.

The first thing obviously was to ascertain the extent of the calamity. Skilled accountants having been appointed to investigate the state of affairs, the sad truth came out. The City of Glasgow Bank was hopelessly insolvent. It had lost the whole capital stock, amounting to a million; it had lost its reserve fund, with five millions besides. The astounding fact was brought out that the bank had incurred bad debts to the extent of £7,335,337, consisting chiefly of money advanced to four principal debtors. As was well observed by *The Times*, October 19, after the statement of the investigators had been made public—‘The story set forth is one of the most disgraceful in the history of banking. Accounts have been deliberately falsified, securities entered at fictitious values, bad debts taken as good assets, and the very gold which ought to have been held under the Act of 1845 against the note issue, deliberately squandered to the extent of over £300,000. The government has been deceived by false returns, the shareholders by “cooked” balance-sheets, and everything done in short that a perverse ingenuity could think of to conceal the bankrupt condition of the bank until it became a national calamity. The revelations of the investigators must startle the mercantile community almost as much as the news of the failure, and ought to be the signal for many much-needed banking reforms. Here is a bank professedly occupied with the commerce of Scotland, a bank notable among Scotch banks for its pushing endeavours to establish branches all over the northern half of the kingdom, throwing away millions of the money of its depositors to support hopelessly rotten firms in the East India trade, investing in doubtful or altogether speculative securities, such as Erie shares and other American railway stocks, buying land in Australia and New Zealand, and generally behaving like an insane gambler mad to be rid of his fortune.’ The Western Bank failure was insignificant to this,

whether as concerns mismanagement or the losses to which the shareholders were exposed.

The course of falsehood and fraud pursued for years having brought the directors and leading officials of the City of Glasgow Bank within the scope of the criminal law, the crown authorities of Scotland acted with considerable promptitude. They caused the apprehension of all the directors of the bank, the manager, and the secretary, who were forthwith lodged in prison for examination. The whole of them were finally committed for trial on a charge of falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition, and theft. This latter charge of theft was due to the fact of appropriating the bills left for collection, and illegally discounting them for bank purposes.

A general meeting of the unhappy shareholders took place in Glasgow, October 22. Never perhaps was there a more mournful assemblage connected with a commercial calamity; certainly on no such occasion were nobler sentiments uttered. All the speakers deplored the dreadful loss which had befallen them, but all concurred in the declaration to meet their obligations, though ruin should be the consequence. One of the speakers, Mr Robert Young, said: 'I may take the opportunity of observing that our misfortunes are greater than our faults. We have reposed confidence in men who are unworthy of our confidence. We believed in the Reports and balance-sheets which had been falsified, fictitious, and misleading; but we hope that although losing our money, we have not yet lost our personal honour. I know that we have received sympathy from the public, and although we dare not ask to be relieved of any part of our debts, we must shew our creditors that we are determined to face resolutely our difficulties. We must put forth a strenuous effort. We must have the most perfect honour, and the determination that we shall if possible pay every one in full.' The Rev. F. L. Robertson also made some memorable observations to the like effect. As a clergyman, not afraid to inculcate a lesson in practical Christianity, he alluded to the dismally pharisaic character of certain directors, 'who trod the streets of the city arrayed in the garments of religiousness—making long prayers whilst they were devouring widows' houses, and erecting churches while they were wrecking homes.' These just and scathing remarks met with an echo in the public heart. There were clergymen in other parts of the country who denounced the degenerate Puritanism that, contrary to true piety, substitutes exterior religious profession for the consciousness of moral responsibility and sense of honour.

The heavy obligations imposed on the shareholders were materially aggravated by the circumstance, that for a period before its stoppage the bank itself had been secretly purchasing shares through an agent, in order to sustain the price of stock in the market. This necessarily limited the number of persons who could be made responsible, and tended to increase the amount of calls by the liquidators. The first call they made was for five hundred pounds per share. The demand was unavoidable, but it meant utter ruin to many, poverty and misery to all. Throughout the country there was a wail of sympathy and sorrow. The highest shareholder would have to pay L.102,335. Many would have to pay from L.2000

to L.10,000. The desolation that would take place among widows, aged unmarried ladies, and children was terrible to contemplate. Everywhere an attempt was made to assuage the anticipated distress of individuals by means of a national subscription, which we are glad to know has met with considerable success.

We have now arrived at that point in our narrative when the reader must be referred to the current newspapers. In a subsequent paper, we may be able to wind up with such fresh particulars as come to light. Meanwhile, we cannot close without making a few remarks that seem to be called for. As a whole, Scottish banking ought not to suffer in reputation by the failure of the Western and City of Glasgow Banks. Both these institutions were conducted in a headlong manner in violation of every sound principle of banking. In each case there was gross mismanagement, a weak sense of responsibility; and, to say the least of it, a culpable degree of negligence. Now the very serious inquiry arises, What guarantee have we that equally fatal errors may not take place again? Strictly speaking, there is no existing guarantee. As matters stand, all is left to directors, and these in their turn, as it would appear, trust to a manager and officials acting under him. Shareholders are the recognised masters; but is it not the fact that shareholders in banks are a very easy-going race, who rarely attend the annual meetings, and if things look square with a good dividend, quite as rarely call in question the veracity of the balance-sheets. All in a pleasant way is accepted as correct.

The primary blame, it is argued, lies with the shareholders. Depositors and other creditors are powerless. It might, however, be difficult and perhaps injudicious for a shareholder, or even two or three shareholders to insist on a scrutiny of the accounts and balance-sheets. Banks differ from ordinary mercantile undertakings. They are associated with delicate considerations, which it would be unwise to discuss publicly. So much may be admitted; but if shareholders as a body are not disposed to take any trouble to guard their own interests, as well as the interests and honour of the country, can they be held altogether blameless? In a spirit of routine, everything seems to be left to directors, who are presumed to know the state of affairs and to be the guardians of the concern. Unfortunately, as has just been seen, directors may abuse the confidence reposed in them, either by neglect of their proper duties, or by criminally sanctioning fraudulent representations. Possibly erring from indecision and weakness of character, they are too apt without inquiry to give their signatures to the statements that are laid before them.

There is something reassuring in the fact, that the older banks appear to have shunned that dangerous kind of business which has involved two modern establishments in destruction; and this may be imputed to the fact, that the directors of the older banks settled in Edinburgh have been disconnected with commercial circles which, are signalled by a wild spirit of speculation. This, in our opinion, goes to the root of the matter. Where directors are in various mysterious ways connected, if not confederated, with men engaged in vast and extremely hazardous transactions, ruin may almost be predicted. In short, shareholders

ought to look to the *character and social surroundings of directors*. If they neglect that, they neglect everything. In a maze of perplexity, the public mind points for a remedy to the institution of qualified auditors by government. In that, if practicable, there might be some benefit; but we fear that nothing but the precautions now adverted to will sooner or later avert a sorrowful repetition of the City of Glasgow Bank frauds. W. C.

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'If you have really made up your mind in the matter, all the arguments in the world would be of no avail.'

'Of very little avail in the present case, Lottie. But let us take your objections one by one and test their value. Miss Deane is a governess, but a very clever governess; were she otherwise, she would hardly have charge of Mrs Lottie Rivers's three children. Mrs Rivers believes in cleverness, and likes to have clever people about her. Nextly, Miss Deane is poor. Do you know, I'm rather glad of it. I shouldn't care to be beholden to my wife for pocket-money. Besides, I've enough money for both of us. Thirdly, as regards Miss Deane's antecedents—you admit yourself that Miss Deane is a lady—a lady who is compelled to earn her bread as a governess?'

'Yes; Miss Deane is a lady.'

'What more can a man ask that his wife should be? If she were Countess of Cawdor she could not be more; and being a governess, she is not necessarily less. So now, be a good kind sister-in-law, and get the young ones out of the way for a little while, so that I can have Miss Deane to myself for a short half-hour.'

'But you are not going to propose to her this morning?'

'With your leave and permission, I certainly am. Shall I go and send the youngsters into the garden, or will you?'

Mrs Rivers left the room, but was not long away. She came back in about five minutes. 'You know your way to the school-room,' said she. 'You will find no one there but Miss Deane.'

'I knew I might depend on your kindness,' said her brother-in-law with a squeeze of the hand. 'While I am away, if you have nothing better to do, you can be drawing up an advertisement for another governess.' He laughed lightly, and was gone.

He bounded up the stairs three at a time, and burst into the school-room as any boy of fourteen might have done. He took off his hat as he crossed the floor, and going up to Miss Deane, who was sitting by the fire with a book, he frankly held out his hand. He was a sunburnt long-bearded man of six-and-thirty; she was a tall slender woman some ten years younger than that. She coloured up painfully as he took her hand. Had she a presentiment as to the nature of the confession he was about to make?

When Harold Rivers found himself back in London, after several years of desultory wandering 'from Dan to Beersheba,' it was only natural that the hot afternoons should often find him at his sister-in-law's pleasant house by the river, where, seated under the chestnuts, with a novel, the claret

jug, and his favourite meerschaum, he could forget for a while the noise and the burning flags of Piccadilly. When tired of his own company, there was Lottie to talk to, or the children to romp with, or a moonlight pull up the river. But by-and-by, there grew a new pleasure out of these visits to Chestnut Bank. Lottie was sometimes out, visiting or shopping, in which case there was no one left to entertain him but Miss Deane the governess. He did not grumble; in fact, after a little time he ceased to regret his sister-in-law's absences. He even—so deceitful is the heart of man—would make artful inquiries beforehand as to when she was likely to be from home, and time his visits accordingly. Thus the affair went on from day to day, and day by day Harold Rivers floundered more deeply in the quicksands of love. It took but a little time and he was lost beyond recovery; but he had been looked upon for so many years as a man who would never marry, that his sister-in-law suspected nothing. To say that she was not chagrined when Harold told her, would be to say that she was not a woman. But Harold was his own master; and however much she might dislike such an arrangement, if Miss Deane were really about to become her sister-in-law, she could not afford to quarrel with her.

'What are you reading this morning?' asked Harold as he took up the book which Miss Deane had just laid down, and drew a chair up to the opposite side of the hearth.

'It is George Sand's *Consuelo*. I must keep up my French, you know; and the book is one of my favourites.'

'And one of mine too, although I have not opened it for a dozen years. It is strange,' he added, 'on how many points your tastes and mine agree. And not in books alone, but in other things. After sketching that pretty bit of riverside scenery the other day, with the big elm-tree in the foreground, and the quaint old gables of Vansittart House in the distance, what should I find, on turning over your portfolio, but the very same bit taken by you months ago! It's the same in music—what you like I like, and what I like you like; or at least you tell me so. Don't you believe after all, that the doctrine of Eclectic Affinities has some foundation in fact?'

'When two rather commonplace people fancy that they have certain aesthetic tastes in common, it is very nice to call it a case of eclectic affinity. It seems to put them on a pedestal by themselves, and that is always flattering to one's *amour propre*.' She spoke demurely, but there was a half-veiled smile on her lips.

'A hit, a palpable hit!' cried Harold laughingly. 'However, I have not come here this morning to discuss aesthetics. My errand has an altogether different object in view.' He was speaking earnestly enough now, toying a little nervously with the book, and turning over its pages, but seeing nothing of the contents: 'I have come, Emilia, to tell you that I love you very very dearly, and to ask you to become my wife.' He looked up at her, and then drew his chair a little closer to hers. On her face the colour came and went fitfully. 'We have known each other only a very little while,' he went on, 'but quite long enough for me to feel sure that in you I have found the one woman who can make my life happy. You

too have seen something of me—the best side doubtless; we men always hide our worst side from the woman we love. In any case, you have had some opportunity for finding out whether you like or dislike me.’

‘Dislike you, Mr Rivers!’

‘Some opportunity for finding out whether you can learn to regard me with a still warmer feeling. I love you, and know of no reason why I should not tell you so. It is too much perhaps, to ask you whether you care for me in return; but I do ask whether you think you can learn to care for me in time to come. I do ask whether you can hold out to me any promise, however faint, that I may one day hope to make you my wife?’

‘You are very kind, Mr Rivers, very kind indeed.’

‘One is kind to one's horse or one's dog, Emilia.’

She looked up, and he saw that her eyes were wet.

‘You are both noble and generous,’ she said fervently.

‘No, no,’ he said with a pained look. ‘Indeed you must not talk in that way.’

‘What shall I say then? Shall I ask you whether you, a man of fortune, a man of family, a man who has seen the world, have duly weighed the full meaning of your words, have duly considered all you would sacrifice, all that you must inevitably lose, if you take for your wife the governess of your sister-in-law's children?’

‘I should lose nothing that any man of sense would care a straw for, and I should gain what to me would be the dearest treasure on earth.’

She looked at him with still suffused eyes, but with a half-smile.

‘You talk as wildly as any boy of eighteen,’ she said softly.

‘Call my wildness sincerity, and then you will be right.’

‘Sincerity before marriage often becomes near akin to regret after marriage.’

‘Can you doubt that I love you, Emilia?’

‘I do not doubt you—I will not doubt you!’ she said earnestly. ‘But think what the world would say—think!’

‘I have thought; but such considerations have no weight with me, I am old enough to choose for myself; and I should indeed be a fool to miss my one chance of happiness because Mrs Grundy may choose to frown at me.’ There was a pause, which Harold was the first to break. ‘And now that your objections have been categorically disposed of,’ he said, ‘I must revert to the point from which I started. Will you take me for better, for worse? Will you take me with all my imperfections on my head, and give me a husband's right to love and cherish you?’ He held out his hand, thinking perhaps, from what had gone before, that she would not refuse to take it. But she sat with her hands folded across her lap, and made no answering sign.

‘My darling, will you not speak to me?’ he said at last.

She roused herself with a sigh and turned her eyes full upon him: ‘O Mr Rivers, I hardly know what to say!’

‘Say that which your heart prompts you to say—neither more nor less.’

‘But I hardly know what that is. I respect and esteem you very much indeed. No one who knows you as I know you could help doing that.’

‘But I want more than respect and esteem, Emilia—far more than that.’

‘Whether out of that esteem, and encouraged by your words, any warmer feeling would ever grow, is more than I can tell. Possibly it might, were I to allow it to do so; but that would simply be madness on my part.’

‘Madness, Emilia! Why should it be that?’

‘Listen, and I will tell you.’ She was silent for a few moments, as if debating something in her own mind. Harold did not interrupt her. ‘I am going to reveal to you the one secret of my life,’ she said at last. ‘My name is not Miss Deane. I have been married already. I am a widow, and I have one little daughter, who is nearly five years old.’

To say that for the moment Harold was stunned is to say no more than the truth. It is not a pleasant surprise to find that the woman with whom you have fallen in love has previously been joined in the closest of bonds with some one else, even though that some one be now dead. Had Harold Rivers known from the first that Miss Deane was a widow, that fact would certainly not have kept him from loving her, and loving her just as well; only there would have been a slightly different feeling mixed with his love. As it was, the news came upon him with all the effect of an unpleasant surprise. It was like the shock of a shower-bath when one least expects it. ‘I wish I had known it from the first,’ was all he could say to himself as he sat staring into the fire—‘I wish I had known it from the first.’

‘My story is a simple one,’ resumed Emilia in a low voice. ‘After my husband's death, when the necessity for earning my bread was forced upon me, one or two friends, who had been very kind to me in my trouble, persuaded me to re-assume my maiden name, on the plea that it would be very much easier for me to obtain a situation as a single woman than as a widow. I acceded to their wishes. You know the rest.’

He was still staring intently into the fire. Unknown to him, Emilia's large melancholy eyes were watching every varying mood that flitted across his face. Suddenly he turned and caught her eyes fixed full upon him. Something—an unspeakable tenderness, love beyond words—that he read, or fancied he read in their depths, sent in one brief moment the hot blood bounding through his veins. Starting from his chair, he caught Emilia in his arms and kissed her again and again. ‘My own love!’ he whispered. ‘You are mine, and I am yours for evermore!’

She lifted her burning face from his shoulder and disengaged herself from him gently. ‘O Mr Rivers!’ she cried, ‘what have I done that you should treat me thus?’

‘In what other way would you have me treat the woman I am going to make my wife?’

‘I have not promised to become your wife.’

‘But your eyes have promised for you, or else I misread them strangely. Have I misread them, Emilia, or did they speak the truth?’

‘I refuse to answer you. It is time this interview were at an end. You have been here too long already.’

'I positively decline to be got rid of in any such off-hand fashion.'

'Listen. You must go now. But this day month, having meanwhile carefully weighed and thought over what I have told you, you shall, if you are still so minded, come to me again, and I will then hear what you have to say. From now till then we will not see each other again.' She rose from her seat, as an intimation that it was time for him to go.

'What a cruel sentence!' he said, rising also. 'Have you no feeling? A month! Surely a week is long enough to banish me from your side!'

'Not one day less than a month.' Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. 'I have loved once already, and Heaven knows, I never thought to love again!' she said. 'When they told me that my husband was murdered, it seemed to me as if my heart was dead for ever.'

'Your husband murdered!' cried Harold, horror-stricken.

'Murdered most foully; and his assassin walks the earth unpunished to this day. But leave me now, Mr Rivers. If you have any feeling for me, do not speak another word.'

Harold took her unresisting hand, pressed it twice to his lips, and then walked softly out of the room and shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER II.

Four months after the above conversation took place, Harold Rivers and Emilia Warrenner stood at the altar and were made man and wife. Emilia had strictly carried out her determination not to see Harold for a month. But at the end of four weeks he had gone to her, his love, if that were possible, burning more strongly than before, and had then and there proposed to her, and had then and there been accepted. Emilia told him frankly that her first love had been given to her dead husband, and that till he, Harold Rivers, had appeared on the scene, she had not deemed it possible that she could ever care for any one again. That she had, however, learned to love him, she confessed just as frankly; but it was with a feeling indescribably different from that first love which had lived so brief a time and had had so terrible an ending; it was the love of a woman who had lived and wept and suffered, not that of the girl just bursting into womanhood, over which linger as it were airs from Paradise, and the faint mysterious sweetness of an April dawn. Such as it was however, Harold was quite content to take it. 'She will love me far better six months hence than she loves me now,' he said to himself. The fire on the altar where had been nothing but a few dead ashes, was now rekindled; it was for him to tend and cherish it till its flame should shine brighter and stronger than ever it had shone before.

Harold's sister-in-law yielded to the inevitable with a good grace. She had always liked Emilia, and had treated her as few ladies do treat their governesses, so that the distance between them was far more easily bridged over now than it might otherwise have been. As soon as Harold was accepted, she sent her children away for a little while, and made Emilia her friend and companion. It was certainly awkward that Emilia

should turn out to be a widow and to have a little girl. The world would not unnaturally think that there had been deception somewhere—that some unworthy motive had been at the bottom of the concealment. Harold averred that it did not matter two brass farthings to him whatever the world might choose to think or say, and although Mrs Rivers could not go quite so far as that, she was woman enough to take the difficulty boldly by the hand and face it out.

One day all three of them, Mrs Rivers, Emilia, and Harold, went to see little Daisy at the farm where she was living with some of her mother's friends. She was a sweet little golden-haired pet, as fresh and innocent as a rosebud. A week later Mrs Rivers fetched her away to Chestnut Bank, and there she stayed till within a fortnight of her mother's wedding.

Harold often found himself thinking about Emilia's murdered husband, and he was possessed by a very natural curiosity to learn some at least of the details of so terrible a crime. On two occasions he ventured gently to hint at the matter when in conversation with his betrothed. The first time she turned away from him with tears in her eyes and said nothing. The second time she took his hand and laid her cheek caressingly on it and said: 'I cannot talk to you about it; it is too painful, too terrible. Some day perhaps, in time to come I may be able to tell you everything; but not now—do not ask me now.' After that Harold could say nothing.

The marriage took place from the house of an aunt of the bride, a point on which Emilia had insisted. This aunt was the widow of a solicitor, and was in pretty good circumstances, and she willingly placed herself and her home at the disposal of Emilia, when she found what an excellent match her niece was about to make.

At six o'clock that evening the newly made husband and wife stood by the window of their sitting-room in an hotel at Dover, gazing out at the cloudy sky and the stormy sea. 'It will be rough crossing to-morrow,' said Harold; 'unless the wind should go down during the night. It will not matter for myself; I like a wild sea; but I am afraid that you will hardly appreciate its beauty.'

'That has to be proved,' said Emilia with a smile. 'I have a great fancy that I shall enjoy being out in what the sailors call "a capful of wind."'

'And I have a great fancy that you will do nothing of the kind.' He had an arm round her waist, and as he spoke he stooped and kissed the cheek that he now might kiss without reproof.

Emilia put forth her hand to draw the curtains farther back. As she did so, the bracelet she wore on her wrist became unclasped and fell to the ground. Harold stooped to pick it up. As his fingers touched it, he saw that the lid of a locket which formed part of the bracelet had burst open through the fall. In this locket was the portrait of a man at which Harold's eyes involuntarily glanced as he picked it up. It was a peculiar face that was there pictured—handsome and yet sinister; a face such as few people who had ever known the original would be likely to forget. As that face met the gaze of Harold Rivers, his own face paled to a deathlike whiteness, while a sudden horror leapt to his eyes and stared wildly out at

the picture he was holding in his trembling hand. 'Whose likeness is this?' he said in a low hoarse voice. 'And why are you wearing it, Emilia?'

'It is the likeness of my husband, who was murdered. Have I not a right to wear it?' she answered in solemn tones, that sounded in his ears like a voice of Doom.

'O heaven! can this indeed be so?' cried Harold with a groan of bitter anguish as he dropped the bracelet on to the table.

Emilia gazed at him for a moment or two in silence. Then with a face as white as his own, she came a step or two nearer to him. 'Did you know George Warrenner?' she asked. 'If you did, you can tell me'—She paused. He was staring at her as a man might stare at some terrible nightmare. Then all in a moment she knew the truth. A low cry broke from her lips. She flung up her hands and shrank back as though some one had suddenly struck her. Then she said: 'I know now why you asked that question, Harold Rivers. You—you are the murderer of George Warrenner, and I—merciful powers that it should be so—I am your most unhappy wife!'

'Murderer! No, no, Emilia; you must not say that!' and he stretched both hands towards her.

'Assassin! stand back,' she cried sternly. 'Come not near me. The guilt of innocent blood is on your head.'

'This is madness, Emilia. I am no assassin. Listen to me. You cannot know all, or'—

'I will not listen to you. I do know all. Come no nearer, or I will ring the bell and denounce you to the world as the guilty wretch you really are.' She looked taller than she had ever looked before. There was a majesty of woe about her which, even at that bitter moment, Harold could not help noticing. All the softness had vanished from her face. Lines of sternness, of cruelty almost, unsuspected before, now shewed themselves in bold and startling relief. It was no longer Aphrodite, rosy with love and happiness, that stood before him, but a stern priestess of the Fates, to whom pity and ruth were unknown.

Harold with one hand pressed to his heart, as if he could thereby still its wild beating, paused for a moment or two. Little filmy notes were floating before his eyes. The window and the fireplace seemed strangely out of their proper positions. 'You must listen to me, Emilia,' he said at last. 'I have a right to demand that. You are my wife, and'—

'Did you or did you not kill George Warrenner?' No judge sitting in solemn state could have asked the question more coldly and sternly.

'I did kill the man whose portrait you wear in that bracelet, but'—

'That is enough. Your own words condemn you.'

'They do not condemn me as a murderer, Emilia.' Again he held out his hands in mute appeal.

'Keep away. Come no nearer. I am no longer your wife.' As she spoke, she pulled savagely at her wedding-ring and flung it at his feet. 'The husband of my only love cries for vengeance from his untimely grave. His blood is on your hands. I can see it now.'

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips. He made one step forward and seemed

to be stepping into space, and then he remembered nothing more. For the first time in his life, Harold Rivers had fainted.

SOME RURAL ASPECTS OF CANADA.

RURAL life in Canada cannot fail to be of surpassing interest to many whose lot is to be cast in the Dominion. What the writer knows upon this subject may be inferred from the fact of his having the experience of a ten years' residence in Canada, a decade of varied fortunes and stern contest with the Titans of a new country, Toil and but too frequently, Disappointment.

Though much of the former has been his share, his rewards have not been wanting, in difficulties mastered and hardships braved. Usually, under proper management, this war of the Titans, which is ever waged in Canada against each money-lacking incomer, resolves itself into an intestine conflict between the two, giant Disappointment yielding to giant Toil. And lo! before the redoubled strokes of the doughty champion, barn and shanty rise into being, green acres and billowy grain stretching away to the limits of the primeval forest! 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' might aptly serve for the motto of many a hardy settler whose advent was sung by all the dolorous misgivings of grim poverty.

Not so long ago, and Upper Canada—since the confederation of the provinces in 1870, known as 'Ontario'—was a wild of pine-tree and swamp-cedar. Wolves sang choros to the rustling of the autumnal leaf; the rustic sheepfold was with difficulty guarded from the sinewy arms of bruin, the grim Canadian ogre. Thus is it yet in the far-outlying settlements; but thus is it not in the snug and smiling hamlets of Ontario proper, comprised at its best within the peninsula formed by the great lakes Erie, Ontario, Superior, and Huron. Famous names are these; and the story of weighty and pathetic deeds has been lispd by the wavelets or thundered by the waves of this chain of Great Waters. By the banks of Superior, Père Marquette, with his confraternity of Jesuit missionaries and martyrs, moved long long ago; his bones have but recently been discovered, together with certain interesting archives pertaining to the missions amongst the Indians. Lake Superior is no longer shut out from civilisation; its mighty breast heaves beneath the keels of a schooner-service by no means contemptible; whilst a fleet of steamships during the summer months passes northwards as far as Thunder Bay, the starting-point for the newly created province of Manitoba.

Place yourself now with your guide, kind reader, in Toronto, the metropolis of Ontario, ere we set out together in search of some quiet retreat where Canadian Hodge—if his existence be not as problematical as that of griffin and unicorn—may be seen in his own native retreat.

'All aboard for the West!' You start rudely from the perusal of your morning paper; the gentleman sitting opposite you, armed with tooth-pick and guide-book, does the same. If you have not been inveigled into conversation with your neighbour—if you have not been beguiled into revealing name, pedigree, and occupation, depend upon it your neighbour is not in fault. No Canadian he; a regular 'Down-easter,' you can tell at

a glance. Your insular sulkiness has for once protected you. Rejoice and be thankful! 'All aboard for the West!' once more. Delay no longer. It is the driver of the conveyance who has come to convey you to the railway station. All hotels of the least pretension in Canada own these conveyances, ever at the service of the guests. Canada is the land of light carriages and small tough horses. The station is reached. The cars are not likely to be 'on time;' take your ease while you may. Toronto has very fine railway stations, and the facilities for procuring refreshments are better than in most English cities. Distances however, being so great and climatic hinderances too common, the railway system in Canada lacks the traditional punctuality of its European cousin.

Here she comes! A snorting, a ringing of a big bell, the blowing of a deep-mouthed whistle, the rasping of ponderous brakes against the tires, and the cars come to a stand-still. A most sepulchral-voiced affair is this Canadian railway whistle. Your luggage is given in charge of a very civil official who, with an air worthy of the Grand Mogul, gives you a 'check' in exchange; and you step 'on board' free from hamper and with mind relieved from all anxiety. One feature this in Canadian railway management worthy to be copied by officials nearer home. The cars not being divided into compartments as in England, social intercourse is encouraged if not compelled. Iced water during the hot season is at hand; and boys traverse the entire length of the train vending periodicals, daily papers, sweets, and cigars. Of course smoking is confined to the smoking compartment, although the prohibition is not always observed. Very much to observe there always is in travelling by rail, peculiarly so to the newly arrived resident in Canada. We however, must onwards, having at present to deal with the phases of settled life.

At the station to which you have booked, a 'stage' is waiting; you arrange your luggage on it, and enter the hotel close at hand. Nothing is done here without due refreshment. That a train will meet a stage-coach at a certain point, is a fiction. The train will some time or other reach the point, no doubt; the stage sooner or later will be forthcoming; but precision is never thought of in travelling. So entirely different is the Canadian at home and in business from the Canadian *en voyage*, that you fail to recognise in him the same person. Perhaps it is better upon the whole thus. In transition by boat or rail from one point to another, whilst the one vortex of busy speculation is in process to be exchanged for another, should not the mind be suffered to relax, rather than be kept strung in tension, as is the wont of Englishmen?

You have say forty miles to travel by stage, and have now the opportunity to survey the prospect, and form your first impressions of the rural aspects of the country. The season is August, and getting towards noon. Shaded as you are from the fiercest heat of the sun, you yet find the air oppressive. Clouds of dust arise around and about you, covering your clothes with an impalpable white powder, for the rock formation is limestone. Upon the right and upon the left are dense masses of trees, with here and there a clearing. The foliage is of the most varied description. The maple, most graceful of North

American trees, stands in groups of a dozen or so, enlivening the landscape with the gorgeous colouring for which it is famed; not so gorgeous however, as will be its display in the two months to come, when, during the brief Indian summer, tree and shrub vie with each other in exposing hues of unexampled magnificence. Being August, the swarms of mosquitos rising in front before the steady tramp of the horses, form black, clouds of animated malevolence. Grasshoppers mount upwards in coveys whose shrill clamours may be heard miles away. The whip-fly is cracking its wings; the bull-toad is croaking in harsh guttural accents from the swamps that line the highway. Besides the evergreen maple, you may remark the pine, typical of the New Dominion, overshooting all the punier fraternity. Beech is plentifully interspersed; whilst the aromatic cedar gives a character peculiarly Canadian to the swamps. This tree is put to many purposes of utility in Greater Britain. Split up into lengths, it serves for rails for fencing, whilst it is a staple material in the household for the lighting of fires. Hemlock, nearly as common as the cedar, is applied as a substitute for oak-bark, in the tanning of leather.

There would be a sameness closely trenching upon monotony in the boundless stretch of timber extending upon each hand, but for the great charred spaces marking the track of some fire. There stand the lofty trunks, charred yet unfallen, stretching spectral arms over the tangled undergrowth beneath. Many have fallen, and lie interlaced or broken, whilst clambering vine or graceful fern and moss have coated the prostrate monarch with verdure. In the track of the bush-fires, raspberry patches spring up, covering at times hundreds and thousands of acres. These wild raspberries are marketable, superior indeed in point of flavour to those of domestic culture. At this season the roads are good; dust enough to be sure, but no dangerous ruts, as in the late Fall, when the ground is frozen but no snow has as yet fallen. Snow, the great leveller in more senses than one, is always welcome in winter. Your journey is not enlivened as it is in the old country, by many feathered friends. During the heats of August, birds remain concealed in the depths of the bush; but such as you chance to see must arrest attention by the brilliancy of their plumage. The fire-bird is a perfect beauty with its flamy-hued feathers. The humming-bird, transient visitor from southern climes, glitters with all the sheen of the rainbow. But the most common of Canadian birds is the robin, a bird much larger than its English *confère*, and capable of some very fair vocal essays. A good pet bird too, becoming very tame.

Beyond that bend in the road lies the village of B—, and coachee blows his horn, by way of announcing you in becoming style. You near it; the horses are whipped up so as to exhibit their very best paces, and you pull up before the little tavern. You are tired; coachee is tired; the horses are tired, and nobody save yourself has a thought of sentiment; but whilst seated at your frugal tea, you may, from the windows of your hostelry, indulge in many a romantic reflection. How long is it since this pretty village grew into being? Has yon gently gliding stream ever borne upon its

bosom the canoe of the Red Indian? Were lock-scalping and tomahawking amongst the items of the bygone current history of this quiet spot? You dream of Hiawatha and the gallant Brant, feeling yourself in a new and unexplored state of being. Hiawatha is a fiction; but Brant, most noble of Indians, in all probability trod this very neighbourhood; and such a thing as a tomahawk may have been unearthed only a day ago. A real Indian pipe is usually to be had for a trifle, and beaded and embroidered moccasins connect the present with the past. Looking from your window, your eye roams in search of those striking and charming adjuncts to English scenery, the hedges. In vain you seek; there are none.

You were tired, and retire betimes, sleeping well no doubt; since Canadian country taverns have no more than their fair share of parasites, and of species not unknown in England or requiring special study; these kind reader, mosquitoes being excepted, a malicious and blood-thirsty race of native torments which would demand a chapter to themselves. Canadians rise early. By four o'clock, in the country and in the summer season, the good folks are astir. Mike goes to take the cattle to pasture; Bill looks after the horses; Sally milks the cows; and the 'boss' or master superintends the opening daily programme.

The mornings and evenings are the pleasantest times in Canada during the summer. Sunrise and sunset are gorgeous affairs. No sooner shines the first glimmer of dawn, than up mounts the sun; and after a brief display of truly regal splendour, day has fairly set in. Twilight is just as brief. For the rest, the clouds seem habitually higher in the sky and more massive than in England. There are many birds about in the early morning; some very large ones. Hawks may be seen wheeling aloft. The long-necked crane, shrilly screaming, with legs stretched out behind him, posts eagerly towards the far horizon. The big snowy owl flits moodily athwart the scene, to bury himself within the dark recesses of the neighbouring woods. Our host's barn-yard may have received a visit last night from his owliship, or those heaps of feathers convey no real history.

Mine host of the *Commercial Hotel*—they are all commercial hotels where there is very little real business—has not invested much in brick and mortar, as you perceive. His tavern is built of logs piled upon each other and filled in with moss. Very comfortable are these buildings, especially in winter. Question him, and he will admit that he could well afford a brick building; but he put this one up with his own hands thirty-five years past, and prefers it to another. 'Them new-fangled Yankee notions'—jerking his head contemptuously in the direction of a pretty modern villa—a thing of beauty, hewn by the hand of a sturdy Canadian Phidias out of the limestone quarries adjacent—'ain't the thing for an old bush-slasher like me; no, not by a long chalk. I like something as I can whittle at.' Mine host is proud in his way.

Passing along the main street, you notice that the bulk of the houses are of wood; possibly even the little church and the town-hall. No village in Canada is complete without its town-hall, where meetings are held, concerts given, and the fire-engine is kept. With so many wooden houses,

the firemen form of course an important part of each little sequestered community. All are members of the brigade, both merchant and clerk, farmer and ploughboy; nor is it anything extraordinary for Farmer Giles's male 'help' to fill the post of captain of the brigade, Farmer Giles resigning himself to a subordinate situation. Truth compels the writer to state—and he has personally figured for several years in a local fire brigade—that the hook-and-ladder company are usually of the greatest service, for of ten wooden buildings attacked by fire, fully two-thirds are upon an average burnt down.

Apart from the long double row of wooden buildings, you will observe a little upon one side the road a lofty factory, the busy whirr of whose wheels and the steady wash of the water over whose dam, make you realise the presence within of a brisk industry. It is an agricultural-implement shop. Canada is the birthplace of modern improved machinery for reaping and mowing; the scarcity of labour and ruinous prices attached thereto during the short and busy harvest season having apparently sharpened the wits of Canadian farmers and mechanics, they have risen to meet the exigencies. In farm-machinery, Canada stands ahead of any other nation, although it is probable Canadian machinery, like Canadian horses, might be found too light to perform paying work upon the heavy clayey soil of Old England. Once clear the soil of stumps and stones, and Canadian soil is easy enough to work. Nor are stones common, pebbles indeed being in many districts scarce. If you enter this factory, you will find everything well ordered, and manifest signs of prosperity on every side. Water-power is plentiful, yet many factories have an engine to fall back upon in case of unusual drought.

Here again is a flouring-mill; and very substantially built it is now, although if you care to listen, you may hear how twenty-five years ago, upon this very site stood a small wooden edifice, the only mill within a range of forty-five miles. Those were times when to have accomplished one's corn-gristing in safety was a feat worthy to be duly recorded; when men trudged thirty or even forty miles to the mill, their bag of grain upon their shoulders; when neither highway nor byway existed; when men being chased by wolf or bear, were fain to cast down their sack of bread-stuff and run for dear life.

And this is the school. Enter, for you are always welcome to visit the schools in Canada. The primitive days of birch and cane are no more; education in Canada is conducted by duly certificated men and women, whose qualifications, if they be not very high, are yet far above those which formerly passed muster in the back settlements. Even in the country, you will notice a certain smartness in the Canadian school-boys and school-girls beyond what is ordinarily met with in English children. More serious they are, perhaps preternaturally so; and if you saw them in winter, coming into school wrapped up in long homespun coats, their legs incased in diminutive Wellington boots, you would think them the strangest little epitomes of humanity it were possible to imagine. Human nature however, is the same everywhere, barring certain divergences, and longer acquaintance with the young people

of Canada would help to wear off your prejudices.

In the smaller villages, social distinctions are of course reduced to their lowest. The doctor and the clergyman take the lead in matters social, followed closely by the schoolmaster. The merchant in Canada has a tendency to assume a blue-blooded pre-eminence whether in town or country, not to be attained by the English shopkeeper. 'They have the money,' was the simple explanation of the matter, when once upon a time the writer ventured to inquire the reason.

A few of the rural aspects of Canada you have now, kind companion, helped to unfold; much remains to be said. Should we return together to the subject, it will be to examine the domestic life, in and out of doors, amongst the denizens of what has been well called, the Greater Britain.

'HOW TO BE HAPPY *THOUGH* MARRIED.'

THIS was the quaint title of one of Skelton's sermons, which would certainly cause a momentary cloud of indignation, not to say of alarm, to pass over the minds of a newly married couple, should they discover it when skimming through a collection of old volumes on the first wet day of their honeymoon. Such novices too often fancy that matrimony has a magic power of conferring happiness almost in spite of themselves, and are quite surprised when experience teaches them that domestic felicity, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint, and loving consideration for the tastes, and even for the faults of him or her with whom life is to be lived. If however, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, they should convince their sanguine minds that the sunshine in which they are basking cannot always last; that their anticipations will not all be realised; and that there will be a thousand little rubs, cares, and troubles of which they are now taking little account. It would save much disappointment to reflect that the changes and chances of this mortal life are tenfold increased by marrying, and that these responsibilities must be met by fitting preparation. Before the first year of married life has ended, most people discover that Skelton's subject, 'How to be happy though married,' was not an unpractical one. Then they know that the path upon which they have entered may be strewn with thorns instead of with roses, unless mutual forbearance and mutual respect guard the way.

Like government, marriage must be a series of compromises; and however warm the love of both parties may be in the beginning, it will very soon cool unless they learn the golden rule of married life, 'To bear and to forbear.' The old bachelor who said that marriage was 'a very harmless amusement,' would not have pronounced such an unconditional judgment had he known more about it. Matrimony is only a harmless and happy state when the domain of the affections is defended from harshness and petulance, and when care is taken to avoid certain moral and physical pitfalls. In matrimony, as in so many other things, a good beginning is half the battle. But how easily may good beginnings be frustrated through infirmity of temper!

Unless a man or woman be of a very generous

disposition, they are liable when much loved to become bullies. So sure are they of affection, that they trifle with it, and even despise the givers of this precious gift of love. Dog-like natures behave best when not too much made of; they shew most affection after a flogging. And yet it never can be a trifling matter for any one to be the object of more affection than he gives. No doubt to the selfish person it will seem a very convenient thing, and just as it should be, to be thus loved without loving again—to be considered, to be ministered unto, to be petted—for selfishness always holds it more blessed to receive than to give; but it is a very dangerous process. The law of the case will work on and on without the pause of a moment, without the deflection of a hair's-breadth, as laws do; and the selfish will be in the cold some day, with no one to minister unto them. In the domestic affections is to be found the highest happiness, and they who fail to cultivate them lose half the joys of existence. Ignoring the great law of self-sacrifice that runs through all nature, and expecting blessedness from receiving rather than from giving, it is no wonder that such persons are miserable though married.

A habit of bothering and boring ought, one would think, to be a just cause and impediment why persons in whom it has become confirmed should not enter holy matrimony. 'That is only a trifling fault,' you say. Yes; but trifles produce domestic misery, and domestic misery is no trifle. No knowledge is so well worth acquiring as the science of living harmoniously for the most part of a life with another, which we might take as a definition of matrimony. Now this science teaches us to avoid scrupulosity or an exaggerated and tormenting regard for trifles. Husband and wife should burn up in the bonfire of first-love all hobbies and 'little ways' that could possibly prevent home from being sweet. How happy people are, though married, when they can say of each other what Mrs Hare says of her husband in *Memorials of a Quiet Life*: 'I never saw anybody so easy to live with, by whom the daily petty things of life were passed over so lightly; and then there is a charm in the refinement of feeling which is not to be told in its influence upon trifles.' Husband and wife should be 'all the world to each other.' Sydney Smith's definition of marriage is well known: 'It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.' Certainly those who go between deserve to be punished; and in whatever else they may differ, married people should agree to defend themselves from the well-meaning perhaps, but irritating interference of friends. How many marriages there are, bitter as wormwood to both parties, which might be sweetened by a little common-sense. Is a wife living above her husband's income? Perhaps she is really ignorant of the fact. She has never been made a confidant as she ought to have been, and therefore she does not know the real state of his affairs. Had more confidence been reposed in her, she would have been careful in keeping accounts and would have shortened say her milliner's bills. It is provoking too when wives will give their husbands no other but the woman's reason: 'I think so because I

think so, and it is just because it is,' for their plans and actions. In marriage at least, we should not be afraid of 'the confidence trick.'

Why should love-making end with courtship, and of what use are conquests if they are not guarded? If the love of a life-partner is of far more value than our perverse fancies, it is the part of wisdom to restrain these in order to keep that. It is refreshing to read such a record as that which Mrs Hare makes in her journal on the anniversary of her marriage: 'We have reached the end of this happy blessed year. It has given to each of us, I believe, that which is more precious than any other gift of God, and not one anticipation of the happiness attending our union has been in vain. Not one cloud has come between us; each day seems only to draw us more closely together, and to unite our thoughts and feelings more intimately.' (*Memorials of a Quiet Life*, vol. i. p. 348.)

The man and woman who, to use a common expression, 'hang up their fiddle behind their door'; who, in other words, reserve all their sweetness for the outside world, and exchange it upon entering their homes for the peevish sigh and fault-finding sneer, are nearly as immoral if not quite as much so as the gambler or drunkard whom public opinion loudly condemns. These last Society punishes, because 'Mrs Grundy' is herself inconvenienced by them. But does Society feel for the wife who patiently does her best in her lord's absence, to be rewarded upon his return by a storm of undeserved abuse, or a short query as to why everything is not exactly as the task-master requires? The most loving and anxious-to-please wife cannot avoid making some mistakes at first; would not a kind smile and a word of encouragement be the wisest as well as the most manly way of meeting such accidents?

And the wife on her part ought not to be less desirous than she was in the days of courtship of winning her husband's admiration merely because she now wears upon her finger a golden pledge of his love. Why should she give up those pretty wiles to seem fair and pleasant in his eyes, that were suggested in love-dreams? Instead of lessening her charms, she should endeavour to double them, in order that home may be to him who has paid her the greatest compliment in his power, the dearest and brightest spot upon earth—one to which he may turn for comfort when sick of business and the weary ways of men generally. According to Dean Swift, 'the reason why so few marriages are happy is, because "young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Certainly, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and we do not in the least blame young women for trying in all ways consistent with modesty and self-respect to net husbands. Still, she is a jewel indeed who not merely nets the affections of a husband during the honeymoon, but who cages and keeps them throughout a long married life. Such a wife can counteract the hardening effect of a push-and-pull world. She is the most certain softener of her husband's moral skin and sweetener of his blood. In days of sickness, disappointment, and of cynicism, when 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable' seem to him all the uses of this world, the husband who is in possession of such a cage-making wife will acknow-

ledge that 'her price is far above rubies,' for his heart 'doth safely trust in her.'

But besides mental and moral pitfalls, there are physical ones, to omit all allusion to which might seem more refined, but would really be the refinement of cruelty. 'The little health of ladies,' particularly of young married ladies, is in a great measure attributable to ignorance of the commonest laws of physiology. Many a young mother has brought upon herself a life of torture, and necessitated her husband's spending almost all that he had upon physicians, by transgressing some law of nature in reference to which she should have been warned. To be a mother, that 'holiest thing alive,' is the hope of all women worthy of the name; but it is very often disappointed through their own carelessness; and the disappointment renders hundreds of wives and even husbands miserable though married. Nothing, again, is better proved by medical science, or more generally ignored by young married people, than this, that the health and even the characters of children depend to a very large degree upon the health and cheerfulness of their mothers when in that condition which should bespeak the most loving consideration of husbands, and the most conscientious watchfulness on the part of women themselves.

It is beside our subject to enter into that very old controversy as to whether celibacy or wedlock be the happier state. Some people are very ingenious in making themselves miserable, no matter in what condition of life they find themselves; and there are a sufficient number of querulous celibates as well as of over-anxious married people in the world, to make us see the wisdom of Socrates' conclusion: 'Whichever you do, whether you marry or abstain, you will repent.' If matrimony has more pleasures, and celibacy fewer pains—if loving be 'a painful thrill, and not to love more painful still,' it is impossible exactly to balance the happiness of these two states, containing respectively more pleasure and more pain, and less pleasure and less pain. Those who marry with great expectations are as a rule dissatisfied, no less than celibates who win nothing but an insipid self-tormenting existence, because they would venture nothing for the sake of that 'more life and fuller' given to us by marriage.

We desire to speak with every respect of elderly men and women who, because they have not found their other selves, or because circumstances prevented the junction of these selves, spend their lives outside the temple of Hymen. It is both foolish and cowardly to ridicule those who, making use of the liberty of a free country, have abstained from marrying. The old lady of Scotland who said, 'I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw,' had an unqualified right to her private opinion. And who does not know many dear 'old maids'—maiden aunts for instance, who are a credit to humanity—whose useful and unselfish lives preach most eloquent sermons to us all, married as well as single? Married people may so abuse matrimony as to make it a very School for Scandal; but it may and ought to be what Sir Thomas More's home was said to be, 'a school and exercise of the Christian religion.' If husbands would 'give honour unto the wife,' many might say as Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that 'to have loved her was a liberal education.'

PEEL AND ITS FISHERMEN.

Dean Ramsay tells a story that may express the thoughts of some readers on concluding this paper. An old maid of Scotland, after reading aloud to her two sisters, also unmarried, the births, marriages, and deaths in the ladies' corner of a newspaper, thus moralised: 'Weel, weel, these are solemn events—death and marriage—but ye ken they're what we must all come to.' 'Eh, Miss Jeanny, but ye have been lang spared!' was the reply of the youngest sister.

PEEL AND ITS FISHERMEN.

EXCEPT to dine at one or other of the hotels (there are three of them), in order to taste fresh herrings in perfection, few visitors to the 'Isle of Man, after exploring the Castle, attempt to remain at Peel. The old red sandstone one-storied houses; the narrow streets rugged as cobble-stones and beach can make them; the 'ancient and fish-like snell' pervading the open gutters on each side; and the want of lodging accommodation, may have something to do with it, and may account for my having found myself upon a certain occasion the solitary remainder of a host of visitors—the one stranger in Holm-pile or Peel.

Rough built and ill constructed as are the majority of the houses in Peel, they offer quite a comfortable contrast to the old homes of the peasantry and fishers as they appear in ruin on the hillsides, and occasionally in actual use in the valleys. Always solitary, the presence of these deserted stone cabins adds to the desolation of the dark heath-covered heights. A mass of low gray stone walls bound together with mud, divided into two small rooms, with sometimes a third at the back (intended for the accommodation of cattle). For windows a foot-long aperture on each side of the door, once filled by a single pane of glass, which could have afforded but scanty light. The roof, where it has not wholly rotted, consisting of thick turfs covered with thatch, secured by ropes carried over and across it, and fastened by stones fixed into holes left for the purpose underneath the eaves. This precaution and the thickness of the walls were probably necessary in exposed situations, in consequence of the strong gales of wind, especially from the south-west, which occasionally sweep over the island.

At Peel there is a choice of upland walks, and one feels equal to the highest. Eminences have ever been irresistible to us, and the five hundred feet of altitude claimed for the hill on the southern side of the town, Peel Hill, decides us. Moreover, its summit is crowned like the brow of Cybele with a tower, a square gray-stone building fifty feet high. From this height the sea-view is superb, and the castle is seen in all its details: towers and vacant windows, pointed gables, and ruined walls. If we turn our back on them or look straight across the wide valley, we see the river Neb winding through the midst and the many-tinted summer crops imparting a pleasant appearance to the landscape.

Its glens are as special a feature to the Isle of Man as its dales are to Derbyshire, and are in their way quite as beautiful; sometimes closed in by mountains, as are the Sulby and Aldyn glens, and usually tree-shaded with ash and hazel, the boughs of which frequently meet overhead, or bend

across some purling stream. Numerous as they are, each glen has a distinct character. All are romantic, and abound with wild-flowers and plummy ferns. Sometimes the stream winding through them falls from a height, say thirty feet, or gives itself cascading airs by tumbling over a projecting rock; but in dry seasons, visitors are apt to have their enthusiasm checked by the small volume of water and miniature force of the fall. Remarkable the shallowness of the streams and the want of fishing in consequence, we were told by a visitor who had known the island for twenty years that the cause lay deeper than the season's drought, and that the growing shallowness of the streams and rivers had for some years been observable to old habitués of the island. Perhaps the cultivation of the mountains, which is extending from season to season, and the diversion of the drainage in consequence, may have something to do with it, as well as the continuous detrition of shale from the surface of the mountains from year to year.

On the shore near the seaward outlet of Glen Meay, one is struck by the metallic appearance of the smooth blocks and slabs of rock shining with the dull grayness and hue of lead. An opening in the rocks looks like the entrance to a disused mine. It may possibly be the opening to a cavern, many of which were utilised at that period in the history of the island when smuggling constituted the principal business of the inhabitants. A little distance beyond these gray metalliferous rocks, the softest undulating mounds, covered with short thyme-scented turf, run down into lovely little bays and creeks. The yellow sand, with the ripple of the last wave impressed on it, lies thick upon the sparkling floors of these miniature havens; while the cliffs that shelter them are hung with wild-rose, kidney-vetch, ivy, and waving grasses. The lilac flowers of sea-lavender bloom in their fissures, and their bases are rosy with pink thrift, great tufts of which cushion the black rocks above high-water mark. One would not be surprised on looking down into them to see Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess before the entrance to a sea-worn cave. Farther on, a low projecting tongue of land appears, covered with ripening corn-fields; while on the brow of the succeeding upland a mass of rock crowned with foxglove breaks through the midst of cultivated ground.

Pausing once more on the summit of Peel Hill, we see the great Mull Head looming opposite on the Irish coast, and the Welsh and Cumberland mountains towering above the horizon; and scattered over the wide bay, the fleet of fishing-boats that have gone out with the tide. Outside, the waves are shewing little frills of foam; but so much the better; it is *all fishing in a calm*. By-and-by, when the sun goes down, and the Admiral, or his Vice (both these functionaries are appointed by the water-bailiff), has lowered his flag—the signal for shooting the nets—each little craft, with her mizzen-sail set, to steady her, will prepare for sea. Each boat carries a number of nets about twenty yards in length, which are fastened to 'warpages,' and when shot or cast into the sea, average a mile in length, sometimes more. The nets for mackerel-fishing are twice this extent. There are some persons in the island who possess one or two boats of their own; but the majority

of the Peel boats are shared, as are the nets, by several individuals.

The mackerel-fishing begins in March on the Irish coast; and the Manx men take their share of it, and return in June for the herring-season; the first shoals of these fish also appearing on the coast of Ireland, where the Peel boats meet them. Subsequently the fish arrive off their own shores in such numbers in good seasons, that the shoal often extends five or six miles, and darkens the sea with its depth and density. Formerly, a watch was kept from one of the hills for their expected approach, and a signal was given by sounding a horn, which was repeated from headland to headland, to call the men to their boats. Now the sea-gulls are found to be unerring guides, their appearance and cries indicating the whereabouts of the fish. These birds will follow the boats for miles; and the men not unfrequently keep them on their track for days by throwing a piece of fish to them from time to time.

The return of the boats is a pretty and interesting sight. Everybody seems busy; the women and children flock down to the port. Carts with horses, as amphibious as the fishermen, stand up to their girths in the sea; while the glittering fish are heaped into them, like silver at the Bank, by shovelfuls; and a steamer from Douglas with her blue-peter flying and her steam up, waits ready to land the fish alive at her own port or at Liverpool. I, an old sailor's daughter, am naturally concerned for those 'who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters.' And it was not only pleasant but profitable when some trivial question as to distance or weather led to a long talk with one or other of these shrewd yet simple Manx fisher-folk.

It is the ancient and solemn custom of the Manx fishermen never to cast their nets from Saturday till Monday morning. The fish failed a while back on the Irish coast, and they were saying, observed my informant, 'that it must be owing to the Irishmen going out on Saturday nights and Sundays.' What was gained that way, he thought was lost another. Looking at their poor homes and ragged clothes, it did not seem to do them much good.

'Drink was going out greatly amongst the Peel fishermen, and a good thing; it made the men saving and better conducted.

'The fishing on the western coast of Ireland was all through Mr Corrin, who happened to be visiting there, and heard from a gentleman how much might be done there with good management in the way of fishing. Returning to the Isle of Man after his visit, he fitted out boats of his own; which succeeded so well that other owners did the same; and now the Manx boats go regularly for the mackerel season, which lasts from March to the beginning of June, when they come back to meet the herrings on their own coast. If a man is honest and industrious, Mr Corrin will trust him with a portion of a net or part of a boat, and allow him to pay for it by degrees according to his earnings. Mr Corrin has done great things for the fishery and the fishermen, and they have "made a gentleman of him." (True to the conceptions of his class, my informant's idea of a gentleman was strictly monetary.) 'He's the best friend Peel ever had. It

was a pity he was not in the island; he would have been proud to have shewn me the factory, and to have explained everything; for Mr Corrin has established a net-manufactory upon the model of Mr Stuart's of Musselburgh, and brought young women from Scotland to teach their own people; and now the fishermen's wives and daughters weave the nets, and the children find employment for certain hours of the day in filling the bobbins. Oh! indeed yes; Mr Corrin was very good and very sensible.'

Once a month the nets were barked (dipped in a preparation of catechu, I understood), which not only preserves but dyes them. And every fortnight they are brought on shore and dried in the fields, as I had seen them. With care in turning them from one hold to another, and this management, the nets would last for five years; whereas in Ireland the nets were often useless in a year, owing to the carelessness of the fishermen. But the example of the Cornish and Manx men was beginning to bear fruit, and the Irish fishers were being slowly inducted into their systems. There are three hundred boats belonging to Peel; all of them are numbered, and (at the time I am writing of) bore 'Do.' for Douglas, as the headquarters of the fishery, on their sails. This was shortly to be altered, and they would hail from their own port, Peel, and have the letters 'Pl.' marked on their sails instead.

The fruits of the simple but fervent faith of these Manx folks are seen in their peaceful, sober, and industrious lives. Crime is but little known in the island, and least of all amongst the fishermen, who pass six months of the year in the culture of their little farms or holdings, and the other six at sea. The cells of Castle Rushen rarely close on native offenders for more serious causes than debt or a wordy quarrel.

TELEPHONE CLAIMANTS.

SINCE printing the article entitled 'The Telephone Anticipated,' we find that a lively correspondence on the subject of the theory of the telephone has appeared in some foreign technical journals. The details of the disputes of scientific men are uninteresting to general readers, and the present case is no exception to the rule. Two or three facts of interest have however, transpired, and these we proceed to mention. In the first place, we are glad to see that both M. du Moncel and his friend the M. Ch. B. alluded to as having upwards of twenty years ago asserted the feasibility of the telephone, have lived to see its realisation and to take part in this discussion. It appears that M. du Moncel was asserted by M. Navez to have claimed (at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences lately held in Paris) the invention for his friend, who is, it seems, M. Charles Bourseul, Sub-inspector of Telegraphs at Auch; and to have stated that the telephone mentioned in the *Exposé* was 'exactly identical with the telephone of the present day.' M. Navez points out that M. Bourseul's idea was 'in fact making two plates distant from each other vibrate by means of electrical currents; the vibrations of the receiving part of the instrument being caused by producing breaks in the current. Now we know that this will not produce articulation. Introduced into the electrical current of the Edison Transmitter—a make-and-break telephone

constitutes an excellent caller—it sounds, but does not speak. M. Bourseul was on the right track; it is to be regretted that he did not meet with encouragement. The idea of making plates separated by distance vibrate, fairly entitles him to rank amongst the pioneers of the Bells and Edisons, but nothing more.

M. du Moncel writes as follows, repudiating that he claimed the invention for M. Ch. Bourseul. 'By no means. When I mentioned the note published in 1854 by this learned telegraphist, my only object was to give an historically interesting document, and to point out that for a long time past the electrical transmission of speech had been engaging attention. So that there might be no ambiguity in interpreting my words, I had added at the end of my note presented to the Academy in November 1877, the following phrase, which is quite in accordance with the views of M. Navez: 'It cannot be denied however, that it is Mr Bell who is the inventor of the telephone, since there is a world of distance between the first idea of a thing and its definitive realisation; and it is simply through Mr Bell's having made the intensity of the currents transmitting the vibrations of the voice consolidated in their fullness and in their inflections, that it has been possible to solve the problem.'

Denying that he ever stated that M. Bourseul's arrangement of the telephone was identically the same as its present form, M. du Moncel goes on to say: 'I merely stated that in M. Bourseul's note, the telephone pretty much as in its present form was indicated; and in fact he mentions the use of two vibrating plates, which is the special characteristic of the telephone as now adopted by Mr Bell. M. Navez affirms that M. Bourseul's idea did not compass more than the reproduction of simple vibrations, and that his system could not produce the reproduction of articulate words. Nothing in his note however, shews this positively to be the case; and on referring to a letter which M. Bourseul has written me, I see that he went deeper into the matter than this. Here is an extract from his letter. "Long before 1854," he says, "I had occasion to study the mechanism of speech in detail. I had commenced these studies at Metz, and thanks to the courtesy of M. Ferdinand Denys, Librarian of Ste Geneviève, Paris, I was enabled to continue them there with advantage. Being in the telegraph service, the idea of utilising the result of these researches in the electrical transmission of speech occurred to me quite naturally."

M. Bourseul then proceeds to give his reasons for believing his idea a practicable one; and it is interesting to observe that, like those of Professor Reis of Frankfurt-on-Main, who was engaged in the same direction about this very time, they are founded on the identical idea of imitating the human ear. 'However complicated vibrations of articulated sounds may be, the tympanum receives them and transmits them to the auditory nerve. In order then to telegraph speech, we must make an electrical ear. I desire to make a tympanum vibrate by means of an electro-magnet; let us make an iron tympanum. And it is after having thus reasoned, that without any fear that I could be mistaken, I wrote in 1854 that the reproduction of speech by electricity was a certainty, and that it would be effected by means of vibrating

plates so flexible as not to allow any of the vibrations produced by the articulated voice to escape. One of the first things which becomes apparent when we study the sounds of speech, is that they are complex; that is to say, composed of musical sounds in a state of harmonious combination. The labours, now old, of Rameau, Willis, and Wheatstone have clearly established this point; and the primitive experiments, devoid of all scientific parade, made by such as occupy themselves with phonetics, lead directly to the same result. In order to make a vibrating plate speak, one must therefore superimpose upon it some vibrations, and consequently a vibration must be able to begin at any instant whatever. Produce the vibrations as you like at the departure, the line-current should certainly then be closed. The question to be solved is only a telegraphic problem. These were my views in 1854. Now, between the point at which I left matters at this period and the Edison telephone, what is there? *A bit of plumbago; and the part played by this substance is still an open question.*

It will be seen from this that while M. Navez thinks M. du Moncel has claimed too much merit for M. Bourseul, the latter deems his claims have been under rather than over stated. This is only natural under the circumstances. An expert in electrical matters assures us that nothing is more interesting, in looking into old works on electricity, than to see how near some of the writers have been to making valuable discoveries, and yet fallen short. The above is by no means the least curious instance in point; though no doubt other sciences would furnish plenty of parallel cases. We cannot however, resist the conclusion that the telephone, in common with other great discoveries of the kind, is not so much the invention of any one man—though the genius of one individual may be predominant in it—as the result of the accumulated labours of many men working in the same direction and for the same end.

POPULAR MEDICINE IN GERMANY.

THE lower classes of Germans, especially the country-people, have a "medical science of their own, a strange arbitrary pharmacy—unacknowledged by any professional doctor—in the healing power of which they place the greatest faith. This popular science touches but a few maladies, such as fever, consumption, epilepsy, all rheumatic complaints, headache, asthma, &c., which, as well as all kinds of sores, are generally ascribed to witchcraft or some other supernatural power. In consequence of this common belief, the wise men—in most cases the shepherd or the headman—and old women who are supposed to possess the requisite skill, apply remedies chiefly composed of herbs grown in their own meadows; but each dose is accompanied by some mysterious formula, strange gestures, and words totally unintelligible.

But it is not the pronounced malady alone which is combated by these strange practitioners; they even pretend to be able to keep away illness from those whom their skill protects, who follow the rules they dictate, and—this may be the

chief condition—who believe in their protecting powers.

The directions prescribed as preventives against all sorts of witchcraft vary in different parts of Germany, and are generally limited to certain provinces. Thus, in Silesia, people carefully avoid swallowing a cat's hair or a fragment of thread, as this imprudence would certainly cause consumption. In the Tyrol, eating a sparrow is believed to bring about St Vitus's dance; and in Hesse, spitting into the fire will make the culprit's mouth sore, a belief which is probably a remnant of the time when fire was considered sacred. In Saxony, nobody ventures to wipe their fingers on the tablecloth, lest their hands become covered with warts. Throughout Germany, brooms play a large part in the tragedy-comedy of popular medicine, since they are the witches' favourite means of conveyance to their nightly feast at the Blocksberg. In Westphalia—that lumber-room of superstition—and Saxony, the unfortunate mortals who happen to have been beaten with a broomstick, firmly believe themselves doomed to die of consumption; and small children who have been chastised by means of a hazel or willow rod, are supposed either to be crippled or stunted in their growth.

Another strange notion prevailing throughout Germany is that no one should boast of good health, at least not without spreading out the fore and middle fingers of both hands, and saying the word *Unberufen* or *Unbeschrien*, which means unbewitched.

Many of these preventives are closely connected with church holidays and other religious concerns. Thus, bathing in the open air on Good-Friday or at Easter is supposed to keep the Silesians well and healthy the whole year; and in Saxony, the common preservative against ague is to eat nine different kinds of green vegetables mixed together on Maundy-Thursdays. In many parts of the German empire it is a custom to take a cold bath on Christmas-night, for during the following Twelfth-night the water is believed to possess magic powers. In Brandenburg, the old believers in these wonderful doctrines say that every illness becomes contagious to those who hear the sick person complaining about the disease; wherefore the individual thus addressed will most ungraciously retort:

Bear thy pains alone,
Or bewail them to a stone.

Three crosses painted over the house-door keep diseases and all other domestic disasters off the homes of true believers; for which the initials K. (Kaspar), M. (Melchior), and B. (Balthasar), or even the *pentalpha* (commonly called wizard-foot), may be substituted. This *pentalpha* consists of two triangles united in a manner to form a five-pointed star. It is strange to observe how in the above-mentioned customs Christian and heathenish elements are commingled.

Some customs are observed in memory of Donar or Thor—whose name is familiar to the Germans on account of the day which was consecrated to him, and which still bears his name—and other gods and goddesses whom their forefathers worshipped; while other prescriptions bear the unmistakable stamp of Christianity.

Some other usages are of a droll character, such

as kissing a donkey, which remedy is prescribed for toothache. Shutting up a spider in a nutshell and wearing it round the throat, will cure persons afflicted with sore eyes; and those who suffer from jaundice are enjoined merely to look intently into a barrel of tar if they wish to get rid of their complaint. Gout is annihilated by potatoes—simple raw potatoes—which however, must needs have been the produce of a begging expedition, and must be carried about suspended from the invalid's body until they are quite shrivelled and dried up.

A special chapter might be devoted to the supernatural healing powers attributed to the corpse or the separate parts of the body of a dead person, especially of one executed by the hand of justice; or of any young person who may have died suddenly (self-destroyers excepted); but the subject is too disagreeable to dwell on. We will merely mention that in Germany a coffin nail is not quite so dead a thing as Dickens believed it to be, for if properly used it serves as a remedy against gout, spasms, and other complaints. Epileptic persons are recommended to wear rings made of coffin nails; and strange to say, we have known even highly educated persons believe that this nostrum could rid them of their terrible complaint. As regards the practitioners of this mysterious science, we find that they are authoritative powers in their rural domains, and are regarded by their patients with awe and reverence as great as the Red Indians bestow upon their medicine-men, who, in fact, influence their savage followers much in the same way and by the same means as the practitioners of popular medicine in Germany.

FADING.

I WATCHED in the glad spring-tide
When buds were bursting forth,
The girl who should have been my bride,
The fairest gem of earth—
She faded like the tender leaves
When the frosty wind is north.

I watched her when the golden haze
Lay soft on bank and brae,
And in the summer of her days
She faded fast away—
The roses died from out her cheeks
Like a sunset's flush in May.

At last, when Autumn's withered leaves
Lay sere upon the ground—
The swallows long had left the eaves,
And night was closing round—
Her soul departed ere the dawn,
And her angel home she found.

When earth lay 'neath the early snow,
I stood beside her grave;
The funeral chant rang sad and slow
Throughout the ancient nave—
I mourned, but owned that God was just,
When He took back the soul He gave!

GEORGE EARNEST.

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DROLLERIES IN REASONING.

WHEN railways were projected about half a century ago, all sorts of whimsical reasons were given why they should not be tolerated. They would seriously lessen the number of horses; the noise made by the trains would so greatly terrify sheep and cattle in the adjacent fields as to lessen the breeding of these animals, and enhance the price of butcher-meat; they would ruin small towns; country gentlemen would have their peace awfully invaded, and their estates would be next to worthless. We remember all these and many other absurdities being uttered. How the fears apprehended by small-minded persons have been signally falsified! Horses are more in demand and dearer than ever. Sheep and cattle have learned to pay little or no attention to passing trains. Small towns are everywhere growing and becoming prosperous. Country gentlemen who once did all in their power—sometimes in a shabby way—to prevent railways coming near their properties, are now glad to have them in their neighbourhood, and have become quite alive to their value in raising the rent of land.

It is amusing to recollect that the learned authorities of Eton went the length of instructing Sergeant Merewether to oppose the passing of the Great Western Railway bill, on the ground that if the railroad were made, the Thames would be choked up for want of traffic, the drainage of the country through which it passed would be destroyed, and Windsor Castle itself be left unsupplied with water; while London would pour forth its most abandoned inhabitants to pollute the innocent minds of the Etonians, and the boys would run up to town in play-hours to mix in all its dissipations, returning before their absence was discovered. The bill only passed by its promoters inserting a clause providing that no station should be built near Eton, and that men should be specially detailed to warn the schoolboys off the line. Even so lately as 1871 a Frenchman petitioned the Corps Législatif to refuse its sanction to the construction of any more railways,

because the smoke from the engines killed the roses, and neutralised the perfume of the acacia and jasmine.

Paltry fears, real or pretended, concerning progressive improvements have been demonstrated we suppose since the beginning of time. In all ages there are certain weak captious-minded individuals, eccentric in their notions, who seem to take a pleasure in differing from everybody else, and in opposing everything, no matter how advantageous it is likely to be to society. The opposition to railways was matched by the opposition to the use of carriages a hundred years earlier. The luxurious indulgence of keeping a coach was inveighed against as being destructive of good housekeeping and conducive to all manner of evil; and especially to be reprobated by reason of the new vehicles shattering the casements of the houses they lumbered by, and making such a confused noise that dwellers therein could neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat their meals in comfort; to say nothing of their propensity for toppling their occupants down hill and over the bridges, breaking arms and legs, and running over the old, the young, and the crippled. The appearance of stage-coaches on the king's highway caused tradesmen and innkeepers to unite in petitioning the Crown to put down the monstrous innovation, on the plea that the new mode of travelling would lower the value of farm-produce; and, alarmed by there being as many as half-a-dozen stage-coaches on the road in 1762, John Crosset of the Charterhouse insisted upon their summary suppression, arguing that they caused gentlemen to visit London upon every small occasion; nay, the convenience of the passage made their wives often come to town—who, rather than dare such a journey on horseback, would stay at home, instead of rushing to the capital, where they must don fine clothes, go to plays, and get such a habit of idling and such a love of pleasure as to make them uneasy ever after.

In all the juries we happen to have been upon, one or two persons have taken a pleasure in seeing things quite differently from the others, and been

a great plague in arriving at a unanimous verdict. Such cross-grained individuals usually hit upon some small point on which they say they are not clear, and appear to be incapable of judging from the leading and really important facts in the evidence. People of this obstinately eccentric nature are often seen to explain events by far-fetched causes, instead of by the plainest deductions of common-sense. We once heard a crotchety individual observe that there had been no good weather since the passing of the Reform Bill. That measure finished the good old English climate. Just as wisely did the journalists of Vera Cruz lay the rising of the red men in Eastern Yucatan to the account of the government for permitting freemasons and spiritualists to live in the state. But reasoners of this sort are common everywhere. The fetich priests of the Gold Coast looked upon the small-pox as the outcome of the people persisting in cracking palm-nuts in order to extract oil from the kernels; as some folk in England believed the cholera was invited here by the issue of the so-called godless florin; and the old Scotswoman insisted that the grouse disease was heaven's retribution on the lairds for letting their moors to the Southrons.

An inconsequent reason has the advantage of being unanswerable. The lady who preferred sculpture to painting because it took a better polish; the old captain, certain of experiencing nasty weather because one of his male passengers parted his hair in the middle; and the stage-carpenter who declared they might talk of Henderson, Kemble, and Kean, but give him Bannister as Hamlet, 'he was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em,' as effectually precluded contradiction as the Detroit buttermilk who, upon a fair customer inquiring how he could have the conscience to charge her thirty-two cents a pound for butter, replied: 'Well ma'am, you see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the government calls in the bonds due this year, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money-market, butter must find its level, like everything else. It is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over.' The lady was satisfied. That is more than could be said of Captain Speke, whose complaint that his servants were charged more for tobacco than any one else, was met by Sheik Said with the remark that his friend was a big man, and therefore ought to pay a big price.

The Sheik thought the compliment would make amends for the robbery, as did Captain Burnaby's Osman in a similar predicament. Reproached for charging his master shillings for what he had paid pence, the artful rogue said: 'The Effendi's horses are not like other horses; they eat more and work more. We, and he too, like large chickens. The Effendi is rich and he pays; he is big and he eats a great deal. I give the people what they ask; it would not do for me to be mean with my lord's gold!' Upbraided respecting the consumption of sugar, Osman replied: 'Effendi, I like tea, I like sugar; but what I like most is to hear my lord's liberality praised. Whenever I am drinking tea, and the village people see me putting much sugar in my glass, they honour me; in this manner they honour my

lord.' Your Eastern Christian is not easily disconcerted. 'How is it,' asked Mr Kinglake of his servant—'how is it that you, a Christian, lie to me, and rob me on every occasion, while my Turkish servants neither lie nor steal?' 'It is probably because their religion does not permit them those advantages,' was the prompt reply of the unabashed rascal.

Men, and women too for that matter, never want for reasons, more or less excellent, for perpetrating matrimony when they have a mind that way. But of all reasons ever given for entering the holy state, the oddest is that of 'A Sufferer,' who thus airs his particular grievance in the columns of a country paper. 'My first wife,' says he, 'was a worthy member of the Church of England; she died, and was buried in the consecrated portion of our public cemetery. My equally worthy second wife was a Roman Catholic; and of course I laid her remains in the Roman Catholic portion. I am neither a Churchman nor a Romanist, yet I would like to lie in the grave with my first or second wife; but our local authorities say no, unless I agree to the religious ceremony. Must I buy a third grave, and lie buried alone in a cemetery where I have already purchased two graves, and in which are my two deceased wives? I would be thankful for a silent burial in either of my wives' graves. If there is no relief, I must marry a Dissenter, and then in our deaths we shall not be divided.' This worthy, who so strongly objects to lying alone, makes sure apparently of surviving his third venture, and would scout the possibility of the lady perversely frustrating his pretty plan by burying him instead, and electing to share the grave with her second choice.

An Irish member opposed the Peace Preservation Act of 1875 on the ground that it encouraged murder, by granting compensation to the relatives of the murdered. Not much better at argument was the Scotch gentleman advocating the abolition of marriage by banns because the practice prevented people marrying; and proved his case by telling of a couple dispensing with all ceremony because the man could not raise sufficient cash to pay the fees and give the usual entertainment. That the impecunious pair might have foregone the usual entertainment instead of the marriage ceremony seems not to have entered his head. He proved too much; like the Brooklyn boy who inveigled another to go fishing, and then sent a letter to the schoolmistress as coming from the truant's mother, running: 'Miss DAY. Please excuse Sam as he has a stummick cake, thought I would keep him home to mind his littel sister who is awful sick with the kolera infanticide, and he has to taik her to the dokter to be vaxinated, besides i don't feel well myself, i hardly kno what ails me 'cept its worrit about Sam who sais he has a awful pane.'

When the good people of Slickville proposed to raise their minister's salary, the honest man would not listen to the proposition, saying: 'First, you can't afford it, nohow you can fix it, and I know it. Secondly, I ain't worth it, and you know it. Thirdly, I am nearly tired to deatn collecting my present income; and if I have to dun the same way for that, it will kill me'—silencing his would-be benefactors as effectually as the Icelander silenced an inquisitive traveller, who not satisfied

with the information that there were no carriages because there were no roads, asked why they had no roads. 'Because,' replied the badgered man, 'we have no carriages.' The Iclander would have held his own with the lady clerks of the Treasury at Washington, whom General Spinner declared to be ten times as acute in detecting bad notes as the male clerks. 'A man,' said he, 'always has a reason, forty maybe, for pronouncing a note bad, and is wrong half the time. A woman is always right, but never has a reason for it. She says it is counterfeit because it is counterfeit; and couldn't tell how she knows it, if she were to be hanged for it.'

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

It is not every woman who on the day of her marriage to her second husband would wear a bracelet containing a portrait of her first husband. But in so doing, Emilia Warrenner had intended no disloyalty either to the living or the dead. She loved Harold Rivers better perhaps than she herself was aware of, and she was quite prepared to enjoy a happy future as his wife; but that in nowise prevented her from cherishing a tender and reverent recollection of the dead. Her first husband had been torn from her in a way so tragical and sudden, that it was perhaps only natural that in her thoughts of him a brighter halo should encircle his memory than if he had died quietly in his bed, like the generality of commonplace mortals. But be that as it may, when on her wedding morn Emilia turned over her little stock of jewellery, as hesitating what she should wear, the bracelet was the first article that presented itself. Before clasping it on her wrist, she had opened the locket and kissed the portrait. 'Never can I forget you, my darling—never!' she murmured, and then her eyes blinded with tears. But for all that, her heart went out towards Harold Rivers, and she looked forward to years of happiness in the warm shelter of his love.

When Harold came back to consciousness, he found several people connected with the hotel round the sofa on to which they had lifted him. 'He'll do now,' said one. 'Yes, he'll soon be all right,' said another. 'It's a mercy he didn't cut his head against that table,' said a third. Then they all left the room except the waiter, who had attended to Harold before. 'Is there anything I can get you sir?' said the man. 'A little brandy or anything?'

By this time everything had come back to Harold's recollection. He sprang from the sofa. 'Where is the lady? Where is my wife?' he cried.

'The lady is gone sir.'

'Gone! Gone where?'

'When you were taken ill sir, the lady rang for assistance. Then she sat down at the table and wrote a note. Here is the note sir; and here is a ring which I picked off the floor. After that sir the lady went into her room, and in a few minutes she came out dressed for walking and with a small bag in her hand; and without

saying a word to any one she went down-stairs and out of the house. But you look ill sir. Had I not better get you some brandy?'

'No. Yes. Get me anything; only leave me alone for a little while.'

Gone! He sat staring blankly at the note and the ring with eyes that seemed to see neither one nor the other. Then he laughed aloud—a short bitter laugh. 'It must be all a dream—a horrible nightmare,' he said. 'Or else I'm going mad.' Still holding the note and the ring, he pressed his hands to his temples, and strove to steady and concentrate his mind.

The waiter came in with a decanter of brandy. He poured some into a tumbler and took it to Harold. 'Pardon me sir,' he said; 'but if you will only drink a little of this, I think it will do you good.' Mechanically Harold took the tumbler and drank. The man busied himself for a few moments with the fire and the curtains. Harold felt that the liquor was doing him good. The power of thinking as well as of feeling was coming back to him. 'Can I do anything more for you sir?' said the man, not without a touch of sympathy in his voice.

'No; not now, my good fellow,' said Harold. 'When I want you, I will ring; but when I do ring don't let any one but yourself answer the bell.' What a confession of loneliness and misery! Two hours ago he had never set eyes on this man, yet now it seemed to him as if he was the only friend he had near him.

Gone! The word rang like a knell through his heart. There was the ring that he had put on her finger only a few short hours ago. The echoes of the solemn vows she had taken seemed still to linger in his ears; and yet she was gone already, gone perhaps for ever. He had opened her note by this time; but he dreaded to read what he might find there. At length he nerved himself, and read as follows: 'I leave you for ever. I can never bear to see you again. I cannot reproach you. Words are empty in such a bitter strait as mine. The blood of my poor murdered darling cries aloud for vengeance; but you are my husband, and my hand must remain unlifted. What a terrible fatality was that which, out of all the wide world, brought you and me together! Farewell. Try to forget your most unhappy wife, as she will pray for and try to forget you.'

He wrapped the ring up carefully in the letter, and put them away in an inner pocket. Then he sat quite still for a long time, thinking; his eyes bent on the ground, and one hand clasped tightly in the other. He sat for so long a time that his friend the waiter becoming alarmed, ventured to open the door very gently and peep in. Slight as the noise was, it sufficed to break Harold's reverie. He beckoned to the man to enter. 'I think you told me a little while ago,' he said, 'that the lady who was with me left the hotel without saying a word to any one?'

'Yes sir; without a word to any one.'

'Fetch me my hat and overcoat.' He would go out and search for her. It might be that he should find her, and succeed in persuading her—In persuading her to do what? he asked himself. Was it possible that she could ever live with him as his wife after his confession that it was his hand that had slain George Warrenner? (whom however, he had known under another

name). But in any case, he must find her; that was the first thing to do. The next thing would be to insist upon her listening to the truth—upon her listening to his version of the dreadful business. At present she was evidently the victim of some strange hallucination. He sallied forth from the hotel, and went first of all to the police station, where he explained sufficient of his story to induce the inspector on duty to place a man at his disposal.

It was not till long past midnight that Harold Rivers got back to his hotel. In company with the policeman he had visited every likely and many unlikely places in a vain search for his missing wife. The railway station, the steamboats, the hotels, and the lodging-houses had all been visited; and every constable and detective in Dover had been put on the *qui vive* by the promise of a liberal reward in case their inquiries should be crowned with success. Then utterly worn out, Harold flung himself on his bed without undressing and slept till broad daylight.

He lingered in Dover till noon; but when the morning had passed without bringing him any tidings of his wife, he determined to go back to London without further delay. As soon as he reached Victoria Station, he drove straight to the house of Emilia's aunt. But that worthy lady's astonishment at seeing him was too genuine to admit of his doubting her word when she averred that she had neither seen nor heard anything of her niece.

Evidently there was nothing more to be done till the morrow. After a most wretched night, he started next morning for the farm to which Daisy had been sent only a week ago. Emilia would naturally flee to her child first of all. Here, if anywhere, he should find his wife. But he was mistaken. As yet, Emilia had not been seen there, and he went back to town more miserable than before. Then he asked himself what more it was possible that he could do. He could only answer: 'Nothing.' All that he could do was to go back to his cheerless bachelor chambers in Bruton Street and there await the course of events.

A week, a month, six months passed away without bringing to Harold Rivers any definite tidings of his wife. For three months he advertised daily in the second column of the *Times*; but without the slightest response. For a month he went once a week to the farm. On the occasion of his fourth visit he found that Daisy was no longer there. Her mother had come suddenly one afternoon and had claimed her. Then the two had gone away, leaving behind them no clue by means of which they could be traced.

Before this, Harold had written a long letter to his wife, sending it under cover to her aunt. Six weeks later his letter, with the seal unbroken, came back by post in an envelope directed to him in his wife's handwriting. The envelope bore a London postmark; and he at once went to Mrs Backhouse with the view of persuading her to supply him with her niece's address. But the sturdy old lady was not to be cajoled. She averred that her niece had only communicated with her within the last fortnight, and that she had given a solemn promise not to reveal her address to any one. All Harold could get out of her was that Emilia and Daisy were quite well, and that they were living somewhere 'down at the sea-side.'

This was sufficiently vague to be highly unsatisfactory, and Harold began to despair of ever seeing his wife again. Time had evidently in nowise softened her determination not to see him or communicate with him in any way. If she would neither see him nor read what he wrote to her, how would it be possible for him to disabuse her mind of that horrible belief in his guilt to which she clung so tenaciously? He had of course been obliged long before this to tell his sister-in-law everything. He had persuaded her to write to Emilia; but Emilia knew Mrs Rivers's writing even better than she knew Harold's, and her letter also came back unopened. More than once Harold was minded to give up his pursuit in despair, and go and live abroad. But by so doing he knew that he should break the last frail link that bound him to his wife, and if that were once snapped, all hope of their meeting would be at an end for ever. He still loved her so tenderly that he could not bear to think of her as altogether lost to him.

'Somewhere down at the sea-side.' He could not get those words out of his thoughts. He remembered Emilia telling him that she had been born and had lived for several years at a certain small sea-side town, and how fond she was of being anywhere near the water. It struck him one day as being not at all unlikely that she might be living at this same little town at the present time. But for the life of him he could not recollect its name, nor even the county in which it was situated. In this dilemma, he went to his sister-in-law. For once Fortune befriended him. Mrs Rivers had often heard Emilia speak of her native town, and she recollected its name. It was situated in Norfolk, and its name was Spindylke.

At four o'clock next afternoon Harold Rivers and his portmanteau were deposited on the platform of the little station at Spindylke. Harold drove at once to the one good hotel of which the place could boast; and while his dinner was being got ready, he lit his cigar and strolled out. In less than an hour he had seen all over the place, and seemed to know it as well as if he had lived there for a year. After dinner he went out again just as the shades of evening were deepening into night. But his walk was unrewarded, and he retraced his steps to his hotel in a despondent mood, and rather inclined to write himself down a fool for having adventured so far on such a wild-goose chase. Next day was wet and stormy, and the Parade was deserted by all except a few of the rougher sex, who wandered aimlessly to and fro in mackintoshes and thick boots. On the third morning after breakfast, Harold set out for a ramble into the country. On his way back, when about half a mile from the town, he encountered a tiny procession, consisting of a nursemaid, a donkey-boy, and a donkey. On the last was seated a child. That child was Daisy. Harold's heart seemed to stand still when he first set eyes on the child, so utterly unexpected was such a meeting. After a brief pause to recover himself, he stepped across the road and touched Daisy on the shoulder. The donkey stopped—any excuse, and often no excuse at all, is sufficient to bring a sea-side donkey to a stand—and the child looked up.

'Good-morning, Daisy!' he said with a smile as

he took her hand. 'I hope you have not quite forgotten me!'

The sweet blue eyes looked puzzled for a moment, and then came a smile of recognition. 'I remember you now,' she said, clapping her hands. 'You are Mr Wivers. You bought me a big doll that could open and shut its eyes. Oh, such a booty! I don't think I should have remembered you if you hadn't bought me that doll,' added the candid Daisy.

'And your mamma, Daisy, is she quite well?'

'Y-e-s; I think mamma is quite well,' answered Daisy hesitatingly. 'But she can't always eat, which is a gait pity. Yesterday we had such a lovely pudding, but she couldn't touch a bit of it. Wasn't it a shame?'

'A shame indeed,' answered Harold. 'How long have you been in Spindyke, Daisy?'

'Oh, a long long time! weeks and weeks. Now is it twew, Mr Wivers, that the donkeys go to sleep all thwew the winter? Nurse says it is; but I don't believe her.'

'Mrs Warrenner sir, has been living here since last February,' said the nurse, totally disregarding Daisy's statement as to her unveracity.

'Can you oblige me by giving me her address?'

'She is lodging at No. 7 Duke's Terrace.'

Harold registered the address in his memory; and after promising to meet Daisy on the sands next morning, he went his way.

No. 7 Duke's Terrace. He knocked at the door within half an hour of leaving Daisy. He had made up his mind to call at once, before the child could get home and tell her mother that she had seen him. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Emilia was to take her by surprise. 'Is Mrs Warrenner at home?' he asked of the girl who answered his knock.

'Mrs Warrenner is in the front drawing-room sir. What name shall I say?'

'Never mind my name. I am a relative of Mrs Warrenner. Shew me her room.' A minute later he stood in the presence of his wife. She was writing a letter at the moment he walked unannounced into the room. He took off his hat and advanced as far as the large table on the opposite side of which she was sitting. She put her hand quickly to her heart, and stared at him for a moment or two with dilated eyes, as though she saw before her some messenger from the dead. Then she rose slowly to her feet, and her face seemed to turn as white and cold and hard as marble.

'Emilia,' said Harold, 'at last we meet again. I have sought you and found you. When last you parted from me you called me a murderer—a word that you would never have applied to me had you known the story as I know it—had you known the truth!'

The room in which they were had folding-doors that opened into another room. While Harold was speaking to her, Emilia, with her cold relentless eyes fixed full upon him, was moving slowly step by step round the table in the direction of the doors.

'Emilia, you are my wife, and you *must* hear me!' continued Harold. 'Whether you can ever learn to care for me again as you once cared for me, is more than I can tell; but the least you can do is to allow me to justify myself to you.'

He waited as if he expected her to speak; but no sound came from her lips. She still held him with her eyes, and she was still drawing nearer to the folding-doors.

'Listen!' began Harold, and he advanced a step or two nearer. But before he could say another word she had stepped quietly backward over the threshold of the other room; and then without once turning her eyes from his, she thrust the folding-doors from her, as though it were he whom she was thrusting away. Next instant the doors softly closed and shut her from his sight. Then he heard a key turned, and a moment or two later the key of some more distant door, and then all was silent. She had gone without speaking a single word.

How long Harold stood there by himself he never knew, but he was roused at length by the entrance of an elderly lady. 'Mrs Warrenner sir, desires me to say that she cannot see you again, not even if you wait here all day. She wished me to say further, that it would be useless for you to write to her, as your letters would only be returned unread. The one kindness you can do her is never to seek to see her or to communicate with her in any way again.' Then the bell was rung, and the servant was desired to shew Mr Rivers the door.

When Daisy reached home she had much to tell her mamma about her meeting with Mr Wivers. 'He kissed me once, twice, thwew times,' said the unabashed Daisy.

'Where did he kiss you, darling?' said her mother. 'Shew me the exact spot.' Then Daisy dimpled her cheek with her fat little finger where Harold had kissed it, and then her mother kissed the place not three but thirty times.

CHAPTER IV.

That same afternoon, after getting back to his hotel, Harold telegraphed to the chief of a certain Private Inquiry Bureau in London. Before noon next day he was waited upon by an individual who in dress and general make-up was a curious compound of the clerical and sporting professions, so that you might have taken him either for an athletic curate out for a holiday, or for a New-market trainer who had just returned from a funeral. With this person, whose name was Chufney, Harold had ten minutes' private talk, after which he paid his bill and went up to town by the next train. He slept that night in Bruton Street and next morning he went to Chestnut Bank.

When Harold wrote that letter to his wife which was returned to him unopened, he inclosed in it a cheque for three hundred pounds, which of course was returned with the letter. From the day of her marriage till now Emilia had not had one penny of his money. But now that he had found her living at Spindyke, renting good apartments, keeping a nursemaid, and apparently in no want of money, the question not unnaturally arose in his mind, Whence or by whom were the funds needed for all this supplied? He knew that before her marriage Emilia had had no resources beyond her salary as governess to Mrs Rivers's children, out of which, with Daisy to keep at the farm, it was impossible that she could have saved more than a very few pounds. How then was the

apparent ease of her present circumstances to be accounted for? The oftener Harold asked himself this question, the more anxious and uneasy he became—he hardly knew why. This it was that took him to Chestnut Bank the morning after his arrival in town. He felt the need of advice; but the case being such as it was, there was only one person whose advice he could ask; that person was his sister-in-law.

Mrs Rivers's advice was that she herself should go to Mrs Backhouse, Emilia's aunt, and ask that lady to communicate to her niece what Mr Rivers was anxious and willing to do in the way of monetary arrangements for his wife. Mrs Rivers's idea was that such an offer would in all probability elicit some information as to Emilia's present means of living. Nor was she wrong in her surmise. On stating her errand to Mrs Backhouse, that lady at once informed her that Emilia was in no want of means, and that she would most decidedly refuse to accept of any assistance whatever from her husband. It appeared that within a month or two of her marriage, the death of a rich cousin had put her in possession of an income of about a hundred and seventy pounds a year. This, considering her quiet and frugal mode of life, was amply sufficient for all her wants. This information, while setting Harold's mind at rest on one point, yet seemed to remove him farther than ever from his wife. She was independent of him in every way, and had evidently made up her mind to remain so. What to do next he knew not. What indeed was there left for him to do?

Meanwhile he was not left by Mr Chufney without information. That individual wrote to him by post that Mrs Warren, her child, and the nurse had all left Spindyke together, and were now located at No. 18 Bellevue Crescent, Sandport. Harold was not surprised to find that Emilia had left Spindyke. He had quite expected that after his visit she would do so. But having once found her, he was determined not to lose sight of her again.

In spite of the resolution he had made that he would not haunt Emilia any more, but merely keep himself informed of her movements, Harold found himself down at Sandport one sultry afternoon in July. He would not intrude upon her—on that point he was quite positive. Only to be near her, only to see her now and then from a distance, himself unseen, was all that he now asked.

It was a gloomy overcast evening when Harold started out for a walk on the pier. The lamps were lighted here and there, and great numbers of people were walking or sitting about. Harold pulled up the collar of his light overcoat, and slouched the brim of his felt hat over his brows. He had taken two or three turns, and was still strolling slowly along, when suddenly from close behind him came the shrieks of two or three women. All within hearing rushed to the spot, Harold among the number. A child standing on one of the seats and craning over to look at the water, had overbalanced herself and fallen in.

'Where is she?'

'There she is.'

'The tide's going out, and will carry her with it!' cried a score of eager tongues. Meanwhile Harold's keen eyes were scanning the dusky

waters. Suddenly, some dozen yards or more away, and just on the verge of the dim circle of light cast by the pier lamps, he thought he saw a tiny speck rise to the surface for a moment and then disappear. It was the work of another moment to dash hat and coat to the ground, to spring on to the wood-work of the pier, and dive swift as a gannet into the dark waters below. Fifty hurrahs rang in his ears as he came to the surface and shook the water out of his eyes, and then fifty tongues began to shout almost as many different directions. Without heeding any of them, Harold looked quietly about him. For a moment or two he saw nothing, and his heart misgave him. But suddenly, and no great distance away, a little white hand and arm rose to view, and seemed to beckon to him in mute entreaty. Half-a-dozen strokes carried him to the spot; but hand and arm were no longer to be seen. Another dive, and when next he came to the surface he brought the child with him. Supporting her with one arm, her white face resting on his shoulder, her yellow hair streaming behind, he swam back slowly to the pier. There had been fifty hurrahs before; there were hundreds now. Harold made for the stairs where the pleasure-boats landed their passengers. Eager hands went forth to grasp him. They would have carried him and the child bodily up the stairs if he would have permitted them. At the top stood a white-faced woman with hungry outstretched arms. As Harold reached the topmost step his eyes and those of the woman met under the lamp-light. Then he knew the deed he had done, and blessed God in his heart. With one kiss pressed to the child's unconscious lips, he laid his burden in the mother's arms. Still calmly regarding him, she took it. Then when she felt the child against her heart, her eyes glazed, she tottered, and would have fallen, had not the by-standers caught her. Others took the child and swathed it in wraps. Harold meanwhile clove his way through the crowd, and was lost in the darkness.

THE TAMBEYS OF CEYLON.

THE Tambeys or wandering dealers in Indian wares are a strange race of beings. From the day the innocent traveller is first cheated by them at Port Said on his passage out, till the day when, grown wiser by many a smart lesson, he evades all their allurements at the same place on his road home again, a European in India or Ceylon never entirely loses sight of the Tambeys; or perhaps I should be speaking more correctly did I say the Tambeys never entirely lose sight of him; for they are most vigilant and industrious, and having their minds completely taken up with the one idea, that of making 'Master' buy, they are much better able for the struggle than the unfortunate individual they badger, whose efforts to get rid of or circumvent them are generally too hastily conceived to be other than futile.

I made acquaintance with these wandering pedlars first at Colombo a few hours after I had landed from the steamer, and since then scarcely a day has gone past that one or other of the fraternity has not paid my bungalow a visit. I say my *first* acquaintanceship; for though one does

see something of their ways at Port Said or Suez on the journey out, it is only when fairly ashore at Galle or Colombo that you behold the Tambey in his true character.

But however troublesome the Tambey may be at times, he is in his own way so useful that we could not well do without him, and one cannot be long in either India or Ceylon without appreciating his value. He goes all round the country with his wares, penetrating far into the jungle, visiting every bungalow near and distant, and driving a good bargain wherever he can. Were it not for him, ladies on the coffee estates, and bachelor planters not yet awake to the absurdity of attempting to darn their own socks, would be often badly off for needles and wool, and many other odds and ends which careful housekeepers are ever in want of. The peddlers so well known and warmly welcomed in the far-scattered farm-houses in Scotland half a century ago, are the only class of traders at home with which I could compare the Tambeys of India; but the latter are so far before their Scotch brother in fluency of tongue and that valuable quality known as 'cheek,' that even the 'pawkiest' peddler in Tweedsmuir would have opened his eyes at the manner in which they negotiate a bargain.

The Tambeys are as varied in their dress, personal appearance, and caste as the wares which they carry, and represent many different nationalities and religions. Sometimes it is a Singalese man from Galle who comes to your veranda selling tortoise-shell ornaments and trinkets of the most paltry material, but always embellished with exquisite carving. He is generally poor or pretends to be, and goes on trying to make you buy long after a Madras or Bombay Tambey would have given you up in disgust; and he does a great deal more salaaming and cringing than they would ever condescend to. He is almost always dressed in a 'comboy' or native cloth, bright in colour, and fastened round his waist. Sometimes these Singalese men, if they are from the low country especially, have very pretty specimens of Ceylon work in ebony for sale; but that does not happen so often, now that ebony has become so difficult and expensive to procure. The ebony elephants one occasionally sees as drawing-room ornaments at home are all made by those men, and in olden times could be got cheaply enough, I believe; but the value of all such articles has gone up considerably in recent years owing to the rarity of ebony, as I have mentioned, and perhaps also to the great increase in the number of European buyers in the country. Occasionally however, you may manage to get a good bargain, particularly if the man offering the goods has come up to Kandy to visit the temple, and is anxious to secure money to buy his present for Buddha. Indeed one can almost always, if he has patience to haggle long enough, buy cheaper from a Singalese Tambey than from any other of his class, for he is apparently more pressing in want of funds than most of the others.

Far above him in dignity and position is the Moorman Tambey, who marches into your veranda with all the gravity and solemn grandeur of a peacock. He is far too grand a man to carry his goods himself; he would not do so on any account; and accordingly he is always followed

by two or three coolies, who bear the boxes and bundles on their heads, and look humbly to the great man for all their orders. One Moorman who often comes to my bungalow goes by the name of 'Sam Slick' in the household, on account of the soft cunning manner in which he flatters unwary buyers into paying the most unheard-of prices for his calicoes and flannels. Sometimes they try higher flights than the mere selling of needles and pins, and will inform you in a confidential undertone that they have a carriage in hand, for which their price is three hundred rupees; but 'if Master buy, then I sell him fifty less.' On account of the extraordinary friendship, you are to understand, the Moorman has for you personally, he will give up so much in your favour, though he would not do as much for any other of his customers.

These are all amusing in their own way. But my great friend among the Tambeys is a man from Bombay, who visits me every second week or so. No description I could give would be half so good as just a single glimpse of him, as he enters the veranda and seats himself cross-legged on the floor. He is a Brahmin, a high caste; and the white chalk-mark on his forehead which signifies his rank to the world, and his closely shaven chin, give an undescrivable strangeness to the whole of his face. He has very black eyes, out of which he shoots keen glances at his customers all the time he is talking to them; and when he smiles, he shews a set of white gleaming teeth that few Europeans could match. His dress consists of a pair of wide baggy white trousers; a loose white tunic coming down to his knees, and fastened round his waist by a red or black sash with long ends; a turban of white to correspond, arranged in a style known to Bombay men only; and sandals. His whole appearance is picturesque in the extreme; and I have sometimes thought our friend is not altogether unaware of the fact, from the grandiose way in which he carries his head.

Of all the Tambeys who visit me, this high-caste worthy is the one who tempts me most to buy; for though made of stern enough stuff to resist all extravagance in flannels or prints, I fall a victim at once and in the most humiliating manner to the ravishing nicknacks he produces from all sorts of queer boxes and packages. His wares comprise almost everything beautiful one could think of. Cashmere shawls, silver filigree-work from Delhi, goblets and cups curiously wrought in brass and copper from Persia, Chinese silk, and carved inlaid sandal-wood and ebony boxes, lie scattered on the floor on every side of him in splendid confusion. It would take far too long to tell of the lovely things he has for sale: the ivory chessmen, with every pawn a real soldier, with turban and tunic carved out down to the minutest detail, and each bishop's mitre and robe followed out in every particular; or the wonderful trinkets made of red gold and covered over with carved representations of Vishnu or some other of the many deities of India. One day among these I discovered several gold crosses worked in this fashion; and holding one up, I asked the Tambey what he called that.

'Swamy [idol] work, lady,' said he, as he calmly turned away to unwrap what seemed merely a bundle of calico rags.

I had often seen him bring out beautiful things from as strange places before, so I eagerly watched him as he carefully took out from the middle of the rags a belt composed of a great many silver chains united together, and worked over with lovely arabesques and wreaths. 'Very pretty thing,' he remarked, as he held it up in the most advantageous light; 'very pretty thing; lady buy.' Then changing his tone to one of the greatest persuasion, he continued: 'Lady new come from England; lady not see before, now you buy.'

'Hem!' I answered in a hesitating tone; 'I don't know about that. How much is it?'

'Oh,' said the persuasive rascal with a twinkle in his eye as he saw how longingly I looked at it, 'what price you like. Lady, try on.'

'Yes, try it on,' said my husband, who had just come in. 'It is a pretty thing indeed, and the first of that kind I have ever seen.—How much, Tambey?' he added, turning to the man, who was shrewdly watching our faces as I clasped the belt round my waist.

'Very cheap, master,' said he; 'only one hundred rupees' (about ten pounds in English money).

'What!' I exclaimed in horror, taking it off at once.

'Well! what lady give then?' he coolly inquired, having known all the time that nobody in his or her senses would have taken it at such a price.

'Nothing,' I answered sharply.

'O yes,' interrupted my husband; 'I think you might take it if he will give it for sixty rupees.'

'No indeed,' I replied firmly, economy having regained its sway once more in my mind. 'I don't want it at any price; so put it out of sight, Tambey;' and I stoutly refused to have anything more to do with it, though every time I looked at it shining and sparkling in the Tambey's hand, I felt strongly tempted to break my word. The Tambey used all his powers of persuasion for some time further; but finding his words were being wasted, he reluctantly rolled it up among the rags, remarking in a meditative tone as he did so: 'Lady new come from England.'

'So I have,' I answered, smiling. 'But what has that to do with the belt?'

'O lady, new come, master very much like. I come, and master say: "Lady, buy." Lady say: "No buy. Why buy? Plenty got." I come bungalow one, two, three months more; then lady say: "Now very plenty want; must buy." Master say: "No buy—must not buy; plenty plenty got." At which smart comment on married life, my husband burst out laughing, and I finding it impossible to retain my gravity under the circumstances, had to join in as heartily.

In India, money payments are chiefly, for convenience's sake, made by cheques; and in many mercantile houses doing a large business, coin is hardly ever seen from one year's end to the other. Of course it does happen occasionally that cheques are dishonoured; but there is a great deal of 'noblesse oblige' among Europeans there, and such a case is comparatively rare. Still one would hardly expect that a class of people like the Tambeyes would ever be willing or able to put so much trust in the strangers who deal with them, and it is rather a surprise when you discover that they are not only ready to do that, but to go a

great deal further. Any of them will offer you almost unlimited credit; and they have often told me by way of inducement to buy, that I may take their things and keep them for a week or so, when, if I decide not to have them, they will take them back again and charge no price. In this respect their friendliness and good-nature are beyond all praise, and indirectly at the same time shew that the character of English people in India still, as in the former days, stands high for honesty and straightforwardness among the native population.

The first day that I bought from the Bombay man, whose views on matrimony are recorded above, the things he sold me were for sending home to England; and rather to my annoyance he called almost every two days for several weeks after to see if I did not want to send another 'parcel home.' At last one day, to get rid of him I told him I was too poor to send presents to my friends every week.

'O yes,' replied my visitor; 'lady very poor, I know.' A pause followed, during which he took a leisurely survey of my drawing-room from where he stood at the door, looking well at the pictures and other furniture; after which he startled me by asking abruptly: 'How much master pay for this bungalow?'

'Really, Tambey,' I answered, a good deal taken aback by the question, 'I don't think you have any business to ask that, and I won't tell you.'

He considered my reply in silence for a few minutes, and then began again: 'Well then, lady, how much money master got in the bank?'

'I don't know,' I returned promptly; 'and if I did, I should not tell you;' and I rose from my seat and moved away, to shew him I thought the conversation had gone on long enough. But my friend was not to be put down so easily, so he stepped forward into the room a little, and whispering in a confidential undertone, said: 'Lady not know. I know master got plenty hundred pounds in the bank. I see master great big cheque-book got. Lady say to master: "I keep cheque-book; then you no lose." Master say: "All right." Then I come, and lady many things buy. Send great big parcel home. She plenty money, give cheque; master no know.'

'And what would master say when he found out?' I ask.

'Oh, lady no tell. Master say: "Where all my money gone?" Lady say: "I don't know. I not humbugging. Take your old money."

'No, thank you, Tambey,' said I, smiling. 'I'm much obliged to you; but I'm afraid that plan would not answer at all.' He seemed surprised I did not at once act on such capital advice, and regarded me rather mournfully as he made his salaam and said: 'Good-morning.' I believe I have come down in his good opinion considerably since that day.

You may wonder a little—thinking to yourself how you would annihilate a tradesman who should dare to ask questions like these about your house—how I could allow a man of a similar class to take such liberties in mine; but you must bear in mind that in this case, as in many others, the Tambey considered himself quite equal, if not superior to me. He was a Brahmin, belonging to the highest caste in India; and I was only an English lady, of no caste at all

as far as the Tambey knew; and he had no idea whatever that in speaking as he did he was being either impertinent or intrusive.

Much more might be written about the Tambeyes, but the space is too small to admit of anything further being said. I have not, for instance, made any mention of the Madras men, whose stock of sewed muslins and other work is as fine in its own way as anything the Bombay Tambeyes have to shew. The Madras traders have dresses for sale made of white net or muslin, and beautifully embroidered with wreaths and scrolls; and contrary to the general ways of Tambeyes, they offer their goods at extremely reasonable prices. How they come to be so moderate in their demands, I don't know; but I should imagine it is that they prefer a rapid sale, even at low prices, to hawking their wares about, which, as they are so fragile and delicate in texture, would be apt to crush and spoil. These Madras Tambeyes are very imposing in appearance, being tall and majestic in their manner of walking, and speak a dialect which seems different from any other of the many tongues one hears in Ceylon; but their visits to this part of the country are so much rarer than those of the other Tambeyes, that I am unable to speak with any degree of certainty about them.

Just as I write these last lines, a Moorman has put his head, with its gay cap on, in at my veranda door and asks: 'Is anything required to-day, Missie?'

'No, thank you, Tambey,' I reply, wondering much what he would think if he knew I am just at this very moment finishing this tale about him and his brother Tambeyes.

THE FOUNDLING.

A TALE OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

'MIND you return home on the 22d or 23d, Janet. Don't wait to come on Christmas Eve; there'll be nothing but crowds and accidents then—there never is.'

I promised; and started for a fortnight's visit to friends, the Greys, at Newton, one cold raw December morning. I did not much want to go, but Amy wished me, and somehow I had got into the way of doing pretty much as Amy wished.

We were orphan sisters, Amy and Janet Scott; and we lived together on a small income, in a small house in Mudford, a dull miserable little town in the Midlands. What a mistake it is for two strong healthy women to settle down early in life, as we did. I say early in life; for when we first went to Mudford, two years before this December I tell you about, I was but twenty, and Amy twenty-nine. Of course if we had had any common-sense, we should have put by our money for a rainy day and worked for our living while we were able; but that would not have been 'genteel.' If there is one word in the English language I hate, that is this one, and it was for ever in Amy's mouth. No; work, real honest work, would not have been a genteel enough way of life for the two daughters of a military officer; so we settled down to Mudford and genteel idleness.

I used to think sometimes that I really could not endure it, that I must break out into something different, and more worth calling life than this bald arid monotony. 'Good gracious!' I have said to myself, 'suppose I should live to be sixty or seventy! and as I am perfectly healthy and strong, so I may. Just fancy forty years of this!' But then again I was overcome by a long fit of idleness and indifference, and it seemed to matter very little where or how life went, so long as it went pretty quickly. And what made it so much harder for me was that Amy was utterly unsympathetic. She had plenty to do, she would say, and had no time to waste on fancies; and perhaps she had; for everything there was to do in the way of business, household affairs, or shopping, she did. By virtue of her nine years of eldership, she looked on me still as a child, and took the entire control of everything, without a word of consultation with me. At one time I tried teaching in the schools and parish-visiting; but I did not very well like the work; and Amy shut it up entirely when some vinegary old cat or other remonstrated with her on 'letting that child run after the curate in such a flagrant manner.'

I enjoyed my visit to Newton very much, and was sorely tempted to yield to their persuasions and stay over Christmas; but the thought of Amy all alone, made me firm in my refusal. But I did not do as she told me about going home before Christmas Eve, for there were parties I must go to both on the 22d and 23d; so it was Christmas Eve, and bitterly cold, before I was permitted to start on my homeward journey. Not very early in the day either, for we had been late the night before, and I had to finish packing after breakfast, so it was the 12.40 train I travelled by, instead of the 9.50 A.M.

'It will be quite dusk before you get to Farway, where you have to change,' said Mary Grey. 'I do wish you were not so obstinate, Jenny. I am sure Amy would much rather you stayed another day or two, than go at this time of day all that way—just this day too, when there is sure to be a crowd.'

I laughed, remembering Amy's prophecy about crowds and accidents; but I was not a bit timid, so I said my good-byes with a cheerful mind.

It was considerably more than dusk when I got to Farway Junction; and if I had had any idea of the crush, the hurry and hubbub I there encountered, I don't fancy I should have started quite so bravely. The train was fifteen minutes behind time in reaching Farway, and I had only just time to rush across and into a carriage for Hilton, the junction for Mudford. The carriage was empty save for a bundle of wraps and rugs in the farther corner; and as no one got in before we started, I said to myself: 'Some one forgot their things in the hurry;' and before I had time to speak to the guard, the train was off. In all the loneliness and dullness of my life I had never felt so utterly lonely as then, rushing along through the gathering gloom. But at the moment this feeling of solitude was fast growing into something very like fear—though I should have been puzzled to say what I was afraid of—I was horribly startled by hearing a faint childish cry, apparently proceeding from the bundle of rugs. Just then we paused for a second or two at a small station,

and the light from the guard's lantern shining in shewed me a small pale face amongst the rugs; and at the same moment I caught a pitiful look from the big blue eyes of what I took to be a little child of about a year old.

'Now,' thought I, 'here's a fix for you, Janet Scott. The train does not stop again till we get to Swaffam, and by that time the child will either have fallen down and broken itself, or else screamed itself into a fit.' So I moved up opposite the bundle and put my hand amongst the rugs, till I felt a little cold clenched-up fist, which opened at the warm touch and seized my finger greedily. Presently the cries ceased altogether; and but that I was afraid to move it in the darkness, I would have taken the little thing into my arms. We had to wait ten minutes at Swaffam; and directly the train had stopped I opened the door and screamed to the guard.

'What now ma'am?' said that person sharply.

'Here is a baby left in this carriage,' I said.

'What shall I do?'

'Can't say, I am sure ma'am,' he snapped.

'Get out and give it to'—

What else he would have said I don't know, for some one spoke to him, and he moved away. Then the child set up a cry again, and began struggling about, so that I could do nothing but pick it up; and before I could get to the door again, in hopes of getting another word with the guard, three gentlemen got hastily into the carriage, the door was shut, and we were off into the darkness again, and there was but one more pause of three minutes till we got to Hilton.

'Sharp work to-night,' said one of the gentlemen; 'train didn't stay more than two minutes, if as much.'

'We are twenty minutes late as it is,' said another; 'it is as much as we shall do to get through.'

With all my might I tried to keep the child I held from crying; for though, if I had let myself think a moment calmly, I might have known it was impossible they should have any idea except that we were mother and child, or nurse and child of a most everyday pattern; still, I *felt* in such a doubtful position that I could not help fearing every one must know it. There the thought of what I should do when I got to Hilton! What would be said or thought if I calmly put an infant down and left it in the cold to the tender mercies of three men? Looking at it only in that light, I felt it would be out of the question; and as I felt the poor little mortal nestling in my arms, I felt it would be quite impossible to do anything but take it home and care for it. It lay quite still in my arms till the train stopped at Hilton, and did not wake even when I rose to go out.

'You are leaving your rugs ma'am,' said one of the men, gathering them all up and handing them to a porter who stood near.

'They are not mine,' I said; 'neither is the child. I am going to take it to the station-master.' As I moved away, I overheard a laughing speech from one of them, plainly shewing they did not believe any such unlikely tale.

The porter had heard what I said; and as I knew him very well, I explained matters to him, and asked what I had better do.

'Blest if I know miss,' was his not very satisfactory answer. 'Mr Brand's gone home, and

there's only the clerk left—a lad as isn't likely to help you.'

'Can I telegraph up and down the line to say that the child is safe, if any one inquires for it?'

'Not from here, you can't miss; for the clerk always goes home directly this train's in. He may be late to-night though. I'll step in and see.'

'He's gone, sure enough,' he said when he came back. 'And if you mean to go on to Mudford to-night, you must come at once.'

'If I take the child with me now,' I said, 'may I depend on you to make all inquiries when the trains pass, and tell Mr Brand about it, so that he may do what he can?'

'To be sure I will ma'am. It's a rum start as ever I knowed on,' he muttered as he helped me into a carriage.

It was a 'rum start;' and such no doubt Amy thought it when I entered our little sitting-room with the child, now broad awake.

'Good gracious Janet! whose child is that?'

'I don't know,' I said helplessly, sitting down by the fire, towards which the child stretched its hands, cooing and smiling as it did so.

'You don't know what?' she cried.

'Whose child this is,' I said. And then I told her all about it. 'And of course I could not leave it there to perish of cold,' I said.

'Perish of fiddlesticks!' said my sister impatiently. 'Of course if you had left it alone some one would have given it to the proper authorities. But you are so childish; you never seem to know what to do. And if you had come home yesterday, as I told you, all this would not have happened.'

'Well, well,' I said; 'it is no good scolding any more. I have no doubt the child will soon be claimed; and I know you would have done just the same in similar circumstances.'

So a truce was proclaimed, and we agreed to advertise and make all inquiries we could, and wait the issue of events. Which we did; but no issue came; and though we continued to advertise for weeks and also to make all diligent inquiries up and down the line, yet very soon I for one came to look for any answer with dread instead of hope; and after a while, even Amy ceased to speak of the extra trouble and expense our little Christmas-box caused.

I quite forgot to say that neither on the child's clothes nor amongst the rugs could we find the least clue to her belongings.

CHAPTER II.—A VALENTINE.

Five years had passed since that Christmas Eve on which I had found little Lucy, for so we had the child named. Very little change had come to us, except that from the time that child came home, life had seemed to me quite a different affair. I had something to do now, something to take up my time; somebody to love, and somebody to dearly love me.

She was a pretty little child, as brisk and merry as a cricket. She was not a bit shy even at first, and as she got to run about and talk, oh, how she chattered! She made friends with everybody, and everybody I am sure made friends with her, and not a few with us, for her sake.

'How that child loves you, Janet!' said our vicar's wife when she was calling on us one day; and Lucy, coming in from a walk, began to call 'Aunt Jenny!' directly she was in the house.

'Yes, thank God! I think she does,' I answered.

'It would be hard parting, if her owners were to turn up now—eh?'

I did not answer, but I felt myself turn pale at the possibility of such a misfortune.

Well, it was a little more than five years since Lucy came, and the 14th of February—a dismal rainy morning, when Lucy came dancing into breakfast with something hid slyly under her pinafore.

'What have you got there Lucy?' asked Amy, seeing the little face so full of mischief.

'One valentine for Aunt Jenny,' the little rogue answered demurely.

'Nonsense!' said Amy sharply. 'Who told you such trash as that?'

'No-one-body. Mary had one valentine—oh, so pretty! I hope yours is pretty, Aunt Jenny,' giving me a letter, and a sweet kiss with her little pouting mouth at the same time.

Pretty! I opened my letter and sat staring at it, feeling as if my life had suddenly come to an end.

'What is the matter?' said Amy; and for answer I passed her the letter and a slip of newspaper that was inclosed in it. She read both, but did not speak. Our little pet looked from one to the other; and then two soft arms stole round my neck, and a tearful voice whispered: 'Was Lucy naughty to bring the valentine?'

I took her in my arms, and bowing my face on her soft curly head, cried as I had not cried since my mother died—more than twelve years ago.

'Don't be foolish Janet!' said Amy; 'perhaps it won't come to anything after all;' and she again took up the precious valentine.

This was what it was: 'The Editor of the *Swaffam Mercury* has sent the inclosed slip to Miss J. Scott, thinking—as it has now appeared so many days in the *Times*—that it may have escaped her notice.'

And what do you think was the slip inclosed? An advertisement to the following effect: 'If the young lady who found a deserted child in a first-class carriage on the Swaffam and Ildover line on Christmas Eve 187—, will send her address to Messrs Tucker and Rowe, Lincoln's Inn, she will oblige the father of the little girl.'

The editor of the *Swaffam Mercury* had taken great interest in the affair all along, for he was a Mudfordian by birth, and had several friends in the town. We did not take the *Times*, but some in Mudford did, and it was odd that no one had noticed it before, for now plenty did, and on that 14th of February I had no less than five copies of the advertisement, and three copies of the *Times* with a black line drawn round the hideous words. The number of friends who called to talk it over was almost unbearable, and the quantity of advice they tendered was utterly intolerable.

I felt grateful to Amy for taking so much on herself, and letting me be comparatively at peace with Lucy, who feeling something was wrong, would hardly leave me a moment.

'And now Janet, what shall you do?' Amy asked when post-time was getting near.

'I don't know,' I answered wearily. 'What do you think?'

'I think if I were you I would just write our address and send it with a copy of the advertisement, without any word at all.'

This I did; and then not another word was said about it till the next day, when Amy said: 'It is just possible that some one may come to-day Janet; will you see them, or shall I?'

'Oh, you, please, if you don't mind,' I answered, for I felt that I should only make an exhibition of myself if I undertook the task.

I had reckoned out each of the hours at which a Londoner would be able to reach Mudford; and as first one, then two, and three of them passed without an arrival, I began to hope for at least one more night's respite. But it was not to be; for just as we had said to each other, 'Now it is too late for to-day; the last down-train has been in some time,' a sharp ring came at the door bell, and a minute after Mary brought in a card and the announcement of 'A gentleman in the dining-room.'

'JOHN HOME,' Amy read aloud from the card. 'Not an aristocratic name at anyrate,' she said as she went out of the room, but somehow it struck pleasantly on my ear.

'Who is John Home?' asked my little pet, and I answered that I did not know. 'Is it John Home that sent the bad valentine that has made you sorry ever since?' she went on. 'If it is, why did Aunt Amy go down to see him? You ought to send for a policeman if he is a bad man.'

I told her to hush, for I could not bear to hear her speak so of one who might be her father.

Very soon Amy came back—came back actually smiling!

'Is the bad man gone?' cried Lucy before I could speak.

'No; he is not gone. And I don't think he is a very bad man. He wants to see Aunt Janet and you.'

'I shall not go to him,' she answered. 'I shall not go to any one who would make my own darling Aunt Jenny cry.'

'What did he say?' I asked. 'Do you think he is—has made a mistake?'

'No, dear Janet,' she said kindly; 'I am afraid there is no mistake. He thought there was at first,' she continued, smiling again. 'When I went into the room and announced myself as Miss Scott, he said: "I am afraid then there is some mistake, for you cannot be the lady I expected to see." I thought then that there must be some mistake; and I asked him if he had not come about the advertisement. "Yes," he said; "but the lady he expected to see was"—And he proceeded to give an exact description of you and your dress as it was when you found Lucy. But he will explain it all to you. Don't keep him waiting any longer.'

'Do you think he would know me if I changed my dress?' I said; for it had suddenly struck me that I had on a violet merino that eventful Christmas Eve, and my dress now was of almost exactly the same hue and texture.

'No, no!' said Amy. 'I think he would know you very well in any dress.'

So I went, taking the reluctant Lucy with me, she protesting with much vehemence that she was only going—to take care of Aunt Jenny.

I have only a very indistinct idea of a tall, large, bearded man coming up to me and clasping both my unwilling hands in his, while he said: 'Now I am safe at last. You have not altered one bit in all these five years. And is this my little girl—my little Isabel?'

'No; I am not!' answered my young lady promptly. 'I am Aunt Jenny's little girl, and I am Lucy.'

He laughed at her—a low mellow-toned laugh, very good to hear. He led me to the little sofa, and made me sit down. Somehow it never occurred to me to resist or to speak up in denial of having been, done, or suffered anything at all out of the common five years ago. Lucy was far more self-possessed, for when he sat down in a chair near and tried to draw her towards him, she resisted quietly but decidedly, and placed herself on a low stool on the other side of the fire-place.

'Now, I will tell you all about it,' he said; and I suppose he did, for he talked a long time; and I sat still, sometimes trying to listen and comprehend, but failing mostly; for the one thought that blotted out all other ideas and comprehension was, 'Now I shall lose Lucy;' and I knew that meant losing all the best part of life. However I did get some notion of the tale he was telling; and from many after-tellings I learned the following facts.

John Home, the only child of wealthy parents, had mortally offended them by marrying a pretty penniless girl of somewhat low origin. He said he was very happy till his little girl was born, then the young wife's health failed—failed gradually but surely, till she died when her child was ten months old. She had no relatives to whom he could appeal to take care of his child, and he had only his parents, who would answer none of his letters or help him in any way. So for a time he lived on in London, and the child, being healthy and well-to-do, seemed to prosper pretty well under the care of a nurse. Then, just before the time I found Lucy, he had been offered a very advantageous appointment in India; and on that Christmas Eve he and the baby's nurse were taking her down to his father's place, to try whether he could induce them to take charge of her while he was away. He always says he never knew what induced him to get into the next carriage when he saw me enter the one he had just for a moment vacated, at Farway Junction; but he did so; and it was not till after he had looked in at Swaffam and seen me with the child in my arms, that the idea occurred to him to leave it to me altogether and turn back without going home. So he and the mystified nurse, though ignorant of my destination, actually returned from Swaffam to London. When asked how he could do so without knowing at all who or what I was, he always said: 'I was perfectly sure you would take care of the child; I never felt an hour's uneasiness about it.'

It was hard work to make Lucy understand the state of the case. 'If he was a papa like Bertie Long's papa, where had he been all the time, and where was the mamma belonging to him?'

'Mamma was dead long ago.'

'Oh, very well; then she would stay with Aunt Jenny till there was another mamma found; 'cause of course if there was a papa, there must

be a mamma; else who's to buy new clothes or new shoes?'

Mr Home only laughed at her odd fancies, and told her she could stay with Aunt Jenny till he had bought his new house, and got it all ready, 'Then she must come home.' But she shook her head sagely, and answered, that it must all depend on what sort of a new mamma he found.

Old Mr and Mrs Home were both dead, and this Mr Home was a very rich man; for besides what his father had left, he had made much money in India. He had sold his old home, he said, and was now looking out for a nice place to settle down in.

He did not stay long in Mudford at a time, but was very often there. It was quaint to see the kind of feeling which soon came to be between him and his little girl. He always treated her with the utmost deference, very seldom offering caresses, and never presents; while she got to look out for his coming very anxiously, but whether with like or dislike, it was hard to tell, she was to him so totally different from what she was to everybody else. Sometimes I could see the pained expression of his eyes as he saw her leave off from overwhelming me with the most demonstrative affection; or rise flushed and tumbled from a romping game with our big dog or her chief friend Bertie Long, and advance to shake hands with him with all the demure dignity of a princess.

I know it hurt him; but he never made any remark except once, when seeing, I suppose, that I noticed his vexation, he said: 'It is no more than I deserve, but no more than I shall overcome.'

He would tell her all about how he had succeeded in finding a house, 'a beautiful house near the river Thames, with great gardens, and a big boat to go on the water in.' To all of which she would listen gravely, and scarcely ever failed to ask: 'And the mamma, have you found her? 'cause you know I cannot go to the big house 'less there is one, nor 'less she is a nice one too.'

OSTRICH-FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

CONSIDERABLE attention has of late (in England) been drawn to the comparatively new industry at the Cape, of farming domesticated ostriches. It is said to be a lucrative occupation, easily learnt, requiring no large capital to begin with, and though calling for close and patient attention, not laborious. It has for these reasons naturally attracted the notice of some of the many young men in this country who are on the look-out for some calling which may offer some prospects of success, and give scope for energy and enterprise. Though it is not the first time that this interesting subject has been noticed in these pages, a few further remarks by one who has had some experience in the matter, and who has recently arrived from South Africa, will probably not be unacceptable.

Up till about twenty years ago, it does not appear to have occurred to any one to make any attempt at domesticating the ostrich. Wild ones

were to be met with by the traveller, dotted about in little groups in all the less frequented inland plains both within and beyond the boundaries of the colony. These were, notwithstanding the laws forbidding it under a heavy penalty, ruthlessly shot for the sake of their feathers, and their nests robbed of the eggs for the purpose of being eaten. Thus hunted and persecuted, it is not to be wondered at that ostriches were greatly reduced in number, and would have ere long been entirely extirpated.

About this time it occurred to Mr Kinnear, a gentleman then resident at Beaufort-West in the colony, that it might be possible to domesticate the young of the wild birds, and that thus another valuable industry might be added to the colony's at that time somewhat limited resources. Beaufort-West being in the very heart of the country where the wild birds abounded, he was not long in obtaining from a farmer a few young birds which had been run down when only a day or two old. These were carefully tended and fed by him. When a few months old, they were allowed to run on the lucerne fields about the homestead. They thrived, and fully answered his most sanguine expectations. When eighteen months old, and every eight or ten months after, they yielded their beautiful crop of rich plumes. When three or four years old, they began to breed, laying on an average fifteen or sixteen eggs, and bringing out about twelve or fourteen young. Mr Kinnear thus demonstrated beyond a doubt the practicability of his proposal; and yet, strange to say, the public were so slow at realising the great advantages to be derived from following the enterprise upon a comprehensive scale, that years passed by without any one following up the example set. So little notice indeed did the matter attract, that as late as 1865 there were only eighty domesticated ostriches in the whole colony.

From that time, more attention was directed to the subject, the frequent recurrence of drought having shewn the colonists the uncertainty of the profits to be derived from sheep-farming—up to that time the chief industry of the colony—and the desirability of adding one more string to their bow, a demand arose for young birds, which suddenly increased in value from a few shillings each to ten and even fifteen pounds; so that by the year 1875, according to the census returns of that year, the domesticated birds had increased to twenty-eight thousand, and will no doubt by this time have reached fifty thousand at least. The feathers from these, together with some from wild ones beyond the boundary of the colony, realised last year, according to the colonial customs returns, but little short of half a million sterling, with apparently every prospect of an almost unlimited demand in the future.

In the commencement, the young of the wild birds were taken from the nest directly they were hatched, the parent birds having been carefully watched from a distance till incubation was completed; when as fast as the chicks emerged from the eggs, they were removed to the farmer's homestead, kept warm generally in a blanket-lined box, and fed with suitable food cut up very fine. The first stock was obtained in this way; and in the remoter portions of the colony, where on the vast karroo plains the wild birds still rove and breed,

the same plan is adopted; though by this time there are some thousands of breeding-birds in a domesticated state, yielding most profitable returns to their owners. The value of a pair of good breeding-birds ranges now from one to three hundred pounds, and even more, as much as five hundred pounds having been more than once given for pairs of good and regular breeding birds.

Ostrich-farmers may be divided into two classes—first, those who buy the young birds from the breeders, when from four to twelve months old, keep them for the sake of their feathers, and sell them as breeding-birds when they have paired off and are of a proper age, say three or four years, for 'breeders'; and secondly, those who give their attention to breeding birds only, selling the young as they are hatched or when they are a few months old.

At from four to six months old the young birds are worth at present about fifteen pounds; at twelve months their chicken feathers are clipped. These are poor shabby things, the yield of each bird being worth not more than about thirty shillings. In about eight months however, the first crop of good feathers is clipped, yielding according to the quality and sex of the bird from five to twelve pounds sterling; and this is repeated every eight months with like result, till the bird takes to breeding, after which it is not desirable to deprive them of their feathers, as they require them to cover the eggs on the nest, and to regulate the heat during the process of incubation. The feathers if taken at such a time are of less value than others, owing to their generally being shredded, dirty, and worn.

It is by no means certain that the result will be satisfactory if an adult male and female bird are told off for breeding purposes *without consulting their inclinations*; they have their preferences, their likes and dislikes; and unless they are mutually acceptable to one another, it is of no avail to urge them to be a wedded pair. There are instances where for months, and even years, they have been shut up to their own society alone and yet have not made friends. Paired ostriches are generally placed in an inclosure, the larger the better, by themselves; where, in addition to the food growing there, they are, if necessary, supplied with additional food, such as mangel-wurzel, lucerne, &c., or with some animal food and a good supply of bones, without which two last they do not thrive.

During the laying season the male is very savage, and will fearlessly attack any man or other animal coming within reach. One kick from his muscular leg has been known to kill a man. The hen lays an egg every other day, until there are from fifteen to eighteen in the nest, which is simply a shallow hollow scratched out of the ground, a sandy place being usually fixed upon for this purpose. Incubation takes six weeks, the male taking his turn to sit during the night, and the female during the day.

Wonderful intelligence is shewn by the birds in adjusting the amount of warmth necessary for the incubation of the eggs. During the night, early morning, and in the evening the body is rested fully on the bulk of the eggs, the outer ones being protected by the wing-feathers being spread over them. As the heat of the day increases, the body is at first slightly lifted,

and then more and more so, the bird resting over the eggs on its haunches. At noon, if the heat is very great, the bird leaves the nest, and feeds close by till the heat moderates, when she resumes her task, the male bird relieving his mate at dark. From twelve to fifteen chicks are generally hatched. A few years ago, artificial incubators were used, the eggs being removed from the nest as soon as laid. But it has been found better to allow the birds to hatch their own eggs. If properly fed on the nest as well as after the hatching, the ostrich will begin to lay again generally in three weeks or a month, and thus bring out three and even four broods in a year. If the incubator is used, there will be frequent failure from improper application of heat; and it is said that the young thus brought out are not so robust as those hatched naturally. The parent birds turn all the eggs in the nest very carefully once a day. The young birds are very delicate, requiring constant attention for some months, especially as they are very susceptible to cold and wet, and are subject to intestinal worms. A decoction of the root of the pomegranate is found to be the best cure for these pests.

There is a great difference in the feather-producing quality of ostriches; some yielding only three pounds' worth at a clipping, while others yield as much as fifteen pounds' worth. A good deal no doubt depends on the condition of the birds while the feathers are growing. The practice, at first followed, of pulling or drawing the feathers has been abandoned. In order to get the feathers when they were in their most perfect state, they had to be drawn before they were quite ripe, which not only caused great pain to the bird and excessive bleeding, but seriously injured the feather-producing properties of the wings, which after that yielded only distorted and comparatively valueless quills.

Though ostriches can be kept in every part of Cape Colony, except perhaps in the higher cold mountainous table-lands, they undoubtedly thrive best in the extensive karroo plains which are the natural habitat of the birds. It may be taken as a rule that where the merino sheep thrive there the ostrich will also do well. Both animals prefer a dry, warm, well-drained karroo country to that near the coast, where the cold winds and soaking rains in winter in particular are very detrimental to them. The same may be said of the high cold plateaus, which in common with the cool lands, are devoid of the saline plants, such as the *Mesembryanthemum* and *Sal Sala Salsa*, which containing as they do a large proportion of soda, potash, &c. in a highly succulent form, are so necessary to the health of both birds and sheep, but particularly of the ostrich. In the karroo plains too are found growing a great variety of nutritive plants of different kinds, many of them highly aromatic, and excellent tonics; whereas in the grass lands there is no choice or variety of food. The wider the range which can be allowed for the birds, the better they are found to thrive. Instinct teaches them to select the kind of food best adapted to them in the various seasons, and under the many changes of circumstances to which they are subjected.

Ostrich chicks which have been bred near the coast and kept there till they attain maturity are

not so well developed or so hardy as those bred and reared in their natural home. However, *full-grown birds* do fairly well in a grass country in well-selected, properly sheltered localities, provided they are supplied with the proper amount of nourishment of a suitable kind and have plenty of broken bones given them.

It is surprising how very tame the domesticated birds become, except when breeding. They will allow you to approach them quite closely without being alarmed. They will take food from your hand and peck at the buttons of your coat. They will swallow food in pieces as large as oranges. The gullet passes spirally round their long necks, down which the pieces of food can be easily traced. The wild aloe and cactus leaves when cut up are very acceptable to them, and serve valuable medicinal purposes as well. In feeding they do not masticate, but strip the leaves and tender shoots off their favourite plants, and in like manner gather the grass seeds.

The beautiful white plumes so highly prized by the ladies all over the world grow on the ends of the wings of the male birds. A good bird in his prime will yield from twenty to forty of these, besides a few black feathers also from the wings. The tail feathers are not nearly so valuable or so beautiful. The hen also yields fine plumes from her wing-tips, but they are generally spotted and flecked with gray, and are called 'feminines.' Those which in the male bird are black, are gray with her.

From one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty good long feathers go to a pound; they are always sold by weight, and are all sent to the English market, packed carefully in cases with a plentiful supply of pepper or tobacco strewn amongst them, to keep the moths away. Each case is carefully sewn up in bagging with numerous seals at the seams, to guard against their being tampered with. The sorting of the feathers after clipping is a work requiring considerable care, in order that they may be sold to the best advantage.

There is no difficulty in disposing of any quantity of feathers that may be produced. There are dealers all over the colony ready to purchase at all times; and in all the large towns in the colony regular market-days are established for the public sale of them. Shipped to this country just as they are taken from the birds, without any dressing, they are on their arrival in Great Britain, dressed, trimmed, and dyed to suit the taste of the day.

Notwithstanding, however, the large profits to be made from ostrich-farming, there is a certain amount of risk to the colonist in neglecting other industries for this more lucrative one, seeing how dependent the feather is for its value upon fashion. A large extent of corn-land has been turned into ostrich-camps, and the choicest parts of the sheep-walks are similarly inclosed and used for the same purpose.

Still there is ample room in the Cape Colony for young men of the right sort, and every prospect of their doing well. One piece of advice however, we would venture to give to any inclined to try their fortunes out there; it is this: If you have capital, don't invest it till you have the experience of a year or so. One from the old country has much to unlearn before he will willingly

profit by the experience of the older colonists—he thinks he knows better; and goes on frequently in his errors; and only begins to do well when he has paid dearly with the loss of what capital he had, for the practical experience necessary to enable him to succeed in his undertaking.

RAILWAY JOTTINGS.

THE Christmas week of last year found us travelling on a railway in the west country. Though cold, the day was clear and sunny.

The last bell rings—a moment's pause; the train begins to move. We are off, and soon get up speed. Here are a few rough jottings from our note-book.

Opposite, in the same compartment of the carriage, sits a young man. An elderly lady wrapt up in furs is ever casting anxious looks upon him. His features are sharp and pale, his quick restless glance contrasting with his general air of languor and exhaustion, while there is also a something too bright in his dark lustrous eyes, which makes one afraid. The lady is evidently his mother, and a whole melancholy history unfolds itself.

A spectacled German, with thick moustache and beard, reads the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He appears to be greatly interested in his paper, for there is a smile on his countenance; every little while he brightens up, and a 'Ya, ya, ya!' escapes his lips.

Here, one remarks passing objects, while glancing from the journal in his hand; there another appears listless, and to care very little for anything; while a passenger in the corner, comfortably wrapt up in a plaid, is fast asleep.

The train has stopped. A guard bawls out the name of the station, but it is not every one who can understand him. The man seated in the corner, after a series of nods, each lower and more sudden than that which preceded it, opens his sleepy eyes, starts up, and instinctively clutching about him, lays hold of carpet-bag, umbrella, and hat-box, and breathlessly inquires: 'What station?' On hearing it named, and finding that his fears of having overshot the station are groundless, he calms down, says 'All right!' and, subsiding into his former state of quiescence, already is fast asleep.

Again the train moves on—slow, quick, quicker. We speed along, away and away, leaving behind the densely peopled town with its smoke and busy pent-up thousands, many of whom toil long weary hours for scanty bread. On yonder eminence stands a farm-house, surrounded by leafless trees; a Robin-redbreast is perched on the wicket-gate; its little beak moves, but its song is unheard. The ploughman, with his sleek team drawing the rich brown loamy furrows, does not even look at the passing train, for he is accustomed to it. The whistling ploughboy, however, turns round, and his long gaze follows us. Then a noble mansion rises. Wealth does not always yield peace. Alone, does it ever? Yet let us respect the guinea-stamp when impressed on worthy gold. Now we pass a lowly dwelling, one of a row in the outskirts of a town. It is close on the line, and as the train is slowing, we casually obtain a glimpse of the interior. A poor mother is blowing the embers

of a scanty fire; but its feeble flicker only exhibits a scene of wretchedness. She herself is ill-clad; a sickly child is on her knee; and several others, squalid and in tatters, cower shivering around her. Already the sad scene is left far behind. We stop—start again—and now we are speeding rapidly along, away and away!

How odd that the rattling, the jingling, the shaking, the motion, the whizzing panting steam, and all the confused noises of the train, should shape themselves into music! Yet so it is. Now we hear Mozart's *Magic Flute*; again it is Beethoven's *Symphonie Pathétique*; but how loud, wild, impetuous, and fast it is getting! We can fancy it to be almost like a dream of the great master's. How could any musicians keep up with such time! It is almost too fast for us, favoured listeners, to follow, yet we are fully conscious that every note is rendered. The movement slows again, now shaping itself in plaintive sweetness to an air of Handel's; but the time still continuing to slacken—note after note unlinks and separates itself from its next note; the melody becomes disjointed, rests widen, and now, all connection snapt, the air can no longer be distinguished.

On that height is a dark-green pinewood, with here and there a slender white stem shewing like a silvery streak against the dark trees. In the foreground, a solitary labourer on 'the dreary flat' is digging turf and bringing in the land.

Strange to be thus yoked to a fire-fleet magic steed, and carried along in comfort at such a pace. On arches we cross river and stream; piles of masonry or viaducts lead over the vale. Now rough walls of rock suddenly rise high on each side, and with the loud scream of the steam-whistle deafening our ears, we enter and speed through the heart of the mountain. Pendent icicles alone catch the distant light. At a large opening above, the heavy water-drip has formed a thick white incrustation of ice. The tunnel gleams in rare beauty, like a stalactite cavern or some dream of enchantment, flickering with jewelled splendour, as the engine shoots glimmering flames through the unearthly darkness of the crystalline ice. Last time we passed through this tunnel, there was no frost, but the rocks were moist from recent rain, and caught the light, reflecting it in a singular manner. On looking out we felt that there was motion somewhere; but backwards or forwards, with the reflections or ourselves, could not be distinguished as they flitted past, wavering like phosphorus on a wall.

Still careering onwards, the hot panting steed thunders along, away and away! Now we emerge from darkness into light; and what glorious scenery bursts at once on the delighted eye! Bright-blue sky, high mountains, a noble river gleaming like a mirror, and seen between the slender stems of young beech-trees growing on the bank. The trees are richly twined and garlanded with trailing ivy, and appear fresh and fair, even when without their own summer foliage. The brow of one mountain is crowned with a wreath of snow; another to the north is altogether veiled in white; while the loftiest is netted down the sides with ribs of ice, shewing like veins of calcareous spar in dark ironstone. Around, all is lovely; the air nevertheless is bitter chill.

We now run along the margin of a broad river,

its gentle ripple lapping the railway embankment. Fast steamers, slow barges with reddish-brown sails, tall-masted ships, and great rafts of wood enliven the scene.

Ships assemble here from every clime. Those going down the river, newly painted, are smart, trim, and taught; while some of those passing up have lost their fresh look, and are quite weather-beaten. One is being towed up whose bulwarks have been washed away; she only carries jury-masts, and is sadly battered and disabled. Such is life. There on yon sedgy islet, mirrored on the tide, sits a heron motionless; the train whizzes past, but the bird moves not; so still, it seems like a charmed ibis painted on a mummy-case—the impersonation of Meditation.

Now we are high above the level of the river. A wagon jogs slowly—how slowly—along, on the road beneath. It is out of sight. We speed along, and it is already miles behind us. There, on the water-brink, stands an ancient castle, where the feudal baron in olden days sat with his retainers at the festive board. Times are without doubt changed for the better, notwithstanding the cuckoo note about 'the good old times.' The working man nowadays is better educated and possesses more substantial comforts than the upper classes of those days could possibly attain to for love or money. How ludicrous it is to see that dog on the chain snarling, bouncing, barking, and getting quite furious at the passing train. See what a frantic state of excitement he has worked himself into. Yet his barking is unheard; his efforts, so much 'labour lost.' Now the line crosses over streets, and runs right through an old churchyard; sparrows sit beruffled on the cold snowy graves; a cock stands crowing cheerily on a tombstone. Across the river, some half-dozen miles distant, and at the foot of sloping hills, lies a village gleaming in the sunshine, each house peacefully mirrored on the blue deep, which for placid loveliness might be Leman's Lake.

The train stops a little way short of the station, and 'Tickets ready, please,' from the guard rouses us from our musings.

As we follow the stream of people on the platform, and mark how eager each one of the great crowd is to get on to his or her destination, we wonder if many of them are destined to spend a really merry Christmas.

COMPARATIVE BRILLIANCY OF LIGHTS.

A French *savant* M. Bertin, has drawn up a table shewing the relative intensity of various lights, solar light being placed as one thousand. According to this table, the electric light stands at two hundred and fifty, the 'Drummond' or oxy-hydrogen light at from twenty-four to fifteen, according to its regulation; a gas-burner with chimney and 'forced' flame, one and a half; with ordinary flame, one; Carcel or Moderator lamp, one; and candle of five to the pound, one-seventh. This of course relates to intensity or quality of light, not to quantity; and shews that the electric light is equal in point of purity to twelve hundred and fifty candles. A correspondent of *Nature* points out that in the spectrum, electric light from Jablochhoff's candle shews a combination of the electric and lime-light spectra.

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED BICYCLES.

One of the most curious applications of the electric light is that communicated by Mr James Tyman to *Design and Work*. He states that using the hind-wheel of his bicycle as a motor for the magneto-electric machine, and having the carbons, with necessary apparatus for regulating their adjustment, fixed on the front of the bicycle, he obtains a steady light equal to one hundred and twenty candle-power, and lighting up a dark road at night to the distance of two hundred yards ahead. It is stated that the apparatus occupies the room of a small valise, and costs about five pounds. An obvious objection to this seems to be that whenever the bicycle stops, the rider will be left in total darkness, unless the small battery named as part of the equipment is powerful enough to maintain the light for a time after the electro-magnets have ceased to act.

THE DYING YEAR.

THE dying Year's departing breath
Blows bitter o'er the blighted lea,
While Nature droops, deflowered with death,
From withered shrub to naked tree;
The restless clouds, with scowling glee,
Are mustering thick across the sky;
The torrent rushes rapidly;
The brittle leaves sweep whirling by.

O wailing Wind! whose trembling tones
Around my shivering window play,
I love to hear thy mournful moans;
They make me glad, yet make me wae.
O Robin! on the leafless spray,
Sing on thy silvery song to me;
It tells me of the year's decay,
And soothes my soul, yet wets my e'e.

I look along the wintry wold,
While, crowding on my mirrored mind,
Sad thoughts and vain regrets unfold
My weary waste of life behind.
E'en through the present year, I find
My life has borne but rotten fruit,
Groping along like Cupid blind
In quest of Joy at Folly's foot.

Ye wealthy wights who never know
The want of clothing, food, and coal,
Think how the bitter frost and snow
Must lacerate the homeless soul!
While in your carriages ye roll,
From want and poverty secure,
Ye'll never miss from Fortune's scroll
A fraction to the helpless poor.

The stage of Life is stranger far
Than any stage theatrical,
From birth to death, from peace to war,
In lowly cot or lordly hall.
The best of us are apt to fall
In spite of promises sincere.
Almighty God, Who govern't all,
O guide us through the coming year!

Ayton.

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MRS GILL'S NARRATIVE.

For more than two hundred years, the astronomers of Europe have been making laborious and costly attempts to discover the exact distance of the earth from the sun. To this hour they have not succeeded. Some have made out the distance to be ninety-six millions of miles, some ninety-three, others ninety-two millions, and some from ninety-one and a half to ninety-two millions, or thereabouts. There is still no certainty.

The enthusiasm with which this scientific question has been pursued is quite extraordinary. While the world generally are thinking of ordinary affairs, and do not care much else about the sun than that he should shine to dispel bad weather and ripen the crops in due season, there is a body of eager astronomers who keep on making attempts to settle once for all the precise distance between our globe and the grand luminary. Latterly, these persistent inquirers have been materially assisted by newly invented instruments of the telescope order, particularly one instrument called the heliometer. The way they go to work is to set up an observatory on some prominent place where there is a likelihood of clear skies, and thence making observations in relation to one or other of the planets and the sun. The transit of Venus across the sun's disc in 1874 was seized on as a good opportunity of making the required discovery; and astronomers with their instruments went to different parts of the earth in order to see the phenomenon at various angles, and calculate accordingly. Still, with all the pains taken, the result was not satisfactory, for Venus has a dense atmosphere, which tends to obscure the planet when entering on its passage across the face of the sun. This was disappointing. The next good chance to be seized on was the position of Mars in relation to the sun in September 1877. At that time Mars would be in 'opposition,' that is to say nearly in a straight line with the earth and the sun—the earth being between. As no better opportunity could occur with Mars during the present century, it was

embraced by Mr David Gill, an astronomer who had accompanied Lord Lyndsay to Mauritius in 1874, to assist in making observations on the transit of Venus, and was now to be favoured with the use of his lordship's heliometer. Mr Gill was further fortunate in possessing the confidence of the Royal Astronomical Society, which guaranteed five hundred pounds to enable him to incur the outlay on an expedition to the island of Ascension, where Mars, it was believed, could be seen to the greatest advantage. There was a certain novelty in the proposed operations. Instead of the ordinary plan of taking observations from two remotely situated parts, Mr Gill undertook to combine in himself two sets of observers. His process consisted simply in observing Mars in the evening when it was rising, and again in the morning when it was setting, betwixt which times the rotation of the earth had transported him six or seven thousand miles. The idea was not original, but it was now for the first time to be put in practice by the aid of the heliometer.

From Dartmouth on the south coast of England, Mr Gill proceeded on his expedition in the beautiful new steamer, *Balmoral Castle*, on the 14th June. Including his astronomical equipments, he had twenty tons of luggage, and was accompanied by Mrs Gill, an accomplished young Scotchwoman, who has written a lively account of her own and her husband's adventures, which has just been published in the form of a handy volume, '*Six Months in Ascension*' (Murray). The *Balmoral Castle* was one of Donald Currie's Line, bound for the Cape of Good Hope. Like other outward-bound mail-vessels, it went straight to St Helena, whence it was possible to reach Ascension only by a vessel on the return voyage. This inferred going back eight hundred miles, but there was no help for it.

Ascension is a strange kind of island, lying in the middle of the Atlantic, about eight degrees south of the equator. It received its name from the circumstance of being discovered by the Portuguese on Ascension-day, 1501. Though possessing

an area of five-and-thirty square miles, and with a fine climate, it is so worthless, that for more than three hundred years no nation would appropriate it as a settlement. It remained uninhabited until 1815, when in connection with Napoleon Bonaparte's detention at St Helena, it was taken possession of by the English, who still retain it, but only as a military or naval post, under the administration of the Admiralty. It has no general population, nor could it support any. The island is the relic of a volcano, or group of volcanoes, and for the most part consists of the species of dry rubbish which is shot out at the door of an iron-foundry. It has no rivers or streams, and no roads. With insignificant exceptions, the whole of it is a wild desert unfit to support man or beast. It is valuable chiefly as a place to touch at or as a coaling-station for vessels, and now less so than it used to be before the opening of the Suez Canal.

Passing Madeira and the Canary Islands, the *Balmoral Castle* had a pleasant run to St Helena. Here the Gills had to stay a week, during which time they made several interesting excursions; for though of volcanic origin, St Helena happens to have stretches of good soil, subject to cultivation, along with some picturesque scenery. At length Mr Gill and his wife were taken off by the *Edinburgh Castle* steamer, which in three days brought them to anchorage in Clarence Bay, Ascension. The 'Abomination of Desolation,' says Mrs Gill, 'seemed to be before our eyes as we looked eagerly at the land. A few scattered buildings lay among reddish-brown cinders near the shore—a sugar-loaf hill of the same colour rose up behind and closed the view. . . . Stones, stones, everywhere stones, that have been tried in the fire, and are now heaped about in dire confusion, or beaten into dust which we see dancing in pillars before the wind. Dust, sunshine, and cinders, and low yellow houses frizzling in it all.' There was much difficulty in landing, on account of the double rollers, such being the name given to gigantic rolling waves, which come no one knows whence if it be not from the south pole. A landing was happily effected without risk from the sharks, which are hovering about for a prey; and arriving among a group of officers, the party found Captain Phillimore, the naval officer in command, waiting to welcome them. By the lulling down of the rollers, the heavy luggage was fortunately got ashore without injury, and removed to Commodore Cottage, at the top of a rising ground that had been prepared for the reception of the visitors.

The little port where the landing took place, on the west side of the island, is dignified on maps with the name of George-town. Locally, it is known as Garrison; for it is little else, being a cluster of dwellings and stores for the officers and men on duty, along with a small colony of Negro Kroomen, imported from the coast of Africa to do what is called 'low-caste work.' Commodore Cottage was a sort of offshoot of Garrison, situated aloft among cinders; but possessing a croquet-lawn laid with cement, on which the astronomical apparatus was set up. The house consisted of two or three rooms, with a kitchen or 'galley,' situated apart, to avoid the heat of the cooking-fire. Mrs Gill did not find fault with the accommodation. The matter for serious consider-

ation was how to obtain service and supplies in such a wilderness. As for service, she was furnished with an invalided wardroom cook, named Hill; besides whom she procured another manservant named Sam, and a Krooman to do the heavier work. Accompanied by Hill, she set off on a voyage of discovery respecting provisions—not a very pleasing excursion, for the hot cinders burned through her thin boots.

It was only now that the truth dawned upon her. Garrison was not a town with shops at which articles can be purchased. Practically, the island was a war-vessel subject to all the rules of the service. Rations of a certain description would periodically be served out to all on board. There was no butcher, no dairy, no green-grocer, no fishmonger, no baker to sell bread as wanted. There was only the 'Royal Naval Canteen,' that was to supply all wants, but which was 'more full of flies than anything else.' Very provoking this for a housewife anxious to keep things right. She goes to the establishment of the official and only baker. "Can I have some bread?" I asked boldly, thinking there could be no difficulty here. "All served out for the night, ma'am." "O dear! And when do you bake more?" "The day after to-morrow!" and my heart sinking; when the good-natured fellow added: "But I can make you a loaf now, if you like." Then I revived. . . . Now about milk. I was told, a mule brings that down every morning from Green Mountain, when there is any. A bell rings at seven o'clock, and everybody runs for a gill, except when there are many sick in hospital, and then they get it all! This was lively! And vegetables. There are only sweet potatoes to be had, and none will be served out until next Friday.' Next there was some inquiry regarding a butcher. Hill answers: 'There ain't any butcher. One of the marines kills sheep twice a week, and on Saturdays a bullock, which is rationed out so much to each man; and our rations are very small just now, for the sheep and bullocks are starving for food and water. Hardly any are killed that have not fainted first.' Mrs Gill thought she should faint too. But she did not. Resolutely bearing up against the oddity of the occasion, provisions were procured for present wants; and being put upon the rations of a married officer, there was ultimately little to complain of. The greatest privation was the scarcity of fresh water. Of this necessary of life each member of Garrison was for a time limited to a gallon a day, and that consisted chiefly of condensed sea-water, which was far from palatable.

David, as Mrs Gill always lovingly calls her husband, had his own troubles. The observatory was in working order. All was ready for a look at Mars; but the planet was provokingly shrouded in a long streak of cloud every night, and no observation could be made. Two or three weary weeks were passed, and unless the observatory was shifted to a distance beyond the cloud nothing seemingly could be done. There now occurs a fine act of feminine heroism. Mrs Gill determined to set forth on an excursion at night to discover if possible a spot at which Mars was visible. In this dreary night-journey her only apprehension was the possibility of an encounter with one of the many wild-cats which infest the island. Accompanied by Hill, the cook, she started at

ten o'clock with no other light than a bull's-eye lantern. Travelling in a south-easterly direction across the clinkers, her feet ached with the small stones that kept getting into her shoes. Holding on bravely, she finally arrived at a spot which she felt convinced would be beyond the intervention of the cloud. This was hopeful news. On the 1st of August the apparatus at Commodore Cottage was dismantled, and with enormous labour the whole was transferred and set up on a southern height overlooking Mars Bay. As for domestic accommodation, it was in tents on a primitive scale. How the poor woman endured the fatigue of removal and the subsequent privations, can only be understood by those who know what a wife enthusiastic in helping to bear her husband's burdens will cheerfully suffer. We must refer to the book for a hundred particulars which we have not space to notice.

For a time there was still an odious nightly cloud. At last, on the evening of the 5th September, just when Mars was in full opposition, the sky cleared, and the planet shone forth in all his ruddy splendour. David set to work, and made excellent observations. With highly wrought feelings, Mrs Gill could not go to bed, but sat outside on the clinkers until morning. She says: 'Happier hours I never spent than those early morning ones under this beautiful heaven. The night was unusually still, and outside the observatory there was not a sound save the gentle flapping of the tents—like the wings of passing birds—and the continual murmur of greeting from the waves as they met the shore. Time passed unconsciously, for I was giving my imagination full play; and when I heard the observatory dome shut, I could hardly believe that I had been dreaming on a rock for three hours. The awakening was as pleasant as the dream had been. David was radiant, and no wonder! All our previous disappointment, fatigue, and anxiety were forgotten in the good fortune of the night, and now we might rest.' After this, there was a week of lovely evenings and mornings, and fresh observations rewarded the industry of the astronomer. The object in view was accomplished.

The monotony of life at the observatory was relieved by walks along the sea-shore, picturesquely lined with volcanic rocks, in which the fierce waves had cut passages and left pools in which millions of shell-fish disported themselves. Mrs Gill relates an adventure on one of these occasions. 'While poking at a lovely pink coral-line in one of these grottos, trying to dislodge it, I felt my stick suddenly pulled from my grasp. Thinking it must have got fixed among the stones in some way, I was about to put down my hand to disengage it, when, to my horror, I saw some ugly slimy tentacles wind themselves round my trusty staff, which was now the prey of a cuttle-fish. There was not the slightest occasion for it of course; nevertheless I screamed. This was no devil-fish of Victor Hugo dimensions; but so hideous was the creature, that disgust, not terror possessed me. David, who was at a little distance exploring on his own account, concluded that I had at least sprained my ankle, and ran quickly to my assistance. "Only an octopus! We have seen many of these before." "Yes; but only baby ones, who looked innocent enough to be gorged with crabs; this is a monster, a fiend!"

We stood watching him. Clearly my stick was not to his liking, for by-and-by he gradually unwound himself from it, and sank sullenly down among the coral, looking as before, like a tuft of harmless sea-weed. How I congratulated myself on not having trusted my hand under water.' It was a fortunate escape.

Before quitting Ascension, Mr and Mrs Gill made some excursions. One of these was to Green Mountain, a spot on its lofty summit being the only place in the island where there are flowers, two or three trees, and a patch of green grass. Here there are several cottages with a few cows which give milk for an adjoining hospital. On the side of the hill there are some patches of cultivated ground, surrounded by a brushwood of aloes, guavas, Cape gooseberry, and mulberry trees. The growth of English potatoes and cabbages was attempted. The prevalent want of water is the great drawback. Heavy showers of rain fall over the island, but the water sinks and disappears among the clinkers and ashes, and only on rare occasions do torrents pour down from the mountains. To supply Garrison with water, wells have been sunk in the interior of the island. From these tanks are filled, and the water is led away by iron pipes for domestic use. The supply, however, is insufficient, and condensed sea-water is often the only resource. Evidently, something remains to be done. There can be little doubt that by a method of collecting water in tanks, as at Bermuda, there might be a system of irrigation and culture. Perhaps the heavy cost prevents any extended undertaking of this nature. With all its terrible drought, the island is not destitute of animal life. Besides the wild-cats already alluded to, there are wild-goats, which scramble about the rocks, subsisting on ferns and blades of grass which spring up in crevices which have retained a few drops of rain. There are likewise some wild asses, which are caught and made use of. The island has numerous birds, the eggs of which are exported in large quantities. The great export, however, is turtles of a superior kind, which are kept in sea-water tanks on the shore.

Having made all the astronomical observations required at Mars Bay, Mr Gill returned to Commodore Cottage, where he made his last observation on the 8th January 1878. Things were now packed up to be ready for the mail-steamer for England, which was immediately expected. 'Wednesday, 9th,' writes Mrs Gill, 'No steamer, and we begin to wonder whether Ascension has been forgotten! Thursday morning—still waiting; but, while I was sitting quietly with my needlework at 4 p.m., the white flag and ball were suddenly hoisted on Cross Hill; mail in sight. My needle was left half undrawn, and all at once I felt in a bustle, without exactly knowing why, for we had been ready a long while. Within an hour of signalling, the *Warwick Castle* anchored in Clarence Bay.' In the evening, Mr and Mrs Gill embarked with their mass of luggage, and were speedily on their way home. After a pleasant voyage, they arrived in England on the 24th January.

What about the sun's distance from the earth, as judged by observations of Mars? Mr Gill says he is still busy with his calculations, and some months must elapse before the final result can

be deduced. Alluding to what other astronomers had at the same time been doing, he thinks it likely that the united observations will prove that the sun's distance will be nearer to ninety-three than to ninety-two millions of miles.

We have just to say a word in conclusion; it is to thank Mrs Gill for her exceedingly entertaining work, which we recommend to general notice. With a few faults in style, as might be expected from what we presume to be a first attempt in authorcraft, the book does her much credit, and we hail her as a welcome accession to the list of lady-writers of England. W. C.

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

HAROLD RIVERS contrived to reach his bedroom without being seen by any one belonging to the hotel. After changing his clothes, he went downstairs again, and lighting a cigar, he joined some other smokers on the lawn. There he was doomed to hear his adventure canvassed by half-a-dozen different speakers, none of whose faces he could see. Every one praised the unknown hero's bravery, and every one wondered why he had disappeared so mysteriously. The general opinion seemed to be that he would turn up on the morrow, with the view either of being rewarded for his heroism or of having it proclaimed on the house-tops—in other words, of having it duly eulogised in the newspapers.

Next morning Harold went back to London. He would wait a week or two till the excitement caused by his last night's adventure had subsided, and then he would go back to Sandport. But it was not till the end of two months that he saw Sandport again. His sudden ducking gave him what the doctors called 'a chill,' and that in turn developed into a kind of low fever, which stole away his appetite and wasted his strength and laid him by the heels for several weeks. When he got back to his rooms at Sandport, neither the landlord nor the waiters recognised him again. He looked like the skeleton of his former self.

To Emilia meanwhile, this was a period of utter wretchedness. Her first great fear had been that her child was lost to her for ever. But when this fear was dispelled, and Daisy lay sleeping as calmly on her bosom as though no accident had ever befallen her, her thoughts flew at once to her husband. Next day and the day after that, she never stirred out of doors, hoping, dreading, expecting every minute that he would call. After that she gave up hoping, and tried to persuade herself that she had never hoped at all. Had she not banished him from her presence of her own accord? Had she not forbidden him ever to approach her again? He was only fulfilling her own behests. Her landlady brought her the gossip of the little town. Everybody wondered, nobody seemed to know, who the mysterious stranger could possibly be. An unknown atom, he had stepped out of the crowd on hearing that cry of distress; he had done his deed, and had disappeared without a word to any one. But Emilia kept her own counsel, and professed to know no more than her neighbours; only in Daisy's prayers a little extra petition was inserted:

'Pray God bless dear Mr Wivers, and make him a happy man.' Daisy wanted to say 'a happy gentleman,' and thought it was hardly treating Harold with proper respect to call him nothing better than a 'man.'

Sometimes Emilia thought that she would write to Harold and summon him to her side. She began a score of letters at different times, but never finished one of them. Truth to tell, her moods varied a dozen times a day. Do what she might, and cherish though she did a sweet and tender recollection of the dead, her heart still yearned towards that living love to which she had vowed herself, and which even now was waiting with open arms to receive her. In her estimate of the two men, of her dead husband and her living one, when she came to weigh them in her thoughts one against the other, she could not help acknowledging to herself how superior in every way, in education, in accomplishments, in all that constitutes true manhood, was Harold Rivers to George Warrener. But round the memory of her first love there still clung a halo of romance; and then the terrible way in which she had been bereft of him lent an added tenderness to her recollections. Above all, it was impossible to forget that one man had met with his death at the hands of the other. Knowing what she knew of Harold Rivers, how was it possible that she could ever live with him as his wife, ever sleep by his side? Waking suddenly in the dumb watches of the night, might she not well look to see the ghostly face of her dead love bent over her in terrible reproach. And yet with all this, her heart went out towards the man whom she had bidden never to come into her presence again.

By-and-by, in some occult way which she herself could not have explained, she became aware that Harold was near her again. She never met him face to face; she never passed him when she was out walking, and yet she felt that he was close at hand. Sometimes she thought she recognised his figure in the distance, but so indistinctly that she could not make sure it was he. She felt his influence upon her, as we feel the influence of spring before the flowers have yet budded. It was like the influence of spring in that it was sweet and subtle, full of vague languors and delicious pains, and yet with that glad restlessness which comes alike to birds and trees and flowers when winter's reign is nearly ended.

Emilia as a rule did not care to associate with any of the other visitors who had apartments in the same house as herself; but this autumn brought a certain Mrs Imray, whom few people could help liking, and with whom she soon struck up a pleasant acquaintanceship. Truth to tell, Emilia felt herself to be rusting for want of a little congenial society. The link that first brought the two women together was their children. Each of them had a little daughter. The two girls became bosom-friends—which meant kissing and quarrelling and making it up again half-a-dozen times a day. The two mammas soon got into conversation, and by the end of a week each had contracted a sincere liking for the other.

Mrs Imray was the wife of a gentleman who was junior partner in a certain London firm. Mr Imray's business engagements took him abroad

for three months every summer. During these enforced absences of her husband, Mrs Imray generally took up her abode at some unpretentious watering-place; hence the reason of her present residence in Sandport.

The two women walked and read and did their fancy-work together, and interchanged ideas on a hundred different topics. One pleasant morning as they sat together on the beach, pretending to be hard at work, but in reality seeing everything that was going on around them, and always keeping half an eye on the children, busy with their spades and buckets no great distance away, the conversation fell on shipwrecks and the loss of life at sea.

'I often wish,' said Mrs Imray with a sigh, 'that Harry's absences from home did not involve such long journeys by water. Twice he has been in the greatest danger of his life; once by shipwreck, and once by the burning of the ship in which he was a passenger.'

'In danger of his life from shipwreck!' said Emilia with aroused interest. 'Do please tell me about it, dear Mrs Imray.'

'There is very little to tell,' said Mrs Imray quietly, as she proceeded to re-thread her needle. 'It happened between four and five years ago, on a voyage from Bristol to Halifax, Nova Scotia.'

'From Bristol to Halifax!' cried Emilia, laying a hand that trembled with excitement on her companion's arm. 'Do you happen to remember the name of the vessel?'

'Very well indeed. The ship was called the *Daphne*.'

'The same, the very same!' exclaimed Emilia, with clasped hands and blanched face.

'Did you then happen to know any one who was wrecked on board the *Daphne*?' asked Mrs Imray, turning with some wonder to her companion.

'Yes; I knew one gentleman, like your husband, a passenger.'

'What was his name?'

'He was shot in some sort of a brawl soon after the ship had sprung a leak,' answered Emilia, without heeding Mrs Imray's question.

'I have often heard my husband speak about it. His name was Hernshaw; was it not?'

'Yes; Hernshaw, George Hernshaw; I knew him slightly; but his mother and sister I knew very well.'

'Poor creatures! What an excessively painful thing for them.'

'Painful indeed,' exclaimed Emilia. 'But I don't think they were ever told the whole facts of the affair; and as you and I have met so singularly, I feel sure that it would be a great comfort if I could write them a full and accurate account of how George came by his death.' She spoke with an evident amount of hesitation. She never looked at her companion, but seemed to be watching a faint trail of smoke from a distant steamer.

Mrs Imray paused a little before she replied, as though she were making up her mind what to say.

'As you say, it is indeed singular that you and I, meeting here as strangers, should find a common link of interest in such an out-of-the-way event as the wreck of the *Daphne*. Of course my interest in the wreck is confined to Mr Imray's share in it, and to thankfulness for his escape, although I have often heard my

husband speak of young Hernshaw's death. But did I understand you, Mrs Warrenner, to say that the poor young man's mother and sister had never been told the full particulars of his fate?'

'They had an account of course from the owners of the ship, but it seemed to be little more than a bare outline. They have never been told the full details from that day to this.'

Again Mrs Imray paused before speaking. Then she said: 'In this life it is not always judicious or advisable to say all that we may happen to know. Is it not possible that the owners of the *Daphne* may have been exercising a wise discretion in keeping back some of the details from your friends?'

'Dear Mrs Imray, what do you mean?' asked Emilia, with feverish eagerness of voice and manner. 'What could there possibly be to keep back? The story as I heard it seemed to be one of tragic simplicity.'

'I don't say that anything was kept back; I only say there may have been.'

'You know more of the story than I do. You evidently think that there were certain circumstances which it was advisable that George's friends should not be made acquainted with. But in any case you will not object to tell me the story as it was told to you. I am neither Mr Hernshaw's mother nor his sister.'

'Really, my dear Mrs Warrenner, my recollection of the details of the shipwreck, except in so far as they affected my husband, is most vague and unsatisfactory. I feel sure that I could not trust myself to give you a correct version of all that happened.'

'Of course if you cannot, you cannot,' said Emilia a little coldly. Then she said to herself: 'There has been something kept back from me. If I cannot persuade Mrs Imray to tell me what I want to know, I will go to the owners of the *Daphne* and demand the full details from them.'

'Listen,' at length said Mrs Imray, taking one of Emilia's hands in both hers. 'I can see that you are deeply interested in this matter. Such being the case, I tell you what I will do. Harry will be home in about a fortnight from now. He will come down here to fetch me. I will introduce you to each other, and tell him that you want to hear from his lips all the particulars of the wreck of the *Daphne*, more especially that portion which relates to the fate of young Hernshaw. I do not doubt that he will tell you everything. After that it will be for you to decide whether it will be wise or unwise to tell the young man's mother and sister more than they know already.'

With this Emilia was fain to content herself. At last she was about to hear the story of the shipwreck and of her husband's death. At last she should be able to judge whether Harold Rivers's assertion that he was no murderer was the truth or not the truth. The full name of Emilia's first husband had been George Hernshaw Warrenner. When the owners of the *Daphne* had first communicated with his mother respecting his death, they had informed her that he had entered his name on the list of passengers as George Hernshaw only, and that it was only from certain papers found in his pockets after death that they had discovered his real name and the address of his relatives. Emilia had often puzzled herself

with wondering what could have been George's motive for not entering his full name on the ship's books. Sometimes she thought the mistake must have arisen through an oversight on the part of the shipping people. At other times she set it down as a practical joke or the result of a bet on the part of her husband. George had always been addicted to practical jokes and to wagering with his friends on all kinds of outrageous matters. Now however, it began to dawn upon her that her husband's change of name might possibly be connected with this other mystery, of which as yet she knew next to nothing.

CHAPTER VI.

Never had Emilia passed a more anxious and heart-wearing time than during the fortnight which intervened before the coming of Mr Imray. When he did arrive, he proved to be a cheerful and genial man of the world—a man who was fond of a good dinner, a glass of good wine or grog, and a good cigar—a man who despised sentiment; a fact of which his wife was thoroughly aware. When Mr Imray was at home, Mrs Imray always looked carefully after the cooking, and the result was domestic peace.

Mr Imray took to Mrs Warrener at first sight. 'She has got the most magnificent eyes I ever saw,' he averred to his wife after Emilia had taken her leave.

Mrs Imray smiled, and agreed with him—or rather professed to do so; in her heart she probably thought that her own eyes were quite as fine as her friend's; but she never contradicted her husband about such trifles.

'Why don't she get married again?' continued Mr Imray. 'She's far too good-looking to bury herself alive in this poky little place.'

Mrs Imray might have retorted that her husband had thought the poky little place quite good enough for her while he was away; but she only said: 'I often tell her that she ought to get out into the world more than she does.'

Then she told her husband what Mrs Warrener wanted him to do—to give her a full and complete narrative of all the circumstances connected with the death of young Hershaw on board the *Daphne*. Unlike his wife, Mr Imray raised no difficulties in the matter; and when she gave him an account of what had passed between herself and Emilia, he pool-pooled her scruples, and said the affair was no business of theirs, and that Mrs Warrener was quite welcome to hear all that he knew about it. It was accordingly arranged that the narrative should be given next evening after dinner.

Although the autumn was well advanced, the weather was still warm and fine; and with merely the addition of a light shawl thrown over their shoulders, the ladies could sit out on the lawn till a late hour, and there too Mr Imray could smoke his cigar without let or hindrance. But the days were growing so short that although Mr Imray's dinner-hour was an early one, it was dusk before he was ready to begin his narrative. After lighting a fresh cigar and taking an appreciative sip at his grog, Mr Imray began.

'The ship, as you ladies are already aware, was called the *Daphne*, and she was bound from Bristol to Halifax. We carried a general cargo, and about thirty first-class passengers. The weather began

to be dirty before we were fairly out of the Channel. For several days I saw little or nothing of my fellow-passengers. Shut up in their cabins, they were waited on by the steward and stewardess; but I being weather-proof, spent most of my time on deck, and rather enjoyed the fun. One of the first to shew his nose above deck was a certain Mr Harold Rivers, of whom we shall hear something later on. At such times folks do not stand greatly on ceremony, and Mr Rivers and I were soon on very good terms. He was a most agreeable fellow, a little standoffish perhaps; but that might be because he was what is generally called a swell—that is to say, he only travelled about for his own pleasure, and hadn't to work for his bread-and-cheese as we poor hacks have to do. By-and-by more passengers began to crawl out of their dens and shew themselves on deck; and when the weather abated, the ladies, of whom we had a considerable number on board, appeared by ones and twos, and things began to look rather jolly. Among other passengers was your friend Mr George Hershaw, a young fellow, as I remember him, with a remarkably pleasant smile and a remarkably pleasant way with the ladies. Quite a ladies' man was Mr Hershaw, although he had a young wife with him on board; but she, poor creature, was ill the whole time, and was rarely seen beyond the precincts of the ladies' saloon.—Annette dear, I am afraid Mrs Warrener is ill.'

Mrs Imray was by her side in a moment. 'It is only a sudden faintness. I shall be better in a minute or two,' said Emilia. 'Thanks; yes, a little water.'

'Had I not better defer the rest of my story till another day?' asked Mr Imray.

'By no means. I am better now, and will promise not to be so foolish again. Did I understand you to say that Mr Hershaw had a—wife with him on board the *Daphne*?'

'Yes; and a sweet young thing she was, but very delicate, I should say. It was pretty well understood on board that they had been married only two or three days before the vessel sailed.'

'Ah!'

'You seem surprised. Perhaps it was a runaway wedding, and his people knew nothing about it.'

'Yes—I think, as you say, that it must have been a runaway wedding. But it cannot matter now.'

'In any case, there she was. All I know is that she wore a wedding-ring and went by the name of Mrs Hershaw. Are you sure I had not better defer the rest till another day?'

'My dear Mr Imray, I am quite well now, and your story interests me deeply. Do, pray, go on.'

'Well, day passed after day, as they do at sea, without anything of moment to mark their flight. The weather was now as fine as it had formerly been rough, and there was every prospect of a pleasant ending to our voyage. But one day a whisper passed from ear to ear that the good ship *Daphne* had sprung a leak. Her timbers had been terribly strained in the late gale; there was a weak place somewhere, and before anybody seemed aware of it, there was a foot of water in the hold. However dismayed we might be in secret, we all strove to put a good face on the matter, and

to make-believe that there was nothing really amiss. The pumps were set to work; a lot of the cargo was thrown overboard, and various expedients were resorted to, to lighten the ship. But presently the water began to gain on us at an alarming rate; and although we contrived to keep the ladies in ignorance of the worst, it was evident to us men that a climax of some kind was at hand. Mr Rivers and I made a quiet examination of the boats, and found, to our dismay, that two out of the four were totally unseaworthy. The remaining two we calculated would with close packing hold rather more than half the people on board. What would be the fate of those who must necessarily be left behind, Providence alone could tell. "We must look first of all to the women and children," said Rivers. "It will be time enough to think of ourselves when they are safe;" and I quite agreed with him. He was a fine fellow, was Rivers—a re-markably fine fellow; added Mr Imray parenthetically as he took another sip at his grog.

"Well, Rivers and I spoke to the first-mate, and he was quite of our way of thinking. Under cover of darkness, a quantity of biscuit, some water, a compass, and a few other things were put into the seaworthy boats.—I had forgotten to say that soon after leaving Bristol we discovered, to our surprise and disgust, that the captain of the *Daphne* was a confirmed drunkard. How he came to be intrusted with so responsible a post has ever been a mystery to me. Half his time was spent in his own cabin in company with a bottle of brandy, and when he did shew himself on deck he never seemed to be thoroughly sober. We all looked up to the first-mate as the virtual captain of the ship.

"Hour by hour our prospects grew more gloomy. At length the men refused to work the pumps any longer. If they were to be drowned, they said, they would die game; and with that, some half-dozen of them went below and broke into the spirit-room, and we saw them on deck no more. Fortunately, the weather continued fine, and most of us male passengers stayed on deck day and night, getting our meals as we could, so as to be ready for any sudden emergency. The climax came sooner than we expected. It was on a Wednesday morning, I remember, just after our rough breakfast, that the captain came staggering up the cabin stairs with trembling hands and eyes inflamed with drink. "Our time has come," he called out, so that all on deck could hear him. "The ship will go down in less than an hour. It's every man for himself now!"

"Instantly there was a rush made for the boats, but the first-mate must have foreseen what had just taken place, for he and Mr Rivers with four trustworthy sailors were already on guard against the davits of the larger boat—I forget whether they called it the jolly-boat or the long-boat—when the rush took place. There they stood, six determined-looking men, the five seamen with drawn cutlasses, and Rivers with a revolver. At sight of them the crowd fell back. "This boat is, first of all, for the ladies and children," called out Mr Rivers. "When they have all been brought here it will remain to be seen what room is left for others. But till they are in safety, no man except those told off to navigate her shall enter this boat except across my body.—Now then,

Taylor," he said to the mate, "will you go and bring up the ladies and children?"

"And what were you doing all the time Harry?" asked Mrs Imray, who had never heard the story so circumstantially told before.

"Happening to look in my case, I found there one last cigar, which I thought I might as well smoke, so as to save it from being spoiled by the salt-water."

"Was there no thought of me dear, in your mind at such a time?"

"I believe I did rather regret not having bought you that maroon velvet dress that you plagued me so about before sailing."

"That will do sir. You may go on with your narrative."

"Well, about half the women and children had been stowed away in the boat, when young Hernshaw came pushing through the crowd. He had evidently been snatching an hour or two's sleep, and had not witnessed the scene on deck a few minutes previously. Seizing hold of a rope, he was about to swing himself into the boat, when Mr Rivers seized him by the collar. "Stand back sir; stand back!" he said; "this boat is for the ladies and children." "I shall not stand back!" cried Hernshaw, grasping Rivers in his turn by the collar. "Who gave you authority to order people about? The captain says it's every man for himself now, and my life's as dear to me as any one else's is to them." "Stand back sir, I say!" cried Rivers again. "You shall not enter this boat till the ladies and children are safe." "Won't I, though! We'll soon see about that." And with that he seized Rivers round the waist, and swung him away from his position near the boat. "I warn you again," said Rivers, "that if you try to enter that boat you are a dead man!" He knew that if one man were allowed to enter, others would inevitably follow, and in that case, all chance of saving the rest of the ladies and children would be gone for ever. Hernshaw hesitated a moment, and then he turned to some of the other passengers, who were gradually pressing inch by inch nearer the boat. "Are you men or cowards," he cried, "that you let this fellow's bluster frighten you? Are your lives dear to you, or are they not? If they are, follow me, and seize the one last chance of safety that is left you!" He stepped forward, and again grasped the rope he had laid hold of before. Three or four passengers were close at his heels. Others were ready to follow. In another half-minute the boat would have been carried by a rush. "Madman! your fate be on your own head!" cried Rivers, as with a bullet through his body George Hernshaw, without groan or cry of any kind, fell back dead. The other passengers shrank back like a flock of frightened sheep; and the women were saved.

No one spoke a little while. Emilia, sitting there in the starlight, was as silent and motionless as a statue. This then was the story she had so longed to hear!

Mr Imray shook the ash off his cigar and spoke again, but in a lower voice than before. "There was one dark feature about young Hernshaw's case which, as I have promised to tell Mrs Warrener everything, may as well be told now. When he rushed to the boat with the idea of

saving his life, he had left his young wife behind him in her cabin, and there she was found after he was dead. He had thought only of saving himself.'

Mrs Warrenner rose suddenly. 'I think I hear Daisy crying. She is not well to-day. You will excuse me will you not?' she said. 'I—I must have some further talk with you to-morrow, Mr Imray,' and hardly waiting to say good-night, she hurried into the house. How she got up-stairs, she never knew; but when she reached her room, she locked the door and flung herself on her bed, and lay there till daylight in an agony of grief and shame and remorse.

THE LEMMING.

NATURALISTS have formed a strange theory regarding an animal called the lemming, which bears a resemblance to a large rat, and belongs to the same family of creatures. The lemming has never been naturalised in the British Islands. It has its home in Norway, and dwells in holes in the earth. All sorts of odd notions have been entertained and propagated concerning its habits. Olaus Magnus, a worthy but credulous writer, speaks of the sudden appearance of crowds of lemmings in a district, and inclines to the belief that they drop from the clouds, by way of satisfactory explanation of their abundance; whilst tales of the animals dropping into the laps of women sitting peaceably at their cottage-doors, and on the decks of ships at sea, are gravely related as true narratives by way of further illustration of the origin of the animals. Pennant, a later authority, tells us that the lemmings march in parallel lines three feet apart, that they swim boldly through lakes and rivers, and even eat their way through corn-stacks rather than deviate from the straight line of march—the latter explanation being however, a little less feasible than that which credits the lemming with a natural desire to obtain food on easy terms. Credulity again however, comes to the front when Pennant writes that the cattle perish through the infection of the ground and grass by these animals; and that the fear of man resides not in them, was evidently a theory of this naturalist, since he takes care to inform us that when a peasant falls in the line of march, 'they jump as high as his knees in defence of their progress,' and persist in their course, the human object notwithstanding. Our author approaches the rational once again, when he speaks of the devouring rearguard of foxes, wolves, lynxes, and birds of prey which follow the lemming-army, and cut off the stragglers by hundreds. He also emphasises, correctly enough, the devastation committed by these animals on the crops which may lie in their track. Sifting out opinions from facts, it may therefore be said that the lemmings are in the habit of making emigration-movements at irregular intervals; that they pursue a straight course, and may swim across rivers, lakes, or even be found in the sea itself; and lastly, that their progress appears to be invariably directed to the sea. In this latter remark will be found the clue to the causes of lemming-migration.

It is exactly this curious and apparently unsatisfactory termination to their journey which has not merely excited the interest of naturalists in the lemmings, but has in a large degree aided

the solution of the problem their migrations present. The period of the year at which the migrations of the lemmings occur is not invariably in winter or before weather of inclement nature, as our theory professes to maintain. It was supposed that these animals, as has already been remarked, left their native haunts through their fore-knowledge of a severe winter. But migrations have occurred in the spring, when all fear of starvation was practically at an end, and migrations have been noted also to take place after an autumn of unusual plenty. Thus the 'weather theory' and the 'starvation hypothesis' are alike unable to meet the facts of the case as presented to our notice in its full details. A third theory which endeavoured to account for the periodical exodus of these animals, was founded on Malthusian considerations, and regarded the over-population of a given district as the chief incentive to the migratory act. But so far as exact observation has proceeded, the excessive population seems to be rather the result than the cause of the migration. As if further to refute the idea of over-population and the consequent deficiency of food being the causes of the exodus, we may note the fact that during their journeys the wandering hordes of lemmings frequently light upon a land wherein plenty of food exists, but that instead of sojourning therein and satisfying their wants, they pass onwards and seawards, without a halt. Nor must the fact be overlooked, that as Pennant tells us, their march is practically one of extermination for themselves. Their ranks are devastated by every carnivorous animal, even by every bird of prey that cares to attack them. They are a timid race, and appear to be terrified by the mere shadow of a passing cloud. When they swim across Norwegian 'fjords' and lakes, the ripples caused by the summer wind drown them by hundreds. The appearance of a boat causes multitudes to turn tail and swim back to the shore; and the migratory band, which numbered its myriads on setting out upon its march, reaches the end of its journey at the sea, and appears as a miserable remnant of a once formidable host. Whatever be the causes of the migration, it is perfectly obvious that the exodus is attended with no advantage to the lemming-race. In fact, the result of the migration is practically the thinning out of the species and the destruction of countless thousands of the race—this result, however determined, being a disadvantage as far as the animals are concerned, since it is the universal law of life and nature that each species 'fights for its own hand.'

The remarkable feature of the lemmings' march however, has been seen to consist in their line of march being *straight and undeviating*. Such a notable fact attracted the early observations of naturalists; and exact accounts of the migration and descriptions of the localities through which the animals pass, shew that they exhibit no instinct in selecting an easy route, but on the contrary migrate by lines of march wherein they encounter the greatest hardships and difficulties from broad lakes, rushing torrents, and high hills or mountains. One series of careful observations on the lines of march of these animals, for instance, reveals the interesting fact that whilst the lemmings, by a slight *détour*, might have avoided a deep and rapid river and a broad lake,

they crossed both with the result of grievously thinning their ranks, besides passing over elevated ridges of land and snowy mountains where their numbers were materially lessened by the attack of their enemies. The straight line from any district to the sea is thus practically the track selected by the lemmings; some of the hordes going eastwards in Norway to the Gulf of Bothnia, and others westwards to the Atlantic. It appears to be a rare occurrence for these animals to march southwards.

The purposeless nature of the migration of these animals is nowhere better viewed than at the termination of their strange journey, when the decimated horde has arrived at the sea. There the survivors disappear from sight. Many die; a large proportion perish in the sea; some may sustain a precarious existence in a region to which they are strangers, and compared with which their native haunts were lands of plenty; but practically the exodus of the lemmings is devoid of advantage and fraught with disadvantage, danger, and ultimate death by drowning, to the species at large. How then may this strange habit be explained? The answer is, by reference to the altered character of the continent of Europe; or speaking more generally, by taking into account the physical changes to which the world at large has been subject, and which indeed it is still undergoing.

Instinct, generally preservative in its operation, is often blind, frequently too conservative in its action, and requires in any case a lengthened period of time for the inauguration of new ideas adapted to alterations in the life or surroundings of animals. The chief difference in fact between mere instinct and the educated experience of humanity, consists in the want of that power of accommodation to new or unwonted circumstances, which experience and an educated intelligence are alone calculated to impart. Bearing this idea in mind, we may regard the migratory instinct of the lemmings as presenting us with a phase of life *once* well and perfectly adapted to their surroundings. Let us suppose however, that in the language of the Laureate, 'where rolls the deep, there grew the tree,' and that where the North Atlantic now reigns paramount on the Norwegian coasts, there existed land; we may then understand that the migration of the lemmings was guided by the purpose of visiting such land, wherein, there is every reason to believe, may have existed a genial climate and a plentiful supply of food. On this supposition, then, we see that the lemmings at present are impelled by an unaltered instinct towards a lost tract or continent. Instinct is slow of alteration or change, as we have seen, and the lemmings are not peculiar amongst animals in retaining an instinct which once benefited the species. On such a theory also, we may learn the reason why these animals commit themselves fearlessly to the Atlantic waves, since the instinct which has led them across their native lakes and firths, will undoubtedly inspire them with the idea that across the ocean lies the ancient feeding-ground of their race—a family tradition this which, like many ideas in higher life, operates disadvantageously to its possessors. The existence of submerged land in the North Atlantic is by no means a merely theoretical supposition. The shallowness of soundings taken off the Norwegian

shores, and the presence of elevated ridges in the bosom of the Atlantic, indicate that the depression of this area may have been—geologically speaking—a recent event. But apart from these latter data, the case of the lemmings can be fully explained only on the theory that they seek an ancient haven of their race, in the form of a land which the existing world knows no longer, and which through its subsidence has disappeared in the depths of the sea.

THE FOUNDLING.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—AN EASTER EGG.

So Mr Home came and went. Sometimes he would stay in Mudford a day or two, sometimes only as many hours; and as the days and weeks went by, I knew that his child had grown to love him dearly; but the perverse little thing would never *show* her love to him; she always kept up the same distant manner when he was actually with her; though when he was away she would chatter about him by the hour at a time, and never tired of pointing out how much nicer 'the papa,' as she called him, was than 'Papa Long' or 'papa at Mrs Grey's.'

And how did I feel all this time? Even I myself scarcely know; for sometimes I wished with all my heart that I had never seen either Lucy or her father; and then again, I knew not whether to rejoice most that I had found Lucy, or that Lucy's father had found her and me. For before I knew that Mr Home's little daughter looked out for his coming with a longing gladness, I was forced to own to myself that I too so looked for him; that the days he did not come were dull and gray; and that the approach of the time when his house would be ready for its little mistress was dreaded almost as much on his account as hers.

I don't mean to defend myself a bit, or to say it was anything but forward, unwomanly, what you will, to fall in love unasked; I only know the feeling came quite unsought, and at first unwelcomed; it came in spite of me, and it stayed. I thought I had tasted of a bitter cup when my little foundling was claimed away from me; when instead of feeling that she was something of my very own to love and work for, I came to know that I only held her on sufferance, that any hour of any day she may be taken away and I have no right to remonstrate. But I tasted a bitterer drop still one day, when Mr Home was at our house and had as usual been prattling to Lucy about her new home. 'It will be quite ready for you little one, in three weeks more,' he had said; and then came the inevitable question: 'And have you found a very nice mamma?' But the answer was now changed, if the question was not, for he said: 'Yes: I think I have.'

'That is a very good thing,' the child said gravely. 'Are you sure she is nice?'

'Quite sure,' answered he.

'As nice as Aunt Jenny?'

'Quite as nice,' said he. And oh! how I blessed the friendly twilight, for I felt that my face had gone white and woful; and I would have died rather than let him know.

Perhaps after all he did guess something, for he

hardly spoke to me till he said good-night. 'You heard what I told the child just now, did not you?' said he.

I bowed my head for answer, for I could not speak, neither could I look up in his face.

'Will you not wish me God-speed?' said he, holding my hand in the firm yet gentle clasp that was so like him.

Then I did look up, and tried to speak; but it was no use. I could not say I was glad; I could not wish him God-speed when I knew that all the good of my life would go for ever on the day his plans were accomplished.

'Will the parting with the child be so very hard?' said he. 'I had hoped that you would be reconciled to the idea by now.'

'It will be hard—very hard,' I managed to say, for I caught at the hope that he would lay all my grief to that.

'Minna Grey says they are all going to send Easter eggs to their sister in London,' said Lucy one day about a week before Easter. 'What are Easter eggs?'

Mr Home, who had again come down on one of his short visits, explained to her about them, and asked if she would like one.

To which she was graciously pleased to say: 'Yes, if it was a very nice one.'

Easter was late that year, as late as it could be. Mr Home came to Mudford on the Saturday, intending to stay till Monday morning. I supposed it would be his last visit, for the three weeks would be over on Wednesday.

'O look, Aunt Jenny! such funny humpy parcels,' cried Lucy, eyeing with delight three egg-shaped parcels lying on the breakfast-table. 'There's one for me, one for you, and one for Aunt Amy, and hers is the greatest. May I open mine now, Aunt Jenny?'

Of course I said yes; and while she was busy untying knots I turned over the other two. Both addresses were in Mr Home's writing, and as Lucy had said, Amy's was much the largest.

I was still looking at them when she came in. 'Well, why don't you see what is inside?' said she, taking up a knife and cutting the string. Inside the paper was a morocco case, and inside the case a splendid bracelet and brooch; so glittering and sparkling that Lucy cried out there were sparks of fire amongst them.

'What shall you do?' said I. 'Shall you keep them?'

'Keep them! To be sure I shall,' said the practical Amy; 'if he chooses to pay us in this form, I don't see any reason against it; and I am sure I'm not going to hurt his feelings by refusing, after we have done so much for him. Now let us see what is in yours.'

In mine there was only one little ring, a costly one though, for it bore one large diamond surrounded by rubies; still it was nothing in comparison with Amy's, and somehow I could not bear to look at it, so I shut up the case and put it out of sight.

Mr Home came over from his hotel and dined with us, and Amy was voluble in her thanks; Lucy also was much more demonstrative than usual; I only, had not a word to say. After dinner Mr Home went out, saying he would 'have a walk and a smoke,' and come in later to

say good-bye; for he was going away early next morning.

'I mean to take Lucy to church this evening,' said Amy when he was gone. 'But you had better not go Janet. I know your head has been bad all day, and the heat and lights will make it worse; so you had better lie down; and perhaps it will be better by the time we come home.'

I did as she said; but there was small chance of my head being better, for when left to myself in the dark all the miserable thoughts of the night before came back thicker and darker, till presently some sharp remembrance of Lucy's love and how I should live without it, touched the rock in the right spot 'and the waters flowed,' at first hot and bitter, then more calmly, till at last they were all spent and had swept off with them much of the misery that set them going. I was lying on the sofa quite still, when some one opened the door, and thinking it was one of the maids, I said: 'I don't want the candles lighted, thank you.' The door closed gently, and I thought the maid had gone; till after a minute or two I somehow felt as that I was not alone, though I compelled myself to keep still, that the feeling might pass. But no; the feeling only increased, till I started up and faced round, to see Mr Home standing on the hearth-rug. I began some stumbling speech about Amy being home, directly.

'I hope not,' said he; 'for I want to speak to you a little. Wasn't your egg worth even a thank you, Janet?'

'Yes; of course it was; it was very pretty.' I could speak bravely now I had had my cry out, and in the friendly darkness.

'Did you see it all?' he asked. 'I expect not. Will you let me have it a minute or two?'

I went to fetch it; and when I got back, he had stirred the fire into a blaze and lighted the candles.

He took the case from me and opened it. There lay the little ring in its white nest; this he lifted out, nest and all; and underneath there lay a little locket of plain gold attached to a delicate chain. 'I want you to give this to the child,' said he; 'and ask her to wear it. There is a picture inside.'

'Yours?'

'No; not mine. It is a likeness of "the new mamma." Would you like to see it?' He smiled to himself as he spoke, as if the sound of the words were pleasant to him.

So I answered out bravely: 'Yes; I should like to very much.'

He touched the spring, and the locket opened; but though my voice was clear, my eyes were dim, and I could not see clearly.

'Is it not pretty?' he exclaimed; and I answered: 'Yes; very pretty;' though for all I could see it might have been the Witch of Endor herself.

Then the smile broadened into a laugh. 'I don't believe you know whether it is a picture at all or not; but I have a larger one here;' and he opened a locket I had noticed he had always worn lately, and about which he would never satisfy Lucy's curiosity. 'Come,' said he, putting his arm round my shoulders and taking me close to him—'come close, and see clearly this time. Now, is it not pretty?'

The dimness was startled out of my eyes now,

and I saw, but surely not clearly yet, or was it that I looked into a tiny mirror?

'Well, what do you see?'

'Why, nothing but my own face!' said I, in bewilderment.

'And who else did you expect to see?' he whispered, holding me closer still. 'Who else did you think either the child or I could have for "the new mamma"?'

Not all at once could I realise it. I stood there held in his firm clasp, afraid to move or speak, lest I should wake and find it all a dream.

'Have you no word to say to me?' he murmured presently. 'It surely cannot be that you will forsake us—that I have made a mistake? For the child's sake Janet, if for nothing else, try to think favourably of my hopes.'

'For the child's sake.' Yes; that was it; it was for that he wanted me of course. But even so, was it not more than I had dared to hope for? Maybe so; but still—it was not as if he wanted me for my own sake.

'What is the matter?' he asked softly, feeling me shrink and shiver. 'Nay, my darling, you don't think that I want you for the child's sake only? Why Janet, you surely don't mean to say that you have not all along seen that I love you for your own sweet sake? I thought you knew it well enough, and sometimes I feared your coolness was meant to discourage me; but you see I was not so easily discouraged. Now, look up, and tell me you will be my own darling wife and Lucy's "nice new mamma."'

I do not know what I said to him; I only know he seemed quite satisfied.

'Of course, I knew it all along,' said the ever practical Amy. 'If he hadn't fallen in love with you at first sight, he would never have left you his baby.'

'Yes; that is a *very* nice new mamma,' said Lucy when the locket was explained to her. 'And it is just like Aunt Jenny's picture that you took out of my album.'

Years have rolled on, and though there are little folks of my own, it is difficult to tell whether they or 'the Foundling' occupy the biggest place in my heart. Of this however, I am certain, that while seated in quiet talk in the garden of our lovely home by the Thames, my goodman and I often thank the blessed chance that ruled my railway journey on the 24th instead of the 23d of December 187—.

THROWING OIL ON THE WATERS.

BY A SHETLANDER.

A SHORT paper in the August number of *Chambers's Journal* on 'The Use of Oil at Sea' has reminded me of an incident I witnessed many years ago in the Shetland Islands, which very forcibly corroborates the statements of the writer. I shall presently relate it, as it very strikingly illustrates the truly wonderful effects of 'throwing oil upon the troubled waters,' and will serve to shew that the saying indicates a *fact*, and is not, as is generally supposed, merely fancy. This is well known to Shetlanders, and has often been the means of saving valuable lives. But first a few notes

regarding the Shetland deep-sea fishing and fishermen may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Finer boatmen than these hardy islanders are not to be found anywhere, as will readily be acknowledged by all who may have seen the splendid manner in which they manage their fragile skiffs in a storm. The boats invariably used for what is called the 'haaf' or deep-sea fishing are remarkably small, and to look at them, seem utterly unfitted to contend against the fierce storms and raging tideways which prevail amongst and around the islands. But their safety just lies in their lightness, buoyancy, and handiness. If much larger and heavier, they would, from their unwieldiness, not be so easily managed, and would consequently be in much more danger of being engulfed in a rough sea. They are entirely without deck, and are barely capable of bringing on shore from thirty to sixty hundredweight of fish—the latter only in the case of the largest-sized boats, and when the sea is perfectly smooth. Such a quantity indeed will load them so deeply as to leave but three or four inches of free board.

On returning from a day's or a night's fishing at the haaf, the crew of six men generally haul their boat up on the beach above high-water mark, and with perfect ease. This will give an idea of the size of the Shetland fishing-boat. In form she is long and narrow and pointed, with a considerable spring both at stem and stern; in fact just the Norwegian yawl with some slight modifications and improvements. She carries a large lug-sail on the one tall and slender mast which rises straight up from amidships, and is firmly secured to the stem and both sides by stays.

Right out in the Atlantic or North Sea during the summer months, the hardy fishermen prosecute their arduous and dangerous calling, their only provisions being some half-baked oatmeal cakes and a small keg of 'bland'—whey made from buttermilk. Sometimes in fine settled weather they will run seaward as far as forty or fifty miles or farther, in fact out of sight of land, out on what seems a northward prolongation of the Dogger Bank, nearly half way to Norway, which is the best fishing-ground; and then they are frequently nearly two days and two nights at sea. It will readily be understood that a sudden storm occurring when the boats are thus far from the land in mid-ocean puts the fishermen in utmost peril, and in such circumstances it too often happens that some never reach the shore. Such summer gales are common enough, and although fortunately not usually of long continuance, they are often very severe while they last. Not seldom after the long stretch of lines has been 'set,' the storm suddenly bursts upon them, so that the fishermen not having time to haul them in again, are forced to leave them. At other times, about the commencement of the gale they will have recovered all or a part of them with a large quantity of fish also—mostly ling and cod—for, curiously enough, the best hauls are generally made just before a storm and when the weather is rough. The boat is then properly trimmed, and all made as snug as possible. The sail is closely reefed and hauled up. The skipper takes the helm and also the sheet, which rope is never confided to any hand but the helmsman's. He alone has thus the entire control and management of the craft—it is close-

hauled or with the wind on her beam—easing her now with a turn of the helm; now by letting off a few inches of the sheet when a heavier blast than usual occurs; now luffing up and breasting a wave as it breaks close to her bows; now running from another if it looks too near and ugly and threatens to break on the quarter or beam, that it may expend itself astern, as to his experienced eye the emergency may seem to require. A quick eye, a steady hand, coolness and courage, and promptness of judgment, are all needed; for the smallest mistake, a wrong turn of the helm, the slightest false movement, might be fatal.

More frequently however, if the storm is very severe and the sea heavy, the safest course, and that generally adopted, is to run dead before the wind. In that case a duty not less important than the helmsman's falls to the next most experienced boatman. That duty is to manage the 'tows,' as the phrase goes. In one hand he holds the halliards; in the other the down-hauler. As each great wave comes rolling on, lifting the boat high on its crest, he hauls down the sail some distance, to ease her from the strain and pressure of the wind, to the full force of which she is in this elevated position exposed. Again, as she rushes down into the trough of the sea he hauls it up, to catch as much wind as possible, that she may run from the next wave rising astern ere it breaks. It is considered by the fishermen that a cool and judicious hand at the 'tows' is quite as necessary as a good helmsman.

In running to the land, the greatest danger is always encountered in crossing those tideways which rush between the islands and round most of the points and promontories, at the rate sometimes of nearly ten miles an hour. In the calmest weather, it is often impossible to cross them during the hours of full tide, and you must wait till the 'slack of the tide' before attempting it. From any commanding height on shore you can trace by their course of white foam these furious tideways running far out into the ocean, while all around the sea is perfectly smooth and placid. They are veritable rivers in the sea, and Shetlanders speak of them as 'the string of the tide,' and crossing them is called '*cutting the string*.' Of these streams or tideways, the far-famed Sum-burgh Roost off the south point of the islands, and one near Burrafirth at the north point of Unst, are the strongest and most dangerous around the Shetlands.

It is when running before the wind or crossing a tideway in a storm—but seldom except when in utmost peril—that the Shetland fishermen adopt an expedient which has often saved many a boat's crew. They crush—or as they call it 'crop'—in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. The effect is magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but they no longer break, and it is only from their breaking close to the boat, and so being dashed in upon her and filling her, that there is danger. The rapidity with which the oil spreads over a considerable space of sea around is marvellous, and scarcely to be credited except by one who has witnessed the phenomenon. Shetlanders call the smooth appearance of the water caused by any oily substance floating on it, *loom*.

'Throwing oil upon the troubled waters' is

therefore a saying which has undoubtedly originated in a fact with which very few are acquainted, but which cannot be too widely made known. That fact is simply this, that oil prevents the waves from breaking; and unless they break, though they were twenty times as high as they ever are, there would be no danger whatever to a boat, or for the matter of that to a vessel either, except from the strain of her rolling. There would be no 'shipping' of tremendous 'seas,' of which we so often read, no poor sailors and deck cargoes swept overboard, no smashing of binnacles and bulwarks. An expedient so simple might often be of invaluable service in saving life and property. The difficulty and peril, for instance, of launching a boat from a sinking ship in a storm are mostly caused by the wind breaking the waves over the boat and filling her or dashing her to pieces against the vessel's side. The danger of such a mishap would unquestionably be greatly lessened by throwing overboard some oil, which ought always to be kept handy. Boats also going from one ship to the assistance of another in distress, and life-boats on their way to a wreck and boarding it, might often with very great advantage use a little oil, if its effects were only better known. Again, we often read of boats adrift on the sea from a foundered or burning ship, and it is marvellous how frequently they are able to weather the fiercest storms though often greatly overcrowded; but many a time they are swallowed up, when a little oil judiciously used during the worst of the storm might have been the means of saving them.

Another case in which oil might be of the greatest service is when a man accidentally falls or is washed overboard. Life-buoys are thrown into the sea, the ship is brought to as quickly as possible, boats are lowered and a search made; but before all this can be done, the vessel has run a considerable distance, and although the poor struggler in the water may be a good swimmer and able to keep afloat for some time, the great difficulty is to find the exact spot where he is to be sought for. A life-buoy or a man's head is a small object to descry amongst heaving waves and white foam. If life-buoys were constructed so as to contain a small portion of oil in a little receptacle or india-rubber bag attached to them, to be punctured with a knife before being thrown overboard, the effect would be not only to prevent the sea from breaking over the castaway, so making it easier for him to keep afloat, but would indicate to the searchers almost the exact spot where to look for him. His whereabouts would easily be discerned from the ship or boat by the *loom*.

I throw out these hints and suggestions on this very interesting subject, and I do think it would be well worth while that some experiments were made to test the effects of 'oil upon the troubled waters,' and that the results if satisfactory, as I am confident they would be, were made widely known to seafaring men. The cost would not be worth naming; and I am much mistaken if the benefit, as a means of saving valuable life and property, would not be enormous. As one who speaks not without personal knowledge, I would urge upon philanthropists and ship-owners, if this paper should come under their notice, to turn their attention to the subject.

The following incident occurred in Shetland a good number of years ago. It was a beautiful evening in midsummer. Nothing indicated a storm or any change in the settled weather which had prevailed for some time. All the fishing-boats had gone to the far haaf. Suddenly a little after midnight a fierce gale sprung up and raged with unwonted fury, increasing as the morning advanced, while the sea rose to a height most unusual at that season of the year. All the boats bore up for the land as soon as the storm broke on them; and during the early part of the day all reached the shore in safety, save one. She was known to be a good sea-boat, and was manned by a crew of the very best fishermen in the island; but as the hours crept on, and there was no appearance of her return, burning anxiety and suspense of wives, mothers, daughters, and neighbours were fast passing into the most dismal forebodings. I went out to a high promontory which overlooks a wide expanse of sea, and sentinels as it were the entrance to the landlocked bay where nestled the humble cottages of the fishermen. A crowd of distracted women, and of men scarcely less agitated, who had just themselves but narrowly escaped a watery grave—friends or neighbours of the missing ones—were gathered on the cliff, straining their eyes across the raging sea. It was a pitiful harrowing sight. Who can describe the agony expressed in the firmly clasped hands, the fixed and tearless eye of one, the bowed form, convulsively rocking a little one in her lap, of another, the moan of breaking hearts, the wail of despair of others! 'O my man, my gude kind man; I'll never see him more!' cried one. 'Faether, faether! will ye never come back again?' exclaimed a blooming girl, whose cheek was blanched enough now. 'My boy—my Willie! O the cruel cruel sea!' moaned a poor widow whose only son was one of that boat's crew. And indeed it seemed to all of us but too probable that our worst fears would be realised. The storm continued unabated. The great waves were dashing against the rocks in angry fury, sending the spray right over us. Most of the men were sad and silent. Some of them were doing their best to keep alive the hope they too plainly did not themselves cherish. One suggested: 'They have probably run a long way to seaward, and set their lines, and have stayed perhaps rather too long in their endeavours to recover them before bearing up for the land; but no need as yet to fear the worst.' Another said: 'Perhaps they have run to some other island which they found easier of access.' Another suggested: 'They are very possibly waiting outside till the slack of the tide before attempting to cross the string.'

I turned to a fine stalwart young fisherman who had often accompanied me on fishing and seal-hunting expeditions, and whose courage and steadiness and judgment I had not seldom proved in circumstances of difficulty and danger.

'What do you think?' I whispered, as I kept sweeping the horizon with my field-glass.

'I don't know what to think,' he answered. 'She was a good boat, and they were brave men and good seamen that manned her; but that is an awful sea to fight against. God be with them!'

'Was! were!' The words sent a chill to my heart. He was already speaking in the past tense of those for whom we looked and prayed. Sud-

denly he seized my arm as with a vice, while his keen gray eye, almost wild with intense but suppressed excitement, shot a glance across the waste of waters.

'There!' he said. 'I thought I saw something white like a sail, not the sea-foam. Don't speak yet, or it will kill these poor souls! Give me your glass. Yes, yes; again I see it. Look!'—he shouted aloud now—'I see her sure enough. They are coming right on, and going to cut the string too, I do believe; a bold venture, but awfully risky, for the tide is still strong.'

A few minutes more and we could all see the gallant little boat driving along before the gale, now lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, now completely out of sight in the trough of the sea. On on she came towards the string, which though it had run off its greatest strength, looked ugly enough to make the stoniest heart quail. Little more than five minutes would be sufficient to carry her across; but every one knew perfectly well that the greatest danger of all was just there in the middle of that tideway. It was the crisis of her fate. Five minutes more and she would be in safety, or never reach the shore. On on she came, now plainly in view of every one, and splendidly handled as we could see, on on, and buried her bows in the raging tide as a war-horse might charge an opposing rampart. We held our breath hard. No one moved; not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard but the rush and roar of wind and waves or the wild scream of a sea-mew overhead. A minute of intense suspense, and still she bravely battled on.

'Ha!' cried the young fisherman at my side, 'what is that they are doing? I know, I know! They are casting out the livers; I can see the boom on her track. Wisely thought of, and well done. It is their only chance in yon tideway.'

And so indeed it was. We could distinctly see the men with eager hands throwing out the crushed livers astern, to right, to left, all around, as though offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the sea-god; and the waves did not break on them then. A few minutes more, and then, amid tears of thankfulness and joy, 'Safe—safe, thank God!' burst out on every side; and soon they reached the shore, those hardy fishermen, and were welcomed in a manner much easier to conceive than describe.

The skipper had never left his post at the helm, for nine long hours, during which he had fought out his brave battle for life with rare skill and nerve and endurance. And now, when he stepped on the beach and took up his little boy in his arms and kissed him, I did not think there was anything unmanly in the big tears which coursed down his brown cheek. A little afterwards I said to him: 'You have had a terrible day, and at one time we scarcely thought ever to see you again.'

'Ay, terrible indeed,' he replied; 'and we should never have reached the shore through yon raging sea and tide if it hadna been our casting out the livers—*hat* smoothed the sea, and, wi' God's blessing, saved us.'

[The evidence conveyed by the foregoing touching story corroborates what we recently said regarding the virtue of oil in stormy weather at sea. If by the simple process of dropping oil into a tempest-tossed sea, the water is prevented from breaking, it is surely worth the while of

the Admiralty, and indeed of all who have the shipping interests at heart, to take up the subject and carry it into practical force. No ship or fishing-boat should be permitted to leave our shores without an equipment of oil.—Ed.]

DROLLERIES OF THE STAGE.

CHARLOTTE and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and properties were conspicuous by their absence; and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch an old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask,

And what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send for thee?

Before 'fair Montague' could reply, a black head popped out from the side, and its proprietor ejaculated: 'Miss Cushing, my bell's ringin', and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop;' and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The sisters were perhaps not quite so dumb-founded as Madame Michan-Carvalho when playing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came, and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as Madame was singing in the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup-tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with: 'Begging your pardon sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!'

On the first night of *A Crown for Love*, Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, 'Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head,' than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground. An accident not so annoying to the individual-most concerned as the gallery commentary upon a Dunedin Cassio's lamentation: 'O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!' coming in the significant shape of: 'All right, old man; drink away; you're safe!' Equally trying to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another 'god,' who seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying 'Unreal mockery, hence!' to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting: 'It's all right now, governor; he's gone!'

Actors, like other men, are apt to plume themselves upon finding favour with the ladies, and like other men, sometimes achieve embarrassing conquests. Christian Brandes in his strolling days was cast to play Leander in a primitive sort of drama in which the dialogue was left pretty much to the discretion of the players. It was settled that Hero was not to be too easily won, but to refrain from admitting her love for Leander until he had plied her hard with passionate speeches. Unluckily the Hero of the occasion was

in reality desperately smitten, and scarcely gave Leander time to protest his love, before exclaiming: 'I cannot resist you, Leander; accept my heart and hand.' Brandes was nonplussed; the fine speeches he had prepared were unsuited to the situation. While he hesitated, the enraged manager whispered Hero: 'In the fiend's name, improvise a few words and retire!' Whereupon the poor girl turned to the audience, and said: 'In the fiend's name, I improvise a few words and retire!' and tripped gaily off the stage to the shouts of the amused audience; who after all, had less reason to laugh than those who heard the Western Romeo announce: 'But soft! What light from yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet has a son!' What his Juliet thought of the new reading is not recorded.

Macready travelling by coach to Bath, was much amused by a fellow-passenger whose budget of theatrical anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. By-and-by the story-teller said: 'Macready is a good actor; but he can never play without applause. He went on one night, and no notice being taken of him, he told the manager he could not get on if he was not applauded. Whereupon the manager went round and told the audience what Macready had said; and when the tragedian reappeared, they applauded him so incessantly that he was utterly disconcerted.' Not more disconcerted however, than the relater of the story, when his amused listener observed that he rather discredited that tale, since he happened himself to be Mr Macready.

Dumaine, as a pirate in *Le Fléau des Mers*, was wont to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the 'cloth' behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as Dumaine discharged the pistol. Actuated by jealousy or a love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with goldbeater's skin, and when the pirate fired and the prompter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt; but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent prompter for his pet point not coming off as usual.

Readiness in unforeseen emergencies is of the greatest value to manager and actor alike. A word fails the memory at an important stage of the play, or some accident occurs to mar or even put a stop to all further proceedings. On such occasions fertility of resource is of the greatest moment, and has over and over again saved the credit of all concerned. In fact the readiness of an actor or manager to turn an apparent disaster into a happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that guides a skilful general to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Luguet when playing the bearer of an important despatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the property-man gave Luguet a blank sheet of paper, which he handed to the mimic king, who not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the despatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to

the messenger, with the command: 'Read it to me, sirrah!' Lugnet however, was equal to the occasion, and responded: 'Alas, sir, born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read.'

A travelling company performing in one of the cities out West, where dramatic entertainments were rarely seen, announced Maturin's sombre tragedy *Bertram*, the hero to be enacted by a clever but erratic player named Webb. The house was crammed. 'Where's Webb?' asked the manager. Nobody knew. Scouts were sent out, and the actor unearthed; but to get him to the theatre was beyond them. He would not go. What was to be done? Somebody suggested returning the money; but the manager was not inclined to let three hundred and fifty dollars slip through his fingers. 'We'll change the play,' said he. 'Everybody get ready for *The Review*. They don't know the difference between farce and tragedy down here; only remember to call Deputy Bull, Deputy Bertram, and we shall pull through right enough.' They played *The Review*, and the audience never discovered the alteration in the programme.

The good folks of Agen, a small French town, were not to be so easily cheated out of what they came to see. A strolling troupe, of whom young Hortense Schneider was one, announced *La Tour de Nesle* for their last performance. An overflow resulted. The actors were in high spirits and full of fun. Mademoiselle Schneider discovering an old pair of russet boots behind the scenes, put them by way of a joke into the hands of Buridan as he was going on the stage. Accepting of the awkward handful, he placed the boots on a table on the stage, and quietly went through his part; when another actor of the name of Philippe d'Aulnay took possession, and made his exit with one under each arm. In the next act, Marguerite de Bourgogne entered carrying the mysterious boots, and passed them to Gaultier d'Aulnay; he turned them over to Orsini; in short, before the curtain fell the boots, though foreign to the piece, had been borne in succession by every personage. The audience watched for their appearance, while wondering what it all meant, and applauded the players to their hearts' content. Twelve months afterwards another company set up their bills in Agen, and *La Tour de Nesle* attracted everybody to the theatre; but before the first act was over there were symptoms of displeasure, which gradually increased, until the uproar was so great that the curtain fell on a half-played piece; benches were torn up, lights put out, and only the arrival of the mayor at the head of a troop of soldiers put an end to the tumult. Then the mayor turned on the poor manager, who protested his inability to understand how the riot came about. 'That is all nonsense,' returned the mayor. 'Your conduct is disgraceful. You have misled the people and mutilated a masterpiece. *Where are the boots?*'

Actors are supposed to be an unmethodical race; but they are punctual to business. To avoid keeping the stage waiting, Grimaldi once ran from Sadler's Wells to Drury Lane in his clown's costume. With the same regard for punctuality, Mr Toole having to play Jack Grinnidge in *Green Bushes* at 'the Wells,' after performing the clock-maker's boy in *Janet Pride* at the Adelphi,

executed the change from boyhood to age *en route*, and when he stepped out of the cab, found further progress barred by the driver, who demanded: 'What have you done with the kid, old un, that I took up at the "Delphy?"' and was not to be pacified until the stage-door keeper endorsed the comedian's explanation of the mystery.

During the run of *Ours* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Mr John Clarke, who played Hugh Calcott, used to pass his Sundays and Mondays at Brighton, returning to town by the five o'clock express. One Monday afternoon, upon arriving at the station at the usual time, he discovered that the express had been withdrawn for the winter months; and that if he wanted to be in London by half-past seven, he must pay twenty pounds for a special engine. He paid the money; and as he jumped into his solitary first-class carriage, congratulated himself that he had only lost a quarter of an hour. 'Eighteen shillings, if you please sir,' said an official. 'What for?' demanded the actor. 'By the by-laws of the Brighton Company, all occupants of a seat in a special express must pay extra fare,' was the unwelcome response. He had but half a sovereign in his purse, and had to run back to his hotel to supply the deficiency—then he was off indeed, and was smoking his cigar as Hugh Calcott on the stage of the Prince of Wales' at the proper time.

Less expensive, but much more risky was Mr Emery's railway ride from Anerley to London. He had been down at the Crystal Palace, and allowed himself plenty of time to reach the Olympic Theatre; but he had the chagrin of seeing three trains despatched while he was waiting permission to go on the platform, and of learning there would not be another for half an hour; but that if he made the best use of his legs he might catch a train at Anerley which was due at London Bridge at half-past six. He ran his hardest, darted past the porters at Anerley, and jumped into the guard's van as the train was proceeding. In went the guard after him, and having no breath left to explain, at London Bridge he gave an undertaking to appear if called upon by the Company; and jumping into a hansom, by a promise of double fare got over the distance in twenty minutes; and two minutes later was as Mr Potter, standing with his back to the fire in John Mildmay's drawing-room, in the play of *Still Waters Run Deep*. Mr Compton was not so successful in his attempt to reach the Haymarket from Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, and for the first time in his life failed his manager. It was ten o'clock before he arrived at the theatre, and *The Evil Genius*, in which he played a deaf postman, was over. He eagerly inquired what apology had been made for his non-appearance, and what piece they had substituted. 'No apology, and no change at all,' was the consoling reply; 'we cut the postman's part out altogether, and nobody missed it.' The experiment was a bold one; but not so bold as that of the Memphis manager who, upon his prima-donna sulking at the last moment, cut Alice out of *Robert le Diable*, and played the opera without its heroine!

In 1834 Macready was starring at Louth. As he was dressing one evening for *Virginius*, the manager came into the room with such a long face, that Macready inquired: 'Bad house?' 'Bad house, sir,' replied the dejected manager; 'there's

no one !' 'What ! nobody at all ?' 'Not a soul, sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes.' 'What ! not one person in the pit or gallery ?' 'O yes ; there are one or two.' 'Are there five ?' 'Yes ; there are five.' 'Then,' said Macready, 'go on at once ; we have no right to give ourselves airs.' He adds : 'I never acted *Virginius* better in all my life.'

BREATH-GYMNASTICS.

THE importance of breathing plentifully of fresh air as an essential of health is generally admitted. Well-ventilated rooms, open-air exercise, and excursions into the country, are appreciated to some extent by all classes. But the art of breathing is very much overlooked. Being a process not depending on the will for its exercise, it is too much left to the mere call of nature. It is however, an act which can be influenced very materially by the will. Properly trained singers are taught to attend very carefully to their breathing.

When brisk muscular exercise is taken, breathing is naturally active without any special effort. But when the body is at rest or engaged in occupation requiring a confined posture, and especially when the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing naturally becomes diminished, and the action of the lungs slow and feeble. The consequence is that the oxygenation of the blood is imperfectly carried on. Even in taking a constitutional walk the full benefit is not attained for want of thorough breathing.

As a remedy for this it has been suggested that there is room for what might be fitly termed breath-gymnastics—to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times. This mode of breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest possible amount of oxygen to the blood, and more thoroughly consuming the carbon, and so producing animal heat. It has also the very important effect of expanding the chest, and so contributing to the vigour of the system.

The breath should be inhaled by the nostrils as well as by the mouth, more especially while out of doors and in cold weather. This has partly the effect of a respirator, in so far warming the air in its passage to the delicate air-cells, and in also rendering one less liable to catch cold.

This full respiration is of so much importance, that no proper substitute is to be found for it in shorter though more rapid breathing. In short breathing a large portion of the air-cells remains nearly stationary, the upper portion of the lungs only being engaged in receiving and discharging a small portion of air.

Profound thought, intense grief, and other similar mental manifestations, have a depressing effect on respiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and the circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished, unless indeed there be feverishness present. An occasional long breath or deep-drawn sigh is the natural relief in such a case, Nature making an effort to provide a remedy. This hint should be acted on and followed up. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air even during inclement weather, is an excellent antidote of a physical kind for a 'rooted

sorrow.' And the earnest student instead of tying himself continuously to his desk, might imitate a friend of the writer of this who studied and wrote while on his legs. Pacing his room, blad in hand with paper attached, he stopped as occasion required to pen a sentence or a paragraph.

Breathing is the first and last act of man, and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full broad deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more predisposed to lung disease. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins shew that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.

LINES SUGGESTED BY HORACE, Bk. I. ODE IX.

I.

SEE now the sullen vapours rest
On hoary Arthur's* silvered crest ;
See trees with branches drooping low,
Look spectral in their garb of snow.
The thrush and blackbird cease to trill
Their cheerful roundelay ;
And Esk's sweet melody is still ;
Ice-fettered, now no more at will
Her jocund waters stray.

II.

Come, pile the fagots on the hearth !
Though nipping frosts bind fast the earth,
The crackling fire, with ruddy glow,
Shall stir our blood to genial flow.
Bring pipe and bowl, and music bring
To cheer us. Raise the song !
With wassail mirth the chorus sing,
Till wit and laughter answering,
The merry peal prolong.

III.

Count every hour a boon, and live
So long as Fortune deigns to give ;
Let not the distant strife dismay,
Nor ills that are not thine to-day.
The wishing glance, the warm embrace—
Love's tender courtesies—are thine ;
And thine with youthful step and grace
The dance's merry maze to trace,
Where god-like graces shine.

IV.

When night repeats the trysting hour,
Return thee to the secret bower,
Where—till her silvery laugh reveals—
The shade of some sly nook conceals
The panting maid. Clasp to thy breast,
Thou fain wilt snatch the errant tress,
She, half permitting, half distrust,
The token yield, and thou, twice blest,
Sweet thanks on blushing lips impress.

J. M. D.

* Arthur's Seat, a picturesque hill in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

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CHRISTMAS 1878.

WHEN we look back upon the events of the past months of 1878, we cannot help feeling that Christmas of this year will be a season of bitter sadness to many poor souls under the sun. Bereaved homes and hearts there will be in thousands; some in sorrow, remembering perhaps the light and happy spirits with which they welcomed the festive season one short year ago. Lonely women seated childless and desolate by wretched fires; moody men in ruined homes with scarce a cinder they can call their own—victims innocent, yet suffering because of the guilt of others. The past year has been one of disaster both on land and water, and its concluding months have brought upon the country a gloom and disaster almost unprecedented. Let the happy individuals whose homes have during the last twelve months been unvisited by death or ruin, remember kindly and pityingly the myriads of their fellow-creatures to whom this Christmas will be no season of gladness, but only a dreadful landmark, serving to shew the difference between what they once were and what they are now. To say nothing of those who were accustomed to live in a princely style, but who now cannot tell where their next meal will be procured, there are many whose wishes were moderate, and whose expenditure was reasonable, who will suffer, certainly from no fault of extravagance or want of principle. Single ladies left in comfort, and with plenty to keep them in genteel circumstances, will have bread watered with tears for their Christmas dinner, and a penury and consuming grief which will shorten life. Orphan girls whose parents perhaps closed their eyes on the world's contented that their darlings were placed far above want, will have to face Christmas with empty cupboards and fireless grates. Men, kept all their lives anxious and unhappy because of the extravagance of wives and daughters, will know this Christmas what it is to have neither money, nor credit. Wives whose reckless expenditure did much to make matters worse, will sigh

vainly for the thousand Christmas dainties which their souls loved in times past. Never was there a time wherein the words of Scripture are so literally fulfilled, 'Men's hearts fail them for fear.' Time works great wonders, but can scarcely cure the crying evil from which so many are even now suffering. There is no remedy for names disgraced, honour tarnished, and whole families made destitute for life.

We once heard the struggling father of a family declare, with a gravity akin to tears, that no season in all the year was to him so utterly dreadful as Christmas. What with bills from every quarter, which he did not know how to meet; dinners whose viands disagreed with him; parties at home and abroad, where, with an aching heart, he was expected to make himself agreeable; cold weather, which always made him rheumatic, and various other annoyances—he had no comfort or peace, and was driven almost mad; nay he went so far as to say that he hated the very name of Christmas. His wife's bill for dress alone utterly confounded him; and work as hard as he might, every Christmas brought to him the agreeable conviction that 'the kind of thing *could not go on*,' and that inevitable ruin must descend upon him sooner or later.

There is no doubt whatever that our style of living nowadays is much too luxurious, and this persistence in luxury is just what brings matters to a terrible crisis every now and again. There is now but a slight difference appreciable between the middle and upper classes. There is scarcely anything enjoyed by aristocracy which is not also shared in by those in the rank below them. We may not dine off gold plate or drive in splendid carriages or be waited on by liveried servants; but in almost every other respect we are about as well off as Lady A—— or Lord H——. All sorts of dainties are on our tables; our wives and daughters are as well dressed as their betters; and a determination not to be outdone by any one, seems to exist in the minds of most of us. This is all very nice. But if this state of affairs renders our bread-winners anxious, and fills them with {

embarrassment (which is too often the case), then our desires ought to be limited and our expenditure curbed. As a general rule, this is an age when there is an *embarras de richesses*, as our French neighbours would say; people are overdone, nay pretty well stifled with luxury—the absence of which would make them better men and women. Why should homely Mrs B— desire a costume as elaborate as that worn by the Countess of C—? Or why should Mrs W— insist on sending her daughters to a boarding-school which is expensive, because only the very cream of the earth go there? Both Mrs B— and Mrs W— carry their point, after the manner of women; the result being that Messrs B— and W— groan miserably when Christmas approaches, and wonder how on earth they are to keep their heads above water.

‘Nothing riles me so much as to have to pay the draper’s bill,’ said a worried business man one day. ‘The immense lot of unnecessary things contained in the nefarious document are beyond my understanding; and when I ask my wife how by any amount of ingenuity she has managed to run up *such* an account, she tells me with exasperating calmness that “lots of things are needed in a house which gentlemen can’t understand.” Certainly they do not understand; they only know that they must, whether they will or not, bring forth their hardly earned money to pay what seems to them a most exorbitant bill, which might have been half as long by proper care and self-denial.

Some one asserted lately with much vehemence that Christmas was ‘a great mistake,’ because it was popularly supposed to be a time of mirth, rejoicing, and general ease-taking. ‘Whereas,’ pursued the grumbler, ‘I have always found it a time of heaviness both mental and bodily—a fearful incubus—a season of apprehension, when every ring at the door-bell brought forth a bill, and every letter that the postman delivered was an account.’

Some weather-prophets have been heard to declare that the winter of 1878 will be a long and severe one. If this is to be the case, then Christmas will in all probability have dawned upon drifting snow and icy streams. Those whose fires will burn warmly, and whose board will be covered with good cheer, will doubtless as a counterbalance have had some ‘evil things’ cast into their lot. But let us, as we draw our chairs nearer to the fire and close the curtains to keep out the bitter winds which oft come straying even into comfortable homes—let us think of those whose sorrow of heart has been this Christmas totally unrelieved by even the ordinary comforts of daily life. Poverty in its most meagre and unlovely form being theirs, what can we say or do to mend it? Let those who have ‘enough and to spare’ stretch forth kind and bounteous hands to

their less favoured but deserving neighbours—then shall their Christmas fires burn brighter and their Yule dainties taste the sweeter.

HAROLD RIVERS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

It was not till after the candles were lighted next evening that Mr and Mrs Inray saw anything more of Emilia. When they did see her, they could not help noticing how pale and worn she looked; but neither of them spoke of it. Both of them suspected that she was more deeply interested in the story of George Hernshaw’s death than she had cared to admit; but they received her as if nothing were the matter. It was not till it was nearly time to say good-night that the topic of the previous evening was referred to in any way.

At length Emilia said: ‘You must have thought me very rude last evening, Mr Inray, to run away so abruptly; but really your narrative was almost too much for my nerves. Then leaving you while you were in such a dreadful predicament! That was worse than all. But you will forgive me, will you not, and tell me how you managed to escape—for of course you did escape?’

‘Oh, our escape was a very unromantic one,’ said Inray. ‘I wish I could give you an account of some thrilling adventures on a raft, or tell you how we were taken off the sinking ship by pirates; but my well-known regard for truth compels me to stick to uncompromising facts. To make a long story short, the two boats got safely away from the ship. In them were all the ladies and children, a few of the male passengers, and sufficient sailors to navigate them properly. They were picked up by a homeward-bound vessel about thirty hours after parting from us, and conveyed to Liverpool. The captain’s prediction with regard to the *Daphne* was not borne out by facts, else I should not be here to-day to tell you this too true tale. Water-logged as she was, she floated for two days longer, at the end of which time an American barque answered our signals of distress and took us off. The *Daphne* went down within four hours of the last man leaving her.’

‘After such a narrow escape, Mr Inray, I wonder that you are not afraid of ever venturing out of sight of land again.’

‘The theory of probabilities teaches me that when a man has once run such a risk as I ran, he will never run another like it again. It will be some other fellow’s turn next time. That being so, where’s the good of worrying?’

Emilia was nerving herself in silence. There was something she wanted to say, but she was afraid that her voice would betray the hidden anxiety underlying her words. ‘Do you think, Mr Inray,’ she said at last, doing her best to speak slowly and steadily, ‘that after this lapse of time there would be any possibility of ascertaining what became of the poor young creature’—her tongue shrank from the word ‘wife’—‘whom George Hernshaw left behind him in the cabin?’

‘You mean his wife?’ Emilia made a movement as though something had stung her. ‘Well, it is just possible that the owners, Messrs Collins

and Davis, might be able to throw some light on her after-fate. Just possible, I say, but by no means probable.'

'Would you mind, Mr Imray, doing me the great favour of writing to the gentlemen you have just named, and ask them whether they can furnish you with any information by means of which the poor girl's whereabouts might possibly be traced?'

'I will do what I can for you in the matter, Mrs Warrener, with the greatest pleasure; but I would not advise you to be very sanguine as to the result.'

After a little more conversation, Emilia said good-night and went. What Mr Imray had told her made clear to her many points that had often troubled her greatly—points that had nothing to do with Harold Rivers's share in the dark story. She now understood why her husband had taken the precaution not to enter his full name on the *Daphne's* books. She now understood why his mother and sister, through whom she had received the news of his death, and who had only given her a cold welcome during his life, had seemed to have so few particulars with which to satisfy her anxious questions—had seemed in fact as though they wished to speak of their mutual loss as little as possible. In their wish to keep his memory sweet, they had hidden from her much that she ought to have been told. She now understood why the five hundred pounds which she had brought her husband on her wedding-day was found after his death to have been all drawn out of the bank, although she had only known of his having had a small portion of it. He had taken it with him in his flight, leaving her almost penniless. She now understood why so many debts, respecting which she knew nothing, should turn up against him after his death. She now understood why he was so anxious that she should not go down to Bristol to see him off. And yet this was the man whose image she had cherished in her heart as that of a demi-god whose heroic stature none other might reach! This was the man whose loss she had never ceased to mourn with tears of the bitterest anguish, feeling and believing that when she lost him the sunshine of her life was gone for ever! Above all, this was he for whose sake she had cast behind her that other love—a love such as can come to no woman twice in a lifetime. Oh, blind, blind, blind!

In the course of about a week, Mr Imray received an answer to his letter from the owners of the *Daphne*. Messrs Collins and Davis had been in communication with Mrs Hernshaw immediately after her return to England. Her address at that time was No. 5 Gledlow's Cottages, Foldgate, Hertfordshire; but of her present whereabouts they knew nothing.

The morning following the receipt of this information Emilia started for Foldgate, leaving Daisy in charge of Mrs Imray. It was not without a certain degree of trepidation that she ventured to knock at the door of No. 5 Gledlow's Cottages. As no one answered the knock, she opened the door gently and looked in. What she saw was an old lady sitting on a low stool by the side of her spinning-wheel, and crooning to herself in a low monotone some old-world ditty which doubtless breathed sweet music in her memory. She was dressed in black, with a little coloured shawl

pinned across her shoulders. On her head she wore a poke-bonnet of rusty black silk, such as was fashionable about forty years ago. As Emilia stepped timidly into the cottage, the old dame rose slowly and dropped an old-fashioned courtesy. 'My name, lady, is Betsy Ditton; and I shall be eighty-two come next fourth of December.'

'Pray sit down, Mrs Ditton. I hope you will pardon my intrusion when you hear the errand that has brought me here.'

'I've a many ladies come to see me at times. Some come to read passages; some come to pray; and some come to cheer me with a bit of talk. I like them best that come to talk. But I shouldn't say that, because you're mebbe the new curate's lady, and have come to pray with me.'

'No indeed. I was never in Foldgate in my life before to-day.'

'Very kind to me are the ladies, very kind indeed,' continued the dame, without heeding Emilia's disclaimer, and apparently addressing herself to her spinning-wheel. 'They mostly bring me an ounce or two of tea or a bit of snuff when they come to see me. Very kind indeed.'

Emilia took out her purse and laid half a sovereign on the table. 'I have brought you neither tea nor snuff,' she said; 'but here is something that will buy you a little of both.'

'O thank you, kind lady, thank you much! The blessing of a poor lonely old woman be with you wherever you go! Eighty-two come next fourth of December. Is it prayers or passages this morning, kind lady?'

'Neither one nor the other. I came to see you about—Mrs Hernshaw.'

'Oh, about my grandchild Carry. Why, poor Carry's been dead and gone these two years. Father and mother dead too. Except her brother Barney, Carry was the only one left of seven.'

'Dead! Mrs Ditton. I'm very sorry indeed to hear that.'

'Yes. Carry always was of a sickly growth; and after that dreadful business of the wreck, she came to poor granny's, and closed her eyes in this very house.'

'I knew Mr Hernshaw very well, also his mother and sister, and that is the reason why I came here to-day about your grand-daughter.'

'And very kind it is of you, lady.'

'You remember Mr George Hernshaw, of course?'

'Is it likely I could ever forget him? What laughing eyes he had, and what a pleasant way with him, to be sure! No wonder our Carry lost her heart to him. Their courting was short and sharp. Only two months from the day he first met her coming out of a shop in Tot'n'am Court Road till the day he married her!'

'They were going abroad, were they not, when he met with his death?'

'Yes. George had some money, and it was agreed they should emigrate. He was sick and tired of England, he said. After his death, between four and five hundred pounds was found in the poor lad's pocket-book. This was given to Carry after a time by the people at Bristol; but not till she had let them see her marriage lines. There now, lady, if you haven't gone and split one of your gloves right across! And such pretty ones as they were!'

'Never mind the gloves, Mrs Ditton. I want to hear about your grand-daughter.'

'Thank you kindly mum. Well, the money did us very little good. First one said do this with it; then another said do that. I wanted to buy a little shop; but Carry had her notions, and wanted to be a lady; so she was persuaded to buy some shares. What they were in, I don't know, but they were to bring in a lot of money. But something happened about six months after, and all the money was lost, and we never got a penny. It's enough to make one shake in one's shoes to think what rogues there are in the world that never come to the gallows!'

'And this was the end of poor papa's five hundred pounds!' thought Emilia bitterly. 'The end of the little fortune that he scraped and saved up through many weary years, so that his daughter should not be portionless when she married.'

'And so mum, when we lost our bit of money, if a certain good friend hadn't come forward we shouldn't have known what to do. Perhaps lady, you would like to see poor George's likeness? I've got it in the next room.'

'I should like to see it very much indeed,' answered Emilia with hardly concealed emotion.

The old lady hobbled into the other room, and presently came back holding a framed likeness in one hand, and a bundle of letters tied up with a piece of ribbon in the other. The portrait was a cheap coloured affair, but an excellent likeness for all that, as Emilia saw at a glance.

'Just his smile, ain't it?' said the dame admiringly. 'Just the way he used to shew a glint of his white teeth; and that curl on his forehead as nat'ral as life. Poor Geordie! Poor boy! Here's the letters he wrote to Carry while they were courting,' she continued; 'one every other day, if only just a line or two to tell her when to meet him. They were under my poor girl's pillow when she died.'

Emilia's eyes glanced at the direction of the uppermost letter. Yes; it was in the writing that she remembered so well. A hand of many flourishes. How well she remembered his bold dashing way of crossing his *ts*, and the fancy scroll-work at the bottom of the envelope, by way of an elegant finish to the address! She turned from letters and likeness with a shudder.

'They say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' resumed the old lady, as she sat down again by her wheel. 'When we lost all our money, if it hadn't been for Mr Harral, we shouldn't have been able to pay our rent or make ends meet at all. Mr Harral,' she added by way of explanation, 'knew poor George, and was on board the ship when he met his end.'

A sudden thought struck Emilia. 'What kind of looking gentleman is this Mr Harral?' she asked.

'A tallish pleasant-looking gentleman, with a black beard and moustachers, and with a little scar under his left eye.'

It was as Emilia had thought. 'Does not the gentleman call himself Mr Harold, and not Mr Harral?' she asked.

'Mebbe, mebbe,' said the old lady, rather testily. 'I don't see any difference. I always calls him Mr Harral, and he always answers to it. Well, as I was saying, when we lost our money, Mr Harral he

steps in—he had called on us once or twice before—and he settles a hundred a year on Carry for life—all for poor George's sake, you know. When Carry died, I made up my mind that the money would die with her. But when Mr Harral came, he said "No," said he. "The hundred a year, Mrs Ditton, shall be yours as long as you live." And so it is. The money comes down on the first of every month as reglar as the day comes round. I've got it all put away in the bank, all but what's to bury me with—a warm flannel shroud and a oak coffin with brass handles, and everything nice and proper—and the money for that is in a cracked teapot in the other room. Barney—he's a iron-monger by trade—he'll come in for the rest. Not that he knows a word about it. If he did, he'd mebbe wish his old granny dead. He might love my sovereigns better than he loves me.'

CHAPTER VIII.

When Emilia got back to Sandport, she found that Mr Imray had been suddenly called away on important business. What ought she to do next? That was a question that she asked herself not once but a thousand times. She knew everything now; and she might have known everything on her wedding-day if she would but have listened to her husband. How blind, how infatuated she must have been ever to have suspected such a man as Harold Rivers of the foul crime she had imputed to him! Was not the knowledge of such a suspicion on her part almost enough in itself to kill the love of any ordinary man? But there had been more, far more than suspicion; there had been a direct charge. Had she not called him assassin to his face? Had she not refused to see him, refused to listen to him, refused even to read his letters? Surely this man must love her with no common love, or he would have learned to hate her long ago. He had never intruded himself on her presence since that memorable day at Spindyke; yet she was aware that since she had come to live at Sandport he had been hovering continually about her—keeping himself out of sight, but still there. Perhaps at that very moment he was within a quarter of a mile of her, and yet she knew not where to find him. What had been the foolish romantic school-girl kind of love that she had felt for the infamous George Warrenner in comparison with this other love, nourished in suffering and watered with tears, that had taken root in her heart from her first meeting with Harold Rivers, and that now overshadowed her life, past and to come?

For the first three or four days after her return to Sandport, she spent nearly all her time out of doors, wandering for hours on the beach, on the cliffs, in the country lanes, dreading and yet hoping that somewhere she might see her husband. But all her wanderings proved in vain. Then at last a sickening despair seized her that through her headstrong folly she had lost the best, the bravest, the truest man she had ever known.

Mrs Imray was clear-sighted enough to see that Emilia was in some great trouble; and whatever silent sympathy could do was done by her to soften the smart of the wounds from which her friend was so evidently suffering. Often, one evening as they two sat together in the twilight, watching the stars come out one by one, and

listening to the low drowsy booming of the incoming tide, an irresistible impulse came over Emilia. She slid down on a low stool, and with her head resting against Mrs Imray's knee, and with one of that lady's hands clasped in hers, she opened her heart and told everything. What comfort came to her even in the telling! It seemed to lift somewhat of her weight of woe to make another the depository of her trouble.

Mrs Imray kissed her, and pressed her to her heart when the last word was said. 'And you want me to give you my advice—you want me to tell you what I think you ought to do?' she said.

Emilia's answer was another kiss.

'I think your duty lies before you as clear as daylight. You must find your husband, wherever he may be. If he has gone to Africa or to the North Pole, you must go after him. Having found him, you must tell him that you now know everything; you must tell him how foolish and wrong you have been; you must tell him that you still love him as dearly as ever you did; and you must ask him to take you to his heart again.'

'I cannot—I dare not do it.'

'You must.'

'Supposing he refuses; supposing'—

'We will suppose nothing, if you please. We will do the duty that lies clearly before us, however hard it may be. It will be time enough to deal with suppositions when he has refused.'

'Oh! if I only thought'—and Emilia paused.

'Think as little as possible. What you have to do now is to act.'

'He cannot—he will not forgive me!'

'I am by no means so sure on that point. I have found that as a rule, men are very soft-hearted, and may generally be led by the nose if you only know the proper way to approach them.'

'How I wish I had your tact and knowledge of the world.'

'Don't wish for anything of the kind, dear. Experience keeps a dear school—you know the proverb.—But here comes Mary with candles.'

Emilia slept that night more happily than she had done for weeks.

Mrs Imray followed up her advice next morning by urging Emilia at once to set out on her quest. This Emilia would not agree to do till she had got her friend's promise to accompany her.

Mrs Imray agreed without much difficulty; and arrangements having been made for the due and proper care of the children, they started for London by the five o'clock train. It was too late for anything to be done that evening. Next forenoon they took a cab and were driven out as far as Chestnut Bank. The plot was that Mrs Imray should call on Mrs Rivers and obtain from that lady her brother-in-law's address, as being wanted for a matter of much importance. But the plot came to nothing, for on reaching the gate, they found a board staring them in the face with a notice that the place was to let. There was nothing for it but to drive back to town and go to Harold's chambers in Bruton Street. This Emilia rather shrank from doing; but Mrs Imray would admit of no hesitation in the matter. It was she who knocked at the door, and she who

questioned the housekeeper, while Emilia sat quaking in the cab a little distance away.

But all Emilia's own fears and tremors were forgotten as soon as she saw her friend's face. She grew cold in a moment from head to foot. 'Tell me the worst at once,' she said. 'Is he—is he?'—

'No dear; he is not dead. But he has met with a very dreadful accident, and he is lying in — Hospital. That was the nearest place, and he was taken there.' Then she turned to the cabman: 'Drive to — Hospital as fast as you can,' she said. As soon as she was seated in the cab, she explained: 'From what I can make out, it would appear that as Mr Rivers was crossing the street the other day, he saw an old woman in danger of being run over. In attempting to save her he was run over himself and very badly hurt. At present it would not be safe to move him from the hospital. The housekeeper sent down yesterday to inquire after him; but of course the hospital people would say nothing definite except that the case was a very bad one. But we must hope for the best dear; that is always the truest wisdom.'

Emilia sat white and silent, clasping her friend's hand very tightly till they reached the hospital. Here a terrible disappointment awaited them. The morrow was the day for admitting the public. They could not be allowed to enter. 'But I am his wife, and I *must* see him,' said Emilia with energy.

The porter merely shrugged his shoulders, and went in search of some one higher in authority. That some one proved to be a pleasant gentlemanly young fellow, probably one of the students.

'I am very sorry, madam, that we cannot admit you. As it happens, Mr Rivers has just fallen into a refreshing sleep, the first since his accident; and we hope great things from it if he is not disturbed. Everything just now depends on his being kept perfectly quiet.'

Emilia had a dozen questions to ask, to which she received obliging if somewhat evasive replies. Then she was obliged to go. Few wives who love their husbands will envy her feelings that night. Mrs Imray's reiterated assurance that Harold was far better off where he was than he would have been at home—that he was far more likely to recover at the hospital than anywhere else, seemed but a poor consolation to her. She pictured her husband lying on a pallet in the bare white-washed ward, one of twenty other poor creatures, with nothing but strange faces about him, and she, his wife, impotent to help him. It was torture!

Emilia and Mrs Imray were at the hospital doors to a minute next day. 'Courage!' whispered Mrs Imray to her friend as they walked along the broad passage that led to the wards. 'You must control yourself for his sake. Remember what the doctor said—that all excitement was dangerous to him.' Next moment they paused on the threshold of the ward. Emilia's eye roved over the beds in search of a well-remembered face. Next moment she saw it; but oh, how changed from when she saw it last! A little sob came into her throat as she looked. Then, with a last squeeze of her friend's hand, she walked slowly up the aisle that divided one row of beds from

the other, and stopped opposite the foot of Harold's pallet. He had been looking another way and did not see her till she stopped. Then, when he did see her, first his eyes, and then his whole face lighted up and became as it were transfigured. With a little inarticulate cry he stretched out both his arms towards her, as he had stretched them out on that day when she had spurned him. Next moment she was on her knees by his bed, and his arms were round her neck. 'O darling—husband—can you forgive me and take me to your heart again, never to leave you more?' she murmured. 'Oh, is it possible that you can forgive me?'

He drew her face, wet with tears, up to his, and kissed it passionately. 'Let that be my answer,' he whispered. 'The past from to-day is dead and buried.' Then with trembling fingers, for he was very weak, he felt for a ribbon that hung round his neck. On it was the wedding ring which she had flung from her in her passion that afternoon at Dover. Her heart was so full that she buried her face in the coverlet and did not dare to look at it. Then Harold undid the ribbon and slid the ring back on the unresisting finger from which it ought never to have been taken. Then he kissed the ring and the finger, and then he drew his wife still closer to him, and there was peace between them.

NANNY EGGAR.

Of all the curious remembrances of a childhood spent in one of the south-eastern counties of Scotland, perhaps the most striking is that retained in my mind by the image of Nanny Eggar. Picture to yourself, reader, a woman of six feet, with masculine features, vacant eyes, and tremendous strength of sinew, and you will have some idea of Nanny as she was when first I beheld her. She was always dressed in the same garments, which never seemed to wear out; but were invariably dirty, though, as far as I remember, never ragged. Her dress was a ploughman's coat, with a curious scarlet vest, and a skirt of some dark-blue material. On her head she wore a large straw-hat, which flapped to and fro round her fantastic features as she walked, or rather strode along. There was a walk which in early youth I was very fond of; it was called the Fir-wood Road, thick plantations of those trees fringing it on each side. It was not by any means a cheerful walk, yet there was something fascinating in it to my mind, partly because there I found many rare wild-flowers; and partly because I was sure to meet Nanny Eggar stalking along like some weird and ungainly creature belonging to a different sphere.

How Nanny lived, we never could make out. She had no regular place of abode, but went wandering wherever her wild will led her, like a sort of modern Meg Merrilies. In winter she generally crept for a night's lodging into any old barn or outhouse belonging to the many farms in the neighbourhood. Sometimes she would sleep beneath the shelter of a stack; and in summer the woods were her favourite haunts both by night and day. Quite in the bosom of the fir-wood

was a little farm-place called Blaw-wearie; a most appropriate name; for here the *sough* of the winter winds was heard in full force. The farmer was poor and had much ado to live. Not far from the house stood a little ruined cottage with infirm door and broken windows. When Nanny settled for a while, which was an event of rare occurrence, or when she was indisposed in any way, she made this ruined hut her stronghold, lighting some sort of rude fire in the grateless hearth, and sleeping on a rough bedstead put in stealthily by the homely farmer's wife. One odd feature in Nanny's character was a dislike to receive attention from any one. As soon as she felt herself an object of remark or solicitude, she vanished from the neighbourhood and did not appear again for a considerable time.

The three or four cotters' families who constituted the only labourers on the small farm were on the whole considerate and kind to Nanny, the bairns being sent now and then, when her back was turned, to place some little article of food inside the poor dwelling; for if Nanny found anything, she ate it without remark; though if the giver had appeared bodily, she would have resented the intrusion, as well as rejected the article bestowed. Once or twice some bold urchins ventured near the broken window and threw stones at Nanny as she crouched by her miserable hearth; but they never tried it again, for the enraged and desolate creature rushed out on them with such a look of wild fury on her face, that they fled for their lives and never ventured near her in future.

Of Nanny's history little was known, and that little was mostly conjecture. She was said to have come from Northumberland originally, and to have belonged to a tribe of gipsies. But no one knew much about her. She seldom spoke to any one, but strode about the country roads with her vacant stare, not looking to right or left, but gazing blankly into far distance. No one cared to disturb her. A single glance at her mighty frame and masculine face convinced any who were disposed to injure her, that she was not to be trifled with. She especially avoided men; passing them, if they happened to be in her way, with a disdainful toss of her broad-brimmed hat, and increasing the speed of her gigantic stride till she was out of their sight. People conjectured from this that Nanny must have in her youth received some slight from a faithless swain, though it was difficult to believe that she ever could have had beauty to attract an admirer. It was a happy day for Nanny if she found a pheasant's nest or a snared rabbit. The booty was quickly transferred to a large wallet which, after the manner of Edie Ochiltree, she carried for the reception of all sorts of things. The only time I ever heard her speak was when she had chanced to pick up a dead hare, which had somehow escaped the keeper's notice. Striding up to me with a singular smile, she undid her wallet, and drawing out the hare, she exclaimed in a sort of high treble: 'Ech, lassie!

see what I've gotten!' and quickly replacing it with a sort of elf-like screech, she strode on her way.

How she managed to cook this or any other food, no one knew. Some said she ate her food raw. This however, I did not believe. A glance I once took in at her window shewed me a small iron pot, which would probably cook everything. Of course she never entered a church; such a thing was not to be expected from one who seemed profoundly to hate human society, and whose worship of God (if she had any) must have been conducted after a lonely fashion of her own in the great wide temple of Nature. Poor creature! I think she must have been harmless and simple, if unprovoked; at all events she never gratuitously annoyed any one, though her aspect was sufficiently terrifying to alarm those who did not know her solitary and innocent life.

We never could make out how Nanny got her clothes to hold together; she must have mended them surely in some secret way; yet her large rough hands seemed singularly unfitted to handle feminine implements. The only article that could be called ornamental about Nanny's person was a curious old handkerchief with embroidered silken flowers, which she wore knotted loosely about her neck, and which seemed a sort of remnant of better days, and much out of keeping with the rest of her clumsy costume.

The summer had been an unusually hot one; a sort of low fever prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Fir-wood farm; the farmer's wife and children and some of the few cottagers were sharply visited, and one child belonging to a ploughman died. Strange to say, Nanny was absent all the time of the fever. Some sort of horror of the place came over her; and no one saw her till the beginning of winter, when she again resumed her place in the tumble-down cottage. The farmer's wife and family had left Blaw-wearie for months, as a complete change of air had been recommended for them; new ploughmen had come to the cottages, and a new servant did the work of the farmhouse. Things were a little neglected, as they are apt to be when a mistress is absent; so Nanny's dole of milk and meal, which used to be placed so unfailingly within the threshold of the hut, was forgotten; and the poor creature was at this time often sadly hungry and ill-off.

The new people at the cottages had heard some rumour that Nanny 'wasna canny,' and with the superstition which still clings to the labouring class in Scotland, they feared and hated the poor creature. One day an urchin standing at a cottage door thought it would be fine fun to throw stones at the broken window of Nanny's hut. No sooner thought of than done. The venturesome youth had thrown five or six big stones pretty successfully, and was stooping to get a good-sized one for his next throw, when Nanny issuing frantically from her shattered door, came over in three strides to the delinquent, seized him vigorously by the collar, and without a moment's hesitation, plunged him, head downwards, into a large tub of warm and dirty soap-suds which some matron had left standing at her door. Leaving the struggling youngster there, Nanny uttered one of her singularly 'eldrich' screeches, and strode back into her humble mansion. From that day Nanny's

peace was at an end. Old and young in the very small community seemed determined after this to play mischievous tricks to vex her, as young ragamuffins are apt to do. Many were the ingenious devices hit upon to disturb and annoy the lonely woman, so that in the latter months of her life she was at perpetual warfare with those around her.

At this juncture the farmer, who had been ailing for some time, and was tired of living alone, sent for his wife and children. They returned one bleak day in December, when threatening snow-clouds seemed to presage a severe storm. Darkness set in; it snowed heavily all night, and in the morning the driving wind blocked up the roads from hedge to hedge with snow. The farmer's wife had many things to arrange after her long absence, and never once thought of Nanny her poor neighbour. So that day passed, and the cold grew more bitter, while now and again the snow fell more heavily. At breakfast-time, while the farmer's family sat eating their homely meal of porridge and milk, Alec, the youngest, said: 'Mother, have ye minded Nanny's pickle meal an' her drap milk?'

'Eh, laddie, no!' cried the housewife, starting up. 'Gang an' ask Peggy if the creature's had it when I was away.'

'Peggy says,' screamed the urchin when he returned, 'that she never knew there was anybody ca'd Nanny Eggar, an' she never gave her milk or meal!'

The gudewife darted a reproachful look at her husband, put on a thick shawl and strong boots and ran down the road. She stopped before Nanny's poor broken window, peeped in, and saw—What? A heap of snow upon the floor (it had apparently come down the chimney and through the crevices of the wretched door); and in the corner, on the low bedstead, lay the prostrate form of poor Nanny. Entering hastily, the good-hearted woman advanced to the side of the pallet, raised the large rough hand, dropped it at once, and uttered a pitiful cry. Nanny Eggar was dead, dead without making a sign or seeking help, and with fellow-beings within a yard or two of her dwelling. There was not a scrap of anything eatable in the house. Too proud to the last to beg for a dole, she seemed to have yielded at once to cold and hunger.

Many a bitter tear was shed by the kind 'mistress' that night; and it was many long days before the farmer of Blaw-wearie was suffered to forget his neglect of this poor waif of humanity. He buried her decently in the little country churchyard, not far away, and followed her remains to the grave. Nor could he ever divest himself of the idea that he was little short of Nanny's murderer, so severely did he blame himself for his neglect.

On Nanny's breast, fastened round her neck by a faded ribbon, was found a little crystal locket of antique form, which inclosed a lock of jet-black hair. This was buried with her; and no further clue was ever found to the history of this strange unnatural being. The only articles, except the bedstead, found in the desolate hut were the little iron pot and a small 'creepie' or stool; which are both still preserved as mementoes in Blaw-wearie kitchen. The old hut where the gaunt and homeless wanderer crouched like a wild creature

for shelter, is now roofless; and only at the farmer's hearth is remembered the brief little story of poor Nanny Eggar's strange life and pitiful death.

SOME SOCIAL NOTES.

THE damage done to the foreign trade of Great Britain by the deterioration in manufacture is becoming matter of lament; and no wonder. The character of the country suffers through the scandalous proceedings of certain producers, who palm off articles for what they are not. This is particularly the case as regards some kinds of cotton goods, to which is given an appearance of weight and thickness by being loaded with china-clay, that is liable to be rubbed off by the slightest wear. The same thing is done with some varieties of silk-goods, which are doctored in a most extraordinary manner. All this is, of course, a swindle; and in the long-run, not only the reputation of the actual perpetrators, but of the nation to which they belong, is injured.

A member of parliament, Mr P. Miller, lately addressing his constituents at Ashton-under-Lyne on the depression of trade, took occasion to allude to this shameful system of adulteration. He said: 'He would tell them what it was that prevented our cotton cloth going to India. It was the rascality that was practised at Blackburn and elsewhere. (Applause.) He read the other day a case which came before the judge of the Rochdale County Court. Instead of the cloth being adulterated with forty-six or forty-seven per cent. of china-clay, which had always been considered to be the *maximum*, it was adulterated to the extent of two hundred per cent. That was one way of cheapening the article. Mrs Brassey, in her pleasant book descriptive of her voyage, stated that in crossing the Indian Ocean she observed the engineer of the vessel decorating his turban with muslin, and she asked him whether it was English muslin. "No," he said; "it was from Switzerland; the English made his fingers stick; it was gummy." (Laughter.) Such was the state of the Blackburn trade. He wanted to know how these people reconciled these practices with the sending out of missions to enlighten the Indians. (Hear, hear.) What would be thought of a missionary going with an eight-and-a-quarter shirting under one arm and a Bible under the other? (Laughter.) It would be a proper question to ask, Did the missionary practise what he preached? Indian piece-goods, they were told, did not make much progress; but that in course of time the native cotton-mills would evidently find good customers for their shirtings in the neighbouring countries, and Manchester piece-goods were, it was said, clearly not liked. We were further told that sometimes the local makes of Bombay twist had sold at higher rates than the same quality of English yarns. If this were the case, the outlook was deplorable, and he thought it was high time, if we were to maintain our place as a manufacturing nation, that steps should be taken to avoid the possibility of our losing our position; and this could only be done by a stricter regard to honesty of manufacture.

Independently of loss of trade from causes now stated, there is a falling off from the simple reason that some foreign nations are now able to

rival our manufactures, and execute certain kinds of work cheaper. America is fast driving us out of the field in many departments. For instance, American upholsterers are sending consignments of ready-made furniture from kitchen chairs to drawing-room settees, which are not only cheaper, but stand more wear and tear than articles of a similar class made here. Undertakers are even importing cheap ready-made coffins, with which it is said the native article cannot bear comparison—all of which is chiefly owing to skilled labour being greatly dispensed with in America, and cheap machinery being substituted for manual dexterity. However, though British trade has of late continued to decrease, there is some consolation in the fact that our mercantile navy is equal to that of all the rest of the world combined. It is a great earning power, and constitutes us the great carriers of the world. It is satisfactory to think that we have the most magnificent fleet of steamers in the world, which in the event of war could be turned to good account. Taking this into consideration, the often repeated statement that there is some danger of this country being beaten in ship-building by the foreigner will not easily be credited; and indeed statistics go far to shew that foreign competition has not as yet done us much harm. Of the total tonnage of the Austrian Lloyd's fleet, two-thirds are said to be British built, while the fleets of the Messageries Imperiales, the Compagnie Transatlantique, the Netherlands India Company, and the North German Lloyd's, mainly come from the same source. A convincing instance of English superiority in ship-building is found in the case of the British Indian Steam-navigation Company, which some time ago invited tenders from the whole world for constructing twenty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine tons of shipping. With the exception of a single vessel, the whole fleet was, we believe, supplied by the great yards of the Clyde. But satisfactory as all this appears, it by no means proves that the high price of labour in England compared with continental countries will not tell its tale in the long-run, and enable the foreigner eventually to take much of the trade out of our hands.

Apropos of the mercantile marine, some good work has lately been done under the Merchant Shipping Act. In a short time after the Act came into operation, more than a hundred vessels, most of them wooden ships, were detained for alleged defects in hull, equipment, or machinery. When the measure was under discussion, a great deal was said of the vexatious obstacles which would be thrown in the way of the ship-owners by the detention of their vessels on the most groundless pretexts; but these apprehensions have not been realised. Up to the time we speak of, in eighteen cases only has the complaint proceeded from the crews for instance, and in every case the vessel so reported was found to be unsafe, and other persons have interfered to a much less extent than was anticipated. Out of the eighty-two vessels detained at the instance of the Board of Trade officers, all but three of that number were pronounced unsafe; so that while mistakes have been few, the Act has evidently had an important influence in checking the dangerous practice of overloading, under which head steamers seem to be the chief offenders. It is to be hoped there-

fore, that the days of Coffin-ships, an account of which has already appeared in these pages, are numbered.

The amount of pauperism shews how the long stagnation of trade has told on the humbler ranks of the community. The paupers in our metropolis alone are equal in number to what would be considered a large army even in these days. It has often been a subject of controversy whether pauper children in after-life do or do not turn out badly in so great a majority of cases as to condemn the principle of pauper education as at present conducted in England. From strict investigation it appears that the present system of schools is at anyrate capable of shewing results which, all things considered, are excellent. The boys are apprenticed to all sorts of trades, and the girls generally placed in domestic service; a careful system of visiting the children every six months being carried out by the guardians until the boys are out of their apprenticeship and the girls are eighteen years of age. In almost every case the reports of the inspectors shew that the children's subsequent careers have been satisfactory; a proof that the Swinton schools in Manchester, from which this account reaches us, are doing as solid beneficial work as any school public or private, charitable or pauper. With the increase of pauperism, drink—so well called the curse of this country—has as we know much to do; but it is satisfactory to learn that as regards London at least, the condition of the drunken and disorderly classes is lately reported to have undergone some improvement.

That the supplier of the poor man's beer is often no less an offender against the law than the consumer, was shewn not long since, when out of ninety samples of beer and of materials used in the brewing, fully two-thirds were either adulterated or consisted of illegal ingredients. The number of shopkeepers so frequently convicted in large towns for using false weights and scales, also gives us an idea of the extent to which robbery regarding food as well as drink is carried on. It may here be mentioned that numbers of secret stills are now believed to be at work, to an extent unknown for many years. At anyrate the number of seizures that have been made within the last few years would appear to indicate a considerable revival of this branch of smuggling. The suppression of secret stills in Ireland has given the authorities some trouble; but it is not only the Irish bog and mountain that offer security to the illicit distiller, but the secret haunts of our large and populous towns.

In climates like our own it may be remarked, many people have few resources for their leisure hours besides drinking; and as high wages supply the means of this indulgence, there arise excitement, overmastered judgment, and finally violence. That the majority of our criminals have been drawn from the most ignorant of our population, is certain; but it is a notorious fact that late revelations scarcely bear out the optimist view that the spread of education will gradually extirpate crime. They rather tend to prove that a little learning may still be considered a dangerous thing. Coining, for example, is still greatly confined to the educated classes; and it may be broadly laid down that the majority of fairly and even well educated criminals run towards theft, fraud, and

forgery, and of the imperfectly instructed towards miscellaneous crimes from vagrancy to murder. Education as a rule operates much more powerfully as a restraining influence on over-indulgence in drink among women than among men; but amongst the imperfectly educated there appears to be little difference between the sexes in their disposition to this vice; while amongst those who have had no education, female offenders shew to much less advantage than men.

As regards their chances of being robbed, defrauded, or assassinated, Londoners are in a favourable position. They have, generally speaking, to guard against the machinations of only seven dangerous persons in every ten thousand, as compared to nearly three times that number to the same population in rural districts. With respect to robberies we cease to wonder at their number when we learn that in a single year Londoners were so careless as to leave open over eight thousand windows, and to omit fastening more than double that number of street-doors.

We are constantly hearing of the increase of insanity consequent on the high pressure under which are habitually carried on the various avocations of life. Some fourteen thousand insane patients we learn were admitted into asylums of all kinds in England and Wales during one year, rather more than half of whom were females. By far the most prolific source of insanity appears to be intemperance, especially among the male sex. Bodily disease and old age come next on the list, and then domestic trouble, of which, as might be supposed, females are the greater sufferers. Business anxieties on the other hand claim some male victims. Taking domestic trouble, adverse circumstances, and mental anxiety as inclusive of the ordinary strain of everyday life, we find that females have rather the worst of it under these headings; while in cases of insanity caused by overwork the male sufferers are in the majority.

In turning from this subject to a consideration of mortality, we find that the external causes of bad health have been defined as being reducible to seven great classes. These are—atmospherical variations; physical accidents; organic poisons; errors in feeding, drinking, and breathing; parasites or foreign living organisms infesting the body; occupations and modes of life; nervous or mental impressions. It has been observed by a scientist that of the twenty-four million eight hundred and fifty thousand people into which the English community was divided, the healthiest class was the professional; and then follow in order of healthfulness the agricultural, the domestic, the commercial, and the industrious classes. It is among children under five years of age however, that occurs the greatest amount of mortality; and in fact the mortality of young infants is known to be in such a deplorable state as to require much study and thought for its solution.

With reference to occupations and their tendency to shorten life, the value of fresh air as a preservative of health is instanced by the fact that the rate of mortality among grocers is considerably less than that among drapers. The disease which destroys the draper is pulmonary consumption. While the grocer bustles about his business with the shop-door open all day, the draper lives in a close place with the shop-doors for the most part closed, and breathes

moreover a dusty close atmosphere. The heat and closeness which are the general characteristics of drapers' shops, account for the generally unhealthy appearance of the attendants in them. Publicans—who as a class are very comfortable, well housed, clothed, and fed, and not obliged to go out in all weathers—should, it will be thought, compare favourably with other tradesmen as regards longevity. Such, however, is not the case, for we find that, in spite of all these advantages, they die so much faster than the rest of the people, that in England a hundred and thirty-eight publicans die in proportion to a hundred of the whole of the community who are employed in seventy leading occupations. With respect to seafaring men, whether we have to thank Mr Plimsoll or not, it seems that deaths by drowning in the British mercantile marine have sensibly diminished during the last three years, though there appears to be a full average of diseases from disorders caused by poor Jack's reckless intemperance. It may here be mentioned on eminent medical authority, that the mortality in large hospitals is in prodigious excess of what it ought to be; due, it is said, chiefly to overcrowding, consequent on want of space in cities like London.

PICTURES FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

I HAVE been to-night looking over a crowded photographic album, embalmed with the memory of people and places I have known. This valued repository is full to bursting. It is battered and old-fashioned too, this ancient album of mine. One of the clasps has clean gone, and the other hangs down despondingly, and looks as if it were about to start in search of its departed colleague. To the stranger my collection must seem a curious hodge-podge of art, suggestive of past times and fashions. The Darwinian disciple desirous of studying the development of species as applied to dress, would find an interesting field in this venerable album. It is a milliner's repository, where you can trace the stages of fashion from that primitive period of photography when ladies wore cavernous bonnets, voluminous shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and dresses that were all body, to the more sophisticated season when bonnets are not bonnets, sleeves seem to suffer from extreme scarcity of material, and dresses have no bodies at all; from the days of crinoline and wondrous circumference of dress to the present time, when ladies affect felt-hats, cravats, stand-up collars, waistcoats, and double-breasted ulsters. It is a tailor's sheet of style, from when gentlemen flourished in tall cylindrical hats that atoned for towering height of crown by abnormal narrowness of brim, and coats with collars as extravagant as horses', and black stocks supporting a white wall of linen stiff enough to decapitate the wearer, to the current days, when gentlemen, adjusting the balance of fashion with ladies, part their hair in the centre, wear stays, and have hoods to their winter coats, and muslin veils to their summer hats.

The present and the past are however, linked

together in something more than mere sartorial bonds. I seldom notice the contrasts of dress as I turn over the pages of this cherished old album

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Those faded photographs of places and persons are connected with days of health and happiness, and recall 'old familiar faces' such as Elia missed. That careless coterie of college chums has the interest of a romance. Care's iron ploughshare has driven its remorseless furrows across those youthful faces since the sunny afternoon when the artist arranged the group. Two have left for the Promised Land, one is carrying English civilisation into Japan, another has gone to Queensland, and another to the bad; he who secured University distinction in the Mathematical Tripos is now a Royal Academician with a *penchant* for painting Eastern faces; while the one whose forte was the dead languages is now a prosperous City oilman. Here too is a picnic party seated on the green margin of a Scottish lake whose shimmering sheet of water mirrors the giant back of one of Sir Walter's mountains.

The views of places are unfailing indexes to the volume of recollection. That sixpenny card-board is fragrant of Hampton Court; a sunny dream of the wooded reaches of the Thames above Richmond,

With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
And an indolent arm round a darling waist.

This bit of Bonchurch brings back the history of autumn days in the Isle of Wight. That scene from the Orme's Head is the key to a great storehouse of pleasant memories of North Wales. This view of Peel Castle sends me wandering in Manxland; that vignette of St Aubin's Bay despatches my memory to Jersey's leafy lanes; while here is a faded photograph of Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross' which bears me away to sleepy old continental towns, the paradise of painters, the arcadias of art.

Here is a *carte-de-visite* view, ever so many months old, of Windermere; yet it recalls the holiday afternoon of long ago as if it were but yesterday. I sit on the slope of a fell that repeats its rocky form in the mere beneath. Wooded creeks and pretty bays and green islands and poetical promontories give a picturesque variety to the shape of the lake. Right away below me a pearly vessel of gauzy cloud floats like gossamer through the water, until it is shattered on a cruel ridge of rock; twinkling in the sunshine quite a mile away is a yacht, whose snowy sails look like the feathers of a stately swan; while near the mountainous head of the lake a black bar of smoke is eloquent of the passage of the fussy tourist-steamer. Verdurous, soft, low hills shelter the shore; but away in the purple perspective is a grand company of mountain giants, crowned with coronets of clinging cloud. The weather is all smiles and tears; Nature laughs and weeps alternately. Now the sun sulks behind a gray mass of cloud. Ethereal mountain outlines are blotted out

at a stroke from the picture; fairy islands dissolve; the reflection of hanging oaks and sycamores fades out of the water; the placid liquid plain is black and ruffled. Then there is suddenly a soft smile in the sky, and lo! a bar of light travels from tree to tree along the wooded shore, and a great burst of sunshine brings back the full brilliancy of the picture. The enchanted islands again 'blush at the thought of their own loveliness;' the green again glows in the glancing water; lake-side villas glitter among the trees; the distant mountains sketch in their shadowy shapes. The clouds have blown away, and the lake is like a great flashing diamond in an emerald setting, with grim mountain sentinels to insure its protection.

I do not know how to account for it; but I never see this portrait of Harry —, in shooting-coat and leggings, as he leans on a breechloader, without seeing a moorland picture—a Derbyshire moorland, full of changing lights and shadows—an ocean of heather, which the breeze stirs in tides of rippling purple. Great grim rocks of limestone here and there island the swelling sea; and a distant shooting-tower supplies the illusion of a lighthouse. Tramping over the heather, right away to the edge of the moorland world, is a deep valley with steep wooded slopes above, and the hills of the Peak beyond; a solitary mountain glade, shaded by hanging foliage, and silvered by a tinkling trout-stream, tumbling over shallows of fallen rocks into deeper pools beyond, almost hidden by the jealous greenery of the musical trees. A kingfisher—'a feathered fragment of rainbow'—admires its own breast, reflected feather for feather, tint for tint, in the liquid looking-glass. A thousand forms of light and life are to be met with in this moorland glen. Wild-flowers and ferns and tall grasses that would captivate a Linnaeus; plump trout and artistic flies that would gladden an Izaak Walton; and birds that would send a Yarrell into ecstasies. The wildness of the scene tranquillises while it invigorates. There is society in its solitude. The silence is made musical by the brook, which now sighs, then laughs, and anon brawls in its course; and by a sweet duet by feathered choristers in the mass of woodland—the soprano, a blithe thrush; the contralto, a mellow-voiced blackbird. But what is that disturbance among those cranberry bushes? Whirr-r-r and cur-ru-uck! and Harry's breech-loader has brought down a mass of fluttering feathers before I have time to ask the question.

Who is the proprietor of the next face we come to? It is the portrait of 'Levi,' an honest Cleethorpes fisherman, who pressed his likeness on my acceptance. Cleethorpes! A little breezy bit of the east coast. It is not a watering-place. Fashion visited it, and dubbed it 'slow,' and so the place remains little more advanced than it was fifty years ago. It is true that its architectural appearance is embellished by a big hotel; that it supports a family of hypochondriacal bathing-machines, that stand up to the knees in sand, surveying the water in such a melancholy manner that they might be contemplating suicide; and that there is an ornamental pier jutting out seaward, with a brass band which endeavours in vain to drown the dreamy music of the waves. But with even these drawbacks, a more peaceful spot than Cleethorpes is not visited by the tides

of the German Ocean. It is a paradise for pot-terers, a locus-eating retreat on the very borders of the busy world. I am living a life of emancipation from the exactions of etiquette. I have no Mrs Grundy to frown upon my careless unconventionalisms. I have not to dress three or four times a day in order to promenade to the strains of operatic selections; and I am happy. Half-farmer and half-fisherman, I have captured the conger-eel in his native haunts, and am seriously thinking of taking lessons in the noble art of milking cows. I am living at a mariner's cottage. The sea-sand comes up to the front-door, and I walk straight from my couch into Neptune's bath; while at the back-door is a wide-spreading heath, where I lie and watch the clouds above sailing like argosies of pearl in an azure ocean. My nose is a rich ruby red; a lurid crimson sufficiently warm in hue to lead an apostle of the pump to pick me out and present me as 'A Frightful Example.' But nevertheless the Bardolphian brilliancy is due entirely to atmospheric not alcoholic influences.

My next photograph depicts a pair of west-country ponies; 'Valentine and Orson' we used to call them. In that phaeton I once was taken one of the pleasantest of cruises upon wheels. The day comes back. It is the silvery spring-time. The sun lights-up the face of Someone even more than her own dark flashing eyes, as we drive through the sober streets of Gloucester for a trip round about the Cotswolds. Gloucester is soon left behind; Gloucester, where the tall masts of merchantmen many miles from the sea grow up among the trees, and are so mysteriously mixed up with the houses as to suggest to a stranger unacquainted with the wide water-way of the Sharpness Canal, the idea that a huge tidal wave had burst over the land, and left the ships high and dry on the streets; Gloucester, with its noble cathedral, and its dream of ancestral trees and monastic precincts, and clamorous rooks holding a profane service in the shaded square; with its famous cricket-fields wherein grew the Three Graces; with its turbulent river, the colour of coffee covered with scald-cream, like the salmon-stream in Canon Kingsley's *Water Babies*.

We are now fairly in the country—sunshiny, breezy country. King Sol is shining resplendently. A bright shimmering pulsation of light pervades everywhere, glorifying everything. Our way leads past pleasant fields, and sleepy clusters of cottages that seem to apologise for the absence of established villages; past woods where the soft zephyr is whispering to the budding trees to wake up to fuller life, for the freezing winds are over; past blooming orchards, that are pictures gleaming with colour. The air is filled with the jubilant choruses of feathered songsters, the drowsy tinkling of sheep-bells, the bleating of lambs, the hum of bees, the perfume of lilacs, the scent of opening flowers. Swallows are wheeling about in mystic flight; young birds are making trial-trips with their newly fledged wings. The lustrous trails of the laburnum trees hang over crumbling walls, like Danaën showers of gold. The sunshine invests the aspects of nature near and far with a poetic fancy. The scenery grows wilder. Great masses of woodland block the view. Overhead is an archway of green; the sun streams through the delicate veil of luminous leaves, and

throws on the white road a trembling tracery of light and shade, a fairy filigree-work of foliage. We skirt romantic valleys, and investing hills that are painted against the serene sky, and send out spurs of mountain-height right away to the margin of the meadows. The road becomes steeper, winding between slopes of feathery ferns and foxgloves and wild-flowers, and overshadowed by banks of billowy foliage that tower to ambitious heights. We walk up the hill to relieve the ponies; and climbing the sandy road, pick the pale primroses out of the mossy bank-side, and the blue-bells that give us a little nod of recognition, and the ox-eyed daisies that stare at Someone with quite a rude glare, and the trembling anemones that hide modestly among tall grasses. There is a quiet hotel perched on the summit of the hill. We lunch at mid-day near the edge of the wind-swept lawn. The view below is like a dream of scenery. It bursts upon us a sweet surprise of landscape loveliness. It is like a piece of imaginative scenery. Someone utters a little plaudit of delight, and I am half induced to imitate the Cockney tourist who, on first beholding the beauties of the Bay of Naples, cried: 'Bravo, Beverley!' But the scene is one which none save the Great Artist could have painted; a picture that is an index to heavenly truth, an echo of eternal goodness.

The country is spread out like a vast carpet at our feet. We command a prospect such as Moses might have beheld when he stood on Pisgah's peak and viewed the Promised Land. Immediately below is the climbing roadway, an avenue under the trees; then hill and dale and forest mixed up in picturesque confusion; at the foot of the green mounds of grassy mountain is a reservoir-lake, fringed with foliage, and burnished by the dancing sunbeams until it resembles a plain of polished silver; then the peak gives way to the plain, and wide meadows, radiant with buttercups, stretch out to the wide Severn valley with its undulating pasture-lands and scattered farmsteads; and right away in the sunny haze is Gloucester's noble cathedral tower. It is a landscape to sit and drink in, to study with an artist's eyes, to contemplate under the changing shadows made by passing clouds, to carry away engraved in memory for ever. But the ponies are harnessed to the phaeton again. We have a six-mile drive all down hill by the side of the Cotswolds to Cheltenham, which lies in a green hollow tucked in by this western mountain range—to Cheltenham, a town of trees with streets fringed with foliage, and a princely avenue of branching limes and chestnuts.

I must close the album now, for I am coming to pages which had best be unturned. An album, although a receptacle of present joyous companions and beloved relatives, becomes too, alas! a cemetery of the dead, of which the photographs are the monuments. A mausoleum too of memories that it were wise to leave undisturbed; memories of broken spells and dead hopes and faded flowers; of bitter failures and futile successes and vain ambitions; of the sad illusions of wayward days; of aerial architecture, all superstructure and no foundation, bright towers of hope that fell with a pitiless crash, and buried the builders in their ruin; of friendships that were faithless, and lovers that were false; of that

'Lost Youth' which Longfellow so eloquently laments:

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak;
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

OUR ROBIN.

ROBIN has been our constant visitor for the last six or seven years, not only during the winter but all the year round. He seldom fails to pay his respects once a day at least, and generally much oftener, seeming to regard himself as one of the family. When spoken to he always replies with a little song, and we fancy knows his name. Though nervous and very wary, he is not in the least timid. One day, when busily pecking his crumbs, the cat came into the room, and eyed him greedily. Instead of flying off in a panic, as I expected, Robin merely hopped to the arm of my chair and waited quietly till I put pussy out. His favourite fare is oat-cake crumbs, and some are always left for him in one particular place. Indeed a supply of oat-cake is always kept in the house just for Robin's consumption. He is passionately fond of butter, and will snatch it off our fingers. Once or twice I have got him coaxed to take it from my lips; but he does not half like these little confidence tricks, and decidedly prefers stolen butter. When butter is not to be had, he hops into the kitchen and makes away with morsels of tallow-candle. My brother once surprised him dragging a piece of candle up-stairs; it was rather a heavy burden and could only be got up one stair at a time; but Robin was very patient, and succeeded in carrying it to the top, where he hid it away among some flowers. One day he was fortunate enough to find a quantity of lard, and as he seemed to like it very much, a little was put in a cup and left beside his crumbs. For two or three days Robin was to be seen pegging away at the lard with great gusto, then he disappeared for a whole fortnight. Poor little fellow! he must have been very sick, for ever since—and that happened some years ago—he flies away if offered lard. He knows the difference at a glance between it and butter.

Last autumn, when hopping about the bedrooms Robin caught a glimpse of himself in a looking-glass, and thinking it must be another Robin, his jealousy knew no bounds. He would stand for hours before the glass singing defiantly, and flinging himself against it in a perfect fury, till he became quite exhausted. We had to keep all the looking-glasses covered at last. Then Robin, evidently jumping to the conclusion that Dicky was the hated rival, attacked the canary in his cage, sung him into silence, and altogether led poor Dick a sorry life for a few weeks, when his bad temper was diverted into a new channel. His mate began to pop in now and again for some crumbs. Robin strongly objected. Henny insisted

on having her own way, and got it too in the end, I am glad to say. Such scuffles as they had! They scratched and pulled each other's little brown feathers out with a will. Often on cold winter mornings I had to get up and put the quarrelsome pair out; and many a time I advised Henny to get a divorce. Perhaps she did not understand what I said. At all events, she paid no attention to my good advice; for about ten minutes after a battle-royal, I would see them both on the window-sill singing and making love to each other as though there never had been a difference of opinion between them in their lives.

But in spite of his temper, Robin is a very amusing and cheery little fellow, singing about the house on snowy days, looking as jolly as possible; a very Mark Tapley of a bird; and when spring advances, all his good-nature will return. When Henny's domestic duties keep her at home, Robin shews himself a most devoted husband; he carries her plentiful supplies of oat-cake crumbs, butter, bits of candle, and other delicacies of the same kind. And when he has to cater for the little ones as well, he is really to be pitied; so busy is he, that he neglects his toilet nearly altogether, and we have to be satisfied with hurried scraps of song. He gets quite fearless in his anxiety for his family, and will join us at breakfast and help himself to buttered toast without the slightest hesitation or invitation. It is no use to break off a piece for Robin; his way is to hop on the plate and peck off for himself what he considers the dainty bits. I have known him to come in five times during breakfast. At night, a window is left open that he may come in for crumbs when he pleases. Should all the windows be shut, Robin has a very pretty Open Sesame; he sits on the window-sill and sings loudly. Nobody can resist that appeal, as he knows from experience. And when he wishes to get out, he has a very effectual way of managing that point too, by fluttering about from room to room, uttering a little frightened 'Chick, chick!' And as we know the cat often lies in wait for him, some one rushes to the rescue at once.

When moulting, Robin both lodges and boards with us. He sleeps on the top of a wardrobe, or some other high out-of-the-way place. But his trouble once over, he rejoins Henny in their open-air lodgings. They seem to keep together all the year. But except a few surreptitious visits to the pantry in quest of butter, Henny takes no notice of us in the summer-time. When any of us go out to the garden, Robin is quite delighted, and sings out a welcome at once, and hops about doing the honours of the place very prettily. There is never any difficulty in recognising him; even strangers are attracted at once. But with all his winning ways and confidence in us, there is one secret Robin never will intrust to us, and that is where he has his nest. It is built in the same spot year after year, and every one about the house knows it; but Robin's distress is so great if we so much as look in its direction, that we all pass it by with averted eyes, and make-believe we have no idea he has got a nest. Of course we take sly peeps when both birds are out of the way. We get fonder of our pet

every year, and much anxiety is felt if he be absent even for a day, as we fancy he is beginning to shew signs of old age.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHEN Mr Crookes first brought out his radiometer he believed that the motion of the four-vaned whirlingig within the sphere of glass that protected it from the air was occasioned by the direct action of light. A discussion arose on the question; and other physicists, among whom was Mr G. J. Stoney, F.R.S. of Dublin, shewed by mathematical reasoning that the motion was due to the pressure on the vanes of the molecules of air or gas contained in the imperfect vacuum—the glass globe above mentioned. The question excited lively attention among scientific men everywhere; and they will perhaps be greatly interested, if not surprised, on hearing that Mr Crookes can now shew, that is, make visible the imprisoned molecules. This he accomplishes by means of an electric beam of light, and then it is possible to see that the movement of the molecules is precisely that which the theoretical investigators predicted.

By further research, Mr Crookes finds that long-continued exhaustion of the vacuum will produce a perfectly neutral condition of the molecules whether of air or gas, and of all kinds of gas hitherto tried. In this fact a new and important field is opened for philosophical inquiry. Within the vacuum, in the condition described, light is, as Newton said it was—emissive; hence there is opportunity for experimental comparison with the undulatory theory. From this it will be understood that Mr Crookes in his exposition to the Royal Society has laid before them a subject as full of promise as it is interesting.

Sir William Thomson has added yet another to his admirable inventions of philosophical instruments by producing a Machine for the Solution of Simultaneous Linear Equations, which, as is obvious, appeals to mathematicians, by whom alone it can be properly appreciated. To give an intelligible explanation of it to unlearned readers would hardly be possible; but an idea of its capabilities may be gathered from Sir William's description as read before the Royal Society. 'The actual construction,' he says, 'of a practically useful machine for calculating as many as eight or ten or more of unknowns from the same number of linear equations does not promise to be either difficult or over-laborate. A fair approximation being found by a first application of the machine, a very moderate amount of straightforward arithmetical work suffices to calculate the residual errors, and allow the machine to be reapplied to calculate the corrections. . . There is of course no limit to the accuracy thus obtainable by successive approximations. The exceeding easiness of each application of the machine promises well for its real usefulness, whether for cases in which a

single application suffices, or for others in which the requisite accuracy is reached after two, three, or more of successive approximations.' A description of this remarkable self-correcting machine is printed in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

Mr Raoul Pictet concludes an article on the Liquefaction of Oxygen with the remark that his investigations necessitated 'an unusually large number of experiments for the establishing of preliminary data, and these he obtained by aid of the Geneva Society for the Construction of Physical Instruments, who furnished him with apparatus worth fifty thousand francs, and thereby enabled him to work out results with perfect accuracy. He recommends that similar apparatus should be provided in all laboratories as an 'essential means for the study of the molecular forces. Who knows,' he asks, 'but what crystallisation and certain reactions may thereby be placed in peculiarly favourable conditions for further investigation?'

At their anniversary meeting the Royal Society gave their Davy medal to Messrs Cailliet and Pictet for their discovery that oxygen, hydrogen, and other so-called permanent gases could be liquefied or solidified. We have already described the experiments which led to this discovery; their interest, as the President of the Society remarked in his anniversary address, 'is only equalled by the importance of the fact, now absolutely demonstrated by those experiments, that the property of molecular cohesion is common to all bodies without exception.'

In the same address the President announced that the Council of the Society, legislating prospectively, had abolished the admission fee now payable on election into the Society, and had reduced the annual contribution from four pounds to three pounds. This concession to the cause of science by the foremost among scientific societies, deserves to be placed on record.

At the anniversary meeting here referred to, Mr William Spottiswoode was elected President of the Royal Society, in place of Sir Joseph Hooker. The new President has long been known for his mathematical and physical researches.

The President of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society in his session-opening address mentioned that he had observed the effects of the combustion of coal, that is the presence of sulphuric acid in the atmosphere, at distances from large towns far greater than might have been expected. 'At five miles it can be distinctly traced, and with certain winds it is found in the country even ten miles from the Tyne.' After making allowance for imperfection of experiment, 'it is now admitted that sulphuric acid from coal is in far greater quantity in the air than either hydrochloric acid or sulphuric acid passing off from alkali-works, and that it must necessarily affect to a serious extent the growth of all vegetation within its reach.' Mr Mactear of Glasgow, estimating the quantity of coal consumed annually in Great Britain at one hundred and fourteen million tons (in round numbers), shews that more than a third of that weight passes into the atmosphere in the form of oil of vitriol.

Another subject mentioned in the address was the manufacture of very pure sulphate of soda by the direct application of sulphurous acid to common salt. But scarcely is this process in work

than a manufacturer in France introduces another, 'which consists in the decomposition of salt in the form of brine, by ammonia and carbonic acid, and the production of a very pure carbonate of soda, which is now extensively used in glass-works and other operations where colour is important.' A firm at Northwich, Cheshire, who have adopted it, produce about twelve thousand tons of soda-ash yearly, which is satisfactory for a process still in its infancy, but which 'appears as if it might prove an important rival to the old method of working, and its practical application would point to the probable future of the soda-trade as being near to the salt brines.' But here a consideration arises: if gas-works are to be superseded by the electric light, the present supply of ammonia would be stopped, and to make up the deficiency would be difficult and costly.

The separation of silver from lead has been effected by hand-labour; but is now substituted by applying steam 'as an agitator in the pot' where the crystallisation of the pure lead takes place, and in other respects it produces a chemical change, and facilitates the work.' Another process separates the silver 'by means of zinc, which is found to wash the melted lead entirely free of the silver contained in it, and the mixture of silver and zinc floats to the top of the pot and is skimmed off. When this is completed, the mixture of zinc and silver is placed in plumbago crucibles in a furnace, and the zinc is distilled off and collected in small metal chambers, where it cools in the form of cake-zinc, and is fit for use again.' By this means about half of the original zinc is saved, and it is thought that the other half may be recoverable.

A new method of manufacturing white-lead deserves a word of notice. Very finely ground litharge is subjected in a mixing vessel to the action of salt brine, and chloride of lead and caustic soda are produced. 'This mass is then run into an iron vessel, into which carbonic acid is pumped, causing a further chemical change in the production of carbonate of lead and common salt once more; and the latter being washed out from the white-lead, may be used over again in the first operation. The patent white-lead produced in this way appears to be very white and chemically pure, but is not quite so heavy as the white-lead made by the old process.'

In the *Journal* of the Chemical Society a compound is described for the preparation of what may be called safety envelopes. That part of the envelope covered by the flap is treated with a solution of chromic acid, ammonia, sulphuric acid, sulphate of copper, and fine white paper. The flap itself is coated with a solution of isinglass in acetic acid; and when this is moistened and pressed down on the under part of the envelope, a solid cement is formed, which 'is perfectly insoluble in acids or alkalies, in hot or cold water, and in steam.'

At one of the iron-works in France a contrivance has been introduced for combining hot air and superheated steam in puddling-furnaces. The grates, the sides of the fire-boxes, of the ashpit, and all the hottest portions of the apparatus are connected with air-chambers, which are so supplied with vapour as to increase their durability, and at the same time supply an ample quantity of air for the draught, heated to a temperature of

from four hundred and fifty to five hundred degrees. By means of this elevated temperature it has become possible to apply superheated steam under the grate, and effect an important saving by its decomposition.

At Boulogne it has been found that a dough made of sawdust and flour is a good coating for preventing the escape of heat from steam-pipes, cylinders, and other exposed surfaces connected with steam-machinery. Its cost is moderate, and it may be applied with a trowel.

Water is said to be much better than fire for the heating of tires preparatory to shrinking them on a wheel. In a fire the heating is irregular, and consequently the shrinking; but if a tire be boiled in water ten minutes, it will be of uniform temperature and will contract uniformly upon the wheel. Moreover the boiled tires are not so liable to crack or become loose as those heated in the fire.

Of late years meteorologists have observed that there is at times a remarkable similarity in the barometer curves all over the globe. In discussing these facts, Mr J. A. Broun, F.R.S.—to whom the Royal Society have awarded a Royal medal—inquires whether there may not be other causes of varying atmospheric pressure than a change of the mass of the air; in other words, whether the attraction of gravitation is the only force concerned in barometric oscillations. The answer has not yet been given; meanwhile observers have set themselves to watch these waves of pressure, which are quite distinct from the changes in local pressure produced by storms. Mr Russell, astronomer at Sydney, N. S. W., tells us that the waves travel across South-eastern Australia at from twenty to fifty miles an hour. They always travel from west to east, and so rapidly that their crest appears all over the colony on the same day. 'Such a rapid translation,' says Mr Russell, 'seems to point to some external cause; and on comparing Sydney barometer curves for 1873 with those of Greenwich for the same year, I was struck with the number of coincidences in the character of the curves. In many cases the points of elevation and depression occur on the same day at both places, and in some instances the curves follow the same form for more than a month.'

Here arises an interesting question. What is it that produces on occasions a loss of atmospheric pressure at the same time in each hemisphere? Mr Russell suggests that it is the heat of the sun acting intensely on the equator, and thereby giving rise to an inrush of cold air from the polar regions. It is well for meteorologists that they have questions of such importance to engage their attention. Australians will co-operate: in Sydney a weather-map has been published daily from February 1877; and the other colonies, who now exchange meteorological information, will not be slow to follow the example.

Mr Buchan of the Scottish Meteorological Society remarks, in discussing the effects of low temperature, that during December, January, and February the mortality among females rises to 11·2 above the average, but to not more than 7·8 per cent. among males. As yet there are not sufficient data to decide 'how much of the excess is due to sex, how much to occupation, and how much—say, to their boots and other fashions.'

And further he states, that a 'comparison of the meteorological with the mortality returns shews in a striking manner the influence of particular types of weather in largely increasing or diminishing the number of deaths from particular diseases. Periods of unusual cold for instance, combined with dampness in the end of autumn, have a proportionally increased mortality from scarlet and typhoid fevers; of cold with dryness in spring have an increased mortality from brain diseases and whooping-cough; of cold in winter have an enormously increased fatality from all bronchial affections; and of heat in summer present a startling and, in many cases, an appalling death-rate from bowel complaints.'

Dr Hassloch of New York, in the course of researches 'On the Structure and Growth of some Forms of Mildew,' found that 'the grayish-white patches occurring in the mouths of infants, known as *thrush*, contain, besides epithelia, very delicate granules in active dancing motion—micrococci; short, single or double oscillating rods—bacteria; delicate threads, straight or variously curved, sometimes resembling chains—leptothrix; and finally oidia. After being kept forty-eight hours in a moist chamber, the mass removed from the mouth shews a number of delicate mycelia, the hyphæ of which have small sporangia. This vegetation,' as Dr Hassloch states, 'is identical with that of mildew. The oidia correspond in size to those of wine; many contain large vacuoles, in all details like those obtained from beer and wine, differing only and slightly in the colour of the shell.'

Favoured by the authorities at Constantinople, Dr Schliemann is again busily excavating at Troy; and Mr Rassam has permission to dig anywhere in Mesopotamia. With such a comprehensive grant, districts will be opened that have not hitherto been searched, and we shall hear of fresh discoveries at Nineveh, of explorations in the long hidden ancient city of Assur, and of endeavours to find the famous royal 'record office,' or 'Babylonian Bank' as some Assyriologists call it, in which were stored a large collection of mercantile tablets, representing the monetary transactions of a firm trading in the name of Egibi and Sons. It is curious to have bills for corn and fruits, and woven goods, and invoices and vouchers from the days of Nabupalassar and Artaxerxes in the form of baked clay; but they are to be seen at the British Museum. The Arabs and Jews from whom they were obtained have kept the secret so well that the place in which they were discovered is not yet known to Europeans.

Kutha, now a group of great mounds, was the sacred university city of Babylonia, and had an extensive library, which is frequently referred to in mythological tablets discovered in other parts of the kingdom. It was from that storehouse of learning that the tablets giving an account of the creation were originally taken; and it is hoped that discoveries of other documents not less interesting will there be made.

In the mound of Nebbi-Yunus, search will be made for the palace of Sennacherib, in the expectation that some records of the latter years of that monarch may be found, and possibly some accounts, however meagre, of the second campaign against Hezekiah.

But besides all this, Mr Rassam will make explorations in the country of that ancient people, often mentioned in Scripture—the Hittites. The existence of mounds along the bank of the Euphrates has long been known; and under a certain group known as the mounds of Jerabolus, it is supposed that Carchemish, the Hittite capital, lies hidden. Inscriptions in an unknown character were found in that neighbourhood a few years ago; and it is hoped that some key thereto may be met with in the course of the excavations now to be undertaken, and furnish to scholars the link wanting to connect Assyria with Western Asia. As the firm has granted to Mr Rassam extends over a number of years, we may trust that the interesting enterprise will be carried to a successful issue.

Among the announcements made by the Royal Institute of British Architects one is that they have enlarged their Register, and opened it to architectural assistants, improvers, pupils, clerks of works, and to young architects desirous of becoming known to members of the Institute through their drawings or other testimonials; and architects in want of assistance as enumerated are invited to avail themselves of the advantage thus offered. The fee for registration is one shilling.

Of papers to be read before the Institute during the session there are—On Remains of Buildings in Midian, by Captain Burton; On the Vaulting and Stalactites of Persia, by Mr C. P. Clarke; On Lighting by Electricity, by Mr Horace Jones; and On the Connection between Ancient Art and the Ancient Geometry as illustrated by the works of the age of Pericles.

NEW YEAR 1879.

Come, cease your plaint; one year has fled,
Another comes anon;
We trust he'll bring us better cheer
Than he that's dead and gone!
For death and sorrow marked his path;
His face was dull and drear;
We'll try to think of him no more;
God send a good New Year!

New Year! you cannot give us back
The dear ones that are gone,
Nor e'er restore to us the hopes
We thought were all our own;
Nor bring to wretched, ruined homes
Comfort, and joy, and cheer;
But yet—time softens everything—
God send a good New Year.

It seems like only yesterday
Since last with glee we said:
'A Happy New Year to you all!'
Some dear ones since are dead,
We'll try to keep firm, patient hearts,
Though oft they sink with fear,
To think what sorrow may be ours
In this—the good New Year.

But come! The morning dawns again,
The darksome night is by;
Perchance the New Year may be kind,
No clouds may veil our sky.
We'll gather up what joys are left,
Content that Love is here:
God bless us all, whate'er betide,
And send a good New Year!

JESSIE C. HOWDEN.

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Next Saturday, January 4, 1879, will be commenced in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

YOUNG LORD PENRITH.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD,

Author of *Helena*, *Lady Harrogate*, &c.

END OF FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

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